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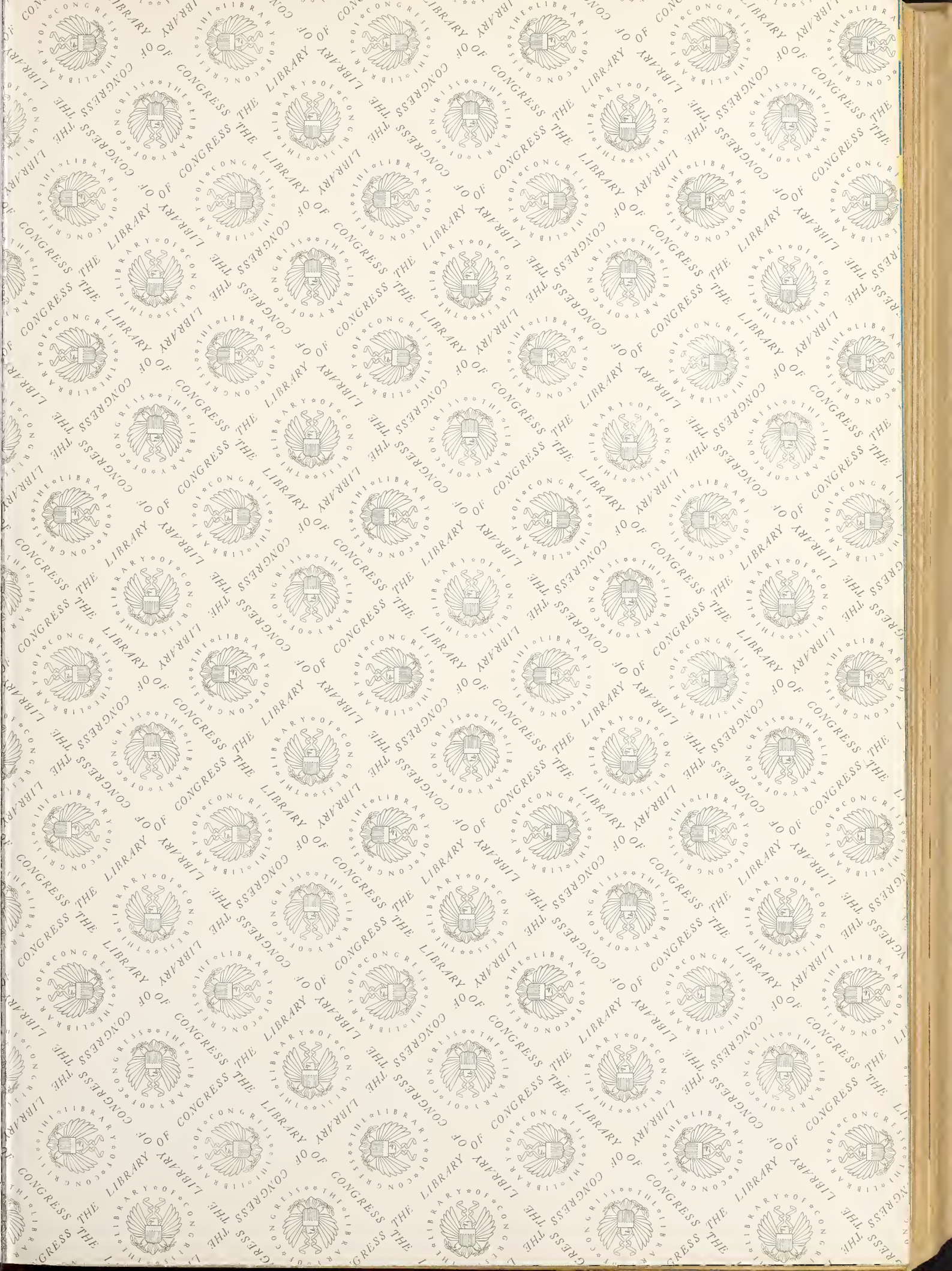
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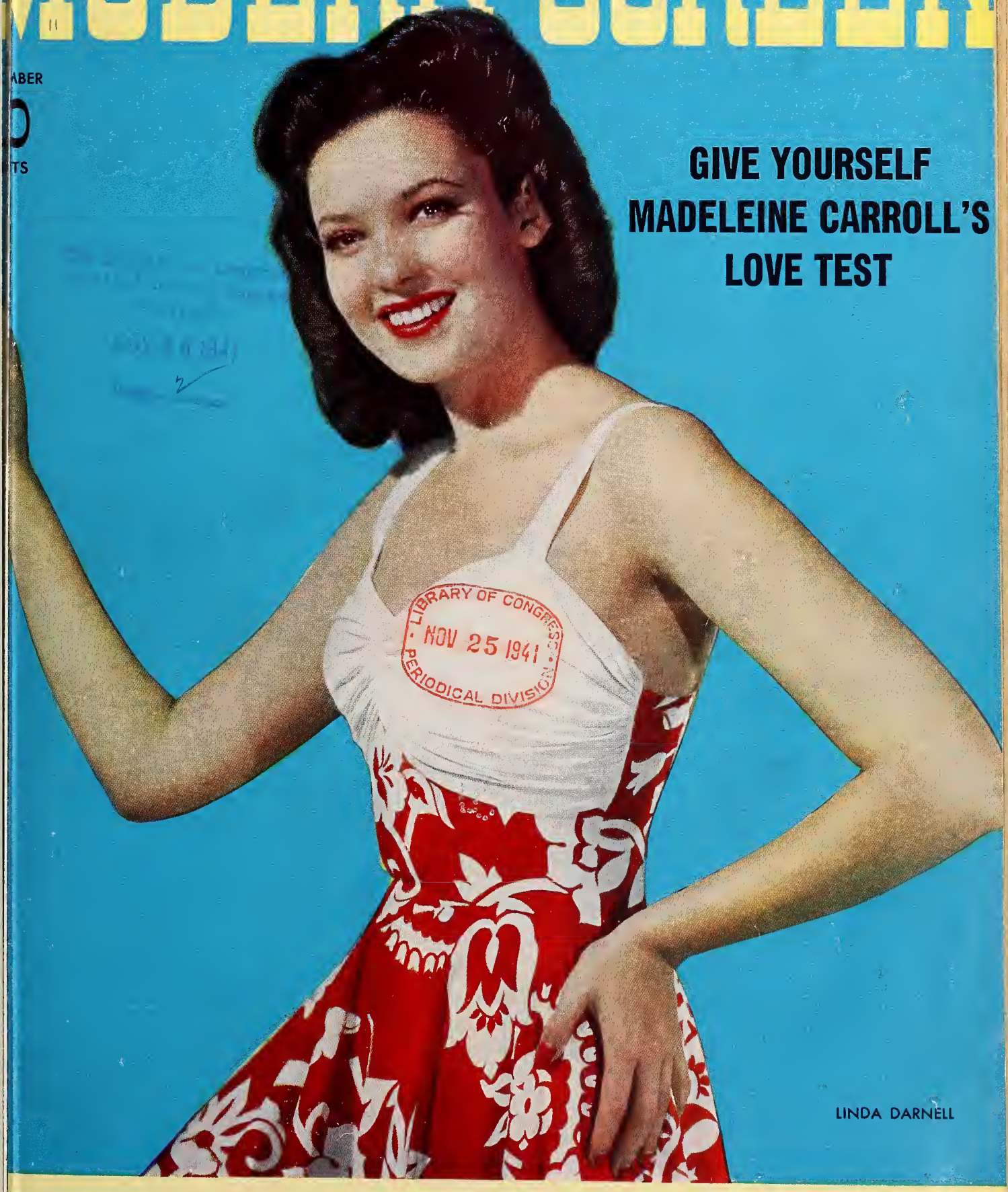

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★ ★ ★

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A lusty duet when Nelson Eddy joins with the sensational new star Rise Stevens.

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Ferenc Molnar's "The Guardsman" has been embellished and enriched with the historic score of Oscar Straus' "The Chocolate Soldier".

★ ★ ★

It might well have been called "The Chocolate Guardsman".

★ ★ ★

But be that as it may it will unquestionably be called a great hit.

★ ★ ★

Eddy is in rare form. Director Roy Del Ruth gets a half-Nelson on his audience with a whole Nelson on his screen.

★ ★ ★

This is a film to see and to hear. To see beauty in the unstinted M-G-M manner.

★ ★ ★

And to hear "My Hero", "Sympathy", "The Chocolate Soldier" and other Straus songs of romance, as well as stirring pieces from Wagner, Schubert, Bizet.

★ ★ ★

In the cast also are Nigel Bruce and Florence Bates. Victor Saville's is the producing hand.

★ ★ ★

To be not brief but all-inclusive, "The Chocolate Soldier" has everything from A to...

★ ★ ★

Zip and zest.

—Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

MODERN SCREEN

Stories

Long Distance Love—*Linda Darnell* . . . 26
Up and Cummings—*Robert Cummings* . . . 28
The Other Side of a Legend—*Hedy Lamarr* . . . 32
Thumbs Down on Hollywood . . . 34
Oomph for Sale—*Rita Hayworth* . . . 36
He's "All Reet"—*Bing Crosby* . . . 40
Give Yourself the Love Test—*Madeleine Carroll* . . . 42
Adonis on Wheels—*Robert Stack* . . . 44
Skippy Remembers . . . —*Jackie Cooper* . . . 48
Pal Georgie—*George Murphy* . . . 52
Long-Haired Boy—*Sabu* . . . 54

Features

Mickey's 21 . . . 10
Party of the Month . . . 30
Candidly Yours . . . 38
For Dolls Only . . . 46
Garbo's Twins . . . 50
"The Man Who Came to Dinner" . . . 78

Beauty

ABC's of Skin Care . . . 55
About Face for Winter . . . 56
Skin Care Chart . . . 58
What's Your Skin Score? . . . 59

Sub-Deb Fashions

Add These to Your Collection . . . 64
All-American Co-ed . . . 66

Departments

Movie Reviews . . . 6
Portrait Gallery . . . 19
Good News . . . 60
Modern Hostess . . . 70
Our Puzzle Page . . . 94
Movie Scoreboard . . . 98

ALBERT P. DELACORTE, Editor
SYLVIA KAHN, Hollywood Editor
CONRAD W. WIENK, Art Editor

Cover: Linda Darnell appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Rise and Shine"

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When M-G-M produces a musical it's the last word. Nelson Eddy as you've never seen him before giving a truly uproarious performance. Rise Stevens, sensational new singing star! Seductive chorus beauties! Spectacular sights to see! Forward march to merriment!

The Chocolate Soldier

starring

NELSON EDDY
RISE STEVENS

with **NIGEL BRUCE · FLORENCE BATES**

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Screen Play by Leonard Lee and Keith Winter
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture · Directed by
ROY DEL RUTH · Produced by VICTOR SAVILLE

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Oscar Straus' gayest love songs: "My Hero", "Sympathy", "The Chocolate Soldier", "Spy Song" and other marvels of melody, "Evening Star", "Song Of The Flea" and more, more, more!

MOVIE REVIEWS

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—AA-1*

If this sad, nostalgic and poetically lovely story of remembered childhood in the Welsh coal mining country does not end as a candidate for "best-picture-of-the-year" honors, we shall miss our guess. Accompanied as it is in its unspoken passages by an insistent, heartbreaking commentary (like that of the interlocutor in "Our Town") in a voice which is that of the weary, disillusioned man into whom the boy we see on the screen has subsequently grown, it has the passion and vitality of immediate experience combined with the tenderness, the poignancy, the sentimental enchantment of long ago. With a fluent and sensitive script by Philip Dunne retaining the lovely quaintness of language of the novel, with John Ford's uncompromisingly realistic direction, and a notable cast which includes those two ruddy flowers of the Irish theater, Sara Allgood and Barry Fitzgerald, the picture is one of those which every person must see and judge for himself.

It is, above all, a deeply emotional picture, never far from tears. Transience and change and decay are everywhere implicit in the gaiety and beauty; the fragrance exists only in memory, like that of a small flower sentimentally pressed between the pages of an album. This is no film for star performers; the best actors are those who "act" least, who merge most successfully with the background, the emotional atmosphere, the anthracite realities of the story. On these subtly self-contradictory terms, Maureen O'Hara as Angharad, Donald Crisp as Mr. Morgan are peculiarly fitted for their parts. Walter Pidgeon as Mr. Gruffydd, Anna Lee as Bronwen, John Loder as Ianto, Roddy McDowall as Huw are also creditable castings. Occasional, strategic bursts of background chorusing by the Welsh Singers are nicely calculated to dissolve the hardest heart. Don't miss "How Green Was My Valley"; there aren't nearly enough pictures as good; there never can be enough.—*20th Century-Fox.* (*Continued on page 8*)

*Temporary rating. Owing to the necessity of going to press far in advance of picture release dates, our reviewer has been unable to see these films in completed form.

You Would Remember This Picture Always For Its Great

Love Story

You Would Praise It Solely For Its Thrilling Hitchcock

Suspense

You Would See It Just To See Its Two Brilliant

Stars....

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Screen Play by Samson Raphaelson, Joan Harrison, and Alma Reville
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JOAN FONTAINE

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Suspicion

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

SKYLARK—AB-2*

Incredibly Claudette Colbert isn't getting enough attention from her husband, Ray Milland. So this interesting, good-looking chap, who's a guest at a drinking party in their swanky house (Brian Aherne) and who is practically overcome by the liquid hospitality, tells her she is really a "skylark" and that he wants to show her the moon. Claudette, who is obviously too smart to fall for that cheap lunar gag, decides to go skylarking anyway because she is sore at her husband for making so much money, or something, and says, "Okay, show me the moon." The drinking fellow knows she only means it in a nice way so that makes him drink more and the things he says get even crummier.

Ray isn't jealous when the skylark doesn't get home till after sunup. A practical fellow, he is just burned because she has made the wife of his biggest advertising account (Binnie Barnes) jealous by running off with her boyfriend. He orders her to call up and explain everything to Binnie, whom Claudette despises. No man can do that to a Colbert, as we know.

Claudette leaves her husband, and runs to Brian for legal and other assistance. She returns when Ray, as a pledge of his undying devotion, swears that he has quit his job. She leaves again when she discovers he was lying. It goes on and on: she's sailing away with Aherne on the moon; she isn't sailing away with Aherne on the moon (gets seasick trying to brew some coffee in the galley) Now, Ray's away, to South America; now there's Claudette flying after him on a plane. Skylark! It's positively an understatement!

Want to know what we think's the trouble with this picture? Here's our theory: Mr. Samson Raphaelson's story started as a serial in the Saturday Evening Post. Then it was published as a novel. Then it became a play and was produced on Broadway. Maybe this thing's been carried too far. It's just a thought.—*Par.*

P. S.

The snapshots of Ray Milland and Claudette Colbert in the Fifth Wedding Anniversary scrap book are the McCoy They're pictures taken of the two together when they made "The Gilded Lily" half a decade ago . . . Ernest Cossart has played 150 butlers, 20 valets and 10 headwaiters. Can't mix a drink to save his soul and burned his trousers the one and only time he tried to press them . . . Only authentic poster among the dozens of phonies dreamed up especially for the picture is the famous pointing poster of Uncle Sam, announcing "I Want You For The U. S. Army" . . . Brian Aherne spent all his time away from the set piling up air-time in his plane . . . Mona Barrie, Walter Abel's movie wife, says she'd rather be known as a clothes horse than as an actress . . . Colbert, while waiting for the picture to start production, spent a week at Sun Valley and toted home a trophy for winning the slalom race down Dollar Mountain. Zigzagged neatly between the markers for three-eighths of a mile in one minute, six seconds . . . The clump of four slender birch trees in the garden scenes are really slender poles covered with bark stripped from the canoes used in "North West Mounted Police." When the set was dismantled, the bark went back on the boats . . . Butch, the dog, is a refugee from the Los Angeles Humane Society . . . Warren Hymer, screen toughie, gets butterflies in his tummy from riding on trains, street cars and subways . . . A group of Cleveland girls have just announced formation of a "We Love Ray Milland" club . . . Claudette's hobby is photography. Loves fuchsia flowers and rich malts in the afternoon. Has never fainted, writes hurriedly in large heavy letters, won't pose for ice-skating art until she's had a few more lessons. Was the only member of the cast who didn't suffer mal-de-mer pangs during shooting of the storm-at-sea sequence. Said her immunity was due to a Chinese typhoon she'd once suffered through, aboard a 'round-the-world freighter loaded with a cargo of onions.

DUMBO—AB-1*

After a fabulous detour through the symphonic concert hall by way of Deems Taylor in "Fantasia" and a long sightseeing trip around and around the studio with Bob Benchley in "The Reluctant Dragon," Walt Disney is back where he belongs again: in his world of the little animals which behave and talk like people. The hero of "Dumbo" is a self-deprecating baby elephant who is sensitive about the abnormal size of his ears but who finally turns them into an aeronautical asset under the artistic impulsion of a mouse with the voice of Eddie Brophy and an inspirational sales spiel the burden of which is that every artist should have an agent. But "Dumbo" is not to be compared with "Snow White," "Pinocchio" or the unforgettable "Silly Symphonies"; its best gags are second-hand ones, quoted from previous Disney successes, and on the whole, in spite of a superficial slickness of finish, it represents a letdown from Walt's previous high standards of taste, characterization, originality and artistic integrity.

All this is not to say that "Dumbo" isn't superficially amusing, with good box office potentialities. The story is that expectant Mrs. Elephant is overlooked on the stork's regular visit to the winter quarters of the circus in Florida, but later on, aboard the special train going north, he arrives inopportunely, paging Mrs. Elephant from car to car in the pained voice of Sterling Holloway, with a special delivery package. The package is Dumbo, who receives his name from his mother's supercilious friends because of the unpromising appearance he makes with his unferociously flapping ears. Dumbo's mother loves him anyway and gets into trouble with the circus authorities when she fights to protect him from teasing crowds. But her maternal faith is rewarded when Dumbo makes a circus sensation by using his phenomenal ears for wings—the world's only flying elephant.

Some may find it incidentally amusing to see how many of the voice parts, which are spoken by well-known Hollywood character actors, they can identify If you are a Disney partisan, you may need something like this to help suppress your feeling of disappointment.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Disney artists did research for this one by donning make-up and joining the clowns during the circus' local per-

(Continued on page 12)

THE GREATEST MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT SINCE THE BLUES WERE BORN!
"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"
15-count 'em-15 of the Greatest Songs Ever Written, Sung and Swung as Never Before! IT'S A BLUE HEAVEN!
"MY MELANCHOLY BABY"
"MEMPHIS BLUES"
"SHINE"
"ST. JAMES INFIRMARY BLUES"
"TIGER RAG"
"CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER, LOVEY MINE"
"BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON"
"WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE"
"AT A GEORGIA CAMP MEETING"
"WAITING AT THE CHURCH"
"AFTER THE BALL"
"ST. LOUIS BLUES"
"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"
"THE WAITER AND THE PORTER AND THE UPSTAIRS MAID"
"PADEREWSKI MINUET"
PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"
with BING CROSBY · MARY MARTIN
Brian Donlevy · Carolyn Lee · Rochester
J. CARROL NAISH · Directed by Victor Schertzinger · A Paramount Picture
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Walter DeLeon · Story by Harry Tugend
Paramount Pictures

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formance . . . Between shows, the boys made thousands of drawings of everything from tent stakes to bareback riders . . . In "Snow White" and "Pinocchio" the staff had to take care to portray the characters as they thought people had already pictured them, but "Dumbo" is a story purchased by the studio, and all restrictions were off . . . The entire production took only a year and a half. (Three years was the average time for Disney's other full length features.) Reasons: the staff is in the groove now on these long films, and the circus background was so simple and so much fun, the artists whizzed right along . . . Disney knows all the strengths, weaknesses, artistic likes and dislikes of his production artists and assigns them to their work accordingly . . . Toughie Edward Brody took a voice test and came away with the part of Timothy Mouse, tiniest member of the cast . . . Cliff Edwards (Jiminy Cricket) is back this time as Jim Crow . . . Bothered and Bewildered Sterling Holloway throws all his personality into the voice of the addle-pated stork . . . Spluttery Herman Bing's vocal chords got a workout as the ringmaster, shouting commands at the bossy matriarch of the elephants whose trumpeted replies are made by Verna Felton, best known as Dennis Day's overbearing mother on the Jack Benny broadcast . . . The choral work in the musical sequences was done by the King's Men, well-known in radio . . . Dumbo himself is voiceless . . . A couple of startling assignments were handed out to the artists: the man who drew the meanie whale, Monstro, and the fiendish devil in Fantasia's "Night in Bald Mountain" sequence, did most of the work on cute, lovable, definitely pathetic Dumbo. The artist responsible for the gargantuan dinosaurs (Fantasia) was handed the animation chores on tiny Timothy Mouse.

LADIES IN RETIREMENT—AB-1*

That form of theatrical magic which consists in generating and maintaining an atmosphere of eeriness by various technical devices (usually of a highly unscrupulous nature) is handsomely represented by Columbia's version of a brief Broadway play. Ingredients: old house on lonely, artificial-fog-draped marshlands of allegedly English coast; characters either eccentric, openly sinister or slightly touched in the head; murder; hidden money; eavesdropping and counter-eavesdropping; in a word, hokum. Competent performances by Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Evelyn Keyes, Elsa Lanchester help considerably. The illusion of reality is impeded only by the main exterior set, in which little tufts of spray-gun fog are hung out lugubriously here and there by the art director, like bows of mourning crepe.

Perversely inspired by protective affection for her two weak-minded, tittering sisters, Ida, companion of a flighty, aged, retired actress, clears the house one day by one ruse or another, and when the none-too-bright household returns the aged actress has vanished, leaving Ida as the new mistress of the house. Nobody suspects anything until Louis, another relative of Ida's, in the petty larceny game, arrives a few jumps ahead of the constabulary and brightly deduces what has happened. He shatters Ida's nerve with a staged ghost scene, aided by the eavesdropping housemaid, Miss Keyes, extorts money, is picked up by a police searching party in the marshes while trying to depart unobtrusively. But his machinations have let the maid in on Ida's secret, and Ida, convinced the jig is up, voluntarily goes to meet her just retribution. The weird sisters, whom she leaves with the sad rueful smile of a person who, with the best of motives, has tried and failed, will be cared for at the neighboring Priory. That's enough for Ida, just a misunderstood family girl at heart—*Col.*

P. S.

Honest-to-goodness grey-green, fog-shrouded marshlands were constructed around the all-in-one-unit house especially built for the "Ladies in Retirement." The swampland grass grew inches during the production and had to be plucked by hand to match the foregoing scenes . . . Cast members dispelled the brooding atmosphere of the set by thinking up wacky nicknames: viz: Ida Lupino, "Gloomy Gus"; Evelyn Keyes, "Lucy the Lug"; Elsa Lanchester, "Miss Butch" . . . Dressing rooms were a block away, so daily four o'clock tea was served in the set "dining room" . . . This is the first time Louis Hayward and his wife have worked together in a picture. They rehearsed their dialogue at home on their recording machine, enjoyed the whole business so much, they're planning to co-star again as soon as possible . . . Elsa Lanchester (whose book, "Charles Laughton and I," is having a record sale) first began frightening people as "The Bride of Frankenstein" . . . Edith Barrett, the other zany sister, made such a spine-chilling test, she was signed before the lab workers had time to develop the film . . . Evelyn Keyes is taking a college dramatic course at the University of California at Los Angeles . . . Director Charles Vidor once sang leads in opera . . . There are only eight principals and four bit players in the entire picture, and never more than five actors on the screen at the same time . . . Electricians working high in the catwalks spent half their time lighting the set, and the other half slapping at the mosquitoes that had moved in with the marshes . . . Ida (known to her friends as "Loop") thinks hands are more important to good acting than facial expressions. She'd like to be famous as a musician, and can't wait for the recordings of four of her newest waltzes to be released next month . . . Writer Garrett Fort skirted delicately around the dangerous themes of the plot, says he wrote the script "with the spectre of the Hays office code riding the rim of my typewriter."

TWO-FACED WOMAN—AB-2*

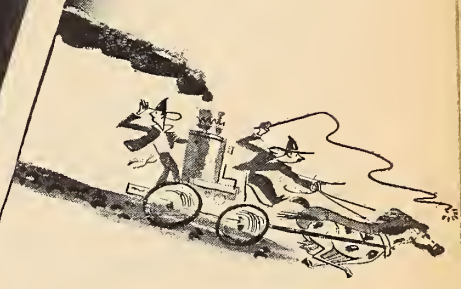
If anything could be more welcome to this department than a picture with Garbo in it, it is a picture in which Garbo is twins. In this one, the first since "Ninotchka," it seems that Melvyn Douglas is the brainiest magazine editor in the world, and that Greta (which seems more probable) is the most beautiful ski instructress in the world. Mr. Douglas, who is always urbanity itself, even when upside down in a snowdrift, condescends to marry the beautiful ski instructress, has a fight with her, and when he dashes off hurriedly to save his magazine (probably from Bernarr Macfadden) she refuses to go.

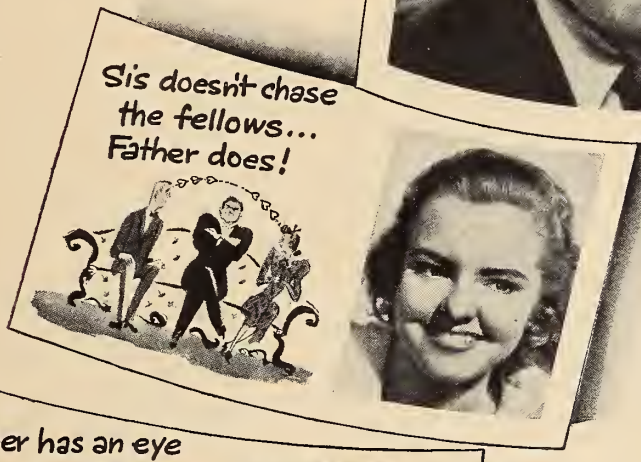
(Note: The name of Melvyn's magazine is "Tides and Currents," but it seems to be devoted to general subjects, not, as you might think, to cruising conditions along the Atlantic seaboard.)

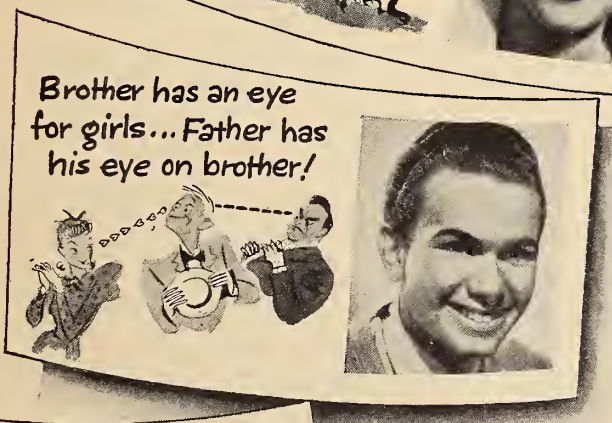
In her tweediest manner, Greta follows Melvyn the Magnificent back to the big city, with some obscure strategy of her own. There she stumbles on a monkey

(*Continued on page 14*)

MAN! What a Man is FATHER!







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LAURA HOPE CREWS • GRANT MITCHELL
Directed by IRVING RAPPER

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Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

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OF his career!
GENE'S an all-star show
IN himself . . . But
REPUBLIC has surrounded him
WITH its most lavish
CAST. There's your
OLD pal,
SMILEY BURNETTE
AND amusing HAROLD
HUBER riding with
GENE across the plains . . .
THERE'S lovely FAY McKENZIE,
AS a sultry-eyed senorita who
MELTS when Gene starts singing
"MARIA Elena," "Down Mexico
WAY" . . . and lots
MORE! Fay's that
SENSATIONAL
DISCOVERY from
"MEET the People".
YOU'LL be wanting
TO meet her
AGAIN and again!
SI! Si! There's
MUCHA Songs!
MUCHA Laughs!
MUCHA Thrills!
MUCHA Senoritas!
SEE! SEE!
"DOWN MEXICO WAY"
IT'S

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

wrench left lying around by a careless plot mechanic: viz., the evidence of a romantic relationship apparently still existing between Douglas the Devastating and that famous and very female actress, Constance Bennett. She concludes that if it's *that* sort of thing Melvyn likes (the dope!) she'll give it to him. Decking herself out in a hot Schiaparelli number, she pretends to be her own twin sister and nearly succeeds in alienating Douglas' affections from herself, but not quite, of course.

Back in the sky country in a little cabin perched cutely on the side of a glacier, Douglas discovers that his wife has tinted toenails and thus has been leading a double life. And, of course, when Connie bursts in with the news that there's no such person as Katherine, he is able to put two and two together. Result, Garbo wins Melvyn from herself, and Melvyn feels like a man who is going to have all the fun of bigamy without the double expense or legal headaches usually involved. He looks very smug, and we don't blame him a bit.—*M-G-M.*

THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER AB-2*

Nowadays, with old Vienna so remote, "The Chocolate Soldier" is apt to seem a trifle stale, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (a company wrongfully accused by that Senate Investigating Committee of using timely themes for propaganda or any other purposes) perhaps a wee bit stodgy for removing it just now from among the other shelved bon bons in its copyright files. One thing about a Metro operetta, though. The costumes and sets are always fresh, if the music and plots aren't; Nelson Eddy is always handsome and in spanking good voice. And there is usually a lovely feminine throat which one can gaze down wistfully, like an enamoured laryngologist. This time, to heighten the interest, the throat belongs to Rise Stevens, which isn't a command but another Metropolitan Opera star who makes her debut in this film.

Need we rehearse this time-tested story of the two vain and jealous and charming musical comedy stars who love each other but begin bickering the moment they are out of sight of the audience? The petulant, amusing accusations they hurl at each other, like a furious barrage of marshmallows? The way Karl, in order to test Maria's love, disguises himself as a Russian officer, makes violent love to his wife, is gratified when she repulses him, rendered sad and suspicious when she gives him a grain of hope?

Or how, when Karl at last, his faith restored, confesses the imposture, this little teasing devil of a Maria insists that she knew about it all along, but contrives to leave him just doubtful enough to keep him interested for the future? Well, here it is again, in its sweet, romantic entirety, sweetly interspersed with those mellifluous waltz tunes your grandfathers probably whistled. A battered but still marketable piece of theatrical confectionery.

All the same we'd like to see them do something different in the Viennese operetta line. Why not Paul Robeson in "The Chocolate Soldier"? Boy, that would be something!—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Nelson Eddy's newest co-star, Rise (pronounced Ree-sa) Stevens, is constantly haunted by girls in groups of three, four and five. The youngsters are loyal members of the Nelson Eddy Fan Club, checking to see if the Metropolitan Opera Star is worthy of working with their beloved Mr. E. The studio yanked Miss Stevens off the train at Pasadena, put her in make-up and in front of the testing camera in less than two hours . . . Eddy kept in condition during the picture by cleaning off all the vacant lots within a mile of his Brentwood home . . . It took a crew of 12 men to get one of the most difficult shots ever made. The action required 5 stops of the 2,000 pound camera truck . . . Director Roy Del Ruth always keeps clocks out of scenes. Says there are too many people waiting to write in about a time boner . . . La Stevens cries when she's happy, hates aquariums, seals all her letters with silver wax and names "Octavian" from "Der Rosenkavalier" as her favorite operatic role . . . Three tourists who visited the set will never know unless they see this that they spent their time in vain. The Eddy-Stevens stand-ins were at work while they were there, but no one bothered to explain. The visitors came away slightly puzzled as to how the stars can look so unlike their screen images . . . Mr. Eddy advocates singing in factories and offices as a means of stepping up production and bolstering morale . . . He deserts his natural baritone and sings bass in one number . . . In the scene in which Eddy is concealed in a suit of armor, Rise closed the head piece too soon and nipped a nub off Nelson's nose . . . Ernst and Maria Matray directed all the dance routines, using 65 ballet and 10 eccentric dancers . . . Jeanette MacDonald made a special trip to the set to congratulate "Ree-sa" . . . Surprisingly few protests came to the studio about the new teaming . . . Miss Stevens is married to Walter Szurovy, European actor who acts as her business agent. Metro's keeping its fingers crossed, prays that the 5' 7", 130 pound, 29-year-old Rise will prove to be the singing-acting sensation of 1942.

BIRTH OF THE BLUES AB-1

That placid easy-going carelessness of croon-master Bing Crosby has apparently begun to infect some writing arms in the Paramount script department. In a picture supposed to take place in 1910, these luxurious hacks have incorporated modern boogie-woogie swing terms and a phrase which sounded suspiciously like "gone with the wind." With similar ingenuity, they have managed to turn out a story purporting to be concerned with the birth of the blues which does not include the name of W. C. Handy and blandly ignores that master's wonderful syncopated laments: "St. Louis Blues," "Memphis Blues," "Yellow Dog Rag" and others which, in their day, were just all the blues there were. This is like doing the story of the quintuplets without giving Dr. Dafoe a credit line. Finally, the next thing you know, they begin trying to sell us the notion that Bing was the fellow responsible for rhythm. You give the Paramount script department an inch and you're apt to get a feature-length production.

Perfectly valid as these objections are in themselves, it happens that they are not sustained by the picture, which is a highly amusing specimen of Crosbyana in the killer-diller vein, having no value at all as a period piece and nothing whatever to do with the blues. On that basis, it may be chalked up as a safe investment, and that way you know exactly what you're getting, like when you put your nickel in a juke box.

Mary Martin is a singer of sentimental ballads who is converted to the new faith. Brian Donlevy is a hot cornetist who is converted to Mary Martin until k. o.'d by

Bing. And Eddie (Rochester) Anderson is a Crosby family retainer who is the professorial hero of the picture's most brilliant rhythmic highlight: a music lesson in the new forms illustrated with disembodied, Walter Damrosch instrumental effects on the sound track. Very intriguing.—*Par.*

P. S.

Seven-year-old Carolyn Lee, self-styled "character actress," says she'd like to have 14 children . . . Before she "grew up" her ambition was to be a waitress . . . Eight of America's most famous popular musicians share close-ups with the stars: Paul Whiteman, Benny Goodman, Ted Lewis, Duke Ellington, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey and Louis Armstrong. The eighth, the late George Gershwin, is represented by a photograph . . . The Bing of Crosby rises at 4:30 A. M. every morning to clock his much-kidded-about ponies. Local bettors are hoping he brings back a couple of fleet-footed fillies from South America . . . Bing got a letter from Davie Niven during making of the picture, announcing that Niven has been made a major in the British Army . . . J. Carroll Naish is financing a factory for the manufacture of machine tools needed in national defense work . . . Baby Carolyn wore out two dresses, four pairs of panties and Bing Crosby's stomach during shooting of her bannister-sliding scenes . . . Victor Schertzinger, composer-turned-director, has just received a renewal of the copyright of one of his greatest song hits—"Marcheta." If he'd have written it a few years before he did, he could have used it in the picture . . . Mary Martin is acting as business manager and adviser for her 18-year-old protegee, singer Margie Garland . . . Brian Donlevy's secret ambition is to own a pair of suspenders for every pair of trousers . . . The entire cast went fruit juice nutty, stopping several times a day for drinks. It was Grapefruit for Lee, Orange Juice for Donlevy and a cocoanut-grapefruit mixture for Crosby. Mary Martin took carrot juice straight. There were so many horse racing enthusiasts on the set, the assistant director abandoned the usual "Places, please" summons and blew "Call to the Post" on a bugle instead.

THE STORK PAYS OFF

Patterned after "A Slight Case of Murder" of beloved memory, this rib-tickler relates how Racketeer Victor Jory experiences a change of heart, yearns for respectability after falling in love with Rochelle Hudson, proprietress of the Stork's Club, a nursery. Chief laugh-provider is Jory-henchman Brains Moran, your old pal Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, who, with two sidekicks, take care of Jory's gang rival, Ralf Harolde. When there is no other way to come clean to

*** Modern Screen's New Way of Rating Films**

Point 1—According to its production value: Expensiveness of cast, settings, etc. Rating, A, B, or C.
Point 2—According to artistic value: Taste, screen play, direction. Rating, A, B, or C.
Point 3—According to entertainment value. Rating, 1, 2, or 3.
In the review section of this issue of Modern Screen, only the first seven films have been reviewed and rated. Following them, the editors present a brief synopsis of every other picture to be released during the current month, leaving each reader the option of judging them on the basis of his or her own tastes and preferences.

Wake your skin to New Loveliness with Camay — Go on the "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

This lovely bride, Mrs. John B. LaPointe of Waterbury, Conn., says: "I can't tell you how much Camay's 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for my skin. Whenever I see a lovely woman whose skin looks cloudy, I can hardly help telling her about it."

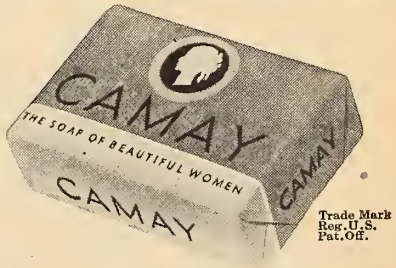
Even many girls with sensitive skin can profit by this exciting beauty idea—based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

YOU CAN BE lovelier! You can help your skin—help it to a cleaner, fresher, more natural loveliness by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.

So many women cloud the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. And so many women use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be.

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps.

Twice every day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. It's the day to day routine that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to have a lovelier, more appealing skin.



Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the **CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!**

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and then 30 seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

his lady love, Victor gives himself up to the D. A., impresses a judge with his urge to honesty. He gets off with a 24-hour jail sentence, is elected an Assemblyman—and wins Rochelle.—*Col.*

SECRETS OF THE LONE WOLF

Warren William's newest batch of trouble as the reformed Lone Wolf begin when Inspector Thurston Hall spirits him on board a yacht to explain how Napoleon's jewels, brought to New York for sale, can best be guarded against jewel thieves. While Warren is demonstrating, a gang gets busy and starts all concerned, including Warren's valet, Eric Blore, on an exciting merry-go-round. Bait to get Warren to join the gang is pretty Ruth Ford, pursued from France by lovesick Roger Clark. Twice during these shenanigans the jewels disappear, but Warren pits ingenuity and brains against the thieves, winds up with the jewelry recovered and Chief Crook Victor Jory safe in handcuffs.—*Col.*

UNHOLY PARTNERS

To establish his consuming dream, a metropolitan tabloid, fearless newshawk Edward G. Robinson has to accept the backing of Gangster Edward Arnold, but with William Orr's help, he begins to buck Arnold from the start. William learns that Arnold is forcing a number of men, including lovely singer Marsha Hunt, to take out insurance with himself as beneficiary. They all owe Arnold gambling debts. When Robinson threatens to expose the racket, Arnold kidnaps William, holds him as hostage. In an ensuing battle, Robinson kills Arnold, realizes he can't marry Laraine Day, his secretary, whom he loves deeply. Turning over the paper to her and William, he goes off on a suicidal transatlantic flight sponsored by the paper, is never seen again. William and Marsha end up wed.—*M-G-M.*

THE GAY FALCON

Debonair amateur criminologist George Sanders, known as "The Falcon," promises fiancee Anne Hunter that he'll give up sleuthing, but weakens when Wendy Barrie, secretary to party-giver Gladys Cooper, begs him to protect Lucille Gleason and her fabulous Monsoon Diamond at a forthcoming dance. The job of tracing the man who murders Lucille and swipes her sparkler is complicated for him, however, when a resentful Anne takes up with shady Turhan Bey. The Falcon, of course, gets his man—or rather his woman. When the smoke and corpses clear out, it's Gladys Cooper who's the villainess!—*RKO.*

SMALL TOWN DEB

It's Ugly Duckling Jane Withers, 15, spectacled, pig-tailed, who does the fixing for Sister Cobina Wright, Jr., who's trying to capture Rich Boy Friend Bruce Edwards—for Brother Jackie Searle, who's trying to land himself a babe—and for Dad Cecil Kellaway who's hung the family fortunes on a hunk of land. In the process, Brother Jackie transforms Janie into something upswept and dazzling with her glasses packed in a bureau drawer, and she winds up with a date with Renovated Buddy Pepper, her longtime worshipper from afar. Through Janie's conniving, Cobina gets her Bruce, and Father Cecil closes his land deal, so everyone's happy.—*TCF.*

CONFIRM OR DENY

A delayed action bomb is ticking off its last seconds. The steel girder of the ersatz air raid cellar are slowly staggering under the weight of bomb rubble. The body of his telegrapher lies still and crushed somewhere in the cellar. But Don Ameche, crack American journalist, is too busy to be bothered. He has a story to get out. The story of Adolf Hitler's imminent trip to London. So much for the mood. For further details, see Don Ameche, Joan Bennett, Roddy McDowall in this, Hollywood's most recent bid for the attention of that Senate investigating committee.—*TCF.*

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE

Crooked Judge Robert Barrat runs things to suit himself around Cottonwoods, Arizona, until Cowpuncher George Montgomery rides in one day, searching for the daughter of his sister kidnaped many years earlier. Judge Barrat is trying to steal water rights from Rancher Mary Howard, but George soon gets his trusty six-shooter busy on that program. When the Judge rustles Mary's cattle, George halts a stampede, wounds a masked rider, who turns out to be a girl, Lynne Carver. George hides her, rides back for medical help, but tangles again with the Judge's gang, which wounds him in a gun battle at Mary's ranch. Mary nurses him back to health in time for the final showdown with the Judge and his henchmen. George tricks them, lures them into the valley where he had hidden Lynne, buries them under an avalanche of earth and rocks. Lynne turns out to be the niece he had been hunting for so many years.—*TCF.*

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Why be a "Sitter-Outer" when Fibs (the Kotex tampon) permits you to keep going *in comfort* every day... regardless of the calendar! Worn internally, Fibs give comfortable, *invisible* sanitary protection. No belts, pads or pins are needed, and there's no chafing—no disposal problem. Then, too, Fibs are convenient to carry... one takes no more space in your handbag than an ordinary lipstick.

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FLYING CADETS

Edmund Lowe, World War I ace, teaches flying at his brother's (Frank Albertson) aviation school, makes love to his brother's fiancee, Peggy Moran, subscribes 100% to the philosophy of fun. Older than he admits, not the flyer he was, he's still a hero to Student Pilot Frankie Thomas. With reason. Lowe's the boy's dad—a stranger to his son and his abandoned wife—but, stubbornly, a hero. Oddly antagonized by the boy's devotion, Lowe is unnecessarily strict, grounds him. To redeem himself, Frankie takes up a ship—beyond his experience—on a test flight. That's when they tell Lowe who the crazy kid is. With death prompting him, Lowe learns about life, lives to redraft his philosophy of fun.—*Univ.*

SUNDOWN

Here is intrigue and rebellion in the deep jungles of Africa. Gene Tierney, mysterious and alluring, is the lone woman involved, and it is through her fearlessness and cunning that open rebellion among the natives is averted. Romance crops up inevitably when Gene meets Bruce Cabot, the local commissioner, and wedding bells are imminent at the thrilling finale.—*U.A.*

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK

This one's less slapsticky and more whimsical than W. C. Fields' usual picture. Gloria Jean is his ward, and the pair decide to make a fortune selling wooden nutmegs to the Russion colony in Mexico. Their Mexican odyssey is hilarious—especially when W. C. encounters Susan Miller who lives on a mountain peak and has never seen a man before. There's a trick O. Henry ending that'll leave you chuckling.—*Univ.*

LONE STAR RANGER

Football is easy! You can always spot the enemy because he wears a different uniform. But in Johnny Kimbrough's one-man crusade to help the Texas Rangers out of a hole, the bad boys wear halos over their roscoes. Johnny meets Sheila Ryan on a held-up stage coach. Bandits have made off with her necklace. Mentally he promises Sheila the bauble for a wedding present, tracks it down, but unfortunately puts the bandits in the custody of the halo mob: Jonathan Hale and Truman Bradley. Jonathan and Truman make the fatal error of assigning their trigger men to a dead-or-alive job on Johnny. When the smoke clears and the Rangers have swept up the bodies, it's another touchdown for Johnny. And a bride. You know—the one with the necklace.—*TCF.*

MEN AT LARGE

The murder of a German seaman in a N. Y. newspaper office on the same night that German Air Ace Richard Derr escapes from a Canadian prison camp sets would-be reporter Marjorie Weaver and Newshawk George Reeves on a spy hunt that tangles them with Blind Botany, master of a fiendish espionage ring. The trail leads to sinister Harmonica Hall, Canadian theater, where Marjorie and George are recognized by their enemies, barely escape with their lives after faking a mind-reading act. Foiling Botany's plans to send out news of a British convoy, George reveals himself as a G-man, overpowers the murderous Botany and winds up with an overcome Marjorie in his arms.—*TCF.*

(*Continued on page 104*)

Meet the Bride who wouldn't stay for Breakfast!
A joyous reunion of the stars of "THE LADY EVE"
BARBARA STANWYCK ☆ HENRY FONDA
in Wesley Ruggles'
You belong to Me
with EDGAR BUCHANAN
Roger Clark · Ruth Donnelly · Melville Cooper
Screen play by Claude Binyon
DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES · A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Two movie dates you'll want to keep this Fall!

TERRIFIC BETTY GRABLE

NEW "IT" MAN VICTOR MATURE

THRILLING CAROLE LANDIS

Together in the most exciting picture you will see this year!

HOT SPOT

with

Laird Cregar • William Gargan • Alan Mowbray • Allan Joslyn

Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone • Produced by Milton Sperling

Screen Play by Dwight Taylor • From the novel "I Woke Up Screaming" by Steve Fisher

20th CENTURY FOX

JACK OAKIE • GEORGE MURPHY • LINDA DARNELL

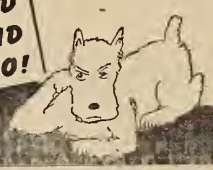
WALTER BRENNAN • MILTON BERLE

in Mark Hellinger's

RISE and SHINE

THEY'RE ALL COMPLETELY WACKY ... BUT, OH, WHAT FUN THEY ARE!

THE LAUGHS COME LOUD, LONG . . . AND CLOSE TOGETHER! AND THERE'S MUSIC, TOO!



with

Sheldon Leonard • Donald Meek • Ruth Donnelly • Raymond Walburn

Directed by Allan Dwan

From the story by JAMES THURBER

RAY JONES

MARGARET SULLAVAN

Universal talent scouts spotted tiny, lustrous Margaret Sullavan in "Dinner at Eight" on Broadway and carried her off, nolens volens, to Hollywood. "Maggie" loved the stage, not the screen, objected to vast publicity, large parties, Hollywood "Society" events, didn't want to be remodeled and hated being dressed up and interviewed. So Miss Sullavan and the powers compromised. She did her best in "Only Yesterday," "Little Man, What Now?" "The Good Fairy," "So Red the Rose" and "Next Time We Love," but still remained Margaret Sullavan, born 1911 in Norfolk, Virginia. She is still a sincere young American, impish and serious in turn, wears her hair simply, never plucks an eyebrow, dotes on slacks and dirndls, avoids previews and premieres and does away with interviewers with charming but cool yesses and noes . . . After "Three Comrades," she trod the boards in "Stage Door" but soon hied back to hubby Leland Hayward, children Bridget, William and Brooke and house in the country. She is fond of sports, but her hobby is "just looking." Loves dogs, dreaming up new coiffures, Gene Autry movies and kids. (Plans to add three more little Haywards in the next five years.) Universal's "Appointment for Love" is her latest film.

DON AMECHE

Give Ameche spaghetti, popcorn, kennel and racehorse jargon, and he's positively out of this world! Counteract (if you have the heart) with baby chatter, lettuce and coffee with sugar 'n' cream. A practical joker, he sinks as low in the name of humor as copping Ty Power's jalopy, making off with all 4 wheels. As a kid he bulldozed his mom and pop into toting him everywhere by pretending he couldn't toddle. Played dumb in school with an eye to shining in the deficient kids' class. But Encino, Cal., over whom he lord-mayors it, thinks he's funny and a darned good egg, to boot! Those perfectly heavenly Ameche mattresses are hand-picked by Don who used to be in the business. (Job came to an abrupt halt when he fell asleep once too often on a test-trial!) Dogged-determined, he brushes off opposition with a grin. Even plunged ahead when his screen-test director spake words that would daunt a lesser man—"You have a funny chin, and, well, you're just not the handsome type. You will ruin yourself on the screen." Don took to big collars to glamourize chin and neck; has since made some 26 smash hits, currently topping in 20th Century-Fox's "Confirm or Deny." A far cry from that first prep-school feminine role played with 2 shiners!

BETTY GRABLE

That St. Louis woman, Betty Grable, could do an elegant tango at 4, and it's improved with age. So has the rest of the lady. She used to be chubby, freckle-faced, a terrific spitfire. And look at her now! 23-inch waist, gardenia-puss and the disposition of an angel. The last she attributes to 10 hours sleep nightly—no matter what. That and tuning in on every Dodgers game are her two fetishes. She flew East for 24 hours not long ago just to see them in action! Short-termed as Mrs. Jackie Coogan and has been a grass widow since Oct. 11, 1939. Is currently being courted via the mails by a prince and a N. Y. tycoon, but only has eyes for smootheroo George Raft. He's on to her two idiosyncrasies (allergy to orchids and aversion to foreign restaurants) and pampers her with out-sized gardenias and charcoal steaks at Chasens. Not to mention an elegant mink coat—and its twin for her cute mother whom he loves. She now employs a secretarial staff to help with her fan mail—mainly requests for locker art from the Army and Navy and invitations to prep school proms. Looks like the staff will need some reinforcements when the boys see her co-starred with Vic Mature ("that gorgeous hunk") in 20th Century-Fox's newest musical, "Hot Spot!"

TYRONE POWER

Perched high on the corner drugstore stool, little Ty Power's brow wrinkled in perplexity as he pored over his chocolate soda and fan magazine. He just couldn't believe that movie stars were real, honest-to-goodness people like himself. Today one of the nation's screen idols, he's just as human as the rest of us—keeps his weight down by daily exercise, takes the stairs two at a time. Smokes a pack of cigarettes per day and is perpetually forgetting his phone number. He's superstitious about whistling in his dressing room for fear of scaring the benevolent gods away. Gets the willies in elevators and small rooms; thinks the walls are closing in on him! He smacks of the man in the street the way he slouches around in shorts, sings off-key, plays his hunches. The woman in his life is wife Annabella, whom he met on the "Suez" set. She retired when they wed, but has recently been hankering after a comeback. Ty's most recent claims to fame are 20th Century-Fox's "A Yank in the R. A. F." and "Son of Fury."

RUTH WARRICK

Orson Welles' discoveries have a way of going places, and St. Louis, Mo.'s Ruth Warrick's no exception. Neighboring Kansas City liked the looks of the 5' 6", 120-lb., blue-eyed kid, elected her their "Miss Jubilesta" and god-sped her off to N. Y. There she debuted on City Hall steps with an armful of turkeys for Mayor La Guardia. So nifty a job did she do of this and soap opry-ing on the radio, it wasn't long before she was exposed to the great Mr. Welles and shot upwards in the world in "Citizen Kane" and currently in United Artists' "The Corsican Brothers." Radio proved her forte romantically, too, 'cause it was there she met Eric Rolf, her hubby and papa to 9-month-old Karen Elizabeth. She can coax music out of a piano and violin like a one-man band. Reads constantly and has something of a literary bug, harking back to a $5 prize for a "Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis" thesis in high school. Hates bridge and dieting. And it's no wonder, what with a figger like hers and angel food à la Warrick around the house!

LONG DISTANCE LOVE

Linda rarely wears corsages; loves cut flowers, and Jaime wires some weekly.

Jaime (pronounced Hy-may) invests fortune on Los Angeles calls—$13.30 for every six-minute chat with his muchacha.

She invariably cuts her week-end trips to Palm Springs short to be at home when his "air-mail special" is due.

SOPHIE'S elbow jabbed Linda's ribs. "There he goes now," she breathed, moon-eyed.

Linda caught a glimpse of the tall figure, heading for study hall. "Hm. I don't think he looks like so much—"

"That's because you've got Hollywood on the brain. Wait'll you meet him—"

It was April, 1938. Linda was fourteen, and thought her heart was broken. Hollywood had just shipped her home. A few months ago she'd left Dallas in glory, all set for a movie career. A talent scout, spotting her face in a photographer's window, had sold Twentieth Century-Fox on the idea that this could be America's new dream girl. But it hadn't worked out. They'd patted her head and sent her back to her school books. "You're too young," they said. "Maybe in a couple of years—"

So now she was back with the crowd, going to Sunset High every day as if Hollywood had never happened. Well, that was all right—for the time being. There'd be another time. She'd see to that. She wasn't green enough to believe that somebody was suddenly going to press a buzzer and say how about that kid we had up from Dallas a while ago. She'd make her own breaks. How, she didn't know, but on one point her mind was made up. Some day she'd be an actress in Hollywood.

—Hm, there was that Spanish boy again that all the girls were in such a dither over. They couldn't seem to talk ab t anything else. They kept rushing up and asking Linda if she'd met him. Well, Linda hadn't met him, and if she never met him, she'd survive, thanks. Linda had problems, and boys were no part of them.

So they met one afternoon in the third floor hall outside the gym. Linda was with Sophie, who introduced them. "Linda Darnell—Jaime Jorba." They stood talking till a teacher shooed them out. Then Jaime walked home with them. Sophie was dropped at her door, and he went on to Linda's. Jaime met her mother, who liked him. The details of that day are vague to Linda. She remembers only that they talked and stood and kind of looked, and it was wonderful.

If love at sight happens, it happened to Linda and Jaime. Linda didn't call it love then. She had more sense than the average fourteen-year-old. Set apart from childhood by her beauty, masculine admiration was nothing new. She'd never let it turn her head. For this her mother was partly responsible. On the subject of males, Mrs. Darnell's a crusading cynic, her battle cry being: "Don't believe a thing they tell you."

Linda laughed at this, but half believed it. Anyway, you couldn't fall seriously in love (*Continued on page 74*)

BY JEANNE KARR

Three years ago, a slim, dark-eyed Spanish boy whispered to a 14-year-old girl, "Linda, some day you'll be my wife . . ." Puppy love? See what you think when you've read their story!

He gave her two crosses when she visited him in Mexico—this ebony one, which she wears constantly, and a silver one.

"I'll tell you a secret," the handsome guy with the yellow stuff on his face grins across the luncheon table. "My real name is Charles Robert Orville Cummings. The Orville is for Orville Wright, who invented the airplane. My mother saw him fly before I was born. I guess maybe that's how it all started."

He's talking about his yen for airplanes—Airacobras and Hudsons, Boeings, Grummans and Lockheeds, P-37's, PBY's and F-2's, B-17-C's, AT-7's and Q-99's and all those things that, for my dough, look best in anagrams or alphabetical soup. But then I can't take my airplanes or leave them. Bob can take them and zoom all over the continent with the greatest of ease.

Just the other week, for instance, he found himself in Wichita, Kansas, picking up a new Cessna pleasure job for himself. He had a whole fantastic week away from the camera so the first thing he knew he was high in the sky at the controls of a twin-engined Cessna bomber flying over the Dakotas to Winnepeg, Canada. An RCAF officer had said, "We're having a bloody awful time finding pilots to ferry these bombers to Canada," and Bob had yelped, "What about me?" He made two trips and gave his salary to the British war relief. At the completion of his second run he flew his own ship back to Hollywood. But as he waved goodbye, he shouted to the Canadian ground crew, "Maybe I'll be seeing you!" Which brings us to the point of this story, to wit:

That the best movie star aviator in Hollywood by long odds is Charles Robert Orville Cummings and that this fact is quite likely to hoist him out of Hollywood at the very peak of his career.

About the first assertion, Bob Cummings is pretty self-conscious. When I suggest it, he gets a panicked look and tries to slide under the table, protesting, "I'm just another guy who flies." So I'll just take it away here for a few facts.

First of all, Bob is Captain C. R. O. Cummings, U. S. Army Air Corps, Reserve—and you don't get a commission like that building balsa-wood models. He's been flying fifteen years and has enough credited hours to make a time-clock blush for shame. He's the only star in Hollywood who has had both a transport license, instructor's permit and a private certificate. He's had five planes of his own, has operated his own aviation school. He's the only instrument flyer in the Hollywood colony. And he's never had even a minor crack-up (knock wood).

"I've offered myself for active duty any time the Air Corps will have me," Bob told me. "I'd just as soon quit pictures tomorrow and fly for the army or for myself." I might add right here that Robert Cummings is having the greatest break of his dramatic life in "Kings Row," that he's hustling back and forth between studios making two pictures at a time and

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Up and

Bob's marriage to Viv is his second. First, to a hometown gal, was brief and stormy.

that his loan-out salary is rising like the defense appropriations Congress votes each week. After years of some of the damnedest maneuvers for acting success, Bob Cummings has more of it than he can handle. Yet he'd ditch it all for a steady seat in a plane. It's not all patriotism, either.

The how-come of this traces back to the real light of Robert Cummings' life—aviation. When he was just a high school kid in Joplin, Missouri, he took a ride in a barnstorming Jenny one day—and has never been the same since.

It was a flimsy crate almost as old as Bob, it seemed, with a wheezing engine, wood propellor and a complete lack of paint. But to Bob it looked like a dream ship. The sign propped against its flimsy fuselage said "$2.50 for a thrilling ride in the sky." Bob approached the flyer, a "war ace" who turned out to be an ex-plumber.

"I've only got $1.25," said Bob. The "ace" looked into Bob's desperately eager face and said, "Okay, kid. Hop in." They caromed off the field and bobbed, sputtering into the Missouri air. Bob came back to terra firma lighter in both pocket and head, but his eyes gleamed like light bulbs. He'd looked into a new world—and it was for him.

"Up to then," recalls Bob, "I wanted to be a doctor. My dad was a physician. As a kid I used to ride around with him on his calls. Acting? Say—I didn't know a dramatic role from a hotcross bun. What I (*Continued on page 89*)

Cummings

BOB'S DISCOVERED A BRAND NEW WORLD, AND HE WOULDN'T TRADE IT FOR A DOZEN ACADEMY OSCARS!

Bob lives in slack suits and wears them till they fall apart. His wife wan't buy herself a new stitch till it's an "absolute necessity."

ds mast of his salary an gad- "Spinach III"—so named be- ne and Viv are vegetarians.

Is always taking his plane apart and reassembling it. Has one other "pas- sion on wheels"—his slinky red car.

Now that Chaplin and Goddard have definitely said good-bye, he's rebounding with Jinx Falkenburg. She's covered (but literally) more mags than any model alive.

Those old clothes horses, Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale, were a walking fashion show. Stole side-shows' thunder as they strolled down midway.

Party of the month . . .

Hollywood Thespians acted like kids when Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus came to town!

Lana Turner and Tony Martin loved the clowns! Lana's buying the first house she's ever owned, right next door to childhood hero, Gary Cooper. Furniture's all custom-made.

Mr. and Mrs. Gargantua received in a tuturistic poleless Bel Geddes tent. Among celebrated guests were the very English Ronny Colman and his British wife Benita Hume.

Henrietta, the debutante giraffe, caught Shirley Temple's fancy. She and her bosom companion Carol Abrams barely tore themselves away in time for the big show.

Lynn Bari left Hubby Walter Kane mid-circus to flirt with clown Janator. Walt (mgr. of the Brown Derby) just gifted her with a retroactive engagement ring, too!

Fred MacMurray and the missus talked about the thrilling trapeze stunts for days after! Screamed madly when Ella Ardelty swung seventy feet across the tent!

So dead-set was Jean Parker on coming with Hubby Douglas Dawson, she played hooky from the "No Hands on the Clock" set. They were wed last St. Valentine's Day.

It was at the circus that Kog first proposed to Ann Sothern (seen above twixt Bob Taylor and Hank Fonda). She's planning a 2-month trip to N. Y. with Mrs. Ray Milland.

Photos by Staff Photographer Bob Beerman

THE OTHER SIDE

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

Ravishing!

Ecstasy!

Hedy bids fair to become the synonym for glamour in our day.

"I was out with Hedy Lamarr last night," cracks Bob Hope. "All right, so I wasn't out with Hedy Lamarr. Can't a man dream?"

Tell a young modern she's pretty. "Yeah, Hedy should start worrying." That's the approved comeback. Not Linda nor Ann nor Madeleine, dillies all. Hedy. She's the symbol, the legend, she sums it all up.

This is the story of the other side of the legend.

As an honest woman with eyes in her head and a mirror, she values the face the Lord gave her. On the other hand, she's lived with it all her life. It doesn't stagger her. It embarrasses her to be eyed with reverence and told in swooning notes that she's gorgeous. She likes Dorothy Parker's name for her—Old Homely. In acknowledgment, she and Jamesie, her son, called his first doll Parker.

One of the nicest qualities you'll discover in Hedy is her mania for honesty. She takes her stand on no high moral ground. It's just that lies make her feel "as if I walk through cobwebs. In my country, we have a saying: If you lie once, people don't believe you even when you tell the truth. I'm a fanatic about it."

Since the truth is easier to her, she refuses to play up to the popular concept of a glamour gal. A friendly person, she finds the top of a pedestal cold and the may-I-touch-the-hem-of-your-garment approach tedious. Which is one of her reasons for avoiding big shindigs and meeting new people. "I have to work my way through what they think I am, and it's too much effort. Then maybe they don't like it when they find out I'm not like that, so I don't bother—"

Stylists have pleaded with her in vain to change her hairdo. She can't be bothered. She cut herself some bangs once but decided she couldn't think well under them. Ann Sothern started fooling with her hair one day, and Hedy liked the effect. But she has no personal maid, and to do it herself would have meant fussing with curlers, so nuts, said Hedy, and went back to her center part. Because she won't sit under driers, her hair looks awful after washing till it "half settles down." She knows she ought to brush it, but doesn't.

That she and Ann, another straightshooter, should be buddies, isn't surprising. "I love her," says Hedy, "because she says what she means—without ruffles."

OF A LEGEND

As unexpected as Venus eating a hamburger is this close-up of Hedy Lamarr!

"Without ruffles" wouldn't be a bad text for Lamarr. She carries hats but never wears them, and her favorite carrying hat is one she bought five years ago in Vienna. She hates to be fitted for clothes, that supposedly essential adjunct to glamour. "If I could have them by pointing to this or that, yes. But to go there and fit, no. I can't stand still."

Her normal procedure is to cut from the pages of Vogue or Harper's Bazaar the models that take her eye. Having admired these to her heart's content, she sticks them in a drawer and orders half a dozen sports numbers at sixteen per. Slacks, white shoes and no socks are her preferred daytime costume. At night she wears housecoats. "Because I go only to my very best friends, and to your very best friends you can wear housecoats. Also in this you can look fat or thin, and nobody knows—"

She insists she looks fat at the moment. It's all right with her though, because when she's thin she orders new clothes to her sorrow. After a moment's musing, she added: "Probably if I fall in love, I'll buy myself a lot of dresses—"

She's not in love now. She calls her men friends "good old pals." It speaks well for them both that Gene Markey, who used to be her husband, is still her friend and on dropping-in terms. So is Reginald Gardiner. The man she sees (*Continued on page 83*)

Hedy's crazy about drive-ins for quick pick-ups. Her hobby's inventing things. Has just had a war patent accepted by Inventions, Inc.!

Loves to eat. In her first M-G-M starring pic, "I Take This Woman," opposite Spence Tracy, she gained 12 pounds on snacks!

26-year-old Hedy's been divorced twice, is going easy on future matrimonial missteps. Currently chums with John Howard and Reggie Gardiner.

thumbs DOWN on hollywood

YOUR HOMETOWN MAY NOT HAVE

So you want to come to Hollywood? Stay where you are. Look, do I care? There's plenty of room for us both. But the Chamber of Commerce has no strings on me, either, so I'm telling you for your own good you won't like it here—

Why? Because Hollywood is the garden spot of the world where they can't grow lilacs. They bring a few branches down from the North and stick 'em in florists' windows, just to make you feel worse. Because chocolate sodas are served with vanilla cream. Sure, you can ask for chocolate. See what it gets you. The fish-eye and vanilla. Because after Philip Dorn tore your heart out in "Underground," they promoted him into "Tarzan's Secret Treasure." Because when you double-park for a split second, you get a ticket, but when the other guy double-parks in front of you and waves you to swing 'round him into perdition, there's never a cop for miles around.

Because the radio programs you want to hear at night come on at four or five. Because Paul Muni isn't working, he's too good. Because when you ask for anything *and* coffee, they bring you the coffee first, and you boil while it chills. Because they've dropped the endearing habit of giving you your second cup on the house. Because studios work till six and all day Saturday. Because the papers tell you that the certain wife of a certain star is playing around with a certain leading man, and you beat your brains out trying to figure the answer when you ought to be minding your own damn business. Because there's only one Joe Pasternak. You'll hate Hollywood. Because you cross a bridge, and it says Los Angeles River, and you look down and it's mud. Because the newspapers spank Melvyn Douglas for being humane. Because roses grow on sticks instead of bushes and look like spinsters with water on the brain and smell like nothing. Because for eight months it's one lovely lousy day after another, and blue gets to be a very monotonous color, and you wouldn't believe how sick to death you can get for one soul-shattering crash of thunder. Because, while we're on the subject of weather—and nuts to you, city fathers—either it never rains or it never stops. Because football players keel over with sunstroke on Thanksgiving Day. Because the native trees never come out all green at once but wear last year's tattered foliage like a slattern with her dirty petticoat showing under

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SAXON

By Ida Zeitlin

HEDY LAMARR—BUT IT'S STILL A COUPLE UP ON GLAMOURLAND!

a clean dress. Because there aren't any chestnut vendors on street corners in the autumn, and there isn't any autumn. You can chalk that one up twice. There isn't any autumn. There's no zip in the air and no color in the leaves and no clouds scudding across the high sky, and the calendar says it's October, so you wear your fall clothes with a difference—the difference being sweat. Because there's no autumn. For my part you can chalk it up twenty times and set it to a dirge.

There's no snow either. Santa Claus shaves his beard and changes his red flannels for shorts. And Christmas trees, born to be glimpsed through frosty windows, sit out on front lawns dripping naphtha, poor things, from their deluded branches.

Oh, yes, you'll simply adore Hollywood, because the water tastes like dust and ashes, and the Russian rye like hell. Because when they say a show, they mean a movie, and when they say back East, they mean Ioway. Because Forest Lawn, a cemetery, is the tourists' delight. Because males think they look darling in berets and kerchiefs, and females ditto in slacks, high heels and fur coats. Because your blood gets so thin that before you know it you're hoisting your own superior carcass into catskin.

Because the woman in the next booth at the beauty parlor knows for a fact that the Dennis Morgans are divorcing, though the Dennis Morgans are as close to divorce as Mickey and Minnie Mouse. Because the gift shops sell Indian jewelry made in Los Angeles. Because if you take a bus to get downtown, it's an all-day job, but if you drive, you won't get there at all, having been killed while making a left turn. Because there's only one Ingrid Bergman. Because kids on roller skates whack the heads off geraniums. Because dopes with bad manners who happen to be movie fans stand outside the Brown Derby and stick autograph books under the noses of other dopes with bad manners who happen to be movie stars and brush them off.

Of course, you don't have to stay in Hollywood. Nobody does. When it's hot, you can go to Catalina where it's just a little hotter, and let the sun bake out what brains you have left. Or you can take the roller coaster drive up to Arrowhead and sit sneering at the lake they make such a noise about—you who have seen the glories of Saranac and Placid.

When it's cold—the California word for comfortable—you can go to Palm Springs. There's a treat for you. Coney Island in pink stucco, and if you're lucky you'll catch a glimpse of (*Continued on page 99*)

Oomph FOR SALE

BY JAMES REID

Glamour is Hayworth's business and it ought to be a cinch—but life isn't all mink and orchids for this Hollywood career gal!

"I had to be sold to the public just like a breakfast cereal or a real estate development or something new in ladies' wear."

Rita Hayworth crossed one long, lovely leg over the other. Her full, generous lips curved in that smile that you've seen on more magazine covers lately than any other smile in Hollywood.

She had agreed to tell something that she hadn't told before—the deep dark secret, the *inside* story, of her sudden success.

"You see," she explained, settling back with that it's-a-long-story look in her eyes, "I made a big mistake right at the very beginning. I started as a dancer. After that, it took a lot of doing to persuade Hollywood to think of me as anything else.

"I was doing specialty dancing in a big hotel at Agua Caliente with my father, Eduardo Cansino, when Fox 'discovered' me. There was talk of putting me in the title role of 'Ramona,' and I was given a few dance numbers in 'Dante's Inferno' and a couple of other pictures.

"Then the studio changed heads. Mr. Zanuck wanted a big-name star for 'Ramona,' and they let me go."

Rita smiled wryly at the recollection of that day, five years ago, when she had walked out the front door of Twentieth Century-Fox and sat down on the concrete steps to cry her heart out—because she had been fired. It's hard to have your dreams crushed when you're only 17.

"I don't know how long I sat there sobbing. Probably an hour or more. Until suddenly it dawned on me that there wasn't a single person in all Hollywood who was going to take either the time or the trouble to feel sorry for little Rita Cansino. 'Crying isn't going to get me anywhere,' I said. 'The only way I'm going to get anywhere is to show 'em. Make 'em eat those words they spoke when they gave me the bad news. We're afraid your talents are limited—to dancing.'

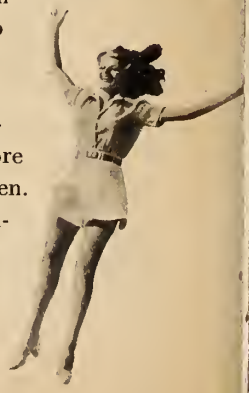
"So, with grim determination, I made the rounds." Rita smiled again, in recollection. "And the only jobs I could get were in Westerns—at little out-of-the-way studios that nobody had ever heard of."

She has been under contract to Columbia for so long that people don't stop to wonder how Columbia ever happened to sign her. The untold story about *that* is: One day during the making of a gangster epic, Rita overheard the assistant director say, "Too bad that girl can't speak English." She saw red. So that was what was holding her back, was it? She steamed up to the director and said, boiling, "I want to get one thing straight. I can speak English as well as anybody on this set. I'm as American as anybody here. I was born in New York, grew up in the United States, and have a high school diploma." This outburst called her to the attention of the entire lot, including the Front Office. Result: a contract as a stock player and a switch to an American name, Hayworth.

"Then I married Eddie," Rita continued. She was referring to successful businessman Edward C. Judson (his specialties are oil and real estate)—older, wonderfully tolerant of her burning ambition to get ahead in films.

"After I changed my name, I expected wonders to happen. But my roles didn't become any bigger or any better. I came home one night, desperate, and asked Eddie to tell me what was wrong.

"He thought a moment and said, "You're trying to sell a product named Rita Hayworth. In business, a man doesn't wait for people to discover what he wants to sell. He advertises.



"He also pointed out that the most successful businesses spent money to earn more money. I was earning $175 a week then. So every week, half of it went into additions to my wardrobe, improvement in my personal appearance, and half into voice lessons and dramatic lessons.

The logical (*Continued on page 95*)

A fat raise jacked Rita's salary to $3,000 weekly. She squanders it on dresses ($7,000 yearly), shoes ($75 a pair) and chocolates—at least 5 lbs. a week.

Rita smokes, wears scarlet nail polish and has received 500 proposals. Lost 8 pounds while dancing with Astaire in Columbia's "You'll Never Get Rich."

That Ginger Rogers-Geo. Montgomery romance is doing an on-again-off-again. He's been barred from movie-going during production of "My Gal Sal." Seems he involuntarily apes previous night's heroes all next day on the set!

candidly yours

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT IN HOLLYWOOD — BY THE LATE-TO-BED BRIGADE!

Gary Cooper and Sandra, that gorgeous wife of his, Ciro-ing with Jack Benny. Jack's crazy about kids, plans to adopt another one to play with his adored foster child, Joan Naomi.

You couldn't find a more camera-shy subject in all Hollywo than Naval Reservist Dr. Joel Pressman! During shore lea went partying with wife Colbert and Mary Livingstone

The Bob Taylors, Ronny Reagans and Joel Pressmans treated themselves to big blowout at Ciro's. Janie Wyman wouldn't say "yes" or "no" when queried on that certain coming event!

Here's the guy behind Errol Flynn scenes—Johnny Meyers—the Irish swashbuckler's side-kick and social-engagement-arranger. Off for a spot of fun for himself with Lupe Velez.

It'll be a first anniversary for Bob Preston and his cute actress wife, Catherine Craig, this Nov. 8th. Bob's been up to his neck in work on "Midnight Angel" and "Reap the Wild Wind."

Rumor has Evelyn Ankers and Glenn Ford practically hitched, with wedding bells to ring around Christmas. Everybody's wondering what all those dates with Ann Miller add up to!

AY

t"

Bing lounges through a rehearsal with his 200-pound protégé, John Scott Trotter.

Crosby, who banged a mediocre drum in high school, is always giving pointers to Spike Jones—ace skinbeater in Trotter's band.

Bing's oldest son, Gary, is insanely jealous of papa's clinches with five-year-old Carolyn Lee in "Birth of the Blues"—Bing's twenty-fifth picture for Paramount!

"The Groaner"—with scriptwriter Carroll Carroll and Producer Bob Brewster—is terribly color-blind. He loves pink, and his outfits are a succession of eye-knocker-outers.

THAT'S CROSBY-CODE OR JIVE JARGON FOR PRETTY SUPER—WHICH IS BING ALL OVER!

Bing Crosby is a great guy. That's the plain, unadulterated truth.

I'm not his press agent, you understand. I went into this story with a large box of salt in my left hook. I intended to take all statements made with generous pinches of same.

Well, the salt flew, but the result was the same. Crosby is a fine guy. He's for me.

Bing, as you may have heard somewhere, is one of the biggest men in show business, both in pictures and radio. His contract with Kraft reads like a section of the Defense Program. It calls for a mere $5,000 a week in salary, plus his choice of any music he has a mind to sing or hear. And there is the additional matter of the pact's running for ten years! No one else in the racket can even come close to that for duration.

But Crosby? A stuffed shirt? An "I'm-the-star" boy? Ha!

Take this for an example: When Bing first went on the Kraft show, it was understood that there was to be no audience. Bing didn't like 'em. He was a bit on the shy side, years ago.

Bob Burns was also signed for the program. And Bob had come from vaudeville. He had to have laughter, a living ear into which he could work so that he could time his material. Burns stipulated that there *be* an audience when he was on the show.

So that's the way the two contracts have always read. Bing's says, "No Audience." Bob's says, "Definitely an audience." Despite the fact that it is supposed to be Bing's show, for Bob's sake he skips his rights. There is a large and admiring throng in the studio every Thursday night!

The secret of Bing's success on the air is, of course, his informality, his normalcy, his casualness. He doesn't try to be "romantic," and he doesn't insist upon being the whole show, in any sense.

Underneath, Bing is a guy who cannot quite believe that all this has happened to him. He think's it's wonderful, yes. But there must be something wrong somewhere.

This attitude is expressed in his preface to the story of his life which his brothers, Ted and Larry, wrote: "It's difficult for me to imagine anyone seriously interested in my biography," says Bing. "This thing is hardly offered as a guide to aspirants for success in show business, but only indicates what a lucky guy I am—so far." Which goes to show he takes nothing too seriously—not even his career.

An hour show in radio is usually the cause of numerous headaches, many conferences, painstaking rehearsal and much jittering.

But not Crosby's. The preparation of Crosby's show is the signal for all the fun-loving people for miles around to come in for a jam session. I have walked into the studio many times and seen twenty or thirty kindred spirits lolling in the empty seats, adding their dialogue to "The Groaner's."

The keynote of the whole works was set years ago when Bing first began sputtering slang into a mike.

That slang is his own, for your information. He has always talked that way and probably always will. Back in Spokane, you see, he was a sports enthusiast. He swam. He played golf. He went mad over football and baseball. Then he became fascinated with music. The upshot is that his language is a conglomeration of a musician's jive and a sportswriter's.

When he went on the air, Bing didn't see any good reason why he should become excruciatingly formal.

He skips the glamoooor with (*Continued on page 81*)

Give yourself the

BY GLADYS HALL

love test

THINK YOU'VE GOT GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE?

TAKE MADELEINE'S CUPID QUIZ AND BE SURE!

When Madeleine Carroll married Captain Philip Astley in England a few years ago, she wasn't in love with him! She knows it now. She could have known it then—by the love test!

If you happen to be the most beautiful woman in the world, love somehow gets to be an important hobby. If you happen also to be the brainy type—with a flock of academic degrees-you ought to be able to distill enough wisdom from your experiences to relegate Dorothy Dix to the backfield.

And for all her beauty, Madeleine has a steel trap mind, with a penchant for trussing up her conclusions in a neat, scientific package. Her love test—the business that would have spared her the Astley fiasco—is as simple to apply as a mustard plaster—and when you're through testing yourself, you can answer the all-important question: "Am I in love?" with a simple yes or no.

"When making the test," Madeleine said, "it is well to begin with the fact that so many girls go about moaning because no one is in love with them.

"The first question to ask yourself is this: 'Am I ready for love? Do I thoroughly understand that it is a job, not a plaything? A life-work, not a week-end vacation? Am I ready to take pain hand-in-hand with pleasure? Monotony along with excitement? Am I as willing to serve as to *be* served?'

"If you are a flibbertigibbet of a girl, a self-indulgent type who wants to be given endless attentions, petted and spoiled, you may as well keep *on* moaning that no one is in love with you. Because no one can afford to be! If, on the other hand, you are sincere, capable of facing reality, capable of self-sacrifice and willing to make it, you may find love—and hold it. As I hope to do.

"But it isn't going to be easy. Love is one of the great, elemental human experiences along with birth and death. It brings pain as well as fulfillment. If you think otherwise, you have never known love.

" 'But how,' you may ask, 'can I determine whether I am in love or—just running a temperature? How do I make the love test?'

"Well, I'll tell you how I did it. You begin with an experiment like this: let's assume that you think he is in love with you, and you know darned well you are in love with him. All right, suppose he is a draftee. What is your reaction? Do you figure, 'Well, I'm certainly not going to cool my heels, waste my youth while he's in camp! I'm going to have myself some fun!' Or do you get a job, help your mother (*Continued on page 87*)

Explanation of Hayden's walkout is that he's torch-carrying for Carroll—both in "Bahama Passage."

Madeleine and Capt. Astley were married for 6 yrs., but she knows now that she was never in love with him!

She risked her life clippering to France to see Richard. Is it love? The "love test" is helping her find out.

Teetotaler Stack's chalked up an amazing record in his 22 years: Speaks German, French and Spanish like a native, sports a Phi Beta Kappa key, gets second most fan mail (next to Durbin) at Universal!

With Bill Orr and cook Howard at his ski lodge, complete with 12-bunk dormitory wing and kitchen-bar!

BY ZEPHA SAMOILOFF

Rounding a corner in his racing auto or romancing under the kleigs—you can't see that Stack fellow for dust!

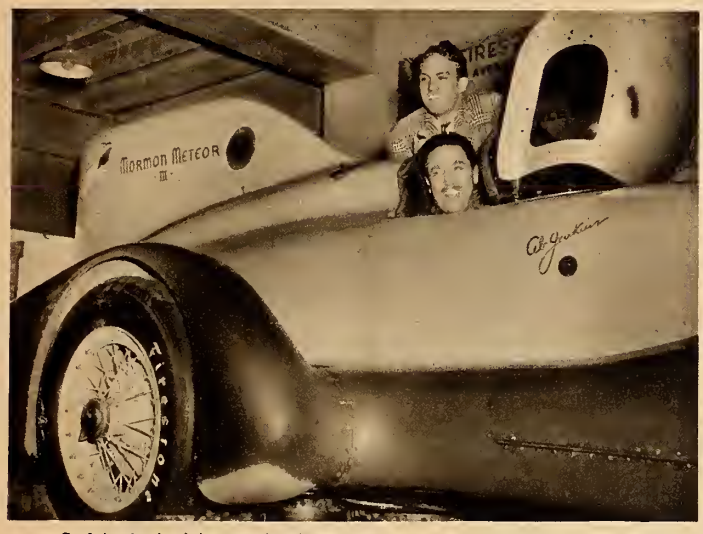
Apple of record-smashing Stack's eye is his "Thunderbird." Claims 50 m.p.h. speed-boating brings out latent genius in a man!

The young man with the Marxian (Harpo) hair and the Baerish (Max) shoulders had just come from a turn on the lake in a speedboat and his coiffure was something out of a brochure on Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde with definite overtones of the Fredric March treatment. He was trying unsuccessfully to calm it down and somebody cracked that he looked as if he had just purchased a new fright wig.

"This mop's a headache in more ways than one," he admitted, putting a bit of bile in his words. "In the first place, I resent a man being blonde under any circumstances and figure everyone else should. I almost have to shellack this wool to keep it and my necktie both in focus for close-ups. It does get around, but chiefly up."

By this time he was sitting, or had sat, all over his chair. He has a calm voice and a disarming drawl and gives the impression, in his speech, of being a little on the languid side, but physically he's as restless as an alley cat on an electrified fence.

You can't help liking the guy. You'd like him even better if you were a football coach and had come upon



Bobby's hobby is building and driving hopped-up automobiles (far cry from Ab Jenkins' professional job!). Held roadster speed record of 115.68 m.p.h. in 1940.

In his 5th film, "Badlands of Dakota," with Ann Rutherford, he plays his first really grown-up role. Studio policy of keeping him youthful has long been a pet peeve of his!

ADONIS ON WHEELS

him among your sophomore candidates for end. He's six feet, one inch tall and weighs a hundred and eighty-two pounds, a large segment of which is shoulders. He moves with the unconscious rhythm of a hungry panther, which is the way a football coach likes to see his end candidates move, and he has the kind of hands a Scotchman sees dipping into his cash register in a nightmare. Big!

He had a collarless camel hair coat draped over one of the gosh-awfulest loud swatches of plaid ever to escape a pair of kilts which he was wearing for a shirt. He seemed to think this attire a bit gaudy for the occasion and hastened off to his lodge to change it. He came back, presently, in another jacket whose Glenurquhart motif set up a clamor that rattled the glassware on the back bar half a block away.

Sports clothes, of course, were just made for this guy, who held the world's junior and senior skeet shooting titles before he was twenty-one. It is also a matter of public record that he and his brother, Jim, won an international speed boat title, that he was a crack tennis player in college and that he was one of the best amateur oarsmen in the world.

He was one of the best polo players on the Pacific Coast and led his University of Southern California quartet to a conference championship in his sophomore year. According to Bob Presnell and Snowy Baker, the two ablest polo teachers on the coast, he was headed for a spot as an internationalist until he and a horse got mixed up in a spill one day. His knee was smashed and his wrist broken, and they shot the horse.

Inasmuch as this was the fourth time the wrist had been broken and he already had been promised that first kiss at Deanna Durbin, he began to think seriously of his career. He gave up polo, selling his eight ponies and reducing his insurance premiums by buying a racing automobile with the proceeds.

Friends pointed out that cyanide would have been less expensive. He ignored the tip. To date he hasn't had any accidents with his racing car, having been tutored in the art of avoiding same by Ab Jenkins, mayor of Salt Lake City and holder of two-score world's speed records, but that doesn't mean he has forsaken abrasions.

He is one of the few known human beings who managed to get himself hospitalized by fetching his features up sharp against a wave. It happened at Lake Yosemite, while he was trying to fracture the world's hydroplane record in his "Thunderbird." He'd managed to get the contraption up to seventy-seven miles an hour, which is four miles faster than the current universal record.

A patrol boat, misjudging (*Continued on page 96*)

When Joan Carroll returned in a blaze of glory from her B'way stint, her dad surprised her with a huge playhouse. She's furnished it with loot from co-members of "Panama Hattie's" cast; made a stage out of the front porch and puts on shows for her dolls. This is her May Robson act.

She's kind of a prodigy but nice and normal about it. Memorized the complete book and score of "Panama Hattie"; can sing and do figure skating. Has a yen to take up ballet dancing. She reads fabulous numbers of books—loves Pollyanna and the Oz stories.

for dolls only

A "Carroll Capers" first night is something to see! Superman wouldn't miss one. Neither would Scarlett O'Hara or the Quints—and Charlie McCarthy has a permanent seat in the bald-headed row!

Most of Joan's 200 dolls are kept in glassed-in cupboards, but four live permanently in the playhouse—Marilyn, Cecile (one of the quintuplet dolls), Susie and Pemmie, a bald-headed boy doll. Names all dolls after the people who give them to her. Oldest one is "Jimmy," who belonged to her big brother when he was one. Owns the original model for Disney elephant, "Dumbo."

When her pals come to visit, they eat all meals in the playhouse, dubbed "Panama Hattie." Closest chum is stand-in Patty Pyle. They never discuss business and rarely invite any boys. Here's Joan's favorite imitation—pickle-puss Arthur Treacher.

"TREASURE ISLAND"

Aug. '34. Pirating with blustery Barrymore!

"O'SHAUGHNESSY'S BOY"

Oct. '35. Reforming a teetering Wally Beery!

"THE CHAMP"

Nov. '31. His favorite role as "Dink" with Beery.

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

Jackie's tickled pink with his new role as leading man to best-gal Bonita Granville in RKO's jazz-historical "Syncopation."

"THE DEVIL IS A SISSY"

Sept. '36. Growing up and tough-guying it with Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney!

"SKIPPY"

Apr. '31. First saw his name in lights at age of 7.

SKIPPY REMEMBERS . . .

15 YEARS OF MOVIE-MAKING BEHIND HIM, AND KID-WONDER COOPER'S HOTTER THAN EVER!

He's dated at 19. Jackie Cooper—the kid who was hot back in the days of Red Grange and Gene Tunney. Coolidge the Sphinx was president. And Clara Bow was the It Girl.

But 1941 doesn't faze him in the least. He's the good-looking chesty kid, just this side of draft age, shouldering his way into the Blitzkrieg 40's.

"Jackie," I said, "let's talk. Let's talk about those fifteen years . . . about people and you . . . not dates and not career . . . but . . ."

"Sure," said Jackie Cooper, veteran. "You know, I was just remembering today . . . why . . . just remembering."

So we talked. And this is it.

* * * * *

"I remember when I was ten and I did a picture called 'The Bowery.' It was Darryl Zanuck's first film, shot on space rented at the United Artists lot. George Raft was in it. And Fay Wray. She was the busiest star in the business, glamorous and gorgeous and my big love. The picture was shot in four weeks—not enough for me—I had a terrible crush."

Jackie smiled.

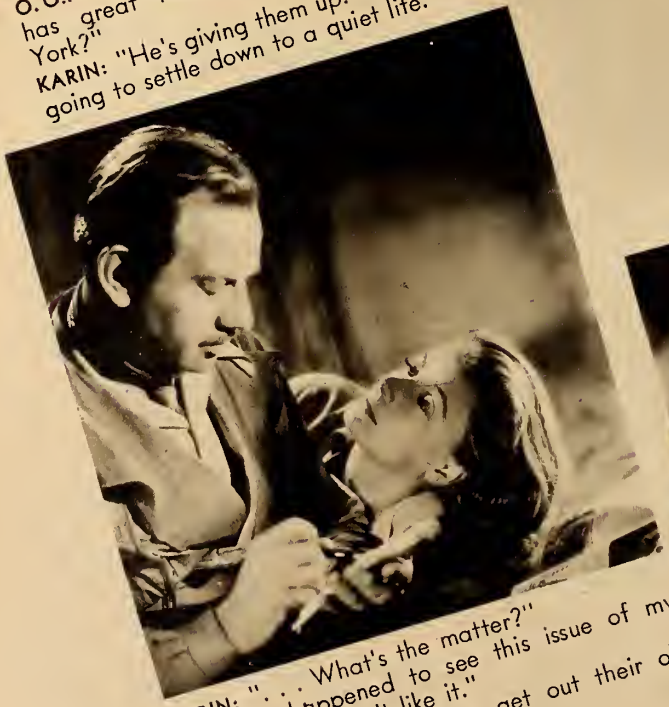
"There was one before that. My first love was when I was doing 'Our Gang' for Hal Roach. Teacher was a blonde named June Marlowe, and I was so in love with her . . . But the pay-off occurred a few months ago. A beautiful woman came up to me and said, 'Hello, Jackie.' I didn't recognize her, but she knew me. It was June Marlowe. And standing there that morning, chatting with her, I remembered with a pang that first love . . . gosh . . ."

Somehow we rambled from love to Mickey Rooney. But that's the way it goes, from one thing to another, when you remember.

"The old crowd," said Jackie Cooper, "used to get together in each other's houses and put on gag shows. Once we decided to take over Victor Hugo's Sunday night floor show. We all rehearsed like mad. I was supposed to go on with my orchestra. Judy Garland was to sing. And so on. Then Mickey came in, asked if he could play my drums (*Continued on page 68*)

GARBO'S TWINS

O. O.: "Don't you know your husband has great responsibilities in New York?"
KARIN: "He's giving them up. We're going to settle down to a quiet life."



KARIN: ". . . What's the matter?"
BLAKE: "I happened to see this issue of my magazine. I didn't like it."
KARIN (smiling): "Let *them* get out their old magazine."

BLAKE: "Wait a minute, Griselda. Don't forget I'm a married man."
GRISELDA: "No matter how much you get married, you and I are inevitable!"

M-G-M'S SOPHISTICATED NEW COMEDY PROVES THAT TWO GARBOS ARE DEFINITELY BETTER THAN ONE—AND WITH MELVYN DOUGLAS THROWN IN, THE WHOLE THING'S KIND OF TERRIFIC!

BLAKE: "Karin is so decent—she is so innocent, so cute, so good . . . I love you."
KATHERINE: "But how can you? I'm far from innocent and not very good!"

STORY

When Larry Blake's (Melvyn Douglas) doctor told him to forget his old news weekly for a while and go off for a rest in the mountains, he never anticipated this! Bingo—the first day at Snow Lodge, Larry fell for the skiing instructress, Karin Borg (Greta Garbo), one of those wind-swept women with snow on her eyelashes and fire in her heart. She didn't drink, she didn't smoke—and she couldn't see gay blade Larry for dust. The romance got off to an unpropitious start, but somehow wound up at the altar!

Everything was idyllic, till Blake's partner O. O. Miller (Roland Young) and his secretary Miss Ellis (Ruth Gordon) routed them out of the honeymoon cabin and dragged Larry back to the office—sans bride!

Karin did a slow burn in the wild white wastes for a while, then trekked to New York to see what was doing. Found hubby gadding with an old flame—Griselda (Connie Bennett)—a siren and snake if there ever was one. Karin, the placid, the bucolic, saw red and decided that if he wanted oomph, bigod she'd give it to him. With Miss Ellis' help, she turned devastatingly glamorous, posed as Katherine, her own twin sister, and went shamelessly on the make for her husband. She was mysterious, provocative, ten times the femme fatale Griselda ever thought of being. And Larry was mad about her. There was moonlight, champagne, Katherine in one (*Continued on page 86*)

PRODUCTION

Right in line with the "Garbo Speaks," "Garbo Laughs campaign is the "Garbo Rumbas" blurb the exhibitors might use. Long before the rumba sequence was scheduled to be shot, Greta practiced it in a projection room while she watched the rumba-teaching Pete Smith short, "Cuban Rhythm." She chalked huge squares on the projection room floor and followed the screen dancers' movements.

Rumors of a romance with Dance Instructor Robert Alton were phony. Alton, blonde, good-looking, 32-ish and the highest paid dance teacher anywhere, was hired to coach Garbo for her one dancing scene. Garbo asked him to dance it with her for the actual scene. Alton refused—said he wasn't an actor. Garbo marched to the front office, told them she'd be more at ease in front of the camera dancing with Alton because they'd practiced so long together. Alton was in make-up and ready to work at 8:00 the next morning.

As usual, the "No Visitors" sign was up. Joan Crawford crashed the set, exchanged a few pleasantries with Greta. Later in the day Greta passed Joan's dressing room, heard her singing. "I hope I can do as well when I sing," was Garbo's comment.

Four singing messenger boys, sent to the set to warble birthday greetings to Director George Cukor, lost their voices completely when they got a glimpse of Miss G. She invited them to stay awhile, (*Continued on page 85*)

In "Rise and Shine," Georgie dances and romances with Linda Darnell. Says he averages 140 miles of dancing in a movie!

pal georgie

No freckles, no red hair, no temper—just what kind of an Irishman *is* this guy "Murph"?

"That guy is a regular Pollyanna," George Murphy's friend Cagney will say with left-handed admiration. "He's got an explanation available for every single one of his fellow man's shortcomings."

Being Irish, George ought (by all the saints) to be quick to wrath. He isn't. Being Irish, he ought, furthermore, to start launching left hooks or maybe those nice, handy one-twos whenever he has been crossed, his feelings wounded or his pride dented. But he doesn't.

On the contrary, he is the most peace-loving citizen in Hollywood. He will not only meet people halfway but will go 90 per cent of the other 50 per cent whenever the occasion arises. He will even waive his personal rights—and he has. The touch too much is that he will defend to the death those who overstep their bounds and encroach on his preserves.

The explanation for George Murphy is simple: he likes people, that's all. Which, apparently, goes double, as you shall see for yourself.

Take that last trip he made to New York as a starter. All he did was to walk out of his hotel, step into a cab, lean back and start to tell the driver where he was bound when the following dialogue was set in motion by the hackie, a total stranger:

"Hi, George! Howza boy?"

"Fine, thanks. How's yourself?"

"Can't kick."

"Swell. Suppose you could find your way over to Dunhill's?"

"It's a cinch, George."

Well, that 14-block trip (as the crow flies) consumed 90 minutes. The cabbie just wouldn't let George out. He kept circling Dunhill's like a man doing turns on the Indianapolis speedway. And talking by the yard. First, he gave George an analysis of the pennant chances of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Next he tackled the subject of the draft. Finally he got down to the main topic: Was there any guy in town George wanted "handled"? Anyone at all—a couple of guys, for that matter. Maybe a party had given George some guff and needed an arm broken to loin him a lesson. Just leave him name the guy. In time Murphy managed to make it clear that for the time being everything was jake, but that if anything ever came up and he needed anyone handled he'd let him know. When the gabby cabbie finally did pull up in front of Dunhill's, George pulled out a ten spot, grinned, handed it to the driver and got ready to sprint.

"Nothin' doin'," said the hackman. "I didn't pull the flag down. The ride was on the house."

It took five minutes of Irish eloquence before the cabbie gave in. A guy didn't take money from a pal, did he? He was still shaking his head sadly when he drove off.

Just how genuine is the Murphy affection for his fellow man can be guessed at by noting that throughout his long and hectic career as one half of a dance team that came up from nothing, only once did he lose his patience and his temper.

He and his partner Juliette Johnson (now Mrs. George Murphy) were dancing in a New Haven cafe when a ringside oaf made a disparaging remark about male dancers. Murphy waited until the last encore was over. Then he marched over to the table, lifted the offending lout by the scruff of the neck and clipped him. Just once was all.

The effect of that single act of violence has never escaped him. That bob in the beard hurt Murphy considerably more than it did the louse who had caught the punch. In one way he was scared of what he had done. In another way he was disgusted with himself. Scared that he might have acquired a bad habit. Dis-

gusted that he had selected New Haven, of all places, as the setting for his shame. What kind of a loyal son of Eli was he to be brawling within sight of the spires of Yale where his late and revered father, Charles Murphy, had once served as physical director? And where he, himself, had picked up a degree in mining engineering?

From that date on, heels and schlemiels operated with impunity. Let some ringside sniper vocalize to the effect that male dancers were panty-waists and George was a cinch to come back with:

"That's right, brother."

It got the audience on his side, for one thing. Too, it had a sobering effect on him—something like counting ten. He did come close to backsliding one night out Richmond way. He and Juliette were waiting for the cue before hitting the deck when some Southern gentleman made a sneering remark.

George turned white. Blood began pounding in his ears. Before he could do anything about it the cue had sounded, and the two were out on the floor and being chased by a baby spot (purple). Juliette carried that whole first chorus by herself while George debated his next move. The answer came to him in a flash. He was dancing for money, wasn't he, and snide remarks were part of the occupational unpleasantness, weren't they? Besides, the obstreperous one was probably pie-eyed. By the time he had finished the number he was in high spirits, so high that when he passed by the table where the Southern wit was ensconced behind a bottle of sloe gin he grinned broadly at him and remarked:

"Hospitality, yes, siree. That's what I like about the South."

It was inevitable that once he had clicked in pictures he should wind up as Hollywood's Pal Georgie. That he has made the grade is as obvious as the topography of Carole Landis.

You could prove his claim to the title of Hollywood's Pal Georgie by cataloguing his friends, worthies like the Messrs. Cagney, Montgomery, O'Brien, Astaire, Romero, Hope, Milland, Overman, Menjou, Crosby, etc., all of whom swear by him.

You could bolster your point by setting down some of his high offices, the presidency of the Westside Tennis Club, the vice-presidency of the Screen Actors Guild, his chairmanship of the actors committee to franchise the agents, his membership on the advisory committee of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, etc., etc.

You could clinch it by a camera study of George Murphy during a recess in production on a set. The Murphy dressing room is the center of all activity. Here directors plot gags and new "business" with him. Here visit extras who want to bum a cigarette from him or to ask to demonstrate a particular step that they were fond of—a routine he did for the "Broadway Melody of 1940," maybe. Here gather the camera crews to swap laughs. Here congregate the Hollywood columnists in search of anecdotes, quips and jests with which to enliven their daily stint. Here trek the studio publicity boys to get George to help them dream up gags to exploit the picture. He's good at thinking up story angles for everyone but himself. He once spent three hours telling a lady interviewer from New York all about his friend Cagney, who wasn't even in the picture, by the way.

Burgess Meredith describes Murphy as a "gentleman who exists in a perpetual state of Mardi Gras fever." Maxie Rosenbloom speaks of him glowingly as "a slephappy gee." Maxie would. The way Fred Astaire sees it, "George Murphy has got life licked."

An inspection of George Murphy as an operating husband tends to corroborate all three of the curbstone psychiatrists.

He most emphatically does not conform to the stereotype.

Juliette Murphy will tell you that the thing she likes best about George is the fact that after 12 years of married life he manages to keep alive the soul-warming illusion that he's still courting her.

He takes leave of her and the modest Murphy home (sans badminton or tennis court) mornings as if he were going on a long journey, but never fails to leave a note of good cheer even if he (*Continued on page 92*)

37-year-old Murphy looks and acts about 17—says he does it with 13 hrs. sleep nightly.

long-haired boy

Sabu's next is "Jungle Book," the set of which is the most primitive place he's ever seen. His native Mysore, India, boasts electric refrigerators and excellent schools!

Alex Korda's brother, Zoltan, has taken a fatherly interest in Sabu. He's directed all his films—British and American.

SABU, OF THE GARBO COIFFURE AND MAHOGANY SKIN, IS REALLY AS AMERICAN AS MICKEY ROONEY!

Sabu Dastagir was born seventeen years ago in Mysore, the most fabulously rich and modern province in Southern India. His father was Sheik Ibrahim, one of the Maharajah's best mahouts (elephant keeper). Orphaned at the age of 10, he existed on a monthly pension of 2 rupees (about 72¢) given him by the Maharajah.

He was brought to England when he was thirteen, and two years later to America as a reward for his swell work in "Drums." Today, Korda's "Elephant Boy" earns a four figure weekly salary that keeps him and his brother Shaik pleasantly comfortable in a gray stucco Hollywood hillside home. The pair live frugally. All the money over and above their modest expenses is carefully salted away in the bank. The boys usually speak English around the house but sometimes lapse into their native Hindustani.

Shaik is Sabu's legal guardian and a tough trader when it comes to business deals. He's arranged matters so Sabu can retire on a nice-sized income in the next few years, if he wants to. Another "guardian" is Zoltan Korda, Sabu's director, who lived in India for a long time and is a student of its traditions and history.

Sabu's crazy about midget auto races, jitterbugging and wienie bakes at the beach. Drives both a Ford station wagon and a Buick convertible. Loves speed and has to be cautioned not to go faster than 55 miles per hour. He's a member of the Hollywood Athletic Club and works out daily, boxing, wrestling and swimming. He's especially good at the latter, ranking (*Continued on page 85*)

A B C's of skin care

BY CAROL CARTER

Virginia Grey—M-G-M beauty, now appearing in "Whistling In the Dark."

TEN EASY STEPS IN A CLEANSING FACIAL FOR EVERY TYPE OF SKIN—YOUNG OR OLD

The beginning of all skin beauty—and health—is cleanliness—inside and out. So the first thing we're going to talk about this month is a cleansing facial to put you in "the pink" and, if repeated every week or so, to keep your skin lovely all winter long through ice or snow or wind; or even—if you're lucky enough to live in the south—through just one more season of sun tan.

How do you go about it? First, comb back your hair and whisk it out of the way into a colorful kerchief, a bit of neat, bright net or one of those dainty pastel-colored rubber head bands. (Our point here is that you don't have to look drab or frowsy, even when you give yourself a facial. You can look neat—even gay!)

First, here's the equipment you'll need. A soft-bristled complexion brush, a cake of pure, bland soap, a jar of cleansing cream, a bottle of skin freshener, a few puffs of cotton, a jar of tissue or lubricating cream, a supply of facial tissues and a clean, dry towel.

Second, scrub your whole face thoroughly with a soft brush and soap, paying especial attention to the nose and the area surrounding it, the crease of your chin and the middle of your forehead. These are the spots where oil glands are most active and where dirt is most likely to clog and become obstreperous, and don't forget to scrub that neck of yours—back, front and sides. Winter coat weather does appalling things to otherwise nice, self-respecting neck skin, and that's how it becomes dark, coarse and decidedly unladylike.

After the scrub, rinse thoroughly in warm—never hot—water and dry with a clean linen or Turkish towel.

Third. You're ready now for a good lathering with cleansing cream. Spread it on fairly thick all over face and neck, using, of course, your clean, dry fingers. Work cream into skin with smooth rotary motion, then, while it is pliable and well lubricated, pat it. Under your chin, use the backs of your hands to pat, stroking firmly from side to side with alternating hands. Massage from chin to each ear in a firm crescent stroke, then from chin across each cheek upward, (*Continued on page 72*)

Use the tips of your fingers to blend it in with your natural skin tones.

Protective lotions will help keep your hands, arms and neck soft and youthful.

Wear a foundation base under make-up to smooth and protect your complexion.

BY CAROL CARTER

ABOUT FACE FOR

Posed by Lucia Carroll, currently in Warners' "Wild Bill Hickok Rides"

Remove cream with tissue in an upward and outward motion.

Then, apply cleansing cream lavishly for its softening as well as cleansing effect.

Keep your skin fresh and stimulated by frequent scrubbings with soap and water.

HERE'S HOW THE SCREEN'S GLAMOUR GIRLS KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS SO BEAUTIFUL!

WINTER . . .

We hear a lot about the naturally lovely skin of youth, but, unfortunately, it isn't always so. Many young things do have flawless complexions, that's true, but there are many others whose skins are dull, sallow and neglected looking. A lovely complexion is a girl's most precious possession—in fact it's the background for the rest of her beauty—so keep your skin healthy and clear by giving it everyday attention. Taking care of it not only makes you more attractive now, but it's your best insurance for continued good looks as you grow older.

Such radiant complexions as Lucia Carroll's, Hedy Lamarr's, Linda Darnell's and the rest of the screen lovelies aren't a matter of chance. They are the result of cleanliness, stimulation and protection—and sparkling health and vitality. Skin, you know, isn't a mere outer covering for the sake of looks alone. It's a living organ of the body, several layers thick, with all sorts of duties to perform. It regulates temperature, throws off dead tissue and body waste and serves as a protective covering for bones and muscles. It's constantly renewing itself, so if your complexion isn't all that it ought to be, it isn't too late to restore its loveliness. With such face-savers as rich emollient and cleansing creams and softening lotions, mild soap, skin toners, astringents and bleaches, you can cleanse, soften and stimulate it from the outside. Then, you can work hand in hand with nature and improve it from within by taking care of your health. Since skin is nourished by blood vessels and capillaries in the underlying layers, be sure that you eat three balanced meals each day containing plenty of green vegetables, fresh fruits, milk, butter, cream and eggs and other healthful foods. Also drink plenty of water—at least eight glasses a day—to help keep the blood stream purified. Get as much fresh air and exercise as you can and sleep eight to ten hours each night.

To make your complexion transparently clear and smooth, keep it scrupulously clean, free of dead, dull tissue and blemishes that result from dirt and oil allowed to remain in the pores. Cleanse it thoroughly at least twice a day, always before applying new make-up and before retiring at night. If your skin is normal, you can use either liquefying or cold creams, for these not only remove dirt and soil but have a decided softening effect. Leave the cream on as long as possible, then remove it with cleansing tissue in an upward motion. You can further tone up your face and remove every vestige of cream by applying a skin freshener. Or you may prefer that clean, invigorated feeling that scrubbing with mild soap, warm water and a complexion brush gives. Then, if you like, smooth a rich tissue cream or lotion into your skin after rinsing with cold water.

This time of year delicate complexions are constantly being exposed alternately to cold, blustery winds, then drying indoor heat—both of which may rob the skin of natural oils and leave it sore, dry and flaky. So beware! Little lines and wrinkles begin whenever skin lacks the necessary lubricants to keep it soft, supple and resilient. You can keep your complexion dewy moist and soft all winter long—if you cleanse it frequently with cold cream and keep it well-lubricated with such emollients as tissue cream or a special dry skin cream. Massage them into your skin regularly before retiring and leave them on overnight. When making up, always apply a creamy foundation first, to provide a smooth surface for other cosmetics and to protect skin from chapping and drying out. Then remember to keep hands, throat and elbows smooth and soft by using protective lotions and creams regularly. If dry and crepey, they look out of place with a youthful complexion.

Wind and weather do play havoc with unprotected complexions, but dry skin is also aggravated and sometimes even caused by fatigue, nervousness, too little exercise or rest, or a diet lacking in fats, such as milk, butter and cream; so watch your health!

If your old summer tan, in which you once took such pride, has left your skin dark, muddy and dry-looking, you can restore its softness by using creams and lotions lavishly. Then, use a bleaching cream regularly to bring back its natural color. There are no two ways about it—delicate, fair complexions look far more attractive than tan ones with rich winter costume colors and furs.

Perhaps, oily skin is your problem and your nose forever shines despite your best efforts to keep it powdered. It's caused, you know, by over-activity of the oil glands and needs immediate and conscientious care. If left unchecked, the abnormal amount of oil forced through the pores will enlarge their size, and if these become clogged or irritated, they develop into unattactive blemishes. Your best way of correcting a too-oily skin is to keep your face scrupulously clean and stimulated by frequent soap and water scrubbings—and you can also use liquefying cream, which is slightly drying. Then, after cleansing, apply an astringent or a toning lotion which is not only stimulating and drying, but helps to return pores to their normal proportions. In making up, avoid all oily creams and make-up. Use a foundation with an astringent base. Also check up on your health and diet. Your system may be run-down or you may be indulging too freely in sweets, rich foods and starches.

Paradoxically, some complexions are both oily and dry, for the majority of oil (*Continued on page 72*)

Dorothy Lamour, Poromount stor, soon to be seen in "Moloya"

MODERN SCREEN'S SKIN CARE CHART

BY CAROL CARTER

if you have	use these products	how and when to use
NORMAL SKIN	Mild tailet saap, camplexion brush. Cleansing cream, either liquefying ar cald; Cleansing latian ar prepared pads. Skin freshener. Faundatian base—cream, cake or liquid.	Scrub face with lather of mild saap and lukewarm water at least ance every day. Soften and cleanse skin by applying cream lavishly, leaving an 2 ar 3 minutes. Remave with tissue. Alsa use cleansing latian ar pads. Apply skin freshener ta remave traces af cream and ta tane up skin. Apply faundatian base before making-up.
DRY SKIN	Cald cream, cleansing tissues, aily ar mild soap, camplexian brush. Special dry skin cream, tissue cream. Cream-type make-up base.	Apply cleansing cream and remave before washing with saap and water. Apply tissue ar dry skin cream immediately after saap and water scrubbing. Massage these inta face every night. Always apply faundatian cream before making up.
A SUMMER SKIN HANG-OVER	Cald cream, cleansing tissues. Tissue or dry skin cream, saftening latian. Bleaching cream, skin pack, pore cream.	Cleanse face with cold cream ta saften skin. Apply tissue ar dry skin cream ar latian before retiring ta saften and stimulate skin. Use bleaching and pare creams, alsa skin pack regularly according ta directians.
CHAPPED SKIN	Cald cream, cleansing tissue. Pratective cream ar latian. Rich tissue cream.	Cleanse and saathe face with aily cream. Remave with cleansing tissues. Apply pratective creams ar latians after cleansing, alsa before gaing autdaars. Pat tissue cream inta skin at night.
OILY SKIN	Mild soap, camplexian brush, liquefying cleasing cream, cleansing latian, cleasing pads. Skin freshener, taning latian or astringent. Liquid ar cake faundatian base.	Cleanse face frequently during day and before retiring with soap and water, liquefying cream, cleansing latian ar prepared pads. Tone up skin after cleansing with astringent, freshener ar taning latian. Apply liquid or cake-type faundatian base before making up.
ACNE	Mild saap, complexion brush. Special cleansers ar beauty grains. Special acne lotian, pore cream, skin pack.	Scrub face with brush and soap at least twice every day. Use special cleanser ar beauty grains ance a day. Apply special acne latian, pare cream, etc., at night. Use skin pack according ta directians at least ance a week.

WHAT'S YOUR SKIN SCORE ?

These quiz questions might stump the experts,

but not you — for here are the answers, also —

Q. On what do the health and beauty of my skin depend?
A. On good general health, a well-balanced diet, plenty of drinking water, cleanliness—internal and external—fresh air, exercise, enough sleep and relaxation, protection by good cosmetics and stimulation by massage.
Q. How is my face skin different from the rest?
A. Because it is less protected and also because a lot of good looks is expected of it, face skin requires special care, even though it is basically the same as any other skin.
Q. Why protect my skin?
A. Because exposure, wind, cold, sudden temperature changes, etc., coarsen and age skin. And because "nerves," illness, fatigue, neglect, etc., destroy its beauty and therefore must be counteracted.
Q. How can skin be protected?
A. By applying oily and softening creams and lotions before exposure to weather, and at night before retiring.
Q. What will protect my skin against signs of age?
A. Rich, oily creams and lotions, applied daily and nightly *with* correct massage and patting exercises.
Q. Why does my skin need stimulation?
A. To insure good circulation and healthy muscle tone, both of which are essential to skin beauty.
Q. What is a normal skin like?
A. Normal skin is fine-textured, firm and fresh-looking, with all pores functioning easily and normally.
Q. What are the signs of a dry skin?
A. Lines, a parched look, wrinkles, a smarting sensation or a tight, drawn feeling and a tendency to "eat up" all creams and oils applied to it. Hard blackheads or embedded pore secretions that refuse to flush themselves out —all these indicate a too-dry skin.
Q. What are the signs of an over-oily skin?
A. Too much shine, coarse pores, soft blackheads, make-up and powder that won't adhere. Cleansing tissue pressed against an over-oily skin will plainly show the excess oil.
Q. What are the three basic principles of external skin care?
A. Cleanliness, stimulation and lubrication (or protection.) Soaps, cleansing creams and skin fresheners cleanse. Special creams, certain oils, astringents, packs and masks stimulate. Rich, oily creams and softening lotions lubricate and protect.
Q. How should soap be used on my skin?
A. Soap should be used in the form of a rich sudsy lather on a clean soft-bristled complexion brush or a coarse, sturdy wash cloth. Never rub the cake directly on your skin. Rinse well with warm—not hot—water, and pat dry with a clean towel.
Q. Does hard water affect proper cleansing?
A. Yes. Soften it by adding a good water softener or a little borax.
Q. How can I best remove make-up?
A. Apply cleansing, cold or theatrical cream lavishly a few minutes before washing with soap and water.
Q. How should I cleanse a chapped, irritated skin?
A. Apply an oily cream, allow it to remain as long as possible. Cleanse with creams and lotions entirely while irritation is at its worst. Use a very mild, oily soap and dry your skin thoroughly after each wetting. Follow with a protective film of cream or lotion.
Q. How can I avoid rough, red hands?
A. Massage frequently with oily cream or lotion, dry very thoroughly after each washing. Never go outdoors with wet hands. Never go out without first protecting them with cream or lotion and putting on gloves *before* exposure to cold or wet weather. Wear soft, white overnight gloves to bed over hands well-lubricated with a rich cream or lotion. Wear rubber gloves for all wet or dirty housework, dishwashing, etc., keeping hands as dry and clean as possible. Use those excellent hand creams before and after every exposure.
Q. How can I clear my skin of whiteheads?
A. Stimulate circulation by a complexion brush used freely with mild soap and warm water. Massage in deep, firm rotary motions. (Always lubricate fingers with cream when massaging.) Use ice-cold astringents after thorough cleansing. If individual pressure is necessary, sterilize a needle or a smooth-edged pair (*Continued on page 72*)

M-G-M's Ruth Hussey whose next will be "H. M. Pulham, Esq."

Jawn Barrymore and W. C. Fields toast-mastered the merry premiere of "Silver Screen" revue at Wilshire Bowl Theater Restaurant. Show was engineered by film director and producer John Murray Anderson . . .

BY SYLVIA KAHN

GEORGE SANDERS MARRIES HOLLYWOOD HIGH SCHOOL GIRL! MILTON BERLE'S SCHNOZZ GETS ITS THIRD REVAMPING!

Short Shots

William Lundigan is literally getting a build-up from M-G-M. They've instructed him to fatten up to the tune of another 14 pounds . . . Joan Crawford is plotting a concert tour with Dancer Paul Draper. She'll do the vocalizing . . . Cowboy actor Tom Keene, playing a dual role in "Wild Horse Valley," has one scene in which he shoots it out with himself . . . Irene Dunne is a cartwheel-turner. She does it easily and often . . . Victor McLaglen's ranch used to belong to Mrs. Gary Cooper's folks . . . Frail Ida Lupino is the hardest-working member of the Los Angeles Ambulance Corps. She attends meetings twice weekly, is studying machine gun marksmanship and how to take apart and put together automobiles . . . Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, who have co-pranced through 11 domestic comedies since 1934, know their stuff so well, they assist studio scripter with dialogue and gag scenes . . . A numerologist changed Bill Henry's name to Scott Jordan. That's the way you'll know him from now on.

The plan's afoot to boost Kay Kyser as another Harold Lloyd . . . Duke Ellington's name is practically on the dotted line for Orson Welles' production of "The Magnificent Ambersons" . . . Slim Talbot, Gary Cooper's stand-in for the past 15 years, is quitting the boss at the completion of "Ball of Fire." He'll manage an Oregon Cattle ranch . . . A Sunset Strip floral exhibit, known for years as the "Japanese Gardens," has switched its name to "Oriental Gardens" . . . Garbo never uses milk or cream on her breakfast cereal. She bathes it in coffee, instead!

Via Clipper From London

Mail from England gets pounced on first thing these mornings. The minute the letters have been read twice through, they're circulated among the friends of the writer and worn to tatters by the time they get back to the original owner.

Here's an especially interesting note sent to Sir Cedric Hardwicke by Ralph Richardson, who's just been promoted to an RNVR Lieutenant-Commander. Richardson is remembered by American fans for his beautiful performance in "Four Feathers" and "The Citadel":

"Thanks so much for your letter. I saw you the other day in a film —'Victory.' What a beautiful story it is, too. And what a grand title just at this time. . . .

"Do you see Alex Korda or Tim Whelan? Do remember me to them. I often think, but somehow it's so hard to write—I must write again to Alex. . . .

"Our poor old Green Room has gone absolutely. No one was killed, I believe. There was only one member there. I don't know who it was—but he was in the 'gentlemen's' room at the time. I don't know what did happen to him, but it saved his life! I wonder if he has ever dared go into a 'gentlemen's' room again!

"Laurence (Ed.—Olivier is now serving in the Fleet Wing of the RNVR) has finished his training and has made a splendid officer. I think he likes his work very much. I had his job for a year. . . . Ralph."

The Yaks Are Coming

Ronald Reagan's head may look ordinary to you, but the other day it was the scene of the biggest Hollywood brainstorm in months. Seated on the "Kings Row" set with character actor Harry Davenport, Ronnie was suddenly fascinated by the handsome, full-blown beard taped onto Davenport's chin. The more he looked, the more he was intrigued. At last his curiosity got the better of him. Jumping from his chair, he hustled over to Perc Westmore's make-up lab to find out what ingredients went into the making of Davenport's false fuzz.

From Westmore he learned that all movie beards are composed of wool shorn from the back of the wild yak of Tibet. And the Tibetans, far from dumb, soak Hollywood $35 a pound for the stuff. That was bad enough, Ronnie was told, but since the outbreak of the war the wool has been unattainable at any price.

Ronnie thanked Perc and left him. But a few moments later he was back. His face sparked with excitement. He had decided to become a yak-breeder and he wanted Perc for a partner.

Perc got the idea and now both boys are pulling strings like mad trying to get a half dozen or more Tibetan beard-growers into this country! And to prove they're not gagging, they've even opened negotiations for an 800-acre playground for their pets, near Mt. Whitney!

And how is Mrs. Jane Wyman Reagan reacting to her husband's yak-happiness? Surprisingly coolly. Says she:

"I think it's kind of nice. Ronnie can always clip one of the darned things and play Santa Claus for the baby!"

Golden Boy

Runner-up in the Brainstorm League is Brian Donlevy. Brian recently returned from a location trip that took him into the Old West country. Passing through some Nevada ghost towns, he was reminded of those dreamers and adventurers who had panned for gold in '49. He recalled stories of men, hundreds of them, who had met with fabulous success or miserable disappointment there on the desert, before abandoning their little communities for the comforts of the city.

And as he mused Brian began to feel a great idea stirring in his head.

When he got back to Hollywood, Brian did something about his idea. He picked up a pen and wrote a letter to the Governor of Nevada. In it he offered to finance the paving of all the streets in all the ghost towns (they're still visited by tourists) if the Governor, in return, would grant him the right to reopen the deserted mines.

Brian's convinced "Thar's still gold in them thar hills." If the Governor gives him the go-ahead nod, he'll hop into his prospector's cap, grab a pick and shovel and start digging!

Entertainment was divvied up between old-time stars in the revue, and spectators. Geo. Burns of the latter group was crowned Queen of Something or Other by A. Rutherford . . .

Plot dealt with history of motion picture industry. Between acts, star-studded audience buzzed over the Martin-bequested giant sparkler on Lana Turner's third finger, left hand . . .

GOOD NEWS

CONTINUED . . .

Double Crosspatch

Doesn't the sight of a lemon or the sound of a knife scraping across a plate make you wonder what's happened to citrus-faced, raspy-voiced Ned Sparks? We wondered, and found out, too.

Seems Canadian-born Ned used to make a lot of pictures and a lot of money here in Hollywood, but the big greenbacks never budged from his pay envelope until they were well across the U. S. border invested in his native land. Sparks recently took a trip up home to look over his real estate holdings. When the time came to return to the Cinema City, his sour-puss scrunched up into the most acid expression. He discovered that Uncle Sam considers him an alien, and war restrictions prohibit his re-entering this country unless he has a bona fide offer of employment actually waiting for him. Which he does not.

Ned Sparks nursing a grouch in pictures is depressing enough. The real thing must be an awful lot harder to take!

Didja Know

That Maggie Sullavan, mama of three (Brooke, 4; Bridget, 2½, and Bill, 5 months) considers six children an ideal family. . . . That All-American Johnny Kimbrough packs his tootsies in size 12D shoes; boasts 14½-inch ankles and 17-inch calves. . . . That Errol Flynn and Bruce Cabot are sharing the same apartment . . . That gals who follow coiffure trends set by the movies are in for a dizzy season. In "H. M. Pulham, Esq." Hedy Lamarr ties her famous long bob into a sophisticated bun. And in "Two-Faced Woman," Greta Garbo snips her much-imitated pageboy down to a tricky short bob . . . That Deanna Durbin's flying bug is the cause of those graying temples in Universal's front office? Every chance she gets, Deanna hies her million-dollar person into Bob Cummings' plane and up they go. Accompanied by Mrs. Cummings and Vaughn Paul, of course . . . That Broderick Crawford has the whole town suggesting attractive names for a new-born baby. He'll need them in December . . . That Alexis Smith has given Warner Bros. a written guarantee she will not marry for three years . . . That George Sanders will play Cobina Wright Jr.'s papa in "Son of Fury"?

"Christmas—Humbug!"

Whenever Christmas rolls around, Hollywood's happy citizens begin to brood. Eleven out of every twelve months they peer up at the sun, smile smugly to themselves and bless their options for keeping them in such lovely climate. But about this time of the year tears come to their eyes when they look at their kiddies. Nostalgia sets in. They remember the snowy, cold, holly-decked holidays of their own youth, and almost to a man resolve to do as much as they can to give their poor little tykes a story-book Christmas.

For example, there was the time Dick Arlen felt it his paternal duty to play Santa Claus for his kids. Days before the Yuletide he locked himself in his room, practiced waddling around in a scarlet, pillow-stuffed suit and energetically rehearsed dialogue in the booming tones of Old St. Nick.

Then the big morning dawned. As the first rays of the sun cut through the balmy California skies, Dick shinnied up his roof top and started down the chimney. But that was one part of his routine he had forgotten to rehearse. In good old vaudeville fashion he found himself stuck in the flue, with the lower half of his torso visible from the living room!

The crowning blow was delivered by his young son, Rickie, sprawled on a rug and absorbed in a new toy railroad. Rickie looked up disgustedly, snapped: "For gosh sakes, pop—what are you doing in there?" and promptly returned to the more mature pleasures offered by his toys!

The Nightmare Before Christmas

Arlen's adventure reminds us of that other Yuletide when Frank Morgan was persuaded to go into a Santa Claus act for the benefit of a group of kiddies at a Palm Springs Christmas party. Frank wasn't keen about the whole idea, but he finally decked himself out in red-and-white suit, shaggy hair and eyebrows, rosy cheeks and rosier nose. According to the plans, he was to bounce into their midst, shout a hearty "Hallo-ooo-OOO" at the little dears and bounce out again.

Frank arrived early and climbed into his costume. Finding himself with time to kill, he poked his head through the doorway to see how the young ones were getting along. Frank should never have done that. He knows it now. For the moment the kids spotted him, their faces screwed up in terror! Frankenstein in a Hitler mustache couldn't have frightened them more! Screams of horror rent the air! Mamas rushed to remove their hysterical offspring, and the party ended in a complete rout!

Almost An Angel

The other evening Alan Marshal appeared in "The Devil's Disciple" at the Lobero Theater in Santa Barbara. In the middle of the last act he found himself with a noose around his neck which was sup-

Martha Raye claimed a goodly percentage of attention with Jack Gleason, bosom chum of estranged spouse Neal Lang. Said there's a slight chance of reconciliation . . .

Dottie Lamour and Greg Bautzer hopped a plane from Chicago so's to make the show on time. He's been vacationing in N. Y., joined her midway cross country to fly back . . .

posed to lift off but wouldn't. As Alan's face grew redder and redder, the audience's howls grew louder and louder. And the loudest howls of all came from a sweet, old lady seated in the third row. May Robson was remembering a similar incident in her own career.

Some years ago, May was co-starred in a play with an actor she thoroughly detested. Every night they did a long scene climaxed by the leading man plunging his hand into his pocket and pulling up a sealed envelope which he would rip in half and toss at her feet.

This gesture of contempt, though part of the story, irritated May particularly. One evening she felt she simply couldn't take it. So—old darling that she is—she got hold of the envelope before the performance and into it slipped a paper-thin hankie!

Came the big scene. The actor pulled out the envelope and tried to tear it. No dice. He tried again. Still no dice. He grew wild-eyed and angry. In his rage he never thought of crumbling or merely dropping the stubborn prop. For fully five minutes he struggled while May stood by, impatiently tapping her foot. At last, well-satisfied with herself, May took the envelope from him, airily flipped it into the wings, and the show went on.

Attention, Mr. Roosevelt!

For our dough, Gracie Allen is still Queen of the Zanies. When an inventors' convention came to town the other day, Gracie sent out word she would appear with an exhibit of her own. This, said her announcement, would consist of:

(a) A sweater knitted out of macaroni. Not only warm, but nourishing.
(b) A transparent newspaper so wives can see their husbands at breakfast.
(c) A building that goes up and down. To eliminate elevators.
(d) And for men, a shaving mirror with the upper half of Clark Gable's face on it—"so that it will look as though you're shaving Clark in the morning, instead of your same old face."

It is not reported how the men of science feel about Gracie's entrance into their ranks. However, it is rumored one disagreeable sobersides took another aside and cranked: "That Allen person! I wish she'd stick to running for President—and not interfere with serious men!"

Mae and the West entourage (Carradine, Barrymore and LaRue). Her alleged hubby's suing her again—for a paltry $1,000 monthly support!

Jigger-Bug

May's little prank is kid stuff compared to Charles Laughton's favorite theater gag. Laughton thinks it's great fun to fill whisky decanters used onstage with real firewater.

His pet story concerns the time he was in a London show with a bumptious, "ahty" sort of guy who often impersonated drunks but boasted he was a teetotaler. In the opening act, the young man always strode to a decanter containing tinted water and poured himself four or five slugs of what was supposedly the deadly liquid. The night Laughton pulled his fiendish trick, the actor confidently approached the decanter and, to his great horror, discovered it filled with Laughton's own private stock. The scene called for him to swallow five jiggers of the stuff. He was desperate. But gallantly he put it down.

P. S. The poor fellow passed out cold after the first act curtain and an understudy finished the evening!

Tee For Two

This is by way of warning an up-and-coming leading man—married, though not too securely—that he'd better slow down on his extra-curricular Casanova-ing.

His technique is interesting. He hangs around a swank country club and makes dates to play nine holes of golf with the first woman of his acquaintance who comes along. If everything progresses well and he finds the lady a congenial companion, he begins his "let's get friendlier" campaign. When his game is up to par, he reaches the "life is so short—let's have fun while we can" stage, before they've gone halfway round the course.

The poor sap committed a tactical error, though, in handing the identical line to a half-dozen lassies. The gals got together one morning and compared notes. And now they're working up a subtle revenge that'll make our hero confine his mash-ie shots to his golf game—but strictly!

Hip-Hip Harry

Don't mention Harry the Hippopotamus within earshot of the Metro research department. During filming of a recent Tarzan picture, a couple of the studio publicity boys thought it would be a sensational idea to get some shots of Harry ferociously splashing around in a tankful of water. Harry's ugly puss, damp, glistening and frightening, could be planted on billboards all over the country to lure kiddies and their parents into theaters, they figured.

One thing remained to be checked. Before they dumped the animal into the aqua, they had to be sure hippos swam. "Why, of course" and "What a silly question!" memo-ed back the research department. "Doesn't the very name come from the Greek *hippos* (horse) and *potamos* (river)?"

Reassured, the boys set up the tank, lined up the cameras and maneuvered the hippo onto the runway leading to the water. Harry snorted and snuffled his way along the path, and ever so reluctantly tiptoed into the deep. And as he walked, he began to sink! Deeper and deeper he went, until only a thin line of upward-floating bubbles marked his progress!

After several anxious minutes, Harry was still at the bottom of the tank and showed no sign of coming up. Finally, the prop boys, scared stiff, ran for some pulleys and, with every muscle strained, yanked him to the surface.

To this day, no one knows why Harry didn't rise to the occasion. And the research department is in disgrace. They think maybe the tank was too narrow. Or maybe Harry just wasn't in the mood!

"A Man's Home . . ."

Any house graced by the presence of W. C. Fields is bound to be the House Terrific. We dropped by the Great Man's lair the other A.M. and came away with a notebook crammed with interior decorating suggestions. We'll use 'em if we ever furnish a mad house.

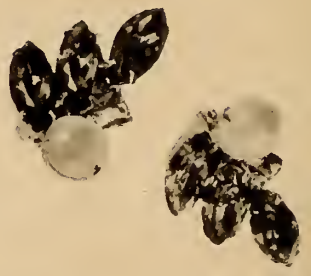
For instance, in his bedroom we found a barber chair, a massage table and an ice cream freezer. Smack in the center of the living room was a tremendous pool table, and the entire building was equipped with an amplifying system. Fields, we discovered, issues orders through a portable mike!

He has a wonderful library, owns all books which mention himself as well as the complete works of his two closest friends, Ben Hecht and Gene Fowler. He subscribes to every magazine printed in the United States, and in his files you'll find anything from the American Mercury to the Mouthwash Digest. He uses them to get ideas for gags!

But the nicest thing about Fields is his talent for good hosting. He is usually barefooted when he greets his company and dressed in cunning blue shorts. If a guest asks for a drink of Scotch, he hands him a full bottle!

And how he does consider the ladies! Lest he offend their tender sensibilities, he has little black curtains spotted over his study wall. They conceal the most risqué pictures this side of Dante's Inferno, and Fields will expose them for men only! (*Continued on page 100*)

M-G-M's Annie Rutherford adores costume jewelry, thinks it adds slews of chic to her wardrobe.



Glamour on the half-shell—you in these slinky milky white earrings with ruby stones! Wear 'em with full dress or sirenish afternoon togs.

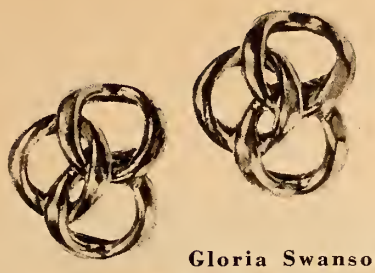
You'll be up to your ears in drama in these Berjac ceramic mask earrings and clips. Who wouldn't turn for a second look?

For making an Impression on him — this delicately moulded gold leaf pin on your right-front shoulder.

For sparkling up your 1940 black, these gold flowers with sapphire centers in a bracelet and pin by Karu.

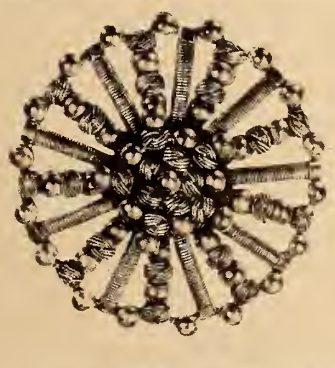
If you go in for the bizarre, you won't want to miss this swirling silver ring with turquoise stone.

By Elizabeth Willguss



Gloria Swanson stuff—these smarter than smart two-tone gold link earrings that look heavenly with sport or dressy garb.

Add a note of whimsy with a glittering white ceramic horse perched on your lapel. Harness and hoofs in gold. By Berjac.



Your leading man won't be able to drag his eyes off this intriguing silver wheel pin modeled on an Indo-Chinese original.

Just the ticket for you sweater-setters. A wooden sport bracelet with leather lacing for that vital feminine touch!

Military tactics in the glittering manner! Pin this shiny trumpet with its swish dangling chain to your lapel. By Karu.

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"ALL AMERICAN CO-ED"

Sparkling MARJORIE WOODWORTH, who has just finished a featured role in Hal Roach's new production, "ALL AMERICAN CO-ED"

Marjorie is wearing the well-tailored, fresh-looking All-American Co-Ed dress. Hers is kelly green. Of Tuscany rayon crepe, it also comes in gold, royal blue, brown and black. Only $7.95 at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, or your favorite department store.

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SUGAR PLUM—a real fairy-princess color—deep, dark, exciting! **GINGERBREAD**—warm and amber-tinted—a cunning new snare for your dashing prince charming! There's fairy-tale magic, too, in the way Cutex flows on...in its sparkling, flattering lustre! Only 10¢ in the U. S. If you go in for "simpler sophistication," try the new Cutex charmer—**SHEER NATURAL.**

Northam Warren, New York

new nail shades by CUTEX

For that "Professional Look"—and Longer Wear USE 2 COATS

GRIP-TUTH...

HOLDS the beauty of your hair-do!

Exclusive!
NOT a comb. Each SPLIT tooth (like tiny spring) grips gently, holds firmly, keeps hair secure — GRIP-TUTH's patented principle!

MARJORIE WOODWORTH
Hal Roach Studios Star

Grip-Tuth slides easily into place . . .

Invisibly holds your coiffure firm!

Hold *your* coiffure lovely as Hollywood stars do — with Grip-Tuth, the modern, *better* hair retainer. Any style — waves, curls, puffs — *all* are kept "beauty-salon-perfect" with Grip-Tuth. The split tooth grips gently, holds firmly, keeps your hair-do secure all day.

NOTE: *If notion counter or beauty shop can't supply you, send 25c for card (two retainers). State hair color.*

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 72

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POWD'R-BASE *hampden*

25c also 50c & 10c sizes
Over 15 million sold

SKIPPY REMEMBERS

(*Continued from page 49*)

a minute. And once he got on them, he was glued. He drummed all the afternoon, and there was no rehearsal. But the show at Hugo's went well anyway. Mickey did a slow motion wrestling act that was terrific.

"I'll never forget the time I went over to the Palladium and invited Tommy Dorsey and his entire band over to my house for an afternoon jam session. In the middle of the afternoon, Mickey blew in. He made a bee-line for the drums and treated us to a solo all that afternoon. When it was over I said:

"'Mickey, why don't you just relax, take it easy, and if you want, I'll try to give you a few pointers.'

"And he answered, 'Naw—I'll figure it out myself!'

"That's Mickey. 'I'll figure it out myself.' That must be the key to his success."

WE MADE some comment about Jackie's own success and about the great cinema he acted in when he was eight, "The Champ," which starred Wallace Beery.

"That was some experience, working with Beery," admitted Jackie Cooper. "He loved to tease me. He'd tease me about going to school and he'd call me 'Fat.' I was young and fresh I suppose, so I talked back to him. He was really a big name, and everyone yessed him. And if he was in a bad mood, no one spoke to him. But me, I'd tease him, too, call him, 'Mr. Grouchy'—and he loved it and felt better.

"I remember a lot of things about 'The Champ.' Joan Crawford saw it. She invited me and mother over for dinner. She was married to Doug Fairbanks, Jr., then, and also had a house guest, Tallulah Bankhead. Joan told me to call her by her first name and we became fast friends. She gave me a present, and believe it or not, every year since 1930, she has sent me four—everything from a watch to an atlas—on St. Valentine's Day, Easter, Christmas and my birthday—in return, I've sent presents to her!"

We asked Jackie what he recalled about his first great hit, the unforgettable "Skippy," the seeing of which became a fad like majong and Eskimo Pies. After seeing "Skippy," Helen Ferguson (Jackie's publicity agent) invited Jackie and his mother, Mabel, over to her house. She also invited over half of the University of Southern California football team. Jackie went out on the front lawn and played football with the 200-pound pigskin toters and wouldn't stop until he was panting, bruised and bathed in perspiration!

"My uncle, Norman Taurog, directed 'Skippy,'" Jackie said. "It was a lesson for a youngster. My biggest trouble was crying. Whenever the tears failed, Norman would appear very disappointed. 'Well,' he sighed, 'don't worry about it. But I just somehow figured you were a better actor than you are.' That was enough. I'd bawl like hell."

A favorite of Jackie's was Richard Dix. He remembered the year 1933 when, at the age of eleven, he played in "Donovan's Kid" opposite him.

"Boy, Richard Dix was big in the business," said Jackie. "He helped write and direct his pictures and he starred in them at RKO. He took a liking to me, and he gave me all the breaks. For example, in all the big close-up scenes he would play with his back to the camera to give me a better chance. I'll never forget one scene. Richard Dix was a gangster. I was his kid. He was consoling me. He turned me around, so my face was over his shoulder into the camera and only the back of his neck showed! And another thing. Dix's contract read that his name alone got top billing. Yet he insisted that it be billed Richard Dix *and* Jackie Cooper in 'Donovan's Kid!'"

And then, of a sudden, we were talking about picture-making itself. Had he ever really enjoyed making a picture?

"You bet. Remember 'The Return of Frank James'? Most of my scenes were riding scenes. And that, to me, was heaven! Because I've always been a bug on riding, and I have a four-year-old horse of my own called Jet Black. I keep him out in the Valley in a public stable, between Jerry Colonna's and Edgar Bergen's horses.

"Anyway, my knowledge about horses—like knowing that you must keep rolling when you fall from a horse—helped me a lot in the Frank James epic. They had an Indian pony I was to ride, but he wasn't a jumper, and they didn't know how to make him jump a three and a half foot fence. So I took him away from the set, piled up boxes which he could kick over without being hurt and taught him to leap. Then I used brush piled higher. Finally he was ready, and he made the solid fence easily in the scene.

"Oh, that Frank James thing was fun. I'll never forget Fonda and my tutor—sitting on the edge of the set arguing about books and trying to stump one another with questions!"

For some reason, the mention of Fonda's name brought another name to Jackie's mind. That of the late Chic Sale, character actor and humorist. Jackie told us he'd played opposite Chic in "When A Feller Needs A Friend."

I DIDN'T even recognize him when he first arrived on the set," admitted Jackie. "In pictures he was always old and wore a beard. But he turned out to be a young man! We were great pals, and he'd have me over to his house to play with his son, Dwight. And when I came over, he always had a present for me."

Jackie then went on to speak of Orson Welles, whom he admired. He had worked with Orson a year ago March in an hour radio version of "Huckleberry Finn." Orson started the radio show off by saying, "There have been nasty and unfounded rumors that I, myself, will attempt to essay the role of Huck Finn. That is an outrageous lie. I have someone here much better, far superior—"

"That was an unforgettable experience," confessed Jackie. "But it was hard work, too. The night before the show we rehearsed from eight at night to four in the morning! Then slept four hours. Got up at eight in the morning and sweated until four in the afternoon, then rested and went on with the show! Whew! Orson rehearsed wearing earphones. I wanted to try them. Most guest actors did, and while Welles always refused, he let me wear the earphones. So in reading lines, I could hear the music and my own voice at the same time—weird—and fatal to many!"

Jackie spoke of Orson Welles' capacity for concentration. Recently, at the USO benefit in Hollywood, Jackie went backstage. The place was a madhouse. Tumult. Activity. Bette Davis retyping a script. Bob Taylor in a heavy discussion.

The orchestra tuning up. Stage helpers running about.

"And there in the middle of the floor, wearing glasses, calmly smoking a pipe, feet propped up on a table, and happily reading a thick book, sat Orson Welles," revealed Jackie. "He spotted me as I entered. 'Jackie,' he said, 'I saw you in "Ziegfeld Girl." I didn't like the picture. I liked you. Keep it up.' Then he wheeled, went back to his chair, to his pipe and to his book on philosophy. What a man!"

Thinking aloud now, the Kid was. One thing and then another. All revealing. Much nostalgic.

"One night I was out on a date with Pat Stewart," he said. "It was about one in the morning. Maybe later. We were coming around a curve on Sunset across from Schwab's drugstore. Another car came weaving toward me. Suddenly it was upon me. I swerved to my right and was forced on the curbing. The other car swerved, hit a post, turned completely over. I stopped, jumped out and raced across the street. I dragged the driver out. A young fellow about my age; drunk but unharmed. Then I rushed around the car, yanked the door open, and the girl tumbled out on her head. She was drunk, too, but absolutely unhurt. I sat her down. And pretty soon she opened one eye, then both.

"'Are you all right?' I asked.

"She stared at me a moment. Then in a split second was on her feet with her arms about me, screaming, 'Wow! You're Jackie Cooper! Don't deny it!'

"That's what I'll always remember as —Fantasy in the Night!"

THERE were other remembrances, little ones and strange . . . The time when Jackie Cooper and his struggling mother had a shack at Venice Park on the ocean, and a blonde named Dixie Lee rented a tiny room from them, and a slight fellow who sang at the Cocoanut Grove dropped around nights to take her walking. He said shyly that his name was Crosby, but you could call him Bing . . . And there was the picture with Deanna Durbin and the fun working on it because Deanna had to have two hours for lunch so she could take her singing lesson, and had to be off at four, so that you never really worked too hard, not really . . . And toiling in "The Ziegfeld Girl" and sitting on a stool for hours chatting with Lana Turner, she so beautiful and so happy to indulge in a bull session about Life . . . And riding on the surf near the breakwater out in front of Fay Bainter's house with the wind in your face and Fay's warnings in your ears . . . And making a "C or D" picture at Metro years ago and watching an extra, a gloomy Russian, get twenty-five dollars for enacting a vicious gangster and thinking that maybe he should be a comedian. Then finding out he had a funny name like Mischa something or other, maybe that last name was Auer . . . And remembering . . .

We were walking back to the Cooper house. And he was saying he didn't ever want to go on the stage especially, that movies were all right, an art and a career in themselves. And that he wanted to make an historically true picture, some day, about an Irish lad who'd formed a guerilla gang to fight the English in the Irish Rebellion and had been killed at his mother's grave. And that, if he continued to earn money, he'd sink more of it into annuities.

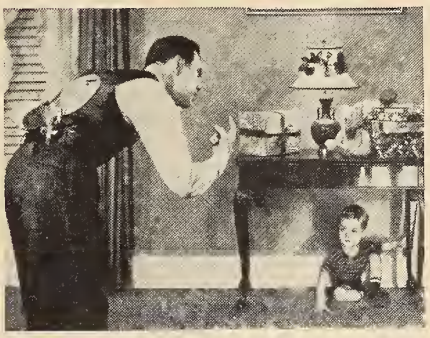
Suddenly the phone in the house rang.

"Excuse me," said Jackie. "That must be Bonita calling!"

His second fifteen years had already started!

"Bill Todd—how can you spank that child on Christmas!"

1. I've always said taking care of kids was a woman's job. But I never realized how much I meant it until my wife went off to the hospital to have our second baby. I was home all alone with young Bill—and boy, was I scared!



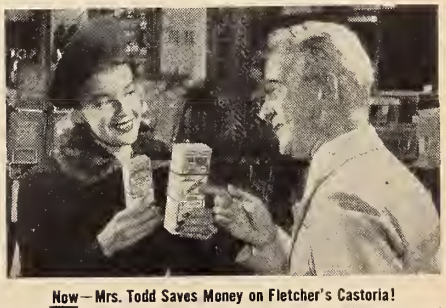
2. Things weren't going too badly till Christmas Day. Billy needed a laxative and so I got mine and tried to give him some of it. Well, you've *never* heard a rumpus like the one Billy made when he saw that laxative!

3. He simply refused to take it. When I tried to force it down him, he got even by spitting it all over my new tie. I was just about to smack him when my wife's sister walked in. She works for a children's doctor.

4. "What are you giving that child?" she asked. "An *adult* laxative? You could shock his nervous system that way! Billy should get a laxative made especially for children. Doctor recommends Fletcher's Castoria."

5. "You can really rely on Fletcher's Castoria," she added. "It's thorough yet mild. Not a single harsh drug in it. I'll run down and get a bottle right now. It's safe and efficient and I bet it will solve Billy's laxative problems for years!"

6. When she came back, I gave Billy some Fletcher's Castoria and sure enough—he loved it! He even insisted on putting the bottle under the tree with the rest of his presents. We're never without Fletcher's Castoria now. It's the best answer *I* know to a child's laxative problem.



Now—Mrs. Todd Saves Money on Fletcher's Castoria!

By buying the large family-size bottle of Fletcher's Castoria, you make a worth-while saving. Ask your druggist for the family-size bottle.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

the "MacRaymonds" entertain

Smiles of anticipotion from the stors of "Smilin' Through."

By Helen Holmes

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST GRACIOUS COUPLE ARE TOGETHER IN A NEW DOMESTIC ROLE

"For the first time in our four years of marriage, Jeanette and I are sure of having dinner together." We were somewhat startled to say the least, when Gene Raymond made this statement on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer set the other day. Gene and his beautiful wife Jeanette MacDonald are appearing together for the first time in "Smilin' Through."

"Average couples are usually together at dinner time 360 out of 365 days a year," Gene went on. "But in Hollywood joint dinner hours for a husband and wife working in films are rare. And we are having loads of fun being host and hostess to the many friends we've been unable to entertain at the same time before."

Naturally we jumped at the chance to inquire what the "MacRaymonds," as they call themselves for fun, serve when they entertain. And Gene replied that he could do better than tell us. Whereupon he immediately produced the beautiful picture we have printed.

He explained that a photographer was taking some pictures at their home the other day. Every once in a while, a few tantalizing odors would be wafted through the air. Slowly but surely the photographer worked his way toward the kitchen. He arrived just as a gorgeous turkey was taken from the oven. The rest is easy to guess. Gene and Jeanette posed with the turkey just before the guests arrived. A picture worthy of Technicolor.

We were delighted to receive from Jeanette some of her most treasured "company" recipes. The MacRaymond Turkey with Sausage Dressing is as wonderful as it looks in the picture and all the recipes are grand for holiday entertaining.

AVOCADO AND SHRIMP COCKTAIL

1 large avocado
½ lb. fresh shrimps
½ cup chili sauce
1 teaspoon bottled horse radish
½ teaspoon Worcestershire
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
¼ teaspoon salt

Chill avocado, cook shrimps in boiling salted water gently for 15 to 20 minutes. Remove shells and dark veins. Chill. Blend together chili sauce, horse radish, Worcestershire, lemon juice, mayonnaise and salt. Shortly before serving, peel avocado and cut in cubes. Arrange avocado with shrimp in 6-8 sherbet glasses, then top each with some of the sauce. Garnish with lettuce and a wedge of lemon.

ROAST TURKEY

Select turkey, have it drawn and singed. Have it weighed after it is drawn and make a note of this weight. Remove pin feathers and wash turkey. Dry thoroughly, rub inside with onion and salt. Fill the neck and body cavities with stuffing. Sew and truss. Rub outside of turkey with onion and unsalted fat (salad oil is the best). Place in an uncovered roasting pan, do not add water. Roast according to the chart on page 77.

To Make the Gravy: Pour off excess fat in the pan after removing bird. If there is a good quantity of drippings in the pan, add from one to two quarts of boiling water. If the quantity of drippings is small be careful not to dilute the flavor by adding too much water. Add salt and pepper to taste and boil gently. Scrape all brown substances which adhere to pan into the gravy. In a small bowl place a level tablespoon of flour for each cup of liquid in pan. Add enough cold water and beat to make a thin roux. Add this to the liquid in the pan, stirring constantly and boiling. Cook gently for 5 minutes.

For Giblet Gravy: Saute in butter or other fat the giblets and an onion. Remove the liver, which should be sufficiently cooked. Add water to cover the remaining giblets, season and simmer until tender. Mince the giblets and add them to the gravy. The broth from the giblets may be used in place of part or all of the water in the gravy.

SAVORY SAUSAGE DRESSING

3 qts. stale (not hard) bread crumbs
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon poultry seasoning
1 cup chopped celery
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
¼ teaspoon pepper
¾ cup butter
½ cup chopped onion
1 egg
1 pound sausage meat

Combine bread crumbs with seasonings. Saute onions and celery until tender in the butter in a very large skillet. Add crumbs and brown, stirring crumbs from the bottom. Saute the sausage meat and break it up in

(*Continued on page* 77)

Maybe You Have a Cinderella, too

Who's this? . . . Not that drab little thing who's never been dated. Not 'Droopy', the one that always looked like a fugitive from a washtub. Say . . . she's smooth!

• • •

It's sad to see a gay, young spirit, stifled by dingy, half-washed dresses. But not serious. Nothing a bar of Fels-Naptha Soap can't cure.

Keeping a school girl's varied wardrobe thoroughly clean is no job for ordinary soap. Party dresses to wash gently. Grime to get out of rough and tumble things. Gay colors to keep clear and bright. And sweaters—oodles of them every week!

To this complicated washing job Fels-Naptha Soap brings *two* extraordinary cleaners. Gentle, active naptha and richer, golden soap. These two get dirt out—*all* of it—with little rubbing and no rough handling. Quickly, too—and that's important.

Probably your own disposition will keep pace with daughter's 'oomph' rating, if you start using Fels-Naptha Soap—now.

Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

EX-LAX MOVIES

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

MOTHER: You haven't heen yourself all day. I think you need a laxative.

ALICE: O-h, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?

MOTHER: No, Darling. Here's a laxative you'll really enjoy. It's Ex-Lax!

ALICE: Yummy, this is fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.

MOTHER: You slept like a top all night. How did that Ex-Lax work?

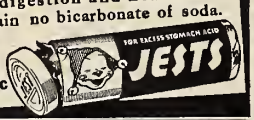
ALICE: Fine, Mommy! And it didn't upset me the way that other laxative did.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild—*just right.* Take Ex-Lax according to the directions on the label. It's good for *every* member of the family. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

EX-LAX The Original Chocolated Laxative

GASSY STOMACH Get fast, *longer* relief from excess stomach acid discomforts with JESTS! Great for acid indigestion and heartburn. Taste good. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.

10c A ROLL—3 for 25c



FREE HOLLYWOOD ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted we will make a beautiful PROFESSIONAL enlargement of any snapshot, photo, kodak picture, print or negative to 5 x 7 inch FREE. Please include color of eyes, hair, and clothing for prompt information on a natural, life-like color enlargement in a FREE FRAME to set on the table or dresser. Your original returned with your FREE PROFESSIONAL enlargement. Please send 10c for return mailing—Act Quick.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 120
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

ABOUT FACE FOR WINTER . . .

(*Continued from page 57*)

ducts are concentrated along the nose, chin and forehead, and these parts may be giving off too much oil while others lack sufficient lubrication. Cleanliness, of course, is your first step in taking care of this type of skin. Then use drying methods for the too-oily parts and provide supplementary lubrication to the dry areas. Whenever possible, cleanse your face thoroughly before renewing make-up and be sure that your puffs for powder and rouge are always fresh and dainty.

No matter what type of complexion you have, blackheads are inevitable when skin has been improperly cleansed and the pores become clogged. They're most deglamorizing, so get rid of them as soon as possible. The minor ones will come out of their own accord after a few days of faithful scrubbing. You can remove stubborn ones by softening your face with a towel wrung out in hot water and pressing them out with a sterilized comedo extractor. Never use your fingers for this operation, for they may carry infection. In fact, it's a good idea to keep hands away from your face at all times. After removing the blackheads, touch the parts with alcohol or some other antiseptic to ward off possible infection.

An unexpected engagement can be a source of delight—if your face is always ready to meet an emergency. Even after a hard day's work, you can look glowing and rested if you know how to give your complexion a quick pick-up. If your face feels drawn and dry, cleanse it thoroughly, then slather on a rich tissue cream, leaving it on while you bathe. After removing the cream with tissue, apply a stimulating tonic that will give your complexion a becoming pink hue. Or, you may find time for a stimulating facial mask—they're available either for dry or oily skin—that will soften lines and leave your skin clear and lovely. A clear, soft complexion is the only background for other cosmetics.

Take care of your skin now if you want to keep it always young and lovely.

WHAT'S YOUR SKIN SCORE?

(*Continued from page 59*)

of tweezers and press ever so gently. Cleansing tissue or a clean, soft kerchief or towel should be used between fingernails and face to prevent scarring skin.

Q. How can I cover skin blemishes?

A. There are excellent skin-colored creams, pastes and sticks especially made for just such purposes. Tinted make-up foundation bases are also helpful. Match your powder to your deepest skin tone, also to your make-up base. Offset blemishes with extra-bright make-up.

Q. Why should I use facial tissues?

A. Because dirt, germs and grime collecting on towels, kerchiefs and all materials used more than once, may cause skin infections, etc. Tissues are clean, gentle, sanitary, economical (they save lots of laundry) and also very convenient.

Q. What shall I do for an adolescent skin?

A. Scrub, scrub and scrub again, morning, noon and night with a soft, clean complexion brush, mild soap and soft water. Use a bland, non-greasy cream or lotion for protecting as well as for a powder base. Do not use heavy, oily creams. Liquefying cleansing creams are best for you. Use only simple cosmetics and these sparingly if any inflammation or broken skin is present. Get plenty of sleep, sunshine, outdoor exercise, eat simple foods and drink quarts of water. Special beauty grains and skin cleansers may be used once or twice weekly. Avoid rich foods.

Q. What is a good, simple daily skin care routine?

A. Do your soap and water scrubbing at night so that pores are left clean and free to breathe while you sleep. If skin is dry, follow with a lubricating cream. If skin is oily, repeat this cleansing in the morning. If it is dry, use water only and a cold or dry skin cleansing cream. Remove excess with tissue, apply foundation base, then make-up. Cleanse thoroughly at least once in mid-day. Repair make-up when needed. Use astringent on an oily skin, a lubricant on dry skin, the very last thing every night.

ABC's OF SKIN CARE

(*Continued from page 55*)

stopping at each temple. (Never massage dry, unlubricated skin. And pat—don't stretch or pull.)

Fourth. Continue your massage using deep rotary movements around the mouth, especially over the parenthesis lines on either side. Then with a lighter, gentler touch massage up beside your nose and around under each eye to the temples. Repeat this several times.

Fifth. Your forehead should be stroked firmly upward and outward, then horizontally across the entire length. Besides cleansing, this relaxes tired nerves.

Sixth. Massage front of neck with upward strokes and use a rotary motion around sides and back.

Seventh. With cotton or facial tissue moistened in skin freshener, remove all cream. You'll be surprised how much deeply embedded soil comes with it. And how soft and comfortable your skin feels.

Eighth. Now spread on a rich, lubricating cream if your skin is normal or dry. (If it's oily, skip this step.) Leave lubricating cream on for five or ten minutes, if possible. While you're waiting, lie down and relax, covering each closed eye with a bit of cotton wrung out in cold water, eye lotion or skin freshener.

Ninth. Remove this cream with tissue or cotton wrung out in astringent (skin freshener).

Tenth. Your face is ready for make-up, and this you already know how to apply, if you've been following our last three or four articles.

If your skin is sluggish or oily, treat it to a circulation mask every week or two. These stimulate circulation and may leave a slightly tingling or burning sensation, but it is all in a good cause and will really do a much-needed job for you. Follow with a lubricating cream if skin feels uncomfortable. However, don't use a circulation mask if your skin is thin, dry or has broken veins.

In that case use a pick-up type of mask, of which you'll find several good ones in any variety, drug or department store. These create an illusion of beauty, leaving the skin fresh and pleasantly glowing. These masks are usually in cream form and are refreshingly scented to give an added lift to your spirits.

There are also masks to help contract enlarged pores and to aid in dislodging

(*Continued on page 74*)

PROTECT YOUR NAILS

make them more beautiful

with DURA-GLOSS

3 NEW COLORS

Spicy DURA-GLOSS Shades

RED PEPPER CINNAMON NUTMEG

Spice-Colored BEDFORD DRESSES to harmonize at leading department stores

What a lovely feeling it is—to spread out your ten fingers, newly-jeweled in lustrous **Dura-Gloss**, and admire their unequalled beauty! No, no other polish is quite as satisfying! For **Dura-Gloss** brings with it that peace of mind that comes from having the *best* manicure and the most beautiful fingernails in the world!

It's good to know *he'll* look at those fingers—take them in his hand. Good to know you'll be admired. No woman who wears **Dura-Gloss** ever went wanting for compliments, or for something to say herself! And so many millions have switched to **Dura-Gloss** that it's no wonder America has a real affection for this new and different nail polish formula!

Are your fingernails the most beautiful? Ask yourself this question, now —and examine **Dura-Gloss** closely, at any cosmetic counter. Not a dollar. Just a tiny dime!

WHY DURA-GLOSS EXCELS

To produce a polish that yields exceptional *wear*, that does not *chip off* readily, that *dries hard* with unparalleled brilliance, the Dura-Gloss formula contains a specially formulated *resin* almost identical to the world's most treasured resins which come from fossilized trees buried deep in the earth since prehistoric times. (Amber, from which precious jewelry is made, is one of these resins . . . cherished for its exceptional gem-like *hardness* and incomparable *luster*.) *This is why* Dura-Gloss puts a finish on your nails of such surpassing *brilliance*, *luster* and *adhesion*. See for yourself what a marvelous polish Dura-Gloss is . . . do it today!

10¢

at beauty counters everywhere

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Lorr Laboratories,
Paterson, New Jersey
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD

Make a date with summer *this winter!*

Take the trip on pocket money . . in Super-Coach warmth and comfort

Let a Greyhound Super-Coach turn winter into summer for you—in practically no time at all, and for a lot less money than you'd think! Meet up with the sun months ahead of schedule—beside the sea in Florida, golfing along the Gulf, getting brown as an Indian out in the Hopi country of the Southwest, or taking life easiest in California. When you go by Greyhound it's a sightseeing trip all the way —and you have your choice of an entirely different trip coming back, at no extra cost. In fact, the money you save on Greyhound's low fares will buy extra vacation pleasures, extra vacation clothes. So keep your date with summer—now!

Send coupon to nearest of these Greyhound offices:

New York City • Cleveland, Ohio • Philadelphia, Penna. Chicago, Illinois • Fort Worth, Texas • Minneapolis, Minn. San Francisco, Calif. • Boston, Mass. • Washington, D. C. Detroit, Michigan • St. Louis, Missouri • Lexington, Kentucky Charleston, West Virginia • Cincinnati, Ohio • Richmond, Virginia • Memphis, Tennessee • New Orleans, Louisiana

GREYHOUND

Mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound Information Office, listed above, for a full-color pictorial booklet, "FLORIDA TRAVELOGUE" ☐, or "CALIFORNIA—ALL THE WEST" ☐. Please check the one desired.

Name _____

Address _____ MO-12

blackheads. These might be called pore masks when you go shopping for them. They are deeply penetrating and stimulating and require from ten to thirty minutes to apply. Don't ever apply a mask on a face that's less than immaculately clean. And whenever possible, relax or rest while it's doing its good work.

In our article "About Face For Winter" in this issue, you'll find a lot of other helpful tips on cold weather skin care. And in our "Chart" and "Skin Score Quiz" are many other useful suggestions. So let it never be said we haven't tried our best to arm you well against one of skin's most aging and deglamorizing foes —Old Man Winter with his allies, cold and changeable weather.

Give your face a special treat after cleansing by using Pond's Dreamflower Freshener with a cotton dab or cleansing tissue. It gently invigorates circulation, making your complexion feel fresh and tingly and giving it a glowing, healthy color. Dreamflower Freshener comes in a smart bottle with a low rounded base which rises to a graceful stem—a charming addition to your dressing table.

Did you ever stop to consider that hands need as much care as faces, for they get just as much attention? You can keep yours smooth and youthful by using Irresistible "Whip-Text" Hand Cream regularly. It's neither sticky nor greasy and goes on easily, leaving your hands alluringly soft and lovely. Why not try a jar today?

It's easier to look fresh and dainty when you have your beauty aids all assembled in one convenient place. Princess Pat "Keep Neat" Kit is the ideal ensemble for school and business girls and busy women everywhere. It contains eight important beauty aids besides a complexion sponge and cleansing tissues. It's handy for week-end visits.

Flattering, shapely fingertips are a "must" for every well-groomed girl. If your nails are broken and unattractive, give them extra lubrication by applying Cutex Brittle Nail Cream after you wash your hands and nightly before retiring. Used regularly, it will help to restore nails to health and pliancy.

LONG DISTANCE LOVE

(*Continued from page 26*)

at fourteen. It sounded silly. But no boy had ever made her feel the way Jaime did. It wasn't his looks so much, though he was good to look at—slender, broad-shouldered, clear olive skin, soft brown eyes under dark hair. With his continental finish, his poise and quiet courtliness, he seemed older than his twenty years and made to order for romance. These things undoubtedly drew her. What held her was the quality she recognized below his surface charm—a combined gentleness and strength, a devotion to principle, a depth of feeling which he kept under rigid control. She couldn't have analyzed all this, but she felt it—felt it so strongly that the catalogue of his virtues sometimes overwhelmed her, and she found it hard to believe that this paragon had fallen for her.

He left room for no doubt on that score. From the day he set eyes on her, there was only Linda in the world. Every day they walked home from school together. He came to see her every night. Now and then they'd go out to dance, but Mrs. Darnell frowned on too many outside dates, so they'd throw back the living room rug and dance at home. Jaime gravely approved the rules of Linda's mother. Where he came from, girls older than Linda were chaperoned as a matter of course.

Because of the troubles in Spain, the elder Jorba had sent Jaime and his mother from Barcelona to stay with kin in Mexico City. His mother was there now. Handicapped by his lack of English, Jaime had applied for a visitor's visa and stopped over in Dallas to take English classes at the high school. His visa would be up on May 29th. They tried not to think about it.

Linda told him she wanted to be an actress. He didn't pretend to like it. The idea was repugnant to all the instincts rooted in him by training and background. He tried to understand and, in all honesty, didn't succeed too well. "Actresses drink," he said gloomily.

Linda swore she wouldn't.

"They say such things about Hollywood—"

"It's mostly talk—"

"You'll change—"

"If I do, it'll be my fault, not Hollywood's. But I won't change, Jaime. Anyway, I don't think so—"

He took her hand. "Linda, some day you'll be my wife—" He'd said that before. It sounded like a fairytale, but she never knew quite how to answer, so she kept quiet. "Couldn't you give this up—?"

"I can't remember when I haven't wanted to be an actress, Jaime. I've got to try—"

"Well—then you've got to try. But promise me one thing," he went on earnestly. "Don't let them put too many paints on your face." She had to laugh then. He hated make-up, hated to see her use anything but lipstick. With Jaime she walked around, looking pale.

His visa was extended to June 4th, when school closed. As part of the final assembly program, Linda was to tell about her Hollywood experience. Jaime watched from his seat in the auditorium. She looked so lovely and spoke so simply —no airs, no arrogance, no preening—a girl as sweet as her face. Tomorrow he'd have to go and when would he ever see her again? His jaw tightened. Next day he told her that he wasn't leaving yet.

Linda, steeled for farewells, found herself torn between joy and conscience. His mother was waiting for him in Mexico City. The immigration authorities had been kind, but what would they say to this? Well, Jaime hadn't asked her, he'd told her. She couldn't force him to go, she reminded her conscience. He stayed through June and July. There were certain technicalities, and for a while the immigration people looked the other way. It was like living at the edge of a precipice, but Linda refused to peer over the edge.

One night Jaime said: "Some friends of my uncle are coming in tomorrow. I'll have to spend my time with them. So I won't be seeing you for a few days." That was on August 14th. On the 19th came a letter postmarked Mexico City. "If I'd had to say good-by to you," wrote Jaime, "I should never have been able to go."

It was weeks before she quit crying herself to sleep. He'd grown into the warp and woof of her life, and now he

was gone. "And I never even told him I loved him, I never kissed him once," she sobbed into her pillow. Not that she hadn't cared enough. Once or twice, dancing together, she knew that Jaime had wanted to kiss her. But sensing her shyness, knowing that she'd never been kissed, Jaime forbore. Well, she couldn't kiss him by mail, but the second oversight could be remedied without any more stupid waste of time. She wrote him that she loved him. And carried his exultant answer around with her till it fell apart.

This is a love story, so we needn't go into the details of Linda's return to Hollywood. There was a beauty contest, which brought her again to the notice of the studios. Six months after she and Jaime had parted, she was under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox. Her first letter from Hollywood was not to her mother, but to him.

"If it makes you happy, I'll try to be happy for you," he wrote. But he wasn't a good pretender. He hated to see her being kissed by other men, even in a picture. He hated to feel that she belonged in a sense to the public, whose approval had brought her success. When the gossip columns chattered of her dates with Mickey Rooney, Linda got a letter that made her hair curl. "Look, my darling," she wrote, "I can't stay home every night. I've got to go out with someone. Let the columns say what they like. It's you I love, and nobody else."

SHE was fifteen when she made "Hotel for Women." She was eighteen in October. Older heads have been addled, but good, by the dizzy whirl of a movie star's life. Linda kept her own values. You meet all kinds in Hollywood, as anywhere else. Lots of them called her a prude. She didn't smoke. She refused to be kissed or mauled. The maternal eye was still vigilant, and she didn't seem to mind. She'd promised Jaime not to drink and kept the promise at no cost to herself. To her the stuff tasted nasty. "You'll get over it," she was told. "Let me know when you've had your first drink. I'll buy you your second." People thought you were queer if you didn't do things their way. "So I'm queer," said Linda.

She met many men who were both charming and attentive. Except for Jaime, she might have been attracted. How could she tell? For Jaime was always there, her talisman and gauge. Who else would be so constant, loving her thousands of miles away? Who else would try so patiently to understand her? True, he didn't always succeed, but by golly, he tried. The others could get along nicely without her. Jaime couldn't. Puppy love, they called it. Maybe. She had her own yardstick. She'd discovered it one day when a boy she'd gone out with had turned jealous. Linda was furious. She refused to see him again. Yet Jaime was jealous, and she gloried in it. "That proves it," she cried to herself, as one who's stumbled on proof of a miracle. "It means he has a right to be jealous, because I belong to him."

Their letters flew to each other by every mailplane. She'd rush back from a couple of days at Palm Springs to be at home when his letter was due. They made plans which came to nothing. Linda couldn't get time enough between pictures to go to Mexico. Jaime applied for a visitor's visa, but the record of his former overstay worked against him. After wangling a ten-day permit at last, he fell ill at Nogales on his way north. Didn't recover till the ten days were up.

He wrote that his mother was returning to Spain. He wasn't going with her. He

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

OH UNHAPPY SADIE HAWKINS DAY!!- THET THUNDERIN' HERD IS GAININ' ON M-ME!!!
AH'LL KETCH HIM!!- WE'LL MAKE A MIGHTY HAN'SOME COUPLE!!
AH AIMS T' KETCH TH' LUCKY DAWG AN' MAKE HIM MAH BLUSHIN' BRIDE-GROOM!
AH IS GITTIN' MIGHTY WEAK!!- ONLY OLD MAN MOSE KIN SAVE ME NOW!!!
THAR HE GOES, ACROSS TH' RAVEEN!
MAH SON-YO' CAIN'T RESISK TROUBLE WIF-OUT PLENTY O' RESISKIN' VITAMINS AN' MINERALS!- HAVE A BOWL OF THIS 5-MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT AN' SEE WHUT HAPPENS!!
OH DEE-LISHUS CREAM OF WHEAT! MAH FAV'RITE FOOD!!
GULP!- TH' BRIDGE IS UP!!- HE SAVED HIMSELF - TH' COWARD!!
OH MOURN-FUL SADIE HAWKINS DAY!!
'TWERE JEST LIKE MAMMY COOKS!- SO EASY T' DIGEST!-
NO MATTER WHO COOKS CREAM OF WHEAT -IT'S ALLUS GOOD!
OLD MAN MOSE IS RIGHT!! DELICIOUS 5-MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT GIVES YOU EXTRA VITAMIN B1 AND BODY-BUILDING MINERALS AT LESS THAN 1¢ A SERVING!!
VITAMIN B1!
5-MINUTES!
IRON!
PHOSPHORUS!
CALCIUM!
5 MINUTE
CREAM OF WHEAT
REGULAR
CREAM OF WHEAT

Capr. 1941, United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

"5-MINUTE" AND "REGULAR"

"Cream of Wheat" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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This MARK IS YOUR GUARANTEE
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1881 ROGERS
Simeon L. & George H. Rogers Company

didn't say it was because of Linda, but he didn't have to. Linda was frantic. Jaime's parents weren't young. Suppose something happened and he wasn't there, it would be her fault. She'd have to see him. For his sake and hers, she must make sure that he wasn't staying for nothing. More than two years had gone by. Maybe people were right when they called it puppy love, said she'd get over it, meet someone who shared her background. She had to find out.

Her agent had arranged for her to make a personal appearance at the Kansas City Horse Show. "Would there be time for me to go down to Mexico City after that?" she asked him.

WELL, maybe I could fix up a few personals there—"

"I don't want any personals. I want to see the boy I'm in love with and find out whether I'm still in love with him—"

It was managed. Instead of a fee, the Horse Show Committee agreed to give Linda and her mother round-trip plane fares to Mexico City. She wrote Jaime. He wanted to meet her at the border. "Don't even meet me at the airport," she begged. "I couldn't bear having a lot of people around. Come to the hotel."

The plane flight was an agony of suspense and doubt. A dozen times she asked herself, shall I turn back? Of course she wouldn't, but there was relief in the thought. It would save her the crucial moment of meeting. Suppose he'd changed. That would be bad enough. Suppose he found her changed. That would be worse—

She didn't feel changed. Yet by all logic the thing was impossible. She'd been fourteen, she'd known him five months, their worlds were alien. He was a Spaniard, bred to the tradition that women belonged on a pedestal, to be bossed and adored. She was an American, high-spirited, independent—yet less independent with him than with anyone else—selfish as the next one, too, else she'd be willing to give up her career—

The questions beat against her brain, and there were no answers. The plane landed at four. She was met by studio representatives. This trip was scheduled as a vacation, but she was resigned to the fact that there would be certain obligations to discharge, courtesies to exchange. She only hoped there wouldn't be too many. At the hotel she bathed and changed, put on her simplest dress, removed all the make-up she could stand seeing herself without. The bell rang. "Dear Lord," prayed Linda, "don't let anything happen now. Let him like me still—" Linda's eyes met Jaime's, and all the questions were answered.

Not till later that evening did they have a few minutes alone. After dinner the studio people came in to discuss plans. "Look," said Linda, "I didn't come down for the scenery or for work. I came down to see a friend of mine. This is he—" They were polite, but publicity was their job. Jaime stood stiffly aside, saying neither yea nor nay. This was Linda's business. When they'd gone, Linda went into his arms. They kissed for the first time—

In bed that night she cried her heart out. It was Dallas all over again, only worse. They couldn't marry nor even make plans. Apart from everything else, she felt sure that Jaime wouldn't marry her while she worked. Some girls could combine career and matrimony—but not with Jaime as a husband. Jaime in Hollywood—that was a bad joke. They'd think him a prude.

As it turned out, even those three weeks in Mexico weren't their own. Much as she liked Jaime, Mrs. Darnell felt that Linda was still too young to go about unchaperoned. Four days were given to interviews. Photographers pleaded in vain with Jaime for pictures. When a camera bore down, he faded into the background. The official tendency, on the other hand, was to soft-pedal him. Till Linda, quietly as always, said: "Unless he comes to the party, I won't be there." Or at the suggestion that he be seated at the far end of a table, "His place is right beside me." When there was dancing, she danced only with Jaime or her host. If she forgot, he had only to look and down she sat, outwardly demure, secretly enchanted. They went to see "Brigham Young" together, which proved a mistake. During the love scenes, Jaime looked the other way. Then the manager turned the spotlight on them. Jaime sat white-lipped, and Linda felt like a heel. "It proves his point," she thought miserably. "That you don't belong to yourself even, much less to him." Their happiest day was spent going through the beautiful church of Our Lady of Guadelupe. Jaime bought two crosses for Linda, one ebony, one silver.

THE last night came. As they stood on the hotel balcony together, Jaime reached for his billfold and took out a worn St. Anthony. "I don't like you to fly, Linda, but since you must, I want you to have this. My mother gave it to me, I give it to you, my St. Anthony will keep you safe—" They stood looking out over the city lights. Then— "How much longer will you have to work?"

"My contract has five years to go—"

"Darling, won't you give it up?"

The answer came painfully. "I can't, Jaime. I've had such wonderful breaks. I can't say good-by and toss it all out of the window. In five years I'll be twenty-two. That's not so old," she whispered in a forlorn bid for a laugh that didn't come off. They clung together, knowing that five years was eternity.

The plane left at seven-thirty. Jaime had breakfast, then drove to the airport with them. Linda was sure nobody else would get up at six to see them off. But she'd reckoned without her hosts. A Mexican band was there, playing "Good-by, Linda." Delegations were there, filling her arms with roses. A girl and boy wanted to say good-by, but the girl was a movie queen, so they couldn't. Dry-eyed now, Linda pulled a rosebud from her armful. She and Jaime parted with a formal handclasp. No one could see that the rosebud had changed hands. The plane took off. The crowd scattered. Only Jaime stood there, waving his handkerchief, while the ship circled the field.

Their letters still fly to each other by every mail plane. The silver cross or the ebony always hangs round Linda's throat on a silver chain. The worn St. Anthony is tucked in with her driver's license. They go on hoping. Maybe Jaime will get in under the quota. Maybe they'll marry. Maybe a miracle will happen. Through the welter of uncertainties, one light shines clear. They love each other.

THE MacRAYMONDS ENTERTAIN

(*Continued from page 71*)

small pieces. Place all in a large bowl, add beaten egg and broth to moisten. Toss together with a fork. This will stuff a 12-pound turkey.

CRANBERRY-APPLE RELISH

Put 2 cups cranberries and 1 pared, cored apple through the food chopper, using coarse blade. Quarter one orange and ½ lemon, but do not remove the skin. Remove seeds; then put the fruit and skin through the food chopper. Add 1¼ cups granulated sugar to the fruit mixture, and blend well. Chill several hours before serving. Makes 3 cups.

ORANGE CHARLOTTE

4 teaspoons granulated gelatin
⅓ cup cold water
⅓ cup boiling water
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup orange juice and pulp
3 egg whites
½ pint cream

Soak gelatin in cold water. Dissolve sugar in hot water, add gelatin and fruit juices. Chill in refrigerator, when thick beat until frothy. Add egg whites stiffly beaten and fold in whipped cream. Line a quart melon mold with sections of oranges which have been drained on paper towels. Fill mold with mixture and chill on rack in refrigerator for several hours. Unmold and serve in slices. Serves eight to ten persons.

ROASTING TEMPERATURES

(Use uncovered roaster) (Add no water)

TURKEY Weight		Temperature Slow Oven	Time
10 lbs.	drawn	(300°F)	30 min. per lb.
10 to 15 lbs.	drawn	(300°F)	20 min. per lb.
15 to 20 lbs.	drawn	(300°F)	18 min. per lb.

INFORMATION DESK
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages, etc., of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

Name .....

Street .....

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See RITA HAYWORTH in "You'll Never Get Rich"—a Columbia Picture

ROYAL CROWN
COLA
"My favorite cola"
says lovely Rita Hayworth
"Winter or summer . . . I like the lift of a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola!"

How Rita proved one cola tastes best . . .

"THEY GAVE ME leading colas in plain paper cups," says Hollywood's Rita Hayworth. "And there was *so much difference* in taste—well, it didn't take me two seconds to pick my favorite! 'This is *it!*' I announced.

"'OKAY, SWEETHEART, you and the United States agree,' they told me. 'It's ROYAL CROWN Cola!' Winter and summer, it's my favorite pick-up now." (Only 5¢ for a big bottle that fills not one but *two* full glasses!)

ROYAL CROWN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
COLA
Best by Taste-Test!

PICK UP A CARTON . . . AND LET IT PICK YOU UP

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"The man who came to dinner"

Monty believes his part is more of a satire on Geo. Bernard Shaw than on Alexander Woollcott. Throughout the film, his greeting to Bette is, "Hello, Repulsive."

To Monty Woolley goes the doubtful distinction of being the most famous dinner guest in America. In two years he sat through 738 consecutive Broadway performances of "The Man Who Came To Dinner," wearing out four pairs of pants in the process!

Today, at Warner Bros., hitched into new trousers, Woolley is busily enacting the rascally, mean, delightful "Man" for the 739th time, only taking time from his labors to cast an occasional superior sneer in the direction of such second-rate diner-outers as Elsa Maxwell, Carol of Rumania and a long line of Hollywood moochers.

With his contours ensconced in the same wheel-chair that embraced Herbert Marshall's in "The Little Foxes," he is breathing new venom into his role of the distinguished bearded lecturer, Sheri-

In the movie, Nurse Mary Wickes endures one insult after another, but look what goes on when the camera's back is turned!

Dick Travis (Bette Davis' discovery and now her leading man) weighs an even 200 pounds. Has one burning ambition in life—to meet Babs Stanwyck!

BY SYLVIA KAHN

Penguin Pete was given to Warners by Admiral Byrd. He has a stand-in!

dan Whiteside, who slips on an icy pavement as he arrives to take dinner with a pleasant, respectable Mid-Western family. The family, consisting of Billie Burke, Grant Mitchell and their two children, finds itself stuck with the great man till the broken leg, incurred in his fall, is mended.

In the four weeks he is with them, Sheridan Whiteside makes a roaring hell of their peaceful household. He forbids the family to step out of their upstairs bedrooms! He threatens violence if they dare use their own telephone—then himself calls Bali, London, Paris and Tokyo! He fills the house with wild-eyed murderers, paroled from the county jail, a deadly octopus, four penguins, a mummy case and a dozen Chinese students! He also entertains lively eccentrics like Ann Sheridan, Reginald Gardiner and (*Continued on page 80*)

Cake gives Durante hives, but he has to eat it in "Dinner." Told Monty, "My body never had a blemish until I came to woik in this pitcher."

ON THE AIR AND EVERYWHERE, IT'S—

FINER PLEASURE *PLUS* REAL PROTECTION
AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING—BUT
YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

IT'S a fact—all smokers *sometimes* inhale. More smoke reaches delicate nose and throat passages. And *chances* of irritation *increase! But now look at the findings* of eminent doctors who compared five leading brands of cigarettes... and report that:

IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO PHILIP MORRIS—IRRITANT EFFECTS OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED *THREE TIMES AS HIGH*—AND *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!*

Some inhaling goes with smoking... but worry about throat irritation need *not* go with inhaling. Change now to PHILIP MORRIS — for pleasure *without penalties. Why wait?*

Help Yourself to Beauty 3 Important Ways

See How Much This Medicated Cream Can Do for Your Skin

★ ★ ★

★ Nurses were the first to discover the extraordinary merit of this snow-white, greaseless, MEDICATED cream, Noxzema—both as an aid to complexion beauty and for the relief of red, chapped hands. Now more than 15 million jars of Noxzema are sold yearly! Women everywhere use it as a night cream and powder base to help improve poor complexion, also to help keep hands soft, smooth.

The reason Noxzema does so much is because *it's not just a cosmetic cream.* It's MEDICATED. (1) It helps heal externally-caused pimples and the tiny cracks in chapped skin. (2) It helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin. (3) It has a mildly astringent action.

Why not get a jar of Noxzema and try using it for just 10 days? See if you don't notice it helping your skin grow smoother, softer, clearer!

SPECIAL OFFER! Here's your chance to try Noxzema at a real saving! Right now all drug and cosmetic counters are featuring the big 75¢ jar for only 49¢—*for a limited time only.* Get a jar *today,* and see how much it can do to help you!

SOLVE THE HOSIERY SHORTAGE

BY DYEING YOUR OLD "ODD" STOCKINGS INTO LOVELY MATCHED PAIRS WITH RIT

• Just take those unmated stockings (honestly, haven't you a *drawerful?*) and dye them with gentle RIT! You'll get extra pairs this way that cost hardly anything . . . saving precious silk hosiery that is hard to get. Saving *dollars,* too!

• RIT is quick, easy and sure to please. If you are dyeing one dark and one light stocking, it's best to take the color out of both with White RIT. Then re-dye any shade you prefer. Especially popular shades are Rust, Tan and Light Brown; *also Black!* At your nearest store.

28 Colors
Sold everywhere

NEVER SAY DYE... SAY **RIT** TINTS & DYES

Jimmy Durante, and tries to crack up the romance existing between his bright-as-a-button secretary, Bette Davis, and her newspaperman-lover, Richard Travis.

Out of character, Monty Woolley is only slightly less capricious. Born with the fancy tag of Edgar Montillion Woolley 53 years ago in New York City, he got his book-larnin' in private schools and wound up at Yale University where Songwriter Cole Porter was his closest pal. Later he taught drama at Yale and numbered among his students Thornton Wilder, Philip Barry and Stephen Vincent Benet. Before switching to acting, he took a shot at stage direction and once fired instructions at a freak-nosed comic named Jimmy Durante. He loves explosive designs in ties, hates fresh air and exercise, always keeps his windows shut and blinds drawn and would sleep 20 hours a day if he didn't have to earn a living.

WOOLLEY can thank his beard for putting him where he is today. Being the only genuine article in the business, it's pushed him into breaks clean-shaven chins would never get. He sprouted it 13 years ago just for the devil of it, but had it in mind long before then. As a whiskerless lad, he used to startle the skin off his mother by turning up in false beavers!

In Hollywood, the muff has been insured for $10,000. One of the clauses in the policy states Monty may not smoke unless his beard is encased in a fire-proof snood!

Like all stage folk, Woolley has little patience with Hays office censorship—thinks everything was fine until "that Moral Squad reared its prissy head." For example, he objects to the deletion of his opening line from the play, always a sure-fire laugh-getter. It occurs when the noted lecturer has been lifted from the slippery street. A fluttery crowd waits for him to say something brilliant. Whiteside recovers his poise, stares stonily ahead and in frozen tones announces: "I may vomit!" The Hays office ordered that one out as too unpleasant.

The same rule held for the line in which Whiteside addresses his nurse as "Miss Bed Pan." When you hear it, Mary Wickes, recruited from Broadway (where at the age of 18 she played Henry Fonda's grandmother in "The Farmer Takes A Wife"), will be hailed as "Miss Stomach Pump!"

The only one who triumphs over the Hays office is Bette Davis. She defies the "no sweater" ruling by wearing a little turtle-necked number *under* a V-necked blouse!

Cinderella-boy of the film is 28-year-old Richard Travis, plucked at Bette's insistence from Warner Bros. shorts and lifted overnight to leading man stature. A magnificent 6-foot-three-er, Travis is blonde, grey-eyed, Arkansas-born and—intelligent.

But he still doesn't know what hit him! Suddenly finding himself sponsored by Bette Davis, vamped by Ann Sheridan, and coached by Josephine Dillon (the ex-Mrs. Clark Gable) has all but knocked him cold. However, first reports say he's doing fine. For Newcomer Travis, as well as other members of the cast, "The Man Who Came To Dinner" promises to be a Blue Plate Special—served complete with all the trimmin's!

ATTENTION, INFORMATION DESK FANS!

We're closing for alterotions ond won't be able to onswer your letters ony more. Wotch our spoce for o brond new department!

HE'S "ALL REET"

(*Continued from page 41*)

everyone. When he has opera stars on the Music Hall, for instance, he talks golf to them in rehearsal. Or horses. Or how the Dodgers are coming out. They are only nice people, after all. He imagines that they are probably pretty tired of adulation. He would be.

And the great ones—the Flagstads, the Iturbis, the Robesons—love him. They take his kidding and dish it right back to him. They send him presents and letters from all over the world. Between themselves, too, though they admit that Bing doesn't even take singing seriously, they declare that he possesses the finest diction they have ever heard. From Flagstad, brother, that's a compliment!

Bing doesn't take singing seriously, you know. John Scott Trotter told me how he learns a song.

"I play it over to him once," Johnny said. "Bing listens with his pipe in his mouth. Then he takes the words and sings the tune—either with or without pipe. If there is any new music on the show, he may go over it once more before we go on the air. That's all there is to it!"

John paused a moment. "The thing that amazes me about the boy, though," he added, "is that often—particularly on the opening song—Bing will have no introduction. He will have to snatch the first couple of notes out of nowhere after Ken's announcement!"

BING won't sing songs which he believes have questionable lyrics. And he won't use songs which he doesn't think are well-written. The upshot is that he carols every tune as if it is the finest he has ever heard. He'll knock himself out to use a tune by a friend or by someone who needs a plug. That's something he takes for granted: he needed help once, too, didn't he?

Along the same line, if he hears an unknown he likes, he'll pull strings to get him to the Hall. For instance there was the case of Jimmy O'Brien, the young tenor you heard not so long ago. His appearance came about this way:

One night, Bing and Dixie were out at the old Lamaze Restaurant for dinner. There was a kid out there, singing Irish ballads as if he had composed them himself. Bing thought he was fine.

He went up and talked to the boy, and they discovered that they both thought certain songs were great. The result was that Bing and Jimmy sang duets for about two hours.

The next day, Bing dropped into the offices of J. Walter Thompson, the advertising agency which handles his show. "I heard a kid last night I think is good," he told the boys. "Give him a listen, will you?"

They did. And Jimmy O'Brien was a featured vocalist on the Music Hall a couple of weeks later.

Ken Carpenter said it for me: "He's a great guy for giving other people a break!"

Take, for instance, Pat Friday. Bing heard her at the Victor Hugo. She was going to college then. He got her on the program during her summer vacation. Take the Music Maids. Bing caught them at the Universal lot when he was making a picture. They were signed for Kraft.

Take Johnny Mercer. Johnny wasn't exactly unknown in the music business, of course, but he was as far as the public

Fewer Colds!..Shorter Colds!

Imagine getting through the winter with less sickness, less worry and expense due to colds! . . . That's what happened in a test that lasted 154 days and included 2,650 school-age children . . . Vicks ABC Plan demonstrated its real worth. Reports of Doctors show that the children who followed this simple home-guide had fewer colds . . . shorter colds . . . actually less than half as much sickness from colds. Think of that! Now Vicks ABC Plan may do less for you and your family—or it may do even more . . . IT'S CERTAINLY WORTH TRYING . . . And here is all you need to do . . . Ⓐ Just observe a few simple health rules. Ⓑ Use Vicks Va-tro-nol at the right time. Ⓒ Use Vicks VapoRub at the right time.

When to Use These 2 Clinic-Tested Medications

AT FIRST SNIFFLE, SNEEZE—or even the slightest sign of nasal irritation—put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril and feel this special medication go to work. Va-tro-nol is designed to aid your natural defenses against colds and help prevent many colds from developing . . . IF YOU SHOULD HAVE A HEAD COLD, Va-tro-nol does three important things to relieve distress . . . (1) Shrinks the swollen membranes. (2) Soothes the irritation. (3) Helps to clear out the nasal passages. And quickly makes breathing easier! Follow the complete directions in the folder.

Clinic-Tested
VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

IF A COLD SHOULD STRIKE—slip by precautions—relieve misery the IMPROVED Vicks way. This 3-minute treatment makes Vicks VapoRub give EVEN BETTER RESULTS THAN EVER! . . . PENETRATES to upper bronchial tubes with soothing medicinal vapors . . . STIMULATES chest and back surfaces like a warming poultice . . . WORKS FOR HOURS to relieve coughing and congestion in upper breathing passages, ease muscular soreness or tightness. To get this improved treatment with all its benefits, follow simple directions in the package.

Clinic-Tested
VICKS VAPORUB

You'll Find Complete Details of Vicks ABC Plan in Your Package of Vicks

The Nearest Thing to Natural Curly Hair

Frederics—one of the great names in permanent waving — announce another notable new discovery! A permanent wave that looks and acts like natural curly hair!

This wonderful new Frederics Permanent Wave contains **NO** beauty-stealing, metallic salts whatever — cannot possibly dry your hair or make it frizzy, dry or brittle. There is no set "permanented" look — even the first day.

And while you're getting this natural-looking permanent, there are no disagreeable chemical odors; no possibility of dizziness or headaches — no painful pulling or stretching of the hair. It's so quick, so cool, so comfortable, you hardly know your hair is being waved.

NO FRIZZ

NO KINKS

NO BRITTLE HAIR

Don't guess, don't hope, don't wish! Say to your hairdresser, "I want a Frederics Tru-Curl permanent." Then see that the Tru-Curl wrappers and lotion are taken from a sealed individual package. In this way you will know that you are getting what you pay for . . . a Genuine Frederics Tru-Curl Permanent . . . America's Finest Permanent Wave.

• Frederics Tru-Curl permanent waves, when given with a Frederics controlled-heat permanent waving machine, are 50% cooler—50% more comfortable. Waving with low temperature protects the hair, preserves its life, lustre and loveliness. See that a Frederics machine is used.

frederics tru-Curl permanent wave

E. FREDERICS, INC., (Dept.205), 44-02 11th St., L. I. City, N. Y.
Send me a list of Frederics Franchise Salons in my community. Also **FREE BOOKLET** which reveals the "inside story" on permanent waving.

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P.S. Send 10c (in coin) for a Salon Size bottle of Frederics famous Color-Perfect Nail Enamel, "It stays beautiful longer". (Specify shade polish you now use.)

was concerned. America sings songs but rarely notices who writes them. So Bing made records with John for the fun of it, things like "Mister Meadow Lark" and "Bob White." They certainly didn't hurt the Mercer boy!

Take John Scott Trotter. Bing first knew Johnny 'way back when "The Groaner" was one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. Later, when Crosby went into "Pennies From Heaven," Trotter did the orchestrations on the Johnny Burke tunes for that show.

Jimmy Dorsey's band was on the Music Hall at the time, but Jimmy had a hankering to go East. When he left, Bing remembered J. Scott's work and sent out a call for him even though John had never had a band of his own before. He had been Hal Kemp's ace arranger, but he had never toted a stick. As you know, Scott came West, gathered together the best bunch of musicians he could find and has been knocking out terrific stuff ever since.

There's also the story of Jerry Colonna's introduction to the great American public. This is typically Crosby, in more ways than one.

Jerry started out as a trombone player. He had, in addition, a pair of lungs. His rendition of "You're My Everything," for example, made the annual hog-calling champ sound like a man with acute laryngitis.

But, though Bing was helpless with laughter every time he thought of Jerry, no one but a select few seemed to have heard of him.

Therefore, one night on the air, Bing finished his song and became deadly serious. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "tonight we have the honor of presenting that stellar baritone, Dr. Giovanni Colonna, late of La Scala, Milan. Dr. Colonna's glorious voice has unfortunately been too long unheard in America. It is my particular pleasure to introduce him to you!"

And, on the unsuspecting listeners, the endless, siren-like note with which Jerry begins "You're My Everything" was suddenly foisted. Bing stood by the microphone and howled. And, from then on, Dr. Colonna was a solid sensation!

Bing loves to do things like that. Anything that is out of the ordinary groove is fine for Crosby. That's why his show and its rehearsals are such a delightful madhouse.

For one thing Bing doesn't have any dress rehearsal—a breach of radio etiquette which floors the producers of other programs. Instead, he wanders in about one o'clock (he's on the air at five from Hollywood), greets the boys, has a tremendous lunch which raises hell with his diet and finally ambles in the direction of the microphone. There he sits on a tall stool, takes off his jacket (invariably disclosing the most frightfully brilliant shirt you have ever laid an eye on), lights his pipe and goes to work.

Only it isn't work. Even though, according to Connie Boswell, he can accomplish more than any three guys, he never seems to be under a strain. He has fun. The result, whether it be a picture, a record or a broadcast, is casual, friendly.

The show is timed as he rehearses, for there may not be another chance to do it. He runs over the tunes he is going to sing, pipe in mouth. He goes through the dialogue spots with the guest stars and Carpenter. And, though he will take a thing again and again if he feels it isn't right, he usually gets it the first time. His lack of labor on the script results in the spontaneity for which the Music Hall is famous.

If the script is too long, he invariably suggests cutting one of his songs. And the reason for this isn't laziness by any means. "People hear me sing too much," he says. "They'll get tired of listening after a while."

When the run-through has been accomplished, the group relaxes until show time. Bing, his writer, Carroll Carroll, his producer, Carpenter, and the rest sit in the control room and chat. If there is an important race on, they listen. Or they settle the problems of the nation.

Bing has grown famous for his consideration for the people on the program with him. At Christmas time, for instance, he goes out of his way to find some gift for each one which has a personal significance. He is grateful for the suggestions of others, and appreciates the part his cast plays in making the Music Hall a success.

He could have anything he wanted in radio, either from Kraft or a dozen companies, but he's perfectly satisfied with that particular group. Everything is going swell. He likes the gang. They have fun. Why change?

Well, I listened to the boys and girls. I watched them in rehearsal and noted the ease with which they did their chores. I saw the obvious liking they had for the guy on the high stool. You can't act that, you know! Then, I threw away the box of salt I had brought with me.

Bing Crosby is a good gent. And I'll slug every single man who says he isn't!

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that up-to-the-second chart of your favorite "westerns" you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start and studio addresses of over sixty of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse opries"! Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below and your new revised chart is as good as lassoed!

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149 Madison Ave., New York City

I am enclosing five cents in stamps or coin for which kindly send me your chart of the Western Stars.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Please print name and address plainly

THE OTHER SIDE OF A LEGEND

(*Continued from page 33*)

most of is still old flame John Howard.

"He knows me and my bad habits and takes me as I am. On Saturday night, make-up or no make-up or slacks, that's fine with him. He loves music as I do. We sit home and listen to recordings, and I get mad at him because he has a beautiful baritone voice, but he won't sing. Or we go to his house. He lives with his parents, who are rather young for parents and very sweet. We all play gin rummy together. And ask questions out of the Information, Please book to see who is brightest. Who is? Oh—now one, now another. But all this doesn't mean I am going to marry him, because I have no such plan. It means simply that I like to be with these people, they are so sweet—"

THE nightspots haven't seen her in over a year, unless you choose to consider drive-ins nightspots. That's where she goes with John after a movie. "Because—" with a wriggle of well-being—"you can sit in the car, and it's dark and you sort of get things poured right in front of your nose." John has learned the wisdom of duplicating her order. Otherwise, she eats his, too—out of curiosity. Another post-movie treat is prowling through one of those omnibus drugstores, which draw her as Bullocks-Wilshire's doesn't, and from which she emerges content with a powder puff or peanuts.

She always thinks she'll sleep till noon, always wakes at seven and breakfasts in bed on "orange juice, coffee and sort of toast and things," skimming the papers meantime. Then she'll call a friend or two. Her phone conversations are noteworthy for two reasons. You think they'll never stop, but when they do, it's sudden. "Well, goodby," says Hedy and hangs up.

Her bedroom is furnished in plain mahogany—no chaise longue, no silk pillows, no frilled vanities. She slips a terry-cloth, initialed, over her tailored gown, showers, and sits down at her dressing table, which is barer than most—toilet water, a couple of perfume bottles, a silver comb. The hand mirror is conspicuous by its absence. When she makes up, it's with powder, lipstick and a little eyebrow shadow. Often she'll just comb her hair and call it a day. She doesn't like nail polish but does use a heavy perfume, specially blended.

Jamesie's been clamoring for a visit to his friends, the monkeys. So she packs him into the car—a dark blue coupe, upholstered in red leather, with initials designed by herself—and they start for the zoo. Nana goes along. If you take it for granted that Nana is Jamesie's nurse exclusively, you're dead wrong. "*Our* nurse," Hedy emphatically corrects you.

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Send todoy for the new, up-to-dote list of Hollywood stors with their correct studio oddresses. It is o convenient size to handle or keep in o scrop-book. To receive o list, all you hove to do is write to us ond osk for it, enclosing o lorge, self-oddressed ond stomped envelope. Don't forget thot lost item, os no request con be complied with otherwise. Pleose send request to Informotion Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Modison Ave., New York, New York.

TANGEE

***Red-Red*...ACCLAIMED THE NEWEST AND TRUEST OF REDS** Here is the long-sought *true* red...a red so clear and pure it is a perfect foil for *all* fashion shades—an exquisite complement to this year's lavish furs. And Tangee's pure cream base helps protect your lips against splitting, peeling, coarsening—keeps them smooth and lovely. Try both lipstick and rouge in the Tangee Red-Red shade. Try Tangee's Famous Face Powder, as well. It is clinging, lasting, *un*-powdery.

Another Tangee Lipstick Favorite—THEATRICAL RED . . . a bright and vivid shade with the same famous Tangee cream base. Matching rouge, of course.

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H. KENDALL JEWELERS
Topeka, Kansas Dept. MM-1241

They find themselves on Los Feliz Boulevard, which is the street of antique shops, packed with the copper, hobnail glass and other "sweet foolish" things which Hedy collects. So Nana and Jamesie dump her, proceed to the zoo and collect her on the way back. At home she gives Jamesie his swimming lesson and lunch and settles him for a nap. Nothing's allowed to interfere with these rites when she's not working. James, a romantic, can't see why she ever should. James say *nn* for *don't*. "Nn go to work, I go to work," he cajoles her.

She enjoys fussing round the place, painting bookshelves, training ivy from a copper bowl, rearranging furniture. Publicity hinted that she likes to cook. She smiled like a seraph and said, "I hate it, no matter what you yell here on the side. I'd rather go to a drive-in." Nevertheless, she'll turn her hand to it on occasion.

She keeps her evenings free. "Plans," she assures you gravely, "are the main evil of all the evils in the world. If I feel like seeing somebody, I go. If they're not at home, I go to somebody else. There must be somebody home some place. If not, I like my own house. I have recordings, I listen to symphonies on the radio, I chat with my Nanny, I crochet on my afghan which is called the Unfinished Afghan, because always I buy more yarns and they never come even—"

Her closest friends are the MacMurrays, the Menjous, Ann Sothern, Janet Gaynor and Adrian, Phyllis Laughton, the dramatic coach, and her husband, George Seaton. Like John Howard, they know her and her bad habits. She can drop in for the evening or leave after ten minutes. She can say what she means—without ruffles—and does.

"Whatever happens to me bad, I yell it out, I scream, then in a minute it's over. That's why I must have people around who don't mind if I'm like that. Life is too short for sour faces."

She's no exhibitionist, hates bright lights and invariably heads for the corner of a crowded room. She doesn't see her rushes, nor scream if a dress fails to hang right. The studio was agog over her test for "H. M. Pulham, Esq.," in which she ages to about forty-five. "Did you see it, Hedy?" they asked.

"No, I didn't, because the soundman said it was all right."

She can take dancing or leave it and doesn't know the rhumba. She swims for fun, not exercise, likes tennis matches, Garbo, Bette Davis and frankly-junk jewelry, not junk that tries to be real. She doesn't wear her real jewels, there's been no occasion, but she enjoys looking at them and mistrusts the sincerity of women who say they don't give a hoot for the stuff.

SHE'S an optimistic icebox raider. Knowing perfectly well what they had for dinner, she can't squash the hope that something else may have sneaked in. She takes what she can get, however, and has been known to sit crosslegged in bed at midnight, consuming cold artichokes, salad and corned beef hash. She admits readily to a healthy appetite, less readily to a yen for composing verse—which she calls "writing down silly things at night." It can't be too bad, for the acid Miss Parker once praised it, but Hedy won't tell you what she said. She's superstitious about black cats and the 13th, and the only English word she can't pronounce is February. It comes out Febrrrrr.

The difference between Hedy and the legend of Hedy can be reduced to a word. Legends are remote, Hedy is warm. She loves people and jokes and the comradeship of the lot and the give-and-take of the man on the street. In the hospital with an infected tooth, she got her biggest kick out of a lollypop, sent "from one sucker to another." She listened enchanted for half an hour to a cop who bawled her out in a nice way about how a girl driving alone at night should click up the handle of the opposite door and keep her purse on the seat beside her.

"I felt like his daughter," she said.

When she first came to the studio, a publicity man who was no sentimentalist but thought she was swell, voiced his affection by hailing her with "Hello, Stinky." She caught the spirit, if not the letter of the tribute, and proceeded to give it back as "Hello, Stink."

Her friendship, when given, is wholehearted. There's the story of the girl on the lot who eloped without warning her.

"Look at her," said Hedy when the culprit showed up after the honeymoon. "I tell her everything and look at her, she marries without me." Indignation stymied her. "Now I don't care if you have triplings—"

It took a good five minutes to bring her around to forgiving and forgetting.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Just this once, won't you answer our questionnaire without a reward? We're trying desperately to catch up with your thousands of requests for autographed portraits and can't take on any more just yet. So for filling out the questionnaire we're offering just THANKS.

What stories or features did you enjoy most in our December issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, 3rd choice.

Long Distance Love (Darnell) ☐
Up and Cummings (Bob Cummings) ☐
Other Side of a Legend (Lamarr) ☐
Thumbs Down on Hollywood ☐
Oomph for Sale (Hayworth) ☐
He's "All Reet" (Crosby) ☐
Give Yourself the Love Test (Carroll) ☐
Skippy Remembers (Cooper) ☐
Pal Georgie (Murphy) ☐
Long-Haired Boy (Sabu) ☐
For Dolls Only (Joan Carroll) ☐
Garbo's Twins ☐
"The Man Who Came to Dinner" ☐
Good News (Gossip) ☐
Adonis on Wheels (Stack) ☐

Which one of the above stories did you like least? .....

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, 149 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

LONG-HAIRED BOY

(Continued from page 54)

third at the club. Loves to rhumba and conga. Goes fishing and hunting every chance he gets. Even his choice of clothes show the U. S. A. influence. He's very particular about the cut of his suits; prefers sports clothes that are a far cry from the regulation white shirt and trousers he used to wear in Mysore. Hasn't learned to like American hats though and still sticks to turbans. Has a stock of silk, ceiling high, from which he chooses the eight yards of material he wants to wind around his head for the day. Always wears red turbans for formal occasions—and paradoxically he's about the only actor in "Jungle Book" who doesn't wear a turban in the picture. An aviation enthusiast, he can reel off the records of every kind of aircraft. He wants to join the R.A.F. and in one more year he'll be eligible as far as age is concerned.

Sabu is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds; has one of the healthiest young bodies in Hollywood. His reading taste runs to adventure books, and he still loves to go to the movies. His ideal girl is one who enjoys all sports—swimming, hunting, etc.—and likes to laugh and have a good time. He speaks with only the barest suggestion of an accent, peppering his conversation with American slang, like "Golly" and "Wow." He is absolutely fearless; has a way with animals and uses no double for his scenes with "man-eaters." He has no pets of his own.

Sabu's favorite stars have long been Mickey Mouse, Charlie Chaplin and Gary Cooper. Lately, he's added two female favorites to his list—Merle Oberon and Gloria Jean. However, there's just one woman in his life at the moment—his Southern colored cook. She rarely cooks Sabu's native dishes for him, but plies him with fruit, vegetables and indescribable Southern fried chicken. That's because the only meat she doesn't serve is pork. Sabu is an extremely devout Mohammedan and cannot eat it.

GARBO'S TWINS PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 51)

and later the kids bicycled back to their office and explained to a disbelieving boss that they were late returning because they'd been eating watermelon with Greta Garbo. The only invited guest was Peter Douglas, Melvyn's nine-year-old. Douglas first checked with Greta to see if she minded having him there. The kid was very polite, but obviously more interested in the technical aspects of the set than in the Silent Swede.

Funniest sight on the set was Roland Young, standing only one foot away from the sense-disturbing Greta, reading "Berlin Diary" while the workers re-lit the set for their next take. He finished the entire book this way.

Constance Bennett showed up with a portable dressing room. She's free-lancing, and takes it to every studio she goes to. Prevents friction as to who gets the fanciest dressing room. Greta and Connie spent hours talking between scenes. Connie re-designed a negligée Garbo wears in one scene so it would look sexier. It did. Censors were peeping through their fingers at it and run-

To kindle Love

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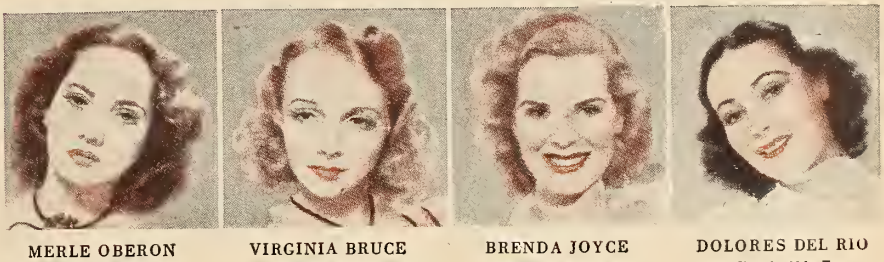

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The Ivory Skin Type
Creamy skin, ivory tints. For striking clearness, Woodbury Rachel. Or for deep, velvet tone, Blush Rose.

VIRGINIA BRUCE
The Cameo Skin Type
Fair skin with cameo-pink tints. For delicate bloom, use Woodbury Flesh. For radiant warmth, use Blush Rose.

BRENDA JOYCE
The Honey Skin Type
Amber skin with gold tints. For deeper accent, Woodbury Champagne. For a rosy look, use Windsor Rose.

DOLORES DEL RIO
The Tropic Skin Type
Vivid skin, dusky or olive tones. For luscious richness, use Woodbury Brunette. For copper glow, Champagne.

LEADING Hollywood directors say: "Step up your type to step up your appeal."

They add, "It's skin, not hair, that determines type". So decide—which of the five basic *skin* types are you?

Then learn the biggest news in make-up! Woodbury has created a new Color Controlled Powder to do things—Hollywood glamour things—for your type. Thanks to Woodbury's exclusive Color Control, it's super-clear (no color blobs or streaks), super-fine and super-clinging.

For new glamour in your life, get this new Woodbury Powder.

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Paste on penny postcard . . . to get 6 type-dramatizing samples new Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. John H. Woodbury, Inc., 8122 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. (In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario) Please include tube new Foundation Cream.

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● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

ning for fire buckets during the preview.

Both gals wear short haircuts. When production began, Hair Stylist Sidney Guilaroff had to decide whether long hair belonged on Garbo the Ugly Duckling or Garbo the Glamorous. He decided the short bob was more soignée, designed a special hair-do inspired by Botticelli's cherubs. The hair falls an inch and a half below the nape of the neck and is very short around the temples and sides of the head. Guilaroff predicts the style will send the women of America rushing to their beauty parlors for duplicate arrangement. Garbo's hair is a special shade called "Moonlight Blonde," achieved by means of an aquamarine rinse. Guilaroff got the idea for the shade when he saw Greer Garson's red locks in the technicolor moonlight of "Blossoms in the Dust."

Garbo, with her wonderful sense of humor, laughed and laughed when she discovered the wardrobe designed for her as the dowdy twin copied her own personal taste in clothes . . . slacks, sweaters and floppy hats. She was absorbingly interested in Adrian's ultra designs. Spent hours in the fitting rooms for the first time in her career.

Greta wears a bathing suit in this, the second time she's ever appeared in one on the screen. First time was in "Peter the Tramp," a slapstick comedy made in Sweden, in which she splashed around for two reels à la Mack Sennett bathing beauty and slapped the leading man in the face with a fish. The bathing suit in "The Twins" is a bare-midriff number in midnight blue. Between scenes, she spent her time swimming in the set pool. Is very good at it.

Metro's waiting to see if any special style in clothes or hats catches on as strongly as the Empress Eugenie hats, the pill box lids or polo coats. (All made popular by Garbo in previous pictures.)

Flato, the jeweler, loaned the Studio $500,000 worth of beautifully set diamonds. One of the "extras" working at all times was a special detective. Garbo loves jewelry but just to look at—not to wear. She liked the feather-like diamond sprays best. Wears one of them perched against her hair at the temples; it quivers as she moves.

Those who had worked with and watched her say Garbo's secret of acting success is the "follow through" of her delivery. She doesn't speak a line of dialogue and let it go at that. There's an intangible something in the air when she finishes speaking—a projection of her personality and the thought behind the words that's caught up by whomever she's addressing. She catches their reply on the bounce, delivers her next line and so establishes a rhythm that lifts any scene right out of a rut.

The mood of the picture always sets the mood for her between scenes. Because this one is comedy, she was very gay most of the time. She really comes to life, though, when she gets in front of the camera. All shyness, hesitation, self-consciousness is gone. As long as that lens is trained on her, no necessary emotion is held back. She says "The minute I begin a scene, I forget all about the camera." All she remembers is that it's there.

An apparently untraceable buzzing noise on the sound track turned out to be made by Garbo's electric fruit and vegetable mixer. (Keeps it in her dressing room and whips up glasses of carrot and beet juice à la Dr. Hauser for quick energy between scenes).

Greta's nickname in Sweden was Keta. Once changed her real name, Greta Gustaffson, to Gussie Berger.

Director Cukor has worked with Greta on one other picture—"Camille."

It took Greta exactly 20 minutes to learn one dance routine that most professionals couldn't have mastered in an hour.

"The Twins" is a tentative title. M-G-M was toying with the idea of releasing it as "The Garbo Picture." May still do it.

Bob Sterling, one of Greta's pursuers in the picture, shoots nine holes of golf before going to work every morning. Real name is Hart. When he was playing his first leading role (in the re-make of "Bad Girl" for Fox), he discovered the electricians were making twice as much as he. Almost decided he was in the wrong end of the business. Is six feet, one and a half inches, weighs 180, has brown hair, blue eyes.

Garbo had such a good time working with Melvyn Douglas in "Ninotchka," she asked for him for this one. Melvyn rumbad with Garbo during the day. dashed home, gathered up wife Helen and rushed down to the Cocoanut Grove to practice the steps he'd learned during the day by teaching them to Mrs. D

GARBO'S TWINS
STORY

(*Continued from page 51*)

elegant Schiaparelli number after the other, and inevitably he proposed, promising to divorce his plain little country wife.

He whipped up to Snow Lodge to tell her, giving "Katherine" just enough time to deglamorize and get back into her Karin routine. When Larry arrived, she was waiting for him, looking cool and chaste and faithful—an oasis after the feverish excitement that was Katherine. He not only couldn't bring himself to mention the divorce but found himself loving her all over again!

The next morning, however, he had reached a decision. He told Karin he couldn't live without her, but neither could he do without the stimulation, the headiness of Katherine. He proposed a variation on the design for living theme, saying his dual nature required both of them to make him happy. Karin was just on the verge of storming out of the room and out of his life forever, when O. O. and Miss Ellis barged in, followed by Griselda, who was triumphantly shrieking the news that there was no such person as Katherine—she and Karin were one and the same! Larry looked around for his little chameleon of a wife, but she had fled on her skis. He was after her, groping his amateurish way along the dangerous path. Gradually, he picked up speed and hurtled past her completely out of control. The lake was dead ahead and he crashed through the ice and disappeared.

Naturally, Karin rushed to get him out, and once he was safe and sound, she let him deluge her with a thousand icy kisses. "Everything will be swell now," he whispered incoherently between chattering teeth—"Because no matter which one I fall in love with—Karin or Katherine—for the rest of my life, it's bound to be one of you!"

GIVE YOURSELF THE LOVE TEST

(*Continued from page 43*)

at home, turn your energies to War Relief projects—in short, so fill the time that you have the feeling you are working *with* him as well as *for* your country while you are waiting for him to come back?

"If the former is your attitude, you are not in love with him. If the latter, you may well be."

(Madeleine, by the way, practises what she preaches. Upon completion of her last picture, "Bahama Passage," with Stirling Hayden, she left immediately for Canada for a two months stay, in order to be there when Richard de la Rozière is in port.)

"Or suppose he is working on some defense project in the home town," Madeleine was continuing. "Suppose he doesn't call you every night. Are you petulant? Feel neglected? Or do you figure there may be a good reason? Do you tell yourself that perhaps what he is doing is a part of something so tremendous and significant that even love is temporarily dwarfed?

"Depending on the answers you can make to these questions depends the quality of your love for him.

"Still another factor in the test is this: When he is with you for an evening, are you willing to spend the evening *his* way? This is really a definitive part of the test because it proves two things, (a) whether you are genuinely self-forgetful when you are with him and (b) whether you have interests in common. Because you are going to need interests in common, basic ones, at any rate, if you expect to share your life with a man.

"When I say 'basic ones' I mean—well, permit me to use myself as an example: yachting is a hobby with me. I was once a crack hockey player at the University in England. Now, it is not necessary to me that the man I love share my enthusiasm for yachting or hockey. These are superficial things. But

Hoss opera heart throb, Lynn Merrick's in Republic's "Apache Kid."

Maureen O'Hara appearing in 20th Century-Fox hit, "How Green Was My Valley". The favorite way to charming hands —use Jergens Lotion!

"LOVE can be strong and Beautiful when Hands are silken-soft," says MAUREEN O'HARA

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JUST TRY AND DO HOUSEWORK AND HAVE SILKEN-SOFT HANDS!
I'VE MANAGED FOR YEARS, DEAR, WITH HELP OF JERGENS LOTION. JERGENS TENDS YOUR HAND SKIN WITH BEAUTY-GIVING MOISTURE.
WELL, ANNE BEGAN RIGHT AWAY TO USE JERGENS LOTION AND NOT LONG AFTER:
TO THINK THESE DARLING SOFT HANDS KEEP HOUSE FOR ME!

Have almost professional soft-hand care . . . so easily

Rough, coarse hands say you're careless about yourself. Because people know—by using Jergens Lotion, you can easily have delightful hands. Yes! Jergens Lotion tends your hand skin with 2 special ingredients many doctors rely on to help rough skin to heavenly smoothness. Quick to use—never sticky. Regular use helps *prevent* dismal roughness and chapping. 50¢, $1.00; introductory sizes 10¢, 25¢. Soon have "darling soft hands"; start now to use Jergens Lotion.

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All morning I'd been simply SKATING through the stores—shopping. My face felt like a mask—dirty, shiny!

Mary—what'll I do? I've a lunch date with Jack in 2 minutes. How can I spruce up my face? I must do something.

Use a Coolies pad! Coolies are complexion life-savers. Practically give you a facial in 1 minute—and so refreshing!

Oh, perfect! See the dirt, stale make-up and shine come off. Why didn't somebody tell me about Coolies before!

"Darling," said Jack, "you must have been at the beauty parlor this morning. Your complexion looks as if you were 6!"

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—making pictures is a passion with me. Reading and music are deep needs of mine. The man I love would need to share my enthusiasm for pictures, my love of books and music. I adore walking along the beach, barefoot. He would have to love that, too. Why on earth should a man have to love walking barefoot along a beach, you're wondering? I'll tell you why: because it is my love of the sea that makes me do it, that makes me live always by the sea. It is a wildness in my nature that must be mated with the same elemental thing in a man.

BUT to get back to the willingness to spend an evening as a man wants to spend it: for myself, I detest going to night clubs. Yet when Captain de la Rozière is in town, I know he enjoys doing just this because his job of ferrying bombers is a lonely one. A dangerous, dark one. And his reaction, when he is off duty is, reasonably enough, a craving for bright lights, wine and music. It is a need in him which I feel I understand. And it is *very* important that we sense the needs of those we love.

"Another thing I have always loathed is bowling! Richard loves it, and I find myself enjoying a bowling alley when I am with him. I wouldn't enjoy bowling with anyone else alive.

"I'm not saying that girls should be doormats for men, trotting at the male beck and call whether they like it or not. But I am saying that if you can sense what is a real need in one you love and can enjoy meeting that need, it is love. And this, like all the experiences of love, must be a mutual thing, as true for the man as for the woman.

"There is another very fundamental question which must be included in the love test. It is this: Ask yourself, 'Would I want this man to be the father of my children?' Be absolutely honest on this.

"Personally, I know of only two men I have ever met of whom I could bear to think as the father of my children. One is Captain Astley, who was my husband. The other is de la Rozière, who may become my husband.

"I know girls are apt to think that jealousy is flattering . . . they think it means a man is mad about them, possessive, passionate, all the flaming things. It doesn't, really. Jealousy is a vile, awful thing. In the first place, if you try to make a man jealous, or vice versa, it means you are trying to hurt one another. You do not hurt the thing you love.

"Jealousy is lack of trust. It is lack of faith in the integrity of the one you 'love.' It means you have no confidence in him and none in your own desirability or worth.

"So, when you are making your test, ask yourself, 'Am I jealous of the man I love? Is he jealous of me?' If the answer to these questions is 'yes,' you are not in love with him. He is not in love with you. It is infatuation you feel or hunger. But hunger is not love. It is far more enduring, a much more discriminating instinct.

"Which brings me to the most important point I want to make in outlining this test. It is this: Girls and boys, too, should be brought up to expect physical attraction. They should be taught that they will feel bodily urges, time and time again, and sometimes for completely unworthy and unsuitable objects.

"Don't you suppose I have felt it? Many times? Of course I have. Working, as I do, with the most physically attractive men in the world—the Boyers, Haydens, MacMurrays, Flynns, Powers—how could I not feel attracted to some of them, at times? Men and women are made of flesh and blood and animal instincts. Put attractive men and beautiful women together in close proximity with common interests, with—" Madeleine lifted silken brows over laughing eyes, "with *love scenes* to do," she said, "and—what can you expect? Exactly!

"But I have learned to distinguish between the transient urge of the blood and the lasting compulsion of love. I no longer think that every time a man stirs my pulse, it is love I feel.

"Because just as it is true that men and women are made of flesh and blood, have animal instincts, it is equally true that we have minds and souls and spiritual impulses. And *both* must be satisfied if we are to call what we feel by the name of love.

"So here is a very definite question to ask yourselves when you are attracted to a man: 'Would I *like* this man if I did not *love* him?'

ASK yourselves whether you are crazy about him only when he is making love to you. Ask yourself whether you would be interested in talking with him if he never made love to you again. Would you enjoy his mind as well as his love-making?

"Upon the honest answer to these questions rests the score you are adding up in the case of love versus infatuation.

"Another part of the test is to go out with other men when you think you are in love with one man. I have tried this on myself, often, and it works. I mean, if I go out with other men and find that I can be very gay, charming, have a wonderful time, it is not likely to be love I am feeling for the absent male. But if, running like a low refrain, haunting and persistent throughout the evening, is the thought, I wonder where he is now? I wonder what he is doing—

"This may seem superficial, but it is one of the surest tests. And it is based on a sound premise. Because to *share things*, especially wonderful times, thrilling adventures, glamorous experiences . . . champagne and moonlight and music, with the beloved . . . that should be one of the necessities of love.

"'Do I put on an act for a man?' is another question it will profit you to ask yourselves. We all of us know, if we're honest with ourselves, when we are putting on an act. If you are, girls, you are not in love. Because love, being one of the fundamental emotions, as I cannot repeat too often, is honest. True love IS reality. You cannot be unreal about it.

"Remember one thing more: You always think it is love at first! That is Dame Nature's canny way of trapping us. So before donning the orange blossoms and veil, give yourself this love test as I've outlined it below. It may take a little time for you to do it carefully and conscientiously, but do take it. I am!"

Am I trusting and understanding if he doesn't call every night?

Do we share basic interests in common?

Am I willing to spend the evening *his* way?

Would I want him to be the father of my children?

Would I like him if I were not in love with him?

When I'm with other men, do I keep wishing I were with him?

Am I completely myself with him?

How to score: All yeses, true love; one no, infatuation which may deepen into love; more than one no, passing fancy which will never amount to anything.

UP AND CUMMINGS

(Continued from page 29)

really liked was work with my hands. I was taking all the high school manual training, auto shop, mechanical drawing and stuff they'd let me take. After that plane ride, I knew I had to learn to fly myself. But that was against doctor's orders."

His dad didn't see any sense in raising a healthy son and having him end up in a heap of broken bones. And if anything ever looked like death traps it was those faltering fuselages of the early twenties. The paternal answer was no. But Mrs. Cummings, remember, had seen Orville Wright fly. "Mother slipped me the money for flying lessons," Bob reveals. "I soloed in three hours. The next thing I knew I was buying a plane. I didn't have any money—but that didn't make a bit of difference."

THE old J-5 Travelair that Bob and two other air-minded young promoters dug up cost $600. "Six hundred dollars worth of promises," explains Bob. It cracked up still unpaid for. Bob wasn't in the wreck, and the pal who was, got off with scratches. By the time the trio had worked out the debt, Bob's high school days were over, and he was headed for Carnegie Tech and a mechanical engineering degree. As a freshman in Tech he knew more about flying crates than some of the instructors. And from personal experience. He used to disappear from the campus on week-ends and show up at a commercial field in Pittsburgh clutching the remains of his collegiate allowance. What the rest of Carnegie's Joe Colleges spent on heavy dates and beer busts, Bob plunked on sky sprees in the new jobs designers were turning out. He never missed a model.

"Later on in New York," relates Bob, deserting his sandwich for the interesting subject, "when I was experimenting on the wearing qualities of four-dollar shoes and the nutritious merits of the Automat, I used to swear off flying each week like a drunkard. Then, when I ought to have invested in a square meal or a new shirt, I'd go over to Long Island and blow my couple of bucks just to handle the controls of some beauty I saw parked on the air field. I couldn't help it.

"I'm not posing as any prophet," he says, "but I had a theory, even as a college kid, that the future of America was in the air. I wasn't the only one either. There were hundreds of air-minded kids like myself scattered all over the land just begging for a chance to get going in the air. But it was expensive, and nobody in Washington seemed to look on popular aviation as anything but a country club lark. Gosh!"

You might be wondering just how C. Robert O. Cummings ever ditched the real stuff to soar in artistic flights of the drama. I ask him, and he comes back like this:

"Did you ever hear of the Depression?"

When he finally copped his degree from Carnegie, budding engineers were what big business had much too much of. There was a future in aviation—but that's where it was—in the future. The nice checks Bob had been getting from home had to stop because his father fell permanently ill. Not only did the youth Cummings have to make a career and a living, but he faced the possibility of being grounded unless he figured a way to dig up some funds.

He was hammering together some sets

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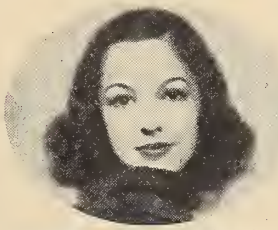
Jean Bjorn, Nassau teacher, holds all partners entranced by her exquisite daintiness.



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for a college play one day when the leading man stubbed his toe or something, and they hauled Bob down from the rafters to fill in. When the show was over, the director said, "Cummings, you're darned good! You ought to take a crack at Broadway. I understand they can use a few leading men."

"Acting!" cried Bob as if someone had handed him a hotfoot. "Not for me—that's sissy stuff!"

"Maybe so," said the director, "but there's real dough in it."

THERE wasn't much in it for Robert Cummings, though. Not enough to keep him flying at first. Not until he pulled the fabulous hoax that Broadway still talks about, sailed to England and came back with a veddy, veddy British accent and a couple of phony names like Blade Stanhope Conway and Brice Hutchens. That got him some jobs in an era when an Oxford slur was all the Broadway rage and started him off on the business of being a professional poser.

"But the funny part is," Bob is confessing, "I never looked on acting as a permanent thing. I always thought I was just making some easy hay—even when I got into some good shows like the Follies and cashed checks such as I'd never seen before. It was even that way when I came to Hollywood. My real ambition was to be transport pilot."

Not that Cummings didn't give acting all he had. Bob gives everything he does all he has and then some. Nobody has plugged more for himself or performed more theatrical nip-ups to get along. He pulled a brash hoax with a sugar-molasses Texas twang on King Vidor to get his first Hollywood camera chance in "So Red the Rose" when it looked as if he'd have to hop a freight back to New York with his wife and family. He's improved himself conscientiously and thoroughly as an actor all along the way. It shows in his work.

But in Bob's ranch home today for every tome on the art of the drama (and there aren't too many), there are fifty big volumes on aeronautics, navigation, military tactics of the air, aviation engines, aerodynamics, the theory and practice of this and that. They clutter up the place.

A guy as crate-happy as that was bound to get whatever he wanted in the air. Bob got his transport license at last, and it was okay with him to quit the glamour of Broadway and start herding an airliner.

He was doing all right in Manhattan at the time, too—playing the lead in Earl Carroll's Vanities and doubling in radio shows. But he put in his application for a pilot's job. There was a slight hitch—there weren't any jobs. He heard Southern California was the air center of the future—they'd just held the National Air Races there—and so, what do you think? —uh-huh, Bob came right on out to Hollywood.

Now, it's best to skip the early artistic saga of Cummings in Movieland. But on the aviation side—that's different.

IN HIS spare time—and Bob had plenty of that—he hung around Mines Field in Los Angeles. Pretty soon he had some pals, one especially named Peterson, whom Bob thinks is about as good in the air as they come. Peterson is now chief inspector for the Aeronautical Service so maybe he's right. Anyway, they got together and decided what Southern California needed was another flying school. The Peterson Flying Service resulted with Bob as a partner. They contracted for six planes and enrolled a flock of students. Bob secured the first instructor's rating ever put on a private license, and things were set to go. Only—there wasn't any money.

"I would hate to say that my first movie check vanished in thin air," grins Bob. "But you can guess what did happen."

The Peterson Flying Service is extinct now, but it has some kind of a record. From it sprang three flying clubs (still alive and kicking and founded by Bob Cummings). And not one Peterson stu-

Bart Marshall lost a foot last war. This time, he's minding the home front. You'll see him as Shirley Temple's dad in "Girl on the Hill."

dent, many of whom are winging around for Uncle Sam today, ever cracked up or had a minor mishap. Bob Cummings is twice as proud of that as he could be of an Academy Oscar. And that brings us to Art versus Aviation.

Movie Hollywood has never handed Bob Cummings too much fun, fortune or even fame until just recently. It's almost unbelievable, but he made nineteen pictures at Paramount on his first studio contract, and still when he got the pink slip there, hardly anyone knew who he was. They were still "discovering" Robert Cummings when he showed up with Deanna Durbin at Universal in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." They discovered him the other day with Jean Arthur in "The Devil and Miss Jones." They'll probably discover him all over again in "Kings Row."

"In my first pictures," he remembers, "I was always a young kid about to go over the top and get killed or a kid who didn't have the guts to go over the top or who went over and ran back. When the weakling-in-an-awful-spot era passed, I became Mr. Cute Kid, gay, flippant and pretty obnoxious, I'm afraid."

THIS sort of thing depressed him, and the mysterious ways of Hollywood further balled up his enthusiasm for being a great star. He believes he's been consistently under-rated and held down at Universal. His own bosses told Sam Wood Bob couldn't possibly do "The Devil and Miss Jones" until Wood called him over and asked his personal opinion. "Can you handle the emotional scenes?"

"Sure," said Bob, "I know I can."

"All right," Wood replied, "if you know you can, you can. That's the only opinion I'm interested in."

What Sam Wood thinks about Robert Cummings now is pretty easily proved by the fact that Wood postponed "Kings Row" for five weeks waiting for him to star in the sensitive part of "Parris Mitchell," written especially for Tyrone Power. But Wood apparently thinks Bob is a better actor than Ty.

These things please Bob Cummings, of course, but they don't especially thrill him right now. For one thing, work is ganging up on him, and he's exhausted. He has made six pictures since the first of the year and that's almost one a month. He tells me:

"I feel like a six-day bicycle rider at this point. I'm pedalling back and forth between 'It Started with Adam' and 'Kings Row.' Lines of dialogue are chasing themselves around in circles in my brain. Half the time I don't know which way's South or what time it is. I haven't had my plane off the ground in weeks."

Which is serious to Bob Cummings. Much more serious than the fact that the Hollywood society columns pass him by, and the gossip tidbits gleaned at gay movie night spots and plush parties seldom include his name. He just doesn't go in for that. His life is rather a closed corporation and a harmonious, happy one with his dainty blonde wife, formerly Vivian Janis. They met when both trouped with the Ziegfeld Follies, and they've lived happily ever after. Vivian flies the Cummings' Cessna cabin job, Spinach III, and helps Bob navigate on their cross-country trips.

For a long time Bob and Vivian had a house in the unfashionable part of old Hollywood and would probably be there yet if the place hadn't got to be a stop on the rubberneck bus tours.

"I didn't mind that so much," laughs Bob, "but when they got out, looked in at the window while I ate my breakfast

"My Mom's a Modern!"...

MY MOM knows the answers . . . and tells 'em to me! She's a good sport . . . that's what makes it so swell!

For instance, a fancy new hair-do wouldn't stop her from taking a quick trip on a toboggan with the crowd. And she can skate circles and figure-eights around me any winter day!

When the big holiday doings come up, Mom spends hours helping me pull myself together . . . fixing me up from nails to nylons so I can't help but click.

She taught me the trick of never missing any fun that's coming my way, too — even on those trying days of the month.

You see, Mom took me in hand early . . . told me about Kotex sanitary napkins. How Kotex is *more* comfortable because it's *less bulky* . . . *less* apt to rub and chafe.

She doesn't just dish things out in headlines!

It was Mom who put me wise to the fact that Kotex has a moisture-resistant "safety shield" and flat, pressed ends (they mean a lot to a girl's confidence in these days of bias-cut clothes). I always know my secret is safe with Kotex.

Of course, Kotex in 3 different sizes — Junior, Regular, and Super — is swell. To me they're just like play-suits, date dresses and formals: each one suits a different day's needs — perfectly.

But I was talking about Mom. She's a modern like me . . . isn't she a peach?

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(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

and commented on my table manners, I decided it was time to move!"

He lives now on a ranch in Van Nuys surrounded by dogs, chickens, ducks, walnuts, oranges, berries, beans and all sorts of things agricultural. He has just built his mother a house on the property, which, I might add, is just a hop, step and jump from Hollywood's United Airport. It would be.

For Bob Cummings' body may be on a picture set, but his heart and head are still in the clouds—the real variety. So are his bad habits, by the way. Bob smoked like a furnace until he started specializing in high altitude flights with an oxygen tank. After breathing the vital gas in high heaven, he found a cigarette tasted like cabbage when he came down. He had no desire to smoke and hasn't for a couple of years. He tried the cure on his wife and older brother, and it worked there, too. Now Bob is almost as bad as an anti-tobacco crusader about taking a high ride and dropping the weed.

Matter of fact, he's a steady crusader for aviation in all departments. As I said, many of Uncle Sam's flyers owe their start to Bob Cummings today. He got his lawyer brother interested in flying, and he's Lieutenant Colonel and judge advocate in the Air Corps Reserve. The Cummings are great pals of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul. The other day Bob whipped the newlyweds down to San Diego for Deanna's first ride. On the way she remembered, "Oh, heavens!" gasped Deanna. "This is against the law!"

"Against what law?" inquired pilot Bob.

"It's in my contract that I can't go up in a plane," confessed Deanna.

"Then it's a silly contract," observed Cummings scornfully, giving the throttle the gun. "We'll just rise above it."

Bob himself had a brief scuffle with studio notions like that and not long ago. He has been getting himself as fit as possible for army duty, which means he has to qualify for complete instrument rating to fly anything like a bomber. Before he herded the twin-engine bombers to Canada, a Canadian Royal Air Force inspector had to check up on him, because bomber pilots are supposed to have 2,000 hours of army flying. One trip around the field with Bob, though, and he signalled "Okay."

Just the same, for Uncle Sam, Bob is boning up on all sorts of night studies and instrument flying when he can get a few hours to run out to the airport. "I've put myself on unlimited call," Bob informs, "which means they might call me tomorrow and I'd go—right now."

But all this flying started giving Universal the jitters recently. They called Bob in and suggested he stop it. "We'd like to write a 'no-flying' clause in your contract," they began.

"That's a swell idea," Bob said. "Why don't you write one with Hitler, too?"

PAL GEORGIE

(*Continued from page 53*)

has to tell a funny story or do a burlesque clog that he did for her when they first met, before they had teamed up and were still "from hunger" solo hoofers.

Nights when he comes back with a load of newspapers, magazines and comic books under his arm, he'll do a Fuller brush routine at the front door. Or pretend he's a census taker. Juliette Murphy, who is quick like a wink when it comes to gags, does a little gagging herself and finally lets him in. He brings her goofy gifts, an old edition of Godey's Ladies' Book one night, a weird and useless Rube Goldberg invention or maybe some leechee nuts. Once he brought her a cook book written in Russian.

"It belonged to the Czarina," he said proudly.

"I wonder if the Czarina would mind deciphering it," Juliette wanted to know.

You are not going to hear as you do about most of the Hollywood gentlefolk (thanks to pressure from the publicity department) that the Murphys are stay-at-homes who wouldn't step into Ciro's if impresario Billy Wilkerson presented them with a season pass.

They do step out and cut a rug or two every now and then. Inevitably there will come the moment when George will automatically start to slide into a fancy routine, one they did, say, in "Shoot the Works."

"Why, George!" Mrs. Murphy will say to him with mock surprise. "For free?"

Now and then they cut loose a bit, and the first thing you know they have the floor to themselves the while amateur patrons stand by awed and admiring.

Then, of course, there are the Murphy parties.

George and Juliette will have rocked along for a spell living the dinner-book-radio-bed routine when all of a sudden George will toss his copy of Life onto a table, jump up as if he had been slipped the old hot foot and yell:

"What do you say we throw a party tonight?"

Mrs. Murphy knows the symptoms only too well. Also that the malady is chronic and incurable. Being a philosopher, she will say:

"It's a swell idea."

Well, in ten minutes Georgie has rung up everyone in Hollywood who lives even remotely out his way. And strangely enough he gets amazing response, considering the fact that he insists that his guests come right over and never mind dressing. Once Ray Milland did exactly that and whipped over in Paisley pajamas toting a copy of "King's Row" which he had been reading when Murphy's ukase arrived. On hand were the Menjous, Cagneys, Frank Ross and his bride, Jean Arthur, Cesar Romero, Frank McHugh, the Roger Pryors, etc., etc.

At a party George Murphy shines like the star of Bethlehem on a Christmas tree. He is a trimmed-down male edition of Elsa Maxwell. What does that mean?

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Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls and smart, blonde coiffure are both glowingly lovely. Because of its delicate texture, particular care is needed to keep blonde hair from fading, darkening, losing attractiveness. That's why smart blondes throughout the country use BLONDEX, the new 11-minute home shampoo made specially for blondes. It removes dull, dingy film and brings out every glorious highlight. Absolutely safe even for children's hair. To give hair beautiful lustre and radiance, top off shampoo with Blondex Golden Rinse. Can be used on all shades of blonde hair. Both cost but a few pennies to use. Get Blondex Shampoo and Golden Rinse at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

MODERN SCREEN COMES THROUGH AGAIN!

This time with an exclusive letter from our English correspondent, chock-full of first-hand news about your old friends Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Dick Greene and Dave Niven! In our January issue, on sale December first. Don't miss it!

He starts off as host, turns emcee and winds up as the triple-threat chief performer. He sings wheezy songs that go back to 1902 before he was born, sings them for laughs; Cagney, Montgomery and Pryor joining him in a barber shop quartet. He goes through an ad-lib routine of patter, ranging from tent-show spiels to the type of stuff Bob Hope rattles off (courtesy of some very clever Paramount script-writers). And, of course, he does some fancy hoofing and all of it spur-of-the-moment stuff. Occasionally, Cesar Romero will hop up and go into a duet with George. Lord knows how they do it, but they manage to reel off some hilarious and impromptu take-offs of Veloz and Yolanda, the De Marcos and even a pair of ballerinas. Veterans of the Murphy parties arrive home exhausted: it's a case of guest-participation with a vengeance.

Mostly Friday night is Stag Night for Murphy and the boys. They leave their wives at home (being smart wives, they have banded together for these occasions and take turns in entertaining in the absence of their spouses, at bridge, backgammon, etc.) and truck on out to the Stadium fights. Cagney sits back quietly and watches the matches as calmly as a professor. Bob Montgomery is amused. Murphy is excited. He invariably cheers lustily for the loser.

Fights over, they pile into somebody's station wagon and head for Dave Chasen's, which, by the time they arrive, will be packed with the Friday-night habitués, Mickey Rooney, Jack Warner, Preston Sturges, etc. They will settle down in their favorite corner, North by East, order up potions and get to gabbing. Maybe Phil Regan will join them. Or George Raft and Killer Gray. Or Burgess Meredith with a blonde on each arm. Irishmen manage to predominate, which makes it just ducky for Cagney, who is an authority on Irish history and owns a magnificent library on the subject. When Professor Cagney speaks, the boys have to stop rattling the ice in their glasses in order to hear him. He talks low and slow. But brilliantly. Somehow when he's holding forth on his favorite subject, Geraldine Fitzgerald and her Irish husband, Edward Lindsay-Hogg, will drop in out of nowhere.

From ga-ga to gags, Bob thumbnails the Hope the world knows in "They Got Me Covered," his autobiography. First chapter's entitled, "I Was Born; or, It Could Happen to Anyone."

Nowhere is Pal Georgie more in his element than on the golf course. The most popular member of the Lakeside Country Club, he is that rarity of rarities, a golfer who gets a big kick out of it whether he shoots a 90 or a 190.

"Can you do a buck and wing?" he demands of Adolphe Menjou or Frank Craven, both good golfers, when they hoot at him for dubbing a drive.

Held down to an allowance of $40 a week by his agent, he doesn't have very much money to gamble. A dollar a hole is his absolute top.

"For marbles!" Bob Hope says in good-natured derision.

It's after the game when Murphy and party trudge back into the clubhouse that you get a glimpse of his popularity. Weissmuller gives him the Tarzan yell. Bing Crosby hails him with a tongue-twisting greeting (the same kind of formidable talk he uses on the air). O'Brien will call him over to tell him a new joke. The shine boy cuts loose with a spot of soft shoe dancing. Murphy goes into the dance with him and in a few seconds they're really going to town. Even the boys engaged in a little poker-playing leave the table to watch. Waiters stop in their tracks.

"A Gaelic beatitude, this fellow Murphy," says tribute-paying chum, Bing Crosby, "a benefactor of all humanity."

First and Only CANDY served the "Quints"!

UM-M-M! You'll agree with the "Quints" and millions of Americans that Baby Ruth is candy at its finest! You'll love the luscious, velvety-smooth coating, the chewy caramel and tasty opera cream center, the abundance of golden, freshly roasted peanuts which make up this great candy bar. Baby Ruth is *good food* — good for you. Its ingredients are all pure, wholesome foods—nourishing and delicious. Enjoy a big bar of Baby Ruth *today!*

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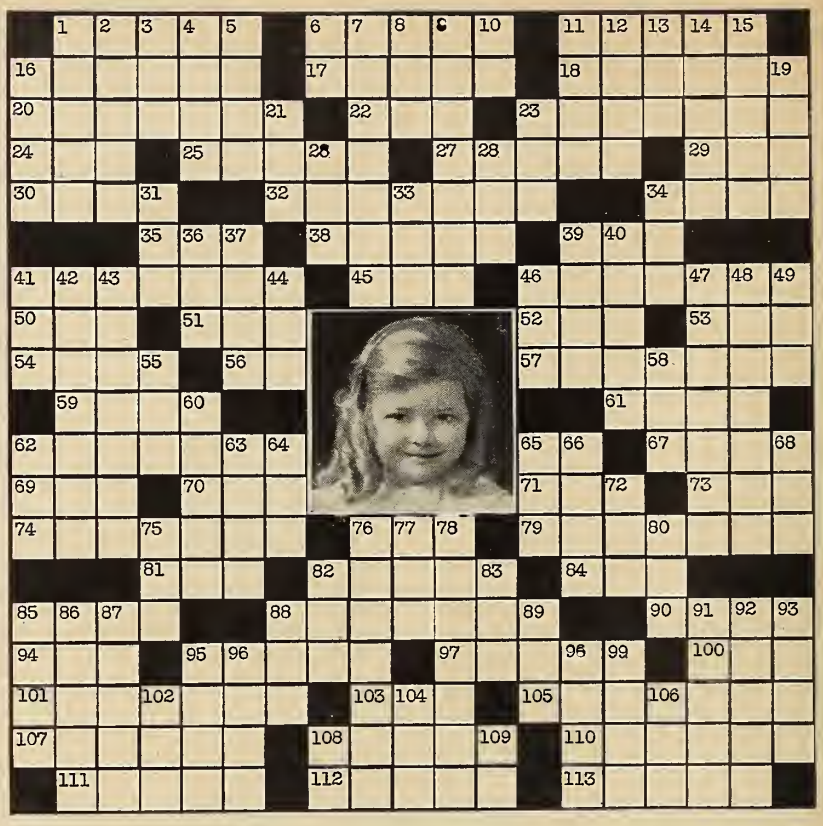
OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 101

ACROSS

1. Custer in "They Died With Their Boots On"
6. Cary Grant's real name
11. Bitter herbs
16. "Information - - - - -"
17. - - - - - Jones
18. Femme in "Cadet Girl"
20. Romantic lead in "Charley's Aunt"
22. Auditory organ
23. With Shirley in "Kathleen"
24. Small mound
25. Femme in "They Met In A Taxi"
27. Present in "Tarzan" films
29. Light brown
30. Heraldry: grafted
32. Secretary in "Ellery Queen" series
34. "- - - Woman Is Mine"
35. Star of "Nothing But The Truth"
38. Stupid person
39. Disfigure
41. Star of "Skylark"
45. Kath - - - Grayson
46. Marian in "The Hardy Family"
50. Comic in "Hellzapoppin'"
51. Star of "Nevada City"
52. Juvenile in "New York Story"
53. Man's name
54. Nests
56. Medico
57. Girl in "Barnacle Bill"
59. Beauty in "The Pittsburgh Kid"
61. A Shirley Temple toy
62. Singer in "Week-End In Havana"
65. Accomplish
67. Persian monetary unit
69. Republic's little singer
70. "- - - Wife"
71. Shade tree
73. Scotch for "one"
74. Gratifies
76. Rod
79. Traditions
81. Where movies are filmed
82. Home of movies: abbr.
84. "The Bride C - - - C. O. D."
85. Mr. Summerville
88. Large water bird
90. Prevaricator
94. She's in "Under Age"
95. - - - - - Cregar
97. "Dr. Kildare"
100. "That Night In - - -"
101. "The Land Of Liberty"
103. Armed conflict
105. Bowmen
107. Last name of 46 Across
108. Wife in "Blood And Sand"
110. "Andy Hardy"
111. Father of "The Hardy Family"
112. Edible bulb
113. What "Champion" is

DOWN

1. Femme in "The Parson Of Panamint"
2. Lease again
3. Claude - - - ns
4. Greek mountain
5. Daniel Boone in "Hurry, Charlie, Hurry"
6. Spanish article
7. Marilyn in "Lady Be Good"
8. Wing
9. Doctor in "Hold That Ghost"
10. Jo - - Litel
11. Opposite "Lydia"
12. "Anne of Windy Pop - - - -"
13. Miss Munson
14. - - - - - Fellows
15. Biblical mountain
16. Short subjects' commentator
19. Japanese coins
21. Nothing
23. Star in "Love Crazy"
26. Colonel in "Arizona Bound"
28. Actor in "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde"
31. Recede
33. Arid
34. Three: prefix
36. Above: poet.
37. - - - - Crawford
39. Nothing but
40. Pungent
41. Against
42. Opposite "That Hamilton Woman"
43. Male lead in "Puddin' Head"
44. Norse god of war
46. Glamorous Elsie is this
47. Singer in "Dancing On A Dime"
48. Geraldine Fitzgerald's homeland
49. Swiss river
55. Talented girl in "Ladies In Retirement"
58. Beetle
60. Positive terminal
62. Member of Legislative Assembly: abbr.
63. Composition for two performers
64. "- - - Gratia Artis"
65. Director Roy - - - Ruth
66. Genus of olive
68. Joan - - - lie
72. Our star's studio
75. Doctrine
76. Husband of 46 Across
77. "- - - Baba Goes To Town"
78. Ace screen villain
80. Elongated fish
82. "That - - - tain Age"
83. Girl's name
85. Easy task
86. Tibetan monks
87. Inactive
88. Bergman's daughter
89. Extinct government code
91. She's grand in "Unfinished Business"
92. Ventilated
93. Blooming
95. Legal claim
96. Land measure
98. Blunders
99. "- - - land Yard"
102. Anne Sbirley's studio
104. Cuckoo
106. Garden implement
108. Behold
109. Article

OOMPH FOR SALE

(Continued from page 36)

place to go in search of ballyhoo was the studio publicity department. "The press agents asked me if I had any violent objections to leg art. I said no. That was one thing I *wasn't* shy about, thanks to my background as a dancer. Willing subjects, they said, were hard for photographers to find."

Her first break in Life magazine was a bathing suit shot. And because she was so co-operative about posing, that magazine has since given her a half-dozen breaks and pictured her on the cover twice!

"But please don't get the idea," she went on quickly, "that I confined myself *exclusively* to leg art. I posed for layouts showing beauty treatments, the home life of a starlet and then 'how not to behave in a night club.' But," she admitted frankly, "the shots in bathing suits were what started the publicity ball rolling."

AND what set it catapulting?

"The studio," confided Rita, "had an idea that was a flash of genius. They said, 'Every time you hear of a best-dressed woman in Hollywood, she's always a star. Why don't we try something new—give *you* a build-up as the best-dressed starlet?'

"Even before the fashion build-up started, Eddie and I realized the importance of always looking well-groomed in private life. That was how I got my first real break. After I acquired one $500 outfit, we went to the Clover Club, figuring that there would be more people there than anywhere else. At a nearby table sat Harry Cohn, head of Columbia, and Howard Hawks, who was going to direct 'Only Angels Have Wings.' I didn't know it, but Mr. Hawks was still looking for a girl to play Cary Grant's ex-wife. Even though he'd never seen me before, he said, 'That girl could play the part.'"

That role in "Only Angels Have Wings" meant a lot to Rita, but it didn't mean much to the public. She was on the screen for only about two scenes. And yet the public interest in her kept mounting steadily. There was only one explanation: Publicity.

"Eddie and I really went all-out in our campaign, invested $15,000 in clothes and made a practice of night-clubbing every Saturday night. The photographers took my picture. Columnists became Hayworth-conscious. People mentioned me in the same breath with stars.

"A couple of magazines asked me to pose for covers—space usually reserved for stars—and I did a few big billboard ads. A national picture magazine heard about the $15,000 wardrobe and covered a picture-story on it, calling me the best-dressed *star!*"

What single publicity stunt had paid the biggest dividends?

Quick as a flash, she said: "The time I put on the $250,000 pearl dress. No other publicity stunt in 1940 got the space that that did. Maybe you remember the dress. It was made of 40,000 pearls of seven different sizes—as an ad for the Imperial Pearl Syndicate. It weighed thirty pounds. It took fifteen dressmakers six weeks to make it. And at least fifteen guards surrounded it every time it was put on exhibition.

"The fashion editor of Columbia heard that I. Magnin and Company was going to show it here. She gave Magnin's a

"My Husband fell out of Love"

How a wife overcame the

"ONE NEGLECT"

that often wrecks romance

I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT when Paul's love began to cool.

We'd been so gloriously happy at first. . . . But now he treated me as if . . . as if there were a physical barrier between us.

Finally I went to our family doctor and explained the whole situation frankly. "Your marriage problem is quite a common one," he told me.

"Psychiatrists say the cause is often the wife's neglect of feminine hygiene. That's one fault a husband may find it hard to mention—or forgive.

"In cases like yours," the doctor went on, "I recommend Lysol for intimate personal care. It's cleansing and deodorizing, and even more important—Lysol solution kills millions of germs on instant contact, without harm to sensitive tissues."

I bought a bottle of Lysol right away. I find it gentle and soothing, easy to use. Economical, too.

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Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

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sales talk about having me model it—me, instead of Hedy Lamarr or Ann Sheridan or Dorothy Lamour or someone else better known than I was. I'll never know how she managed that. And I didn't know she *had* managed it—I hadn't even heard about the dress—until I had a frantic phone call from her. I was at Catalina on a yacht, when she finally caught up with me.

"This was Monday noon. 'I've been trying to reach you since Friday,' she gasped, and told me about the dress, and how she had promised I would model it for newspapermen on Monday afternoon and for photographers on Tuesday. Only how was I going to get back to town in time? There wasn't a plane reservation to be had. I camped at the seaplane landing, hoping against hope that someone would cancel out. Finally, at 3 o'clock, someone did. The fashion editor had gray hair by the time I arrived—but I did get there.

"The real ordeal, though, came on Tuesday. I stood in that dress from 4 to 7, posing for each photograper in turn. One photographer, for a national magazine, had been promised an exclusive shot showing me being helped into the dress. (The way I got into it, by the way, was to sit on the floor and then rise by degrees as two women unrolled it, inch by inch, down over me.) It took a little doing to give him his exclusive shot. They smuggled him into the ladies' lounge, where his competitors wouldn't look for him, then escorted me there to pose for him. And all the while the matron was wringing her hands and moaning, 'Dear, dear, this is against the rules!' "

Couldn't she have made life simpler for herself by refusing to pose for three solid hours in a thirty-pound dress?

Rita smiled for the umpteenth time during our interview. "I loved it. *Any* time photographers gang up on me, I love it. And why shouldn't I? It's part of my business, my career, isn't it, now?"

ADONIS ON WHEELS

(*Continued from page 45*)

the speed at which Bob's craft was traveling, carelessly cut across his bow, threw a heavy wash into his tack, upended the Thunderbird and hurled him fifty feet into the air. And fifty feet later, he busted himself up like an isinglass Christmas apple. "For gosh sakes, don't tell Betzi," were his first post-coma words.

Betzi is his mother, Mrs. James Langford Stack, born a member of one of California's pioneer families, married into a family as highly placed and wealthy as her own. Today, mother of a son of twenty-five and Bob, she remains one of the most strikingly beautiful women of her time, one of her son's favorite dates.

Which brings us around to the matter of his romances. It is only natural that he should be pursued by goggle-eyed females with about as much gray matter between the ears as a golf trophy. But it isn't so natural that traveled women, older women, women as popular in their own right as he in his, should vie for his company. Yet they do.

Bob has been variously reported as engaged to about everyone from Olivia de Havilland to Miss May Robson, but he hasn't yet been engaged to anybody. One of his most publicized romances was with Deanna Durbin, but that wasn't any romance at all. Deanna married Vaughn Paul as she'd long intended to do, and that was that. In the meantime, Bob had been reported engaged to Miss Cobina Wright, Jr.

Engagement or not, it is a strong friendship. Their social backgrounds are more or less equal, they are both blonde, they are athletic and they are alive and vital young sophisticates. Today, Cobina probably is Bob's closest woman friend.

Not so long ago he was reported deeply interested in Olivia de Havilland. The rumors sent your reporter snooping about the better *boites* in an effort to turn up a gay romance, but, while there was some gaiety, there was absolutely no romance. It developed that Bob had been out with Olivia just once, at a Hollywood dinner party for a War Relief event.

Considering the fact that women find his company so desirable and are hardly modest about saying so, he spends an abnormally large amount of time with men. Al Jepson, mechanic for his boats and his racing automobile, and salty Ab Jenkins . . . both talk his language, which is speed and outdoors, and they make boon companions.

Another pal is William Orr, Hollywood

The lead in Odets' "They Clash by Night" is new plum for veteran Joseph Schildkraut, shown at the Hotel St. Moritz' Continental Cafe de la Paix.

actor who is nearer Bob's own age than his other companions. Orr is an outdoors citizen, too, fond of speed boats, automobiles, horses, skiing, fishing, hunting and flying. Whenever the pair are on layoff at the same time, they are together, but the exigencies of Hollywood life don't often permit this.

Bob also spends considerable time with his uncle, Richard Bonelli, the famous Metropolitan Opera Company baritone, who is married to his mother's sister.

Bob once advised Signor Bonelli against trying out the new Stack boat . . . the Flying Cloud. Signor Bonelli, himself a celebrated wrecker of feminine hearts not so many years ago, laughed politely. There wasn't a boat afloat, he said, that could scare him.

"Sail on, sailor," said the signor, breaking into "Sailing, Sailing, Over The Bounding Main," until his baritone voice undulated over the waters and charmed the pine trees and sequoias bowing appreciatively in the breeze. Off went the Flying Cloud, picking up a thirty-mile-an-hour gait almost instantly.

"Sailing, Sailing, Over The Bounding Main," ululated Signor Bonelli gaily.

The craft picked up more speed. The water churned behind her. The waves were slipping past at forty miles an hour. The gaiety in Signor Bonelli's voice ceased at forty. At forty-five Bob barely distinguished the notes. The Flying Cloud hit forty-nine and was still climbing.

SAILOR Beware, Sailor Take Care," sang the voice, with the gauge at fifty which is mighty close to a world record for a racing runabout. Finally, he croaked: "Many Brave Hearts Lie Asleep in the Deep-uh-uh." And that was all. Signor Bonelli had found dubious sanctuary in the bottom of the cockpit.

Bob doesn't have a Beverly Hills or Brentwood house of his own but lives with his family in a wing of the Ardmore Avenue home in Los Angeles. He does have a lodge at Tahoe, however, and is spending virtually all of his layoff time there building a ski house. The lodge was handed down from his grandmother and grandfather and so was the big house on Ardmore. There's a swimming pool on the town house grounds now, his sole genuflection to the responsibility of being a movie star.

He got into pictures for one reason; because he wanted to. As a high school student, he wanted to be an actor. He attended all plays and movies he could find time for and devoured Shakespeare. In fact, at twelve he was the John Kieran of 411 South Ardmore.

About the "kid" roles the folks at Universal dish out to him, he complains, "I've been with older people all my life. Frankly, I feel a little silly in those high school kid roles. Still, maybe that's the way I act . . . a little half baked. If that's the case, it's up to me to grow up dramatically.

"Certainly I'm serious about acting," he says, "and all this baloney about my having eight million dollars is harmful. I haven't got eight million. I haven't even got one million. I've got to make my living the same as anyone else, and I hope to make it in pictures. So why shouldn't I be serious?"

He looked pretty grim about that. Then he grinned, his slow, half abashed grin, and said:

"Now that we've got the 'corn crop' in, how about a spin in the Flying Cloud?"

So far as these tired old eyes can see, there's not much wrong with a young man of twenty-two who can take himself in his stride that way. He is still the same Bobby no matter whether he has eight million bucks or eight bucks.

. . . Returns from forbidden land to tell of strange experiences.

DO WE HAVE TO DIE?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," reveals the story of a remarkable system that often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, achievement of brilliant business and professional success and new happiness. Many report improvement in health. Others tell of increased bodily strength, magnetic personality, courage and poise.

The man, a well-known explorer and geographer, tells how he found these strange methods in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. He discloses how he learned rare wisdom and long-hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which enabled many to perform amazing feats. He maintains that these immense powers are latent in all of us, and that methods for using them are now simplified so that they can be used by almost any person with ordinary intelligence.

He maintains that man, instead of being limited by a one-man-power mind, has within him the mind-power of a thousand men or more as well as the energy-power of the universe which can be used in his daily affairs. He states that this sleeping giant of mind-power, when awakened, can make man capable of surprising accomplishments, from the prolonging of youth, to success in many fields. To that eternal question, "Do we have to die?" his answer is astounding.

The author states the time has come for this long-hidden system to be disclosed to the Western world, and offers to send his amazing 9,000-word treatise—which reveals many startling results—to sincere readers of this publication, free of cost or obligation. For your free copy, address the Institute of Mentalphysics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. 114E, Los Angeles, Calif. Readers are urged to write promptly, as only a limited number of the free treatises have been printed.

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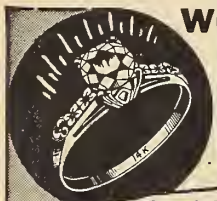

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Accent on Love (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Adventure in Washington (Columbia)	3★
Affectionotely Yours (Warners)	2½★
Aloma of the South Seas (Paramount)	C 2½★
*Appointment For Love (Universal)	3★
Arizona Bound (Monogram)	C 2½★
Back Street (Universal)	3★
Bad Man, The (M-G-M)	C 2½★
Barnacle Bill (M-G-M)	2½★
Big Store, The (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Billy the Kid (M-G-M)	C 3★
*Birth of the Blues (Paramount)	3★
Black Cat, The (Universal)	2½★
Blondie in Society (Columbia)	C 2½★
Blood and Sand (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Blossoms in the Dust (M-G-M)	4★
Bride Came C. O. D., The (Warners)	3½★
Caught in the Draft (Paramount)	3★
Chorley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists)	4★
*Chocolate Soldier (M-G-M)	3½★
Christmas in July (Paramount)	3★
Citizen Kane (RKO)	4★
City Limits (Monogram)	C 2★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M)	3★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount)	2★
Cowboy and the Blonde (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Cracked Nuts (Universal)	2½★
Dance Hall (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Dead Men Tell (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Devil and Miss Jones, The (RKO)	3½★
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (M-G-M)	3★
Double Dote (Universal)	2★
Dressed to Kill (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*Dumbo (RKO)	3½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO)	2½★
Flame of New Orleans, The (Universal)	3½★
Flight From Destiny (Warners)	2½★
Footlight Fever (RKO)	2★
Footsteps in the Dark (Warners)	3★
Forced Landing (Paramount)	2½★
Free and Easy (M-G-M)	2★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Getaway, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Girl, A Guy and A Gob, A (RKO)	3★
Girl in the News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Great American Broadcast, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists)	3½★
Great Lie, The (Warners)	3½★
Great Mr. Nobody (Warners)	2½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Hello Sucker (Universal)	2½★
Here Comes Happiness (Warners)	2½★
Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Columbia)	4★
Her First Beau (Columbia)	C 3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia)	2½★
Hit the Road (Universal)	C 2½★
Hold That Ghost (Universal)	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universol)	2½★
Horror Island (Universal)	2★
*How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M)	2★
Hurry, Charlie, Hurry (RKO)	2½★
Ice-Capades (Republic)	2½★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
I'll Wait For You (M-G-M)	2½★
In The Navy (Universal)	3½★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
It Started With Eve (Universal)	4★
Kiss the Boys Goodbye (Paramount)	3½★
Knockout (Warners)	2½★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)	C 3½★
*Ladies in Retirement (Columbia)	3½★
Lady Be Good (M-G-M)	3★
Lady from Cheyenne, The (Universal)	3★
Lady from Louisiana, The (Republic)	3★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M)	3★
Last of the Duanes (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Las Vegas Nights (Paramount)	2★
Life Begins for Andy Hardy (M-G-M)	C 3★
Life With Henry (Paramount)	C 2½★
Little Foxes, The (RKO)	4★
Lone Wolf Takes a Chance (Columbia)	2★
Love Crazy (M-G-M)	3½★
Lydia (United Artists)	3½★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M)	2½★
Major Barbara (United Artists)	C 3½★
Man Hunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Man Made Monster (Universal)	2★
Manpower (Warners)	3★
Man Who Lost Himself, The (Universal)	3★
Meet John Doe (Warners)	4★
Melody for Three (RKO)	2½★
*Men in Her Life, The (Columbia)	3★
Men of Boys Town (M-G-M)	C 3★
Million Dollar Baby (Warners)	3½★
Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO)	3★
Mr. District Attorney (Republic)	2★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★
Model Wife (Universol)	3★
Moon Over Burma (Poramount)	2½★
Moon Over Miami (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Murder Among Friends (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*My Life with Caroline (RKO)	3★
Navy Blues (Warners)	C 3★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox)	4★
*Nothing But the Truth (Paramount)	3★
Officer and the Lady, The (Columbia)	2½★
One Night in Lisbon (Paramount)	3★
Out of the Fog (Warners)	3½★
Parson of Panamint (Paramount)	3★
Penalty, The (M-G-M)	3★
Penny Serenade (Columbia)	3½★
People vs. Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)	2★
Pittsburgh Kid, The (Republic)	2½★
Pot O' Gold (United Artists)	3★
Power Dive (Paramount)	2½★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount)	3★
Rage in Heaven (M-G-M)	3★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universol)	C 2★
Reaching for the Sun (Poramount)	3½★
Reluctant Dragon (RKO)	3★
*Repent at Leisure (RKO)	2½★
Ride on Vaquero (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Ringside Moisie (M-G-M)	2½★
Road to Zonzibor (Poramount)	C 4★
Rookies on Parade (Republic)	C 2½★
Round-Up, The (Paramount)	3★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
Sea Wolf, The (Warners)	3½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Scattergood Pulls the Strings (RKO)	2½★
Scotland Yard (20th Century-Fox)	2★
She Knew All the Answers (Columbia)	3★
Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount)	3½★
Shining Victory (Warners)	2½★
Sis Hopkins (Republic)	3★
*Skylark (Paramount)	3★
Smiling Ghost, The (Warners)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Spring Parade (Universal)	C 3★
Strange Alibi (Warners)	2½★
Sunny (RKO)	3★
Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
*Suspicion (RKO)	3★
Sweetheart of the Campus (Columbia)	2★
That Uncertain Feeling (United Artists)	3★
That Hamilton Woman (United Artists)	3½★
That Night in Rio (20th Century-Fox)	3★
There's Magic in Music (Paramount)	2½★
They Dare Not Love (Columbia)	2★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
They Met in Bombay (M-G-M)	3★
Those Were the Days (Paramount)	C 2½★
Tight Shoes (Universal)	3★
Time Out For Rhythm (Columbia)	2½★
Tobacco Road (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO)	C 3★
Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO)	4★
Too Many Blondes (Universal)	2★
Topper Returns (United Artists)	3★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners)	2½★
*Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M)	3½★
Two in a Taxi (Columbia)	2½★
Underground (Warners)	3½★
Unexpected Uncle (RKO)	2½★
Unfinished Business (Universal)	3½★
Victory (Paramount)	3★
Wagons Roll At Night, The (Warners)	3★
Washington Melodrama (M-G-M)	3★
Westerner, The (United Artists)	C 3★
When Ladies Meet (M-G-M)	3★
Whistling in the Dark (M-G-M)	3★
Woman's Face, A (M-G-M)	3½★
Yank in R. A. F., The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Ziegfeld Girl (M-G-M)	3½★

THUMBS DOWN ON HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 35)

Lana Turner strolling down Main Street in shorts. So you decide to go home across the mountains, and you ask is there snow in the mountains, and they all say no. So you climb by a succession of hairpin twists and suddenly find yourself teetering like Chaplin's house in "The Gold Rush" at the brink of a chasm, having skidded on a strip of ice that got there by oversight.

When your pulse has slowed down to a hundred and twenty, you crawl back and go forward on the theory that the worst must be over. They said there was no snow in the mountains, didn't they. You turn a corner, and there's snow. You turn more corners and there's more snow. At the end of an hour you've made fifteen miles and acquired the gray streak in your hair that you always thought would be so becoming. You come to a ranger's cabin and a sign, reading: "Use chains or proceed at your peril." You wonder what you've been proceeding at up to now. You wonder why they waited fifteen miles to break the news. You turn back. It's dark. The snowbanks begin to look cozy. You head into one and snuggle down for the night. Death by freezing is tidier than a broken neck. You really love Hollywood now. They haven't any snow—

Until you get back. Then the glow wears off. Because pregnant women go shopping in pajamas. Because Glamorpuss coos through the mike at the premiere: "I just *know* Clark Gable's going to be wonderful." Because it's legal to drive forty miles in a twenty-five-mile zone. Because bananas are sold by the pound, and the best oranges go to New York. Because Yuma isn't far away and stars call each other "my sweet." Because if you think astrology's the bunk, you're a leper. Because columnists, safe behind their American citizenship, heckle British actors to go home and fight. Because when you ask for scallions, they look blank, and when you point, they beam and say, "Oh, green onions!" Because you get irked with the gas station guy's, "Fill 'er up?" and say coldly, "Four gallons," and get the same all-embracing service and feel like a worm. Because an actor like James Stephenson had to wait three years for a break. Because a man like James Stephenson died.

BECAUSE every visiting jerk who knows your brother-in-law's third cousin wants to be taken to a studio. Because when you rent an unfurnished apartment, you have to buy your own stove and frigidaire. God help you. Because they serve hot dogs on round rolls and no sauerkraut. Because when you like a movie star, you're a toady, and when you don't, you're a jealous cat. Because there's a grain of truth in both charges. Because you get ants with your lease. Because you always thought of palm trees as something poetic in a travelogue, till you came to Hollywood and found they were up-ended brooms to catch the dust of the ages. Because nobody has a right to all the charms, graces and talents heaped by a partial providence on Carmen Miranda. Because there's only one Raft and the Killer—

Which reminds me. In Hollywood, funerals are hawked by every third billboard and woo you sweetly with promises of burial on the instalment plan. If you're blind or can't read, don't fret. The message will be wafted to you over the airwaves. "Just phone," the Hearse Brothers implore you, "and leave the rest to us." "The only place where you can be buried in Colonial style," sniffs the Martha Washington Mortuary, a whit more exclusive. You've lived early American all your life, so you think maybe you ought to die Colonial. On the other hand, it's your last chance at variety, and an eighteenth-century crypt sounds pretty sharp. This leads to endless speculation, which might be better employed on accessories for your new suit. So you wander into Bullock's-Wilshire, and ask absently to see the latest thing in winding-sheets—

And if that doesn't hold you, there are the brats whooping à la Tarzan outside your window while you wrestle with significant thoughts like these. And the cads who want you to read their scenarios but never have time to read yours. And the stars who hire other stars' fired servants to hear what they can hear. And the actor who spreads out his paper to devour Harrison Carroll's column at the football game, never mind whether you see the play or not. And the gals who part their hair in the middle and go mooching down Hollywood Boulevard, dreaming they're Hedy for a day. And the restaurants advertising New York cuts, but try and find one. And the studios telling you their players don't smoke or drink, and you can't even wash out their mouths with lye. And the scorn you feel

Why Hollywood Women LOSE Their MEN!

BROKEN ROMANCES are the worst blight on Hollywood's reputation. Why can't the loveliest women in America hold their men? Learn from their unhappy experiences. Screen Guide tells the intimate truth!

Other Scoops in December Screen Guide:

Greta Garbo Exposed—Now she's no longer such a mystery!
How **Bette Davis** is facing the new crisis in her career.
Why **Bing Crosby** won't retire—no matter what "they say"!
Is **Joan Crawford** ready to try an escape from Hollywood?
Why **Irene Dunne** is Hollywood's most "interesting" woman.
Ann Sheridan's own personal wardrobe—real-life fashions.
How **Joan Fontaine** found her formula for happy marriage!
How "Blondie" gets along without "Dagwood" in private life.
Giant Portrait of **Claudette Colbert** in Full Color!

Fool-Proof Four-Day DIET!

SPECIAL! Hollywood's own diet, designed for stars and now available to you only in Screen Guide! Lose a pound a day—and then follow simple instructions to avoid gaining them back. Created by Terry Hunt, served at "The Brown Derby," followed by the most important stars. It's yours!

SCREEN GUIDE DECEMBER ISSUE Now on Sale at ALL NEWSSTANDS 10¢

SMART GIRL! No "time out" for regular pain on *her* calendar! For she knows about Midol—how it relieves the needless functional pain of menstruation, and redeems "lost days" for *active* living!

Among thousands of women recently interviewed, more reported using Midol for this purpose than all other preparations combined. And 96% of these Midol users said they found Midol effective.

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Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

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Stop suffering! If you have painful bunions, enlarged or tender joints, you'll get quick relief with the New *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Feel the world of difference these thin, soft, soothing, cushioning pads make . . . how much they lift shoe pressure off the sensitive spot. New in design and texture and 630% softer than before! Do not come off in the bath. More economical! Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

for sluggards who never walk, till you find yourself driving to the drugstore for a tube of toothpaste.

Hollywood's a husk. Because the houses aren't heated. Because you buy stationery at a typewriteria. Because the honest name of hamburger is defiled by such obscenities as nut- and chickenburger. Because when you ask a star's friends for human interest stories, they eye you with loathing and think you mean sex. Because sometimes you do. Because Harriet Hotcha won't have her beneficences publicized, but tears the publicity boys apart when they're not. Because magazines won't take your stories on beginners who won't give you stories when they get to the top. Because there's only one Buddy De Sylva—the only bigshot in the entire town who talks like a human. Because the universal form of assent is "You bet."

I know. You still want to come to Hollywood. All my talking has been but in vain! You've learned your lesson. It sticks out of every page. Why do you want to come? All together, class. Because there's only one Hollywood. You bet.

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 63*)

The Summon Up

Funnyman "Rags" Ragland gets this month's booby prize for being honest to the point of insanity. "Rags" and his car were caught in the middle of a traffic skirmish a couple of weeks ago, and a few days after the incident a weary, subpoena-bearing deputy staggered through the door of "Rags'" agent's office. Please, he wanted to know, did a John Morgan Lee Ragland work there? He'd been searching for him all over town, and no one could tell him who the fellow was.

"Rags'" agent, ever on the side of law and order, asked the man to be seated. He'd be delighted, he said, to call his client and tell him he was wanted. The deputy gulped. Such co-operation was staggering. As he slumped into a chair, the agent located "Rags" on a Metro sound stage.

"A subpoena?" yelled "Rags" over the set noises. "Keep that guy there! I'll be right over to get it!"

There was a low moan in the office. The deputy had collapsed to the floor.

Who's That Knocking At My Door?

It was a cinch to tell which guests were dyed-in-the-wool Hollywoodites one evening at Ciro's a few weeks ago. They were the ones who remained completely blasé when Lois Andrews Jessel, expecting a visit from the stork within the fortnight, rose and did a snappy rumba with hubby George.

Everyone else in the club stared in amazement, not wise to the casual manner with which folks in the industry approach the hallowed state of motherhood. Instead of retiring quietly to some secluded spot and sewing on tiny garments, movie people—Mary Martin and Anne Shirley, to name two—keep right on working without giving their delicate conditions more than a passing thought. Both Veronica Lake and Constance Moore finished their pre-baby pictures just in time to meet the stork at the hospital!

The ones who really get the headaches and sick spells are the production managers and the cameramen. Margaret Sullavan's expected heavenly bundle was responsible for the "Back Street" cast working day and night to beat the leggy bird. In Geraldine Fitzgerald's case the last scenes made before her baby was born had to be photographed as long shots or with Geraldine posed prettily behind chairs and tables. Orson Welles practically ignored Dorothy Comingore's "enceinte" condition and made no attempt whatsoever to conceal her rounded figure in "Citizen Kane."

All of the girls enjoy working until the last possible moment. They have only one fear—that their offsprings will be born with the imprint of a camera stamped on their tiny backs!

The Big Sissie!

Orson Welles, that wonderful hulk of man, may be a surcharged Superman to you. But to Claudette Colbert, Jeanette MacDonald, Rosalind Russell and the rest of the girls who attended Designer Irene's fall fashion show,

Remember this pair? Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels are blitz-torn Britain's favorite radio team. N. Y.'s Stork Club was a first stop on a visit here.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Orson Welles is just a sweet old darling.

For two hours the Wonder Boy sat beside his ladylove Dolores Del Rio in the showroom at Bullock's-Wilshire watching the models go by. The only man in the room, he made himself as completely "to home" as your mother-in-law when she drops in for the week-end. With his big voice drowning out the feminine chatter, he commented frequently and authoritatively on soufflés, marquisettes and velvets. And while Dolores looked proudly on, he illustrated his points by clutching his hips, adjusting imaginary shoulder straps and finger-drawing bust lines on his own substantial bosom.

For the comment that whizzed by our head, we should say that Dolores was the most envied woman present. And if there were any battles in Beverly Hills that night, it was because Orson was being held up as a model male to husbands who never notice their wives' clothes—until the bills come in!

Orbuceldum?

At Republic they're convulsed over this one.

Herbert Yates, president of the studio, had a luncheon engagement with a very important exhibitor. The exhibitor, he had been warned, was a rabid Gene Autry fan. Autry brought more business into his theater than Ty Power and Errol Flynn combined, and to one man at least he was the greatest actor on earth.

But how to entertain the fellow? Enthusiasm like that deserved special consideration Yates felt, and he was going to see that the fellow got it. Yates thought and thought and thought. Then came a brilliant idea. Summoning double-talking Cliff Nazarro, he invited him to join the party. To the exhibitor he said:

"Gene is out of town, but here is his writer, Mr. Kratz. He will tell you how we make Autry pictures."

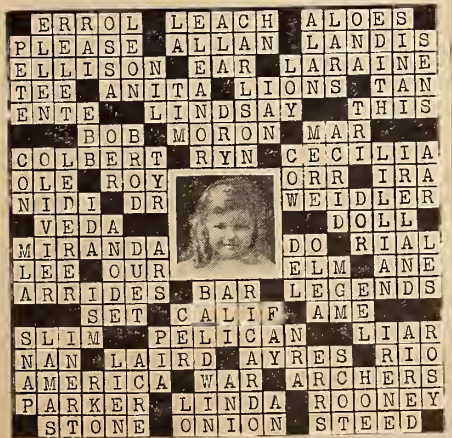
"Delighted," said Cliff. "Tell me, sir, do you crassalavam to your relgondina? We always try to wilgasnay so that Autry can ralsfiam on his fortenate. Don't you agree?"

The exhibitor glanced at Yates. He was nodding gravely. He looked back at Cliff. Nazarro couldn't have been more serious at his grandmother's funeral. The poor man's head began to spin. At the end of an hour, he excused himself and stumbled to the door.

Several days later, Yates found a confidential memo in his mail. It was from his friend, the exhibitor.

"I enjoyed our lunch very much," it read. "And I still think Autry pictures are grand.

Solution to the Crossword Puzzle on Page 94



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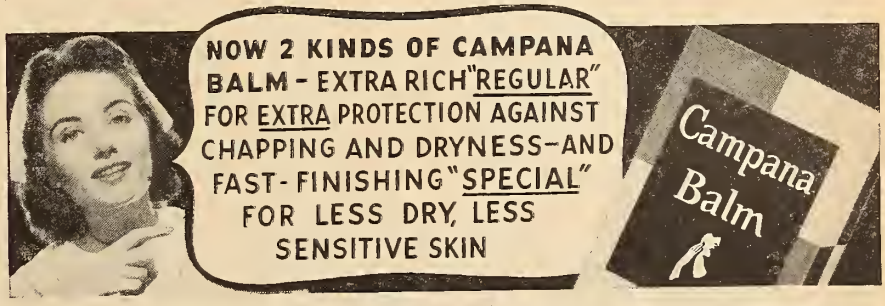
ACTION—You get DOUBLE ACTION when you use CAMPANA BALM—(1) SOFTENING action, from special beautifying and softening ingredients—(2) PROTECTING action against outside irritants. Softening action alone is not enough. You get BOTH in "double action" Balm!


NOW 2 KINDS OF CAMPANA BALM - EXTRA RICH "REGULAR" FOR EXTRA PROTECTION AGAINST CHAPPING AND DRYNESS-AND FAST-FINISHING "SPECIAL" FOR LESS DRY, LESS SENSITIVE SKIN
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My Skin Care May Help You

Here's a good tip from little Miss Constance Blake, who like many youngsters, depends on Resinol Soap and Ointment for the daily care her delicate skin requires.

Why not use Resinol Soap to cleanse and refresh *your* skin? Then see how smooth and soft it feels.

For skin irritations, externally caused, apply specially medicated Resinol Ointment. It allays the burning itch, and so aids healing.

Buy both from any druggist today, and follow this special skin care. For sample write Resinol, MO-10, Baltimore, Md.

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The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

But his writer—he seemed a little nervous. Don't you think he needs a vacation?"

Hollywood Yarn

Try to beat this! In "The Man Who Came To Dinner" there's a long scene requiring yards and yards of dialogue. As a wind-up, Jimmy Durante bursts into camera range and interrupts the proceedings to bestow gifts from Hollywood on Monty Woolley. He saves the best for the last. Holding up a tightly knitted mass of yarn, he chortles, "Look, Whitey! Lana Turner's sweater!"

After a hard day's work the scene was pronounced perfect. That evening it was run off for the front office executives. The following morning, a messenger boy handed Director William Keighley a note. It was from his bosses. "Sorry, Bill," it ran. "You'll have to shoot the whole works over. This time have Jimmy enter and say, "Look, Whitey! Alexis Smith's sweater!"

Silly? Not at all. Miss Smith is being treated to a star build-up by Warner Bros., and why, reason the execs, give a free publicity plug to a rival studio's cutie when you've got a swell sweaterful like Alexis playing for the home team?

Disa and Data

Hands off Milton Berle's nose! It's in a delicate condition, thanks to a third re-doing . . . Joan Bennett startled week-enders at the El Rancho Vegas Hotel by turning up at poolside with a diamond and aquamarine pin on her swim suit shoulder strap . . . From now on, Bob Stack appears in "A" pictures only. It's in his new contract . . . Nice gesture of Mrs. Herbert Marshall's. She's called on noted painter William Earl Singer to do a portrait of Marshall's daughter by Edna Best . . . James Cagney's sis-in-law, Boots Mallory, has penned a poem entitled "One If By Sea" . . . And in "Captain of the Clouds" Jimmy warbles a barroom ditty composed by Alan Hale . . . Nancy Kelly always wears a pair of socks when she goes to bed!

Hollywood bachelorettes were dealt a stunning blow when George Sanders disclosed his marriage to Elsie Larson, former Hollywood high school girl . . . When you hear "cheris" and "mon cheres" floating through the air, you're in the presence of Gene Tierney and Groom Oleg Cassini. They chat in French . . . Before becoming an actress, Louise Beavers was Leatrice Joy's maid . . . Hair-dos aren't the only things to go short in wartime. Dresses are due for an upward cut, also. In "Bedtime Story," Loretta Young will wear hers a half inch above her knees. The studio figures, by the time the picture's released, that'll be the fashion . . . Martha O'Driscoll had so many running scenes in "Air Raid" she wore out two pairs of shoes . . . With Sonja Henie off the Fox lot, Linda Darnell is taking over the Norwegian Nymph's dressing room.

Virginia Bruce's new son has been christened Christopher Briggs Ruben . . . And Warner's "Blonde Bombshell," Alexis Smith, bowed to the world as Margaret Alexis FitzSimmons Smith . . . It was Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger who tossed the farewell party for Joan's ex, Gene Markey, before Markey departed for the Navy . . . Remember the Mauch twins, kid sensations of "Prince and the Pauper?" They're messenger boys at Warners! . . . Orson Welles is sprouting a new beard . . . Jimmy Durante collects royalties on Halloween masks made in his image!

Good News About Louise Beavers

"I'm probably the only actress in Hollywood who wouldn't look good in a sarong," sighs 5'4", 189 lb. Louise Beavers, negro-mammying it in movies since 1924. She's played real-life servitor only once—to old-time heroine Leatrice Joy. It was that lady's cinematic successes that inspired Louise to look to a film career for herself. Despite the fact that she'd never had an ounce of dramatics in her life, she went after her goal with Machiavellian intent, broke into minstrels, barnstormed over the country in musicals, one day got a summons to Hollywood. She still rolls her eyes in holy horror when she thinks of that first movie test. Her disappointment of her screen self was terrific and even now she comes from her previews looking like something the cat dragged in! Claims she's fundamentally cut out for a singer, not an actress. Out of respect to her mom who iron-handedly supervised scales and piano practise, she kept her christened name as her screen tag. Hell-bent on a singing career from the very first, the idea of cigarette smoking never entered her fuzzy head. A genuine Yankee, she was born in Cin-

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1941.

State of New York } ss
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Albert Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1941.
PATRICIA COYNE
Commission Expires March 30, 1943.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

cinnati, reared in California and never spoke a word of Negro dialect in her life before she studied it scientifically for screen parts! Cites "Imitation of Life" as her most dramatic role. Her mom died just before production started, and there was no necessity for glycerine tears! Beavers' praises are long and loud on the subject of Claudette Colbert, who helped pull her through the aching hours at work and who has since consistently lent a friendly hand. Seventeen years of movie-making haven't accustomed her to reading script "cold," and she still insists on poring over her lines hours before rehearsal to get the "feel" of her part. After hours, she plays tennis, knits and keeps her Colonial manse spic and span. She'll walk a mile for a dinner of broiled steak, buttered string beans, baked potatoes, green salad, deep dish apple pie, oftentimes cooks it herself. Her mailbox's overrun with fan letters from nostalgic souls who yearn for the old days of Southern mammies. Louise is the nearest thing they know to it. Injecting new life into that old saw about the ideal Desert Island set-up, she chooses no Adonis. The Flying Yorkshireman would be her choice "because he could fly without a machine and help get me out of the situation!" Wouldn't want to go without her Bible, which she can read, reread, anytime, any place, still get something out of it. Her choice of animal is the cow 'cause milk's her favorite food and she *could* exist solely on that. Playing mammies has given her southern tastes, and she'd take a bottle of honeysuckle perfume to keep her from falling in love with the island. For food she'd take a bushel of potatoes, which, together with the milk, would keep her digestively happy. Negro spirituals (from a vic) would pervade Louise's ideal atmosphere, esp. "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Ain't Gonna War No More." She steers clear of romantical conversation quoting the old proverb about bad luck for one who kisses and tells. Made an exception of the rule for us and told about her first date who was lost to the cause from the moment they stepped out the door. She spelled him down in a spelling bee at a box supper, was forever denied his love!

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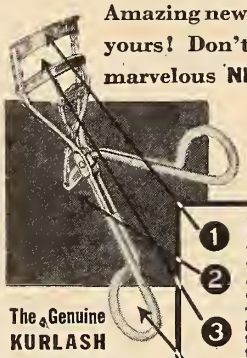

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 17*)

MOON OVER HER SHOULDER

Lynn Bari, feeling neglected by Husband John Sutton, who dishes out matrimonial advice on the radio, tries to win him back and fails. Nursing her disappointment on a long, lonely walk, she's picked up by Dan Dailey, Jr., who takes her to his yacht, only remnant of a large fortune, persuades her to go along on fishing trips with him and Alan Mowbray, rich fisherman. Lynn likes the trips, conceals her identity, realizes that Husband John isn't even aware of her daily trips. The idyll ends, however, when Dan falls in love with her. Conflicted, she writes anonymously for advice to her husband. Dan does the same. Showdown comes when John invites Dan to his home, and jealousy flares into a fist fight. Lynn's agony over the shellacking her husband is taking makes her realize it's he she loves.—*TCF.*

HOT SPOT

Young playwright Vic Mature no more than meets Carole Landis and plans to build her up into a great star than he becomes involved in her murder. Detective Laird Cregar point-blank accuses him of the killing and comes harrowingly near pinning evidence on him to a jury. All in all, Vic puts in a tough few months of it, somewhat softened by the presence of Carole's sister, Betty Grable.—*TCF.*

PARIS CALLING

Working for an underground body of 20th century French patriots, Elizabeth Bergner falls in love with American flyer Randy Scott, goes through hell and high water hiding him from Gestapo agents. For endangering the safety of the group, she's brought before the Chief of the Underground, forced to prove her innocence and sincerity. In so doing, she slays her ex-suitor, Basil Rathbone, betrayer of France, narrowly escapes death escaping to safety in England with Randy and the other conspirators.—*Univ.*

THE MALTESE FALCON

Private investigator Humphrey Bogart's up to his neck in mystery and intrigue again—this time in connection with the search for a fabulously jeweled statue, the Maltese Falcon. A gang of ruthless criminals headed by Mary Astor and Peter Lorre hire Bogart to find the falcon, keep him in hot water with murders and unscrupulous business methods. There's a good twist, but we don't want to spoil it for you by telling too much!—*W.B.*

GO WEST, YOUNG LADY

The whole town of Headstone unites under hero Glenn Ford to capture desperado Onslow Stevens and his gang, who've robbed the town of its last cent. Ann Miller, dancer in Charlie Ruggles' saloon, unwittingly betrays Stevens, who was a case of mixed identity all along. Most thrilling scene is the finale in which Penny Singleton and her army of townswomen, armed with rolling pins and kettles, down the bandits once and for all. Penny and Glenn discover each other, of course, as the picture fades out.—*Col.*

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5000 FACTS ON YOUR FAVORITES

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with

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General Information CHART ON 100 STARS

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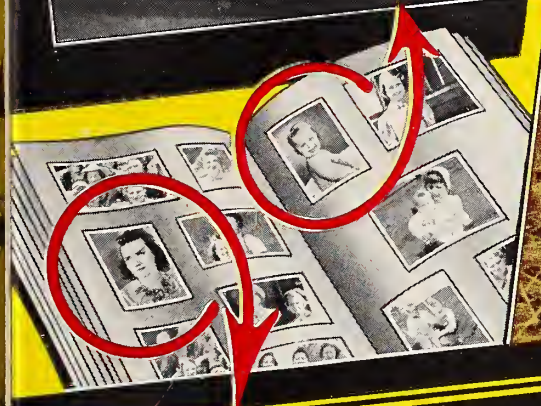

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Leslie Morris

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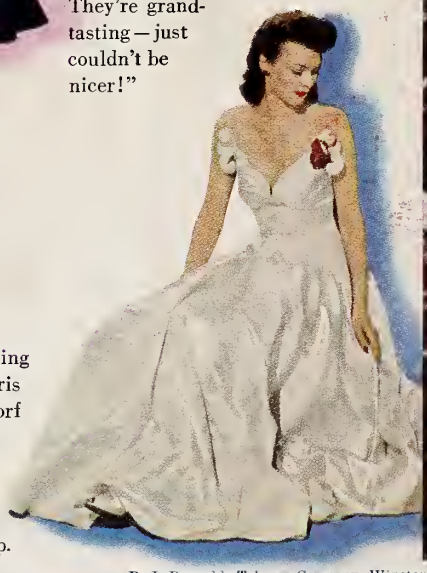
AT LEFT, a distinctive Leslie Morris silhouette of flame-blue velvet...diaphanous star-studded veil. Prominent among designers who are making America the source of fashion, Leslie Morris says: "I find it's more fun to smoke Camels. They're grand-tasting—just couldn't be nicer!"



AT RIGHT, baroque evening gown from the Leslie Morris winter collection at Bergdorf Goodman. White slipper satin appliquéd with velvet scrolls . . . inspired by the ruby-and-diamond shoulder clip.

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If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist right away.* It may not mean serious trouble, but let him decide. He may say simply that your gums need more work . . . the natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean, refreshing taste. And that invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is increasing in your gums—helping them to better health. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today.

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say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

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STORIES

They Live With Their Boots On 26
Vocal Boy Makes Good—*Dennis Morgan* 32
Self-Made Siren—*Carol Bruce* 34
Too Many Husbands?—*John Payne* 36
Christmas—It's Colossal 38
"I Wrote a Letter to My Love—" 40
Mad Hatter—*Lilly Dache* 46
"Hello, Evvabody"—*Kay Kyser* 48

FEATURES

Candidly Yours 30
Party of the Month 44
"They Died with Their Boots On" 50

BEAUTY

Give Good Looks for Christmas 52

FASHION

What Shall I Give Him? 59
Six Secrets for Santa 60

DEPARTMENTS

Movie Reviews 6
Our Puzzle Page 12
Modern Hostess 14
Movie Scoreboard 16
Portrait Gallery 19
Good News 54
Co-Ed 58

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HENRY P. MALMGREEN, Associate Editor
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Cover: Judy Garland, appearing in M-G-M's "Babes on Broadway"

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Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

'Tis the month before Christmas and all through the movie houses there are a lot of wonderful films to be seen.

★ ★ ★

This column is in the present and future tense. Since it is a Christmas issue, we will first talk about the present.

★ ★ ★ ★

There is the Garbo picture. Of "Ninotchka" caliber—debonairy and de-lovely.

It is called "Two-Faced Woman"—practically a double feature in itself.

★ ★ ★ ★

And every single feature of Garbo is something to behold. Ask co-star Melvyn Douglas.

★ ★ ★

Comes too, "H. M. Pulham, Esq."—which so many have read. Hedy Lamarr and Robert Young step right from the pages as the saying goes.

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"Panama Hattie", the famed Broadway trip-hammer of hilarity, gives us more Ann Sothern hospitality and Red Skelton's hornpipes of pandemonium.

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Spencer Tracy, the matinee and evening idol, and Katharine Hepburn, who also is no idle idol, appear in the picture of the year.

Entitled "Woman of The Year".

★ ★ ★ ★

And then also on this Yule season list, we're including "Babes on Broadway" which we deliver with all sorts of golden predictions of being something to dance in the streets about.

★ ★ ★ ★

That is, the dancing in the streets will be done after you've seen the dancing in the theatre.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's all to the merry, merry.

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And at the same time let us wish you a happy, happy.

—*Santa Leo*

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They Live With Their Boots On 26
Vocal Boy Makes Good—*Dennis Morgan* 32
Self-Made Siren—*Carol Bruce* 34
Too Many Husbands?—*John Payne* 36
Christmas—It's Colossal 38
"I Wrote a Letter to My Love—" 40
Mad Hatter—*Lilly Dache* 46
"Hello, Evvabody"—*Kay Kyser* 48

FEATURES

Candidly Yours 30
Party of the Month 44
"They Died with Their Boots On" 50

BEAUTY

Give Good Looks for Christmas 52

FASHION

What Shall I Give Him? 59
Six Secrets for Santa 60

DEPARTMENTS

Movie Reviews 6
Our Puzzle Page 12
Modern Hostess 14
Movie Scoreboard 16
Portrait Gallery 19
Good News 54
Co-Ed 58

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Cover: Judy Garland, appearing in M-G-M's "Babes on Broadway"

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MOVIE REVIEWS

LOUISIANA PURCHASE—AB-1

This light political satire in terms of music, dance and neat De Sylva-Ryskind flippancies has been transplanted almost bodily from the Broadway stage with nothing but William Gaxton taken away and little added save Technicolor and Bob Hope. Its locale is still a Graustarkian state referred to without let or quibble as Louisiana; its people still include those fashionable stage favorites, Victor Moore, Vera Zorina and Irene Bordoni; and its satire, though hardly calculated to remove the skin from its victims or even probe beneath it, at least gives a pleasantly opera-bouffe illusion of actual events, characters and places. All this together with a dossier of a dozen songs and melodies by Irving Berlin makes "Louisiana Purchase" one of the season's better investments.

In the screen version Bob is an honest though guilty-looking state representative who cares for nothing except the bright lights and girls of New Orleans, and Victor Moore is a slightly scatter-brained United States Senator who is conducting a Federal investigation of Louisiana state politics. Bob is framed by his grafting political colleagues to take the rap in the investigation and most of the comedy results from his frantic efforts, in sheer self-preservation, to sidetrack the Senator's inquisitive probings. Another amendment to the stage play is the addition of a smashing filibuster climax in which Bob reduces the crooked state legislators to gibbering impotence by reading to them from encyclopaedias, mail-order catalogues, etc.

"Louisiana Purchase" has a slick professional finish. Its comedy is handled by Hope with his usual aplomb and ingratiating casualness, but its girls, its dances and its decorative numbers, like the spectacular Mardi Gras sequence, are at least equally noteworthy. —*Paramount.*

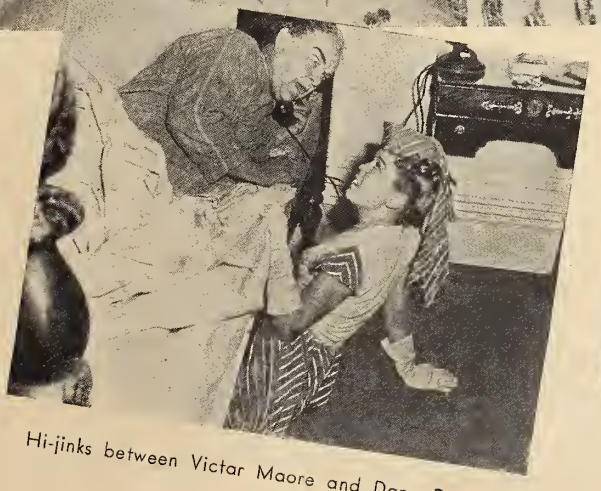
(Continued on page 8)

P. S.

Three "Louisiana Purchase" set workers inveigled Bob Hope into chipping in with them as part owner of a horse. Hope did, but never saw the animal. Every morning, he'd ask one of his partners, Bill McKay, how the nag was doing. Bill's answer was always the same—"My quarter did pretty good in the work-out this morning; if your quarter does as well, I think we'll have something!" . . . Bob's Metal Products Company is going full blast, turning out kitchen and office equipment for Uncle Sam's battleships . . . Maxie Rosenbloom took a terrific beating from cast members when a columnist printed the news that he had ordered pink water for his swimming pool to match his house . . . Dona Drake is the former Rita Rio, the gal who used to lead a very successful all-girl orchestra . . . Irene Bordoni, one of the six original stage cast, started a new fashion fad by carrying her lipstick in the heel of her shoe . . . Hope had to watch out for Victor Moore, one of the best scene-stealers in the business . . . When the cast took up their stage roles again, they had to spend two weeks unlearning all the dialogue they'd memorized especially for the picture . . . The technicolor used in the picture is progressive. It starts in black and white, with the first note of color appearing when a red-haired secretary walks into an office . . . The only near-catastrophe happened when Slapsie Maxie happened to glance up at the exact moment a couple of potted geraniums toppled out of a second story window. The resulting dents and bumps on his face and head weren't even noticeable . . . Buddy de Sylva, top executive of Paramount Pictures out here, says of the three shows he's produced on Broadway during the last year, this is the one he most desired to bring personally to the screen. (Other two were "Panama Hattie" and "DuBarry Was a Lady") . . . Production had to shut down for a few days while Hope recovered from a terrific case of sunburn. On Bob's first day back to work, he still looked like a stand-in for a lobster. Pal Bing Crosby wandered over from his own set, stood looking at his suffering chum. "Hiya, Hope," he said. "What's cooking?"

*Temporary rating. Owing to the necessity of going to press far in advance of picture release dates, our reviewer has been unable to see these films in completed form.

Bob Hope, Zorino, Irene Bordoni and Vic Moore!



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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 7*)

RISE AND SHINE—AB-1

James Thurber's "My Life and Hard Times" has been considerably livened up and made perhaps a wee bit harder to take on the screen where it masquerades under the innocent alias, "Rise and Shine." Mr. Thurber's people and the odd things they do and the odder things done to them by fate never had more than a purely coincidental resemblance to life, but the people and incidents of "Rise and Shine" have even less than that. In their case, the usual cautionary screen foreword, designed to obviate law suits, might be safely dispensed with, for on the basis of the events and characters in this madhouse of improbable mirth, no human being could sue the company: only pixies, trolls, kobolds and Ohio leprechauns. No matter how popular Mr. Thurber may become as a fictioneer, even though he should eventually become known to his former associates on the New Yorker as "Edna" Thurber, nobody can say that his humor is "earthy."

Since Mr. Thurber's original, as we remember it, lacked a seasonal football twist, Mr. Hellinger, the producer, and his merry mechanics have generously supplied one in the person of a nit-brained star halfback, Bolenciecwcz, whom you will perhaps recognize under the more familiar name of Jack Oakie. This Bolenciecwcz, it seems, is a lodger in that curious household described by Mr. Thurber in his imaginative autobiography, and if he wasn't put there by Mr. Thurber in the first place, no one can deny that the way Oakie plays him, he *belongs* there. In fact, he may well turn out to be your favorite pixie.

Though "Rise and Shine" lacks the type of actors who are somewhat repulsively known as "big names," it employs a rich cast of secondary players, including, besides Mr. Oakie, George Murphy, Linda Darnell, Walter Brennan, Milton Berle, Donald Meek, Ruth Donnelly and Raymond Walburn. If it bores you, you'd probably be bored at a dog-fight.—*TCF.*

P. S.

George Murphy has a formula for liniment that'll take cramps out of your muscles in no time. Got it from his father, Coach Mike Murphy, who trained athletic teams at Yale for nearly fifty years . . . Donald Meek was once an aerialist—before he ran away to the Spanish-American war. He's been bald since he was 17, as a result of tropical fever . . . Hermes Pan, dance director, is asked sixty times a day if that's really his name. It is . . . Sheldon Leonard, heavy de luxe, is partner in an Eastern art printery, known as Fine Arts Reproductions . . . Ruth Donnelly and Raymond Walburn held a bang-up reunion on the set. They hadn't seen each other for twenty years when they were acting in the same play on the New York stage . . . Jack Oakie, whose waistline expands or contracts according to the role he plays, lets his belt out to the last notch for his part as the plump and unpeppy "Boley" Bolenciecwcz . . . He and Mrs. Oakie bought Barbara Stanwyck's ranch in the valley, where they raise prize Afghan hounds . . . One of the hounds, incidentally, is a refugee, sent over to them by a friend in England "for the duration" . . . Walter Brennan gets a long-sought-for chance to be funny on the screen, playing an octogenarian lunatic . . . Screwiest of the six songs composed by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger is the football march, "Hail to Bolenciecwcz." When the University of Southern California band finally learns it, it'll become a permanent fixture in its repertoire . . . After twenty years of impersonating a comedian, Milton Berle plays an addled mobster who thinks he's a horse . . . Linda Darnell finally gets a chance to play a girl her own age. She turned eighteen while making the picture, and that's the exact age of the co-ed in the script.

THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON—AB-1

When you first heard the electrifying news that romantic Errol Flynn had been assigned to play General Custer, you probably suspected that Warner Brothers would figure out some way to make Errol survive the famous "Last Stand," as he did "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Dismiss that suspicion as unworthy. As far as the Last Stand is concerned, history and Warner Brothers are in grim agreement: in June, 1876, at the Little Big Horn, Custer's cavalry unit, outnumbered and encircled by Crazy Horse's 4,000 yelling Sioux, died to the last man. Currier & Ives, early American engravers, once portrayed it in heroic poses and fervid coloration; now Warners have done the job even more picturesquely, and Errol goes down with the rest. Nothing has been added, nothing taken away.

The story follows the robustious, he-man career of George Armstrong Custer from his mule-back matriculation at West Point to his final sacrifice on the plains, including his service in the War Between the States, his post-war boredom and roistering, and his happy but stultifying married life with Beth Bacon, a mighty pretty gal who resembles the movie actress, Olivia de Havilland. Before being restored to active duty on the frontier, it seems, Custer turned down a tempting offer from a stock-rigging company that wanted to exploit his name and reputation, and on the frontier he clashes with the same company (appropriately known as the Sharp Brothers) whose trading-post saloon has demoralized the Seventh Cavalry.

Cleaning out the saloon and restoring discipline to the regiment, General Flynn also compounds a peace with the Sioux on his promise that the white man's infiltration into the Black Hills country will cease. But a phony gold boom engineered by his old enemies, the Sharps, send prospectors pouring into the Black Hills, and in order to save these witless folk Flynn rides again, as at Balaklava, knowingly to destruction. After it's all over, his wife receives a letter containing enough information to get the Sharp gang properly punished. Whether that part is according to history or not, we couldn't say.—*W. B.*

HELLZAPOPPIN'—AB-1

That Broadway institution modestly known as "Hellzapoppin'" (and when you hear the word "institution," we hope you instinctively think of barred windows

and padded cells) has been transferred to the screen with amazing impropriety and madcap humor: in other words, with complete and absolute fidelity to the stage version. "Hellzapoppin'," as you've possibly heard, is where vaudeville went to when it died, so if you don't hate vaudeville (and who could?) you are almost certain to find something to laugh at in "Hellzapoppin'."

Since it's just a movie, though, naturally its performers can't come out into the audience and place chickens, ducks and other unexpected objects into your lap or run screaming down the aisles bearing potted plants and other outlandish properties, though the movie has tried to capture some of this odd magic by bringing a girl usher and a projectionist into the script. But nothing else is missing, neither Olsen nor Johnson, neither the woman calling dolefully for "Oscar," nor the man with the phenomenally growing rubber plant. And in addition there are a number of strictly screen innovations more or less, including Hugh Herbert, Martha Raye and Mischa Auer.

The story is that Olsen and Johnson go out to Hollywood to make a movie, and the movie director keeps insisting that there must be a story, and Olsen and Johnson keep insisting that "Hellzapoppin'" has run for four years on Broadway without a story, and finally there you are with no story. That's the story. When "Hellzapoppin'" was first produced, dignified and scholarly drama critics suggested that the public should not encourage this sort of thing by patronizing it. But it's too late to worry about that now. The damage is already done.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Martha Raye's automobile accident during filming of the picture was much more serious than anyone knew. Her first thought when she regained consciousness was how mad the assistant director would be when he found out she'd have to stay away from work . . . Olsen and Johnson were completely fascinated by the technicalities of the semi-disappearances they do à la "Topper" . . . During early conferences, the boys thought it'd be a swell idea to hand the customers those little red and green cellophane spectacles, so they could use stroboscopic stuff . . . Walter Winchell, who was the only critic to plug the stage show when it opened in New York, is still *trying to get two extra passes for front row seats . . . Robert Paige, who used the name of David Carlisle for a while, once romanced with toothpaste-heiress Hazel Forbes, who was once married to Rita Hayworth's husband, Eddie Judson . . . Lewis Howard spent his time between scenes making sketches of his fellow performers . . . Everyone who visited the set was presented with a pin in the form of a tiny screw and a ball—which made them life members of the "ancient and august order of screwballs." . . . Olsen has a house-guest who's been with him for three years—a hefty comedienne named Shirley Wayne. She came to dinner one night and never went home . . . Hugh Herbert pops into the picture at the very end. He has only one word of dialogue but is doing the part as a special favor to Olsen and Johnson . . . Jane Frazee is half of the Frazee Sisters, a singing duo that broke up when her sister married Writer Norman Krasna . . . For retakes on the picture, the boys were rushed back to California from the East, given their lines and made up for the cameras in the taxi on their way to the studio from the train. They worked two hours and then flew back to New York.*

(*Continued on page 10*)

Loveliness may soon be Yours! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Robert G. Johnson of New Orleans, La., says: "The Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet is such an easy way to help bring out the loveliness of one's complexion."

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(Continued from page 9)

KATHLEEN—AB-2

The biggest news in this picture, of course, is Shirley Temple, who is making a courageous comeback at the age of twelve. You'll be surprised how much and yet how little Shirley has changed from babyhood days, when she used to pacify the Riffs with a smile and put Queen Victoria at ease with a lisped word: how tall she's grown and how she can deliver snippy, even positively *naughty* lines. Of course Shirley only delivers these lines where they'll do the most good, for basically she is still our Shirley and we—old dodderheads that we are—hope she remains so, at ever-increasing options, till she's at least 65 and eligible for an old-age pension.

The present story, nicely calculated to display the NEW Shirley Temple to best advantage, concerns a neglected little girl in a big house; her preoccupied, widowed, Gail Patrick-chasing papa, who looks like Herbert Marshall; her enemy, the snooping housekeeper (Nella Walker); her friend, Felix Bressart, the swap-shop keeper, to whose delightfully cluttered premises she occasionally escapes via a laundry chute and a bicycle. Puzzled by his daughter's anti-social attitude, papa brings in a psychiatrist who, in turn, brings in crisp, cool, starchy but essentially rumple-able Laraine Day. Laraine, who is evidently being weaned gradually from the clinical Kildare series, plays a doctor, a specialist in psychological disorders. Of course we all know that it's really papa who needs to be psychoanalyzed and boy, does it happen to him when Laraine gets in her cool, clean work! Papa comes out completely cured of Gail and the housekeeper, loving Shirley and looking as psychologically fresh as any man could who resembles Herbert Marshall.

You never saw Shirley Temple fail to put over a picture and you needn't go to this one expecting to see a spectacular failure who has burnt herself out before her thirteenth birthday. The author, the director and the rest of the cast may falter, but not Shirley, and Shirley, after all, is the big news.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Shirley Temple, now 12 and a high-school freshman, attends Westlake School for Girls . . . One of her pals there is Sarah Lynn, daughter of her movie papa, Herbert Marshall . . . During production, a tutor picks up her lessons daily at the school and brings them to the set . . . One of the props needed for the picture was a portrait of a woman, supposedly the deceased wife of Herbert Marshall. The painting you'll see is one of Greer Garson, who coincidentally played Marshall's wife in their last picture, "When Ladies Meet" . . . Laraine Day has just been notified that she was chosen the best star bet among the young Hollywood players by the Motion Picture Exhibitors of America . . . She passed her 21st birthday during production and is rejoicing because she can sign her own contracts now . . . Marshall takes an active part in all British War Relief activities. He was seriously wounded during active service with the Fourteenth London Scots regiment in World War I . . . Gail Patrick was signed to a juicy contract by Metro because of her exceptionally good work in the last two pictures she's done for them . . Felix Bressart tries to change the style of his moustache in every picture . . . Shirley dons high heels, formal gown and up-swung hairdo for a sequence in which she imagines herself to be 18 . . . The other formal she wears is an exact copy of her own favorite—a floaty, wispy creation that she wears to the dances at Harvard Military Academy . . . She's crazy about drawing. James Montgomery Flagg visited the set to sketch her and was amazed at her fashion designs. Said they had an excellent sense of proportion and color . . . Shirley would like to know who her No. 1 fan is. He never signs his name, but he's been sending her flowers on the 23rd of every month since 1935. On her birthday, he sends her a box of sugar lumps with her name marked on each one!

PLAYMATES—AC-1

A movie with Kay Kyser and his band is one thing (and a lot of people admire Kay, too, and justifiably so), but a movie with Kay Kyser and his band AND John Barrymore, Lupe Velez, May Robson and Patsy Kelly is, after all, a lot more movie for your money. That way, much of the burden is taken from Kay and considerably more from the audience, at least from that sedate, middle-aged portion who don't thrill deeply at the prospect of sitting for an hour or more gazing down a tuba's throat. That way Junior and Cissy get their name band, and the old folks get their Barrymore who played Hamlet or something once way back during the early Twenties.

With Jack the Ribber as a foil, the bespectacled Mr. Kyser gains enormously in charm, whimsical appeal and even romantic interest, for the late great Profile is no longer much competition in that respect even for the slightly indiscriminate Kyser. One thing you may have to get used to, but it seems to be the new trend in pictures: Kyser plays a band leader named Kay Kyser; Barrymore plays an aging Shakespearean actor named John Barrymore. Unless you're on to these things, it may be slightly confusing that May Robson doesn't play May Robson but Kay's North Carolina grandma, that Lupe Velez plays not Lupe Velez but a female bullfighter named Conchita, and that Patsy Kelly plays a press agent named Lulu, not Patsy. We hope you're following.

The plot—call it a plot, though it's really just a playful pretext—hinges on a scheme cooked up by Patsy and a colleague, whereby John gives Kay lessons in Shakespearean repertory which, in turn, give John publicity (it seems he needs it in this picture) and a radio commercial. Ginny Simms is Kay's romantic interest, and other featured members of the band are Harry Babbitt, "Ish Kabibble" and Sully Mason. If Kyser is one of your favorites, you'll like this one; if not, there's still a chance you won't be too desperately fatigued.—*RKO.*

P. S.

The Bard of Avon can't be resting easily in his grave these nights. RKO has "Henry the VIII," "Macbeth" and "Ophelia" jitterbugging all over the place for this one . . . Muzzie May Robson celebrates 55 years of stage and screen work playing "Juliet" to John Barrymore's "Romeo" . . . Set workers did get a terrific thrill, though, when "Jawn," cornily rendering Hamlet's soliloquy, suddenly stopped hamming and recited the immortal lines in the true Barrymore tradition. The silence of that huge sound stage full of people was more eloquent than any applause he'd ever received . . . Lupe Velez likes her name pronounced in two syllables, please . . . Her two pups, tiny chihuahuas named Mr. Kelly and Mrs. Murphy, worked with her in the picture. The mischievous little devils ruined every take, and Lupe was overheard threatening to have them made into tamales . . . Kay Kyser made a special recording of a song ribbing everyone in the company, cast and crew . . . Patsy Kelly ad libbed so well, writer James Kern said she ought to have screen credit . . . Ginny Simms, during the time she was with Kyser's orchestra, trekked nearly 200,000 miles on barnstorming tours and was never once late . . . 5 musical specialties were written especially for the talents of the Kyser boys by Jimmy Van Husen and Johnny Burke . . . Peter Lind Hayes won the role of Kay's publicity agent by doing imitations of Barrymore and Kyser. "What," chorused the two stars, "do they need us for?" . . . Lupe, who never misses seeing a fight at any of the local stadia, gets a swell chance to practice what she's always screaming at "zee fight-ers." She and John have quite a tussle. Mr. B's only comment: "It was all quite reminiscent."

THE LADY IS WILLING AC-2

That good-looking Dietrich gal is back again and in another one of those specially tailored comedy creations in which she always looks so fetching—or nearly always. "The Lady is Willing," however, is no "Destry Rides Again"; in fact there is hardly an unpedestrian moment in the script from first to last. Those involved (in the worst sense of the word) include Fred MacMurray, who has had such dull ones lately that he has begun to deliver his lines like a Fuller Brush salesman who has been thrown out twice already, and Director Mitchell Leisen, who did so much better last month with "Hold Back the Dawn." If only you could just look at Dietrich without listening to MacMurray, or better still without even listening to Dietrich, the picture might be a lot more fun. But there's always that dialogue.

The plot is not so good, either. Seems that New York's most beautiful actress (You Know Who) retrieves New York's most adorable foundling from among a gaping tenement house crowd and summons New York's greatest baby specialist (Fred). Greatest Baby Specialist remains to specialize in Most Beautiful Actress, saving her from a comical kidnap rap and making it possible for her legally to adopt Most Adorable Foundling by gallantly marrying her and moving in with his colonies of pregnancy-test rabbits.

Now you are probably thinking that Beautiful Actress and Greatest Specialist are going to have a falling out, and that Most Adorable Foundling is going to contract a nice case of infantile plot-alysis in order to bring them together again. Well, sir, as a matter of fact, that is exactly what happens. How did you guess it? Ever think of becoming a screen writer yourself?—*Col.*

P. S.

Before Marlene Dietrich tripped over a toy fire engine and hit front pages everywhere with her fractured fibula, she used to entertain between scenes by twining her classy gams around a carpenter's saw and serenading cast and crew with "The Rosary" . . . She learned to play the musical saw years ago and will oblige with a demonstration any time you ask her . . . For his first "character role," Fred MacMurray greyed his hair at the temples . . . Ruth Ford reads her lines as a Gallic maid with the new Free French accent. Says it differs from the French now being spoken in occupied territories—less guttural . . . Director

(Continued on page 13)

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LOUISIANA PURCHASE

IN TECHNICOLOR!

A Paramount Picture starring

BOB HOPE
VERA ZORINA
VICTOR MOORE

with Irene Bordoni • Dona Drake

AND 100 LOUISIANA BELLES

SONGS EVERYBODY DANCE ♪ YOU CAN'T BRUSH ME OFF ♪ LOUISIANA PURCHASE ♪ IT'S A LOVELY DAY TOMORROW ♪ WHAT CHANCE HAVE I WITH LOVE ♪ I'M LONELY AND YOU'RE LONELY ♪ FOOLS FALL IN LOVE

Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Screen Play by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields • Based on the Musical Comedy by Morrie Ryskind • From a Story by B. G. DeSylva

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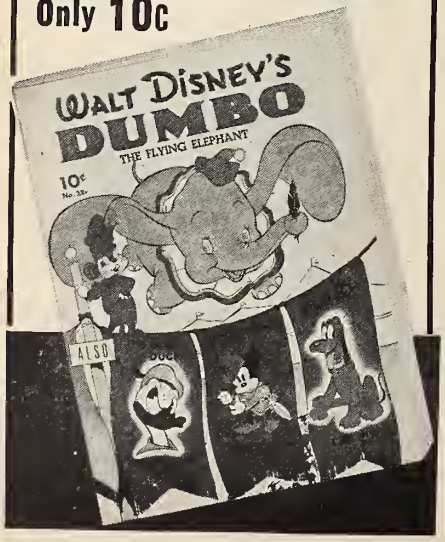

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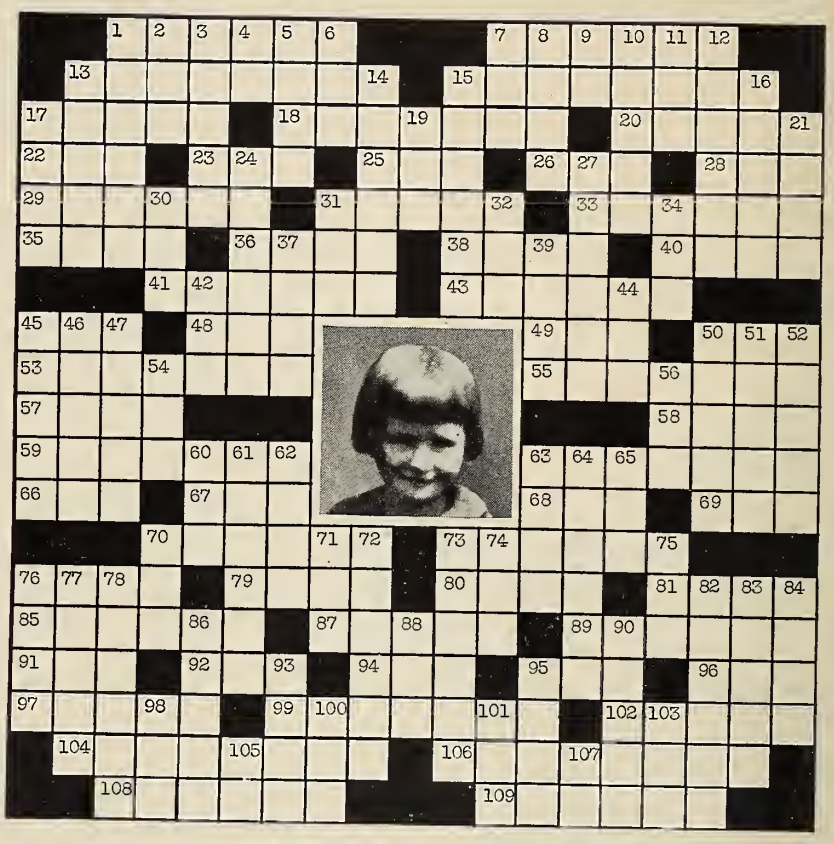


Puzzle Solution on Page 81

ACROSS

1. With Deanna in "It Started With Eve"
7. Opposite Holden in "Texas"
13. Star in "Time Out For Rhythm" (pictured)
15. Gold-digger in "The Man Who Came To Dinner"
17. Starred in 53 Across
18. What Eleanor Powell is to Merrill Pye
20. Film producer
22. Wine cup
23. Anne Gwynne's "oomph"
25. Lillian - - - nell
26. Beery's pal in "Barnacle Bill"
28. "Nine L - - - s Are Not Enough"
29. Opposite 13 Across
31. Number of Lane sisters in films
33. Hags
35. Br - - - - Marshall
36. Dill
38. Mad sister in "Ladies In Retirement"
40. Singer in "Angels With Broken Wings"
41. Star of "Tom, Dick And Harry"
43. A hunter
45. Rita Hayworth's name is C - - - ino
48. 551: Rom. num.
49. Indian
50. Angry
53. Hilton's novel-film: "The - - - - - -"
55. Related
57. Sea bird
58. Actress in "How Green Was My Valley"
59. Character actress: Una - - - - - -
63. Sullavan's rival in "Appointment For Love"
66. Corded fabric
67. Man's nickname
68. Arabian garment
69. Scan
70. Actress in "When Ladies Meet"
73. A "motion picture" to Greer Garson
76. Femme in "Sullivan's Travels"
79. Arrow poison
80. Roman road
81. Color
85. Un-jealous hubby in "The Feminine Touch"
87. "They - - - - - By Night"
89. Willows
91. By birth
92. Insect
94. Marjorie - - - n
95. Canadian province: abbr.
96. Malt beverage
97. Lamprey fisher
99. She came back in "Father Takes A Wife"
102. Actor-band leader
104. Hold back
106. Real name of 13 Across
108. What Palm Springs is to stars
109. A drum

DOWN

1. Star of "My Life With Caroline"
2. Actress in "You'll Never Get Rich"
3. Regina in "The Little Foxes"
4. Printer's measure
5. Slaps Marlene in "Manpower"
6. Pa - - - c Knowles
7. "Reap - - - Wild Wind"
8. Length of film
9. Hesitating word
10. Motion picture director
11. Room in a harem
12. Deep gully
13. Dr. Gunther in "Appointment For Love"
14. What Hayden and Flynn have in common
15. What films are projected on
16. Actor serving in England
17. Judy Garland's husband
19. Correlative of "neither"
21. Emil.o in "Street Girl"
24. "Sunny"
27. Card game: Fr.
30. Burmese gibbon
31. "The Four Daugh - - - s"
32. Yale
34. Aged
37. Actor Hamilton
39. Complacent
42. Queer
44. Above: poet.
45. Male film player
46. Feminine relative
47. Strip of leather
50. March's home in "One Foot In Heaven"
51. What chatterers do in theaters
52. Shirley - - - - -
54. Veda Borg's middle name
56. Human being
60. A doze
61. M-G-M's dead-pan songstress
62. Autry's "check" on Champ
63. "Small Town Deb's" star
64. Mrs. Alexander Korda
65. A conceited actor
70. Dry, as wine
71. Dour comedian
72. Jeffrey's role in "Underground"
73. Ideals of good citizenship
74. A follower: suffix
75. "There's M - - - c In Music"
76. Last name of 13 Across
77. Mohammedan prince
78. Dancer in "Sweetheart Of The Campus"
82. Star of 28 Across
83. Star of "Flying Blind"
84. Belgian river
86. Stags
88. He's in "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde"
90. To take off
93. Russian ruler
95. "In Name - - - -"
98. Point of the compass
100. Bob Hope's lively faculty
101. Away
103. Peruvian plant
105. International language
107. Eleanor Ho - -

(*Continued from page 10*)

Mitchell Leisen is one of the most versatile men in Hollywood. He's half-owner of an exclusive tailoring shop; owns, directs, produces a dancing revue starring Mary Parker and Billy Daniels; is now in the midst of drawing up plans for a new Palm Springs resort (he used to be an architect) . . . New leading man Roger Clark is so busy, he can't find time for a golf game. Rigged up a putting arrangement in a 7x7 space in his dressing room . . . 11-months'-old "Baby X" was a pretty grouchy little number all during production. Even the combination of being held in Marlene's arms and having the director make a fool of himself by playing peek-a-boo failed to bring the faintest wreath of a smile to the youngster's rose-bud lips. As a last resort, Sterling Holloway was brought in. The sad-faced, wild-haired Sterling just stood in front of the baby. The kiddie took one look and burst out in ripply chuckles . . . Marlene didn't wear just any old cast on her leg. Hers was bright pink and streamlined. Got around the annoyance of having crumbly bits of plaster settle under her foot by having her maid blow 'em out via the vacuum cleaner.

THE SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN

William Powell takes Myrna Loy to the races for excitement . . . and gets it! A jockey is found dead in the club

shower. But Bill refuses to help until Alan Baxter, newspaperman, is shot. In rapid succession, a pair of innocent suspects are taken into custody and another murder is committed. After several suspenseful moments, Powell tells all, thereby startling Myrna and everyone else involved.—*M-G-M.*

TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE

A scientific expedition pops up just in time to save Johnny Sheffield from the tortures of the savages. Tarzan appears, thanks the white men for saving his foster son and agrees to be their guide

. . . but forbids gold hunting. When one gold-hunting member of the expedition is stymied by Tarzan, he takes Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny as hostages, then takes a shot at Tarzan. Rallying a small army of elephants, Tarzan rescues Maureen and Johnny . . . dispenses with two of the white men . . . sends the other back to civilization laden with gold. —*M-G-M.*

BLONDIE GOES TO COLLEGE

When Dagwood (Arthur Lake) tells Blondie (Penny Singleton) he wants to go to college, she thinks he's crazy. Nevertheless he goes . . . and so does she. The muddle begins when campus flirtations set in, but things really get hot when Dagwood is arrested for kidnapping Baby Dumpling (Larry Simms). Blondie finally untangles the mess by simply telling the truth . . . and when she does, even Dagwood's knocked for a loop.—*Col.*

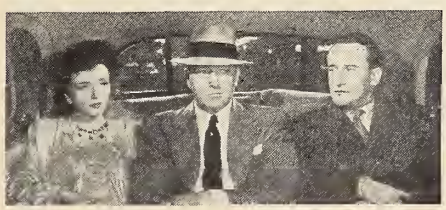
BEDTIME STORY

At the three points of this triangle are Loretta Young, actress, Fredric March, husband playwright, and their newly purchased farm in Connecticut. After Fredric breaks his promise to give up the theater for the farm, Loretta leaves for Reno—is lured back—but finally goes through with her divorce, despite March's wild and varied schemes. Her subsequent marriage to a social registrant

is found illegal, to Loretta's secret relief . . . and she is re-united with March after a lusty brawl between him and husband No. 2. Loretta is inveigled into her husband's new play which creates a first-night sensation . . . but more sensational is her curtain-call announcement that the play will close in 5 months due to an "Act of God!" Fredric March faints but the day is saved!—*Col.*

A DATE WITH THE FALCON

George Sanders (the Falcon) is about to give up sleuthing to marry Wendy Barrie and become a broker when he is involved in his second diamond mystery. This one revolves around a secret formula



for making fake diamonds real as life. The gangsters lead the Falcon a merry chase before they're rounded-up. In the end, the secret formula is found in the pocket of the Falcon's stooge (Allen Jenkins), much to his and everyone else's surprise.—*RKO.*

FOUR JACKS AND A JILL

The "Four Jacks," headed by Ray Bolger, live by their music and their wits. Anne Shirley lives by her wits alone. Securing a better job for the "Four Jacks," she also replaces torchy June Havoc as singer. But one night Desi Arnaz and a pal wander into the nightclub and gum

up the works. Things are further complicated by June and her gangster-fiancé. In the end, Ray gets Anne . . . the band gets out of jail . . . and the much-deserving gangster gets it in the neck.—*RKO.*

(*Continued on page 16*)

Why Arthur Murray Dance Teachers Prefer Odorono Cream

WHEN you teach dancing for a living, you can't take chances with daintiness! That's why the glamourous girls who teach dancing in Arthur Murray's famous Studios are so crazy about Odorono Cream. They can dab it on and dance all day without fear of underarm odor or dampness!

Non-irritating, non-gritty, non-greasy—Odorono Cream ends perspiration annoyance *safely* 1 to 3 days! Generous 10¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes, plus tax, at all cosmetic counters.

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CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEAS

Beautifully packaged foods make exciting gifts

BY HELEN HOLMES

If you want to have your friends really love the gifts you give this Christmas, try making home-made candies and cookies. With the simple recipes we are printing, and just a little time and effort, you will give your gifts distinction that's entirely lacking in those you've hurriedly purchased and into which you have not put a little of yourself.

Lovely Margaret Hayes, who is appearing in Paramount's production of "Louisiana Purchase," says that every gift, no matter how simple, should have a glamorous wrapping. She uses colorful Christmas papers and outside wrappings of clear Cellophane. By securing the folded edges with Scotch Tape and decorating with bows and pompons of Scotch Gift Wrap Tape, she is easily able to make her presents look so mysterious and exciting that her friends can hardly wait until Christmas to open them.

If you will mail the coupon we are printing at the end of this article you will receive an extremely helpful little booklet, "MAGIC AT YOUR FINGERTIPS," which gives directions and illustrations of many easy and attractive ways of wrapping your Christmas Gifts.

CHRISTMAS CUT-OUT COOKIES

- 3½ cups sifted cake flour
- 2½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup butter
- 1¼ cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla
- 1½ teaspoons lemon juice

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each. Add vanilla and lemon juice; then add flour, a small amount at a time, and blend thoroughly. Chill until firm enough to roll. Roll ⅛-inch thick on a slightly floured board. Cut with floured cutters, brush with glaze and decorate. Place on slightly greased baking sheet and bake in a hot oven (425°F.) for 5 to 10 minutes.

Cutters to use for cookies: Round and scalloped cutters, Christmas tree, star and crescent-shaped cutters.

Decorations: Granulated sugar, mixture of cinnamon and sugar or colored sugar. Chopped nuts. Tiny colored candies. Cocoanut, raisins, currants, lemon or orange peel. And green citron for holly stem and leaves.

Glaze: Mix together 1 egg yolk and ¼ cup of milk. Brush lightly over cookies before baking.

ALMOND BUTTER CRUNCH

1 cup butter
1 cup sugar
¾ cup finely chopped blanched almonds, lightly toasted
4 squares Baker's Dot Chocolate

Add butter to sugar in saucepan. Place over low flame and stir constantly until sugar is dissolved. Cook until a small amount of mixture becomes very brittle in cold water (310° F.), stirring occasionally to prevent scorching. Add ¼ cup nuts. Pour into lightly buttered pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches. Cool. Heat chocolate over boiling water until partly melted, then remove from boiling water and stir it rapidly until entirely melted. Spread ½ of chocolate over top and sprinkle with ½ of remaining nuts. Cool until chocolate is firm. Invert crunch and cover with remaining chocolate. Sprinkle with remaining nuts. Cool until chocolate is firm. Break in small irregular pieces. Makes about 1¼ pounds crunch.

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THE LIFE AND LOVES OF AN EXCITING WOMAN!
DAVID... her pulses throbbed...
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VICTOR... sheer devotion!
Loretta Young
IN
THE MEN IN HER LIFE
with
CONRAD VEIDT • DEAN JAGGER
JOHN SHEPPERD • OTTO KRUGER • EUGENIE LEONTOVICH
Based on a novel by Lady Eleanor Smith • Screen play by Frederick Kohner, Michael Wilson, Paul Trivers
Directed by GREGORY RATOFF • A GREGORY RATOFF PRODUCTION • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

(Continued from page 13)

AMONG THE LIVING

There's plenty of gore at the hands of insane Albert Dekker who supposedly died many years before. Once out of his straight-jacket, he strangles his aged negro attendant and a girl for whom he had a passing fondness. When the papers blurt out the truth about Al Dekker

and his murderous tendencies, a reward is offered. His innocent twin brother (also played by Dekker) is tracked down and almost lynched. Fleeing the mob, he trips over the body of the violent Dekker whom he finds dead. The crowd, arriving at his heels, is convinced of his innocence.—*Par.*

MELODY LANE

If Leon Errol of Kornies Breakfast Food weren't nuts about music . . . and nuts in general . . . Don Douglas, his advertising man, would have had no difficulties. Trouble is that Errol insists on sitting in with the band during his big network programs. Anne Gwynne, Don's aide, succeeds in signing up an unsuspecting cornbelt band. After many hectic rehearsals and an equally hectic kidnapping of Baby Sandy, Anne Gwynne sets things straight and just incidentally marries Robert Paige, the band leader, while Mary Lou Cook (band member) snags Don Douglas.—*U.*

NIGHT OF JANUARY 16th

Playing for high stakes, Nils Asther embezzles $20,000,000 of stockholders' money and then skips. Police find his wristwatch, assume that he's dead and hold his secretary, Ellen Drew, for murder. Stockholder Robert Preston bails

Ellen out, believing she'll lead him to the $20,000,000. Evidence piles high against her until she and Robert, working on a hunch, trace Nils Asther to Havana. Cuban police are about to arrest Robert and Ellen for disappearing during her trial when . . . but why spoil the story?—*Par.*

OBLIGING YOUNG LADY

Things start happening when Edmond O'Brien, roving newspaper reporter, gets his face slapped by Ruth Warrick. From then on he pursues her hot-and-heavy until she is whisked away by her fiancé. Being the perfect secretary, she takes her boss's daughter, Joan Carroll, to a mountain hotel to spare her the notoriety of a court battle between her parents. There they bump into O'Brien. Situations arise which force Ruth and Edmond to play mamma and papa to little Joan. The trick works to everyone's advantage.—*RKO.*

(Continued on page 81)

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Accent on Love (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Adventure in Washington (Columbia)	3★
Affectionately Yours (Warners)	2½★
All That Money Can Buy (RKO)	3½★
Aloma of the South Seas (Paramount) C	2½★
Apache Kid (Republic)	3★
*Appointment For Love (Universal)	3★
Arizona Bound (Monogram) C	2½★
Bad Man of Deadwood (Republic)	2½★
Bornocle Bill (M-G-M)	2½★
Big Store, The (M-G-M) C	3½★
Billy the Kid (M-G-M) C	3★
*Birth of the Blues (Paramount)	3★
Black Cat, The (Universal)	2½★
Blonde from Singapore, The (Columbia)	2★
Blondie in Society (Columbia) C	2½★
Blood and Sand (20th Century-Fox) C	3½★
Blossoms in the Dust (M-G-M)	4★
Bowery Blitzkrieg (Monogram)	2★
Bride Came C. O. D., The (Warners)	3½★
Burma Convoy (Universal)	2½★
Buy Me That Town (Paramount)	3★
Caught in the Droft (Poramount)	3★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Charlie Chon in Rio (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Chocolate Soldier (M-G-M)	3½★
Christmos in July (Poromount)	3★
City Limits (Monogram) C	2★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M)	3★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount)	2★
County Fair (Republic)	2★
Cracked Nuts (Universal)	2½★
Dance Hall (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (M-G-M)	3★
Doctors Don't Tell (Republic)	2★
Dressed to Kill (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dumbo (RKO) C	3½★
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbio	2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO)	2½★
Flying Codets (Universal)	2★
Forced Landing (Poromount)	2½★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox,	2★
Gangs of Sonoro (Republic)	2½★
Gay Falcon, The (RKO)	2½★
Getaway, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists)	3½★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Harmon of Michigan (Columbia)	2★
Hello Sucker (Universal)	2½★
*Hellzapoppin' (Universal)	3½★
Henry Aldrich for President (Poramount) C	3★
Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Columbia)	4★
Her First Beau (Columbio) C	3★
He Stoyed for Breakfast (Columbio)	2½★
Hit the Road (Universal) C	2½★
Hold Back the Down (Poromount)	3½★
Hold Thot Ghost (Universal)	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Honky Tonk (M-G-M)	3★
How Green Wos My Valley (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Hullobaloo (M-G-M)	2★
Hurry, Charlie, Hurry (RKO)	2½★
Ice-Capades (Republic)	2½★
If I Had My Way (Universol) C	3★
I'll Wait For You (M-G-M)	2½★
In The Navy (Universal)	3½★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
It Started With Eve (Universal)	4★
*Kathleen (M-G-M)	3★
Knockout (Warners)	2½★
Knute Rockne—All Americon (Worners) C	3½★
*Ladies in Retirement (Columbia)	3½★
Lady Be Good (M-G-M)	3★
*Lody is Willing, The (Columbio)	2½★
Lody from Louisiona, The (Republic,	3★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M)	3★
Last of the Duones (20th Century-Fox) C	2½★
Low of the Tropics (Warners)	2½★
Life Begins for Andy Hordy (M-G-M) C	3★
Life With Henry (Poramount) C	2½★
Little Foxes, The (RKO)	4★
*Louisiana Purchose (Poramount)	3½★
Love Crazy (M-G-M)	3½★
Lydio (United Artists)	3½★
Moisie Was a Lody (M-G-M)	2½★
Major Barbara (United Artists) C	3½★
The Maltese Falcon (Worners)	3½★
Mon ot Large (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Man Hunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★

Picture	General Rating
Manpower (Warners)	3★
Married Bachelor (M-G-M)	3★
*Men in Her Life, The (Columbia)	3★
Million Dollar Baby (Warners)	3½★
Mr. ond Mrs. Smith (RKO)	3★
Mr. District Attorney (Republic)	2★
Moonlight in Hawaii (Universal)	2½★
Moon Over Burma (Paramount)	2½★
Moon Over Miami (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
My Life with Caroline (RKO)	3★
Navy Blues (Warners) C	3★
Never Give A Sucker An Even Break (Universal)	3★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Nine Lives Are Not Enough (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Nothing But the Truth (Poramount)	3★
Officer and the Lady, The (Columbia)	2½★
One Night in Lisbon (Paramount)	3★
Out of the Fog (Warners)	3½★
Parson of Panamint (Paramount)	3★
Passage From Hong Kong (Warners)	2★
Penny Serenade (Columbia)	3½★
People vs. Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)	2★
Pittsburgh Kid, The (Republic)	2½★
*Playmotes (RKO)	3★
Pot O' Gold (United Artists)	3★
Power Dive (Paramount)	2½★
Pride ond Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount)	3★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal) C	2★
Reluctant Dragon (RKO)	3★
Repent at Leisure (RKO)	2½★
Ride on Vaquero (20th Century-Fox) C	2½★
Ringside Moisie (M-G-M)	2½★
*Rise ond Shine (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Rookies on Parade (Republic) C	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
Sergeont York (Warners)	4★
Scattergood Pulls the Strings (RKO)	2½★
Scotland Yard (20th Century-Fox)	2★
She Knew All the Answers (Columbia)	3★
Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount)	3½★
Shining Victory (Warners)	2½★
Sing Another Chorus (Universal)	2★
Sis Hopkins (Republic)	3★
*Skylark (Poramount)	3★
Smiling Ghost, The (Warners)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal) C	2½★
Spring Porade (Universal) C	3★
Stronge Alibi (Warners)	2½★
Sunny (RKO)	3★
Sunset in Wyoming (Republic)	3½★
Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Suspicion (RKO)	3★
Sweetheort of the Compus (Columbia)	2★
Tonks a Million (United Artists)	3★
Texas (Columbia)	3½★
That Uncertain Feeling (United Artists)	3★
There's Magic in Music (Poramount)	2½★
They Dare Not Love (Columbio)	2★
*They Died With Their Boots On (Warners)	3½★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
They Met in Bombay (M-G-M)	3★
This Woman is Mine (Universal)	2½★
Those Were the Days (Poramount) C	2½★
Tight Shoes (Universal)	3★
Tillie the Toiler (Columbio)	2★
Time Out For Rhythm (Columbia)	2½★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO) C	3★
Tom, Dick and Horry (RKO)	4★
Too Many Blondes (Universal)	2★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners)	2½★
*Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M)	3½★
Two in a Taxi (Columbia)	2½★
Underground (Warners)	3½★
Unexpected Uncle (RKO)	2½★
Unfinished Business (Universal)	3½★
Victory (Paramount)	3★
Wogons Roll At Night, The (Warners)	3★
Washington Melodroma (M-G-M)	3★
Weekend for Three (RKO)	3★
Westerner, The (United Artists) C	3★
When Ladies Meet (M-G-M)	3★
Whistling in the Dork (M-G-M)	3★
Woman's Face, A (M-G-M)	3½★
Yank in R. A. F., The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
You'll Never Get Rich (Columbia)	4★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Ziegfeld Girl (M-G-M)	3½★

ALEXANDRE DUMAS' STRANGEST STORY
OF TWO BROTHERS WITH BUT A SINGLE SOUL!
TWINS . . . invisibly bound to each other for life—yet worlds apart and enemies to the death! . . . living, loving, fighting as one man! When one brother holds a beautiful woman, the other thrills to her love! When one brother writhes under the lash, the other feels his pain! Dumas' most unusual, most exciting drama—now dwarfs all previous achievements of the adventure screen!
Edward Small presents
ALEXANDRE DUMAS' masterpiece of adventure and romance
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS
STARRING DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
RUTH WARRICK · AKIM TAMIROFF · J. Carrol Naish · H. B. Warner
Henry Wilcoxon · John Emery · Gloria Holden · Veda Ann Borg · Directed by Gregory Ratoff
Screenplay by George Bruce · From a free adaptation of the Dumas story
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GREAT FAMILIES *make great pictures!*

from the days of "THE BIRTH OF A NATION" and "CIMARRON"... through "CAVALCADE" and "BEAU GESTE"... down to "THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD," "THE GRAPES OF WRATH" and "GONE WITH THE WIND"...

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...and now to the screen comes the brave story of a family never conquered—not by armed men or hardship, hunger or hate—nor by the turbulent years that stole the greenness from their valley.

WALTER PIDGEON
as GRUFFYDD

MAUREEN O'HARA
as ANGHARAD

ANNA LEE
as BRONWEN

RODDY McDOWALL
as HUW

DONALD CRISP
as GWILYM MORGAN

PATRIC KNOWLES
as IVOR

SARA ALLGOOD
as MRS. MORGAN

JOHN LODER
as IANTO

Twentieth Century-Fox presents

Richard Llewellyn's

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

with

WALTER PIDGEON • MAUREEN O'HARA • DONALD CRISP

ANNA LEE • RODDY McDOWALL

John Loder • Sara Allgood • Barry Fitzgerald • Patric Knowles

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK • Directed by JOHN FORD

Screen Play by Philip Dunne

Watch for CLAUDETTE COLBERT *in* "Remember the Day"

Gene Tierney

She's like a Petty drawing and wishes she weren't. Whittles 14 pounds off those curves before each picture. Mostly rumba-ed it away before starting work on her latest role in U. A.'s "Shanghai Gesture." Prefers the scent of fresh paint and gasoline to "Tabu." Adores her brother Butch and all James Thurber nonsense!

Walter Pidgeon

Pidgeon-hole Pidgeon? Not on your life! Warbling his way through musical comedies was O.K. for a starter. But exploding into song at the point of a baton is hardly a full-time vocation for a 200-pound chunk of virility like Walter. Anyhow, that's how HE felt about it. Better to sit and wait than to be typed for the rest of his life. So Pidgeon sat and waited, shifting his position from New York to Hollywood, until one day the heavy-duty roles started rolling in. So faint in the distance were his musical comedy days that Hollywood almost forgot the whole thing! And there was that nice, fat role in "How Green Was My Valley," just waiting to be snapped up. Paradoxical guy, Walter did the snagging. Judging by his latest part in M-G-M's "Design for Scandal," his snagging record is still tops. Cast so many times as the world-weary cocktail-guzzler, you'd never suspect him of carrot-eating and muscle-flexing. Or book-collecting, either. Hard to believe beet-tops, salad greens and travel books could nurture such a manly hunk of glamor. Yet there it is—6' 3", 200 lbs., with shoulders like a halfback and a face like "The Thinker"!

Relaxed as a whirling dervish, Roz has all 10 fingers in different pies! She writes unpublished reams—dreams up her own clothes—puts her heart into her conversation and her feet into "bunny shoes" when they're out of camera-view. Hates gossip, despite her natural talent for it in "The Women." Incurably curious, she's busy as a tourist, visiting sets, chatting with all-comers. M-G-M could use a Boy Scout troop to bring her back alive while she holds up production of "Design for Scandal," teaing with Joan Crawford. A lively bundle of contradictions, she thinks sleeping's a waste of time, but rarely crawls out of bed before noon when she's 'twixt pictures. Is happiest in a houseful of people, but lived alone. Has a swimming pool, but is allergic to cold water. Bats 1000 in glamor, but, though 30, her marriage record was strictly zero until temptation stalked in—in the person of Freddie Brisson, actors' agent. Used to say, "When you've got a gal like Hazel (Garbo's ex-maid) to take care of you, why clutter up the house with a husband?" Contradicted even that, two months ago, with not so much as an "Excuse it, please!"

Rosalind Russell

When other Hollywood guys his age were staggering the box-office, where was Bob? Selling fountain pens! Wasn't until March, 1940, that he changed his name and his vocation—signing "Sterling" instead of "Hart" to a 20th Century-Fox contract. Toyed around with the idea of acting while credit-managing for a rubber company. Finally got to Hollywood green as grass and started an intensive course in gate-crashing. Wangled a test from Columbia—rang a bell—and got a year's contract. Only bit parts, though. Started brushing up on salesmanship again when the break came in "Bad Girl." Judging from his current film, M-G-M's "Two-Faced Woman," the breaks are still coming. Back home in Newcastle they still talk of how Bob used to chase down the athletic field like the true son of a Chicago Cub. No telling where he might have wound up if not for that ankle injury he got on the freshman squad at Pitt. Had another accident not long ago but took it in his stride. Bumped into the rear of a car in Beverly Hills. Got out muttering, "Just like a woman," and found Hedy Lamarr at the wheel. A little informal for an introduction—but it will do!

Robert Sterling

"Me play second fiddle to that Model-T Romeo?!"

"Me play Shakespeare with that Corn-fed Quiz Quack?!"

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE— BUT WE'VE GOT 'EM *TOGETHER!*

The Ol-l-ld Professor of the Air Waves
And That Son-of-a-gun of the Royal Family
Convulsively Combined in Kay's Biggest Song-studded Comedy!

KAY KYSER

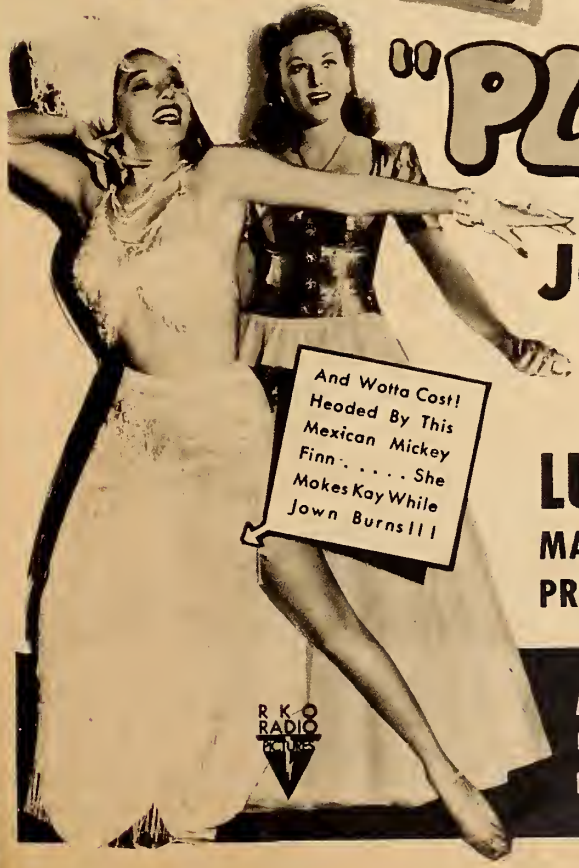
In

"PLAYMATES"

With

JOHN BARRYMORE

SEE KAY... Ploy Shakespeare ...Go Goofy Over Lupe ... Launch 5 New Song Hits.
SEE JAWN... Rumba with Robson ... Rassle with Lupe ... Duel with Koy.



And Wotta Cast! Headed By This Mexican Mickey Finn-.... She Makes Kay While Jown Burns!!!

LUPE VELEZ • GINNY SIMMS

MAY ROBSON • PATSY KELLY • PETER LIND HAYES

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER

Screen Play by James V. Kern

***Plus* KAY KYSER's Famous BAND**

In A Sensational Spectacle, "Shakespeare in Swing" featuring

Harry BABBITT • Ish KABIBBLE • Sully MASON

ERNEST A. BACHRACH

James Craig

If James Craig ever writes an autobiography it won't be entitled "Ten Easy Steps to Success," because his is no get-rich-quick story! Started selling papers, drove a truck, worked his way from construction crew to oil field and finolly to sales department of General Motors. Reached the point where he could finally sign his name to a check and threw it all up, hell-bent for Hollywood. Judging by RKO's current film, "Valley of the Sun," Tennessee's boy has made good . . . and he's none the worse for wear. A towering 6' 3", he not only looks like a man of action—he is. Frisked his way casually through the United States, Conado, Mexico and Cuba, picking up a fluent ocquaintance with Spanish. Worked his way to England on o cattle boat—did o pretty noble job of Boy-Scouting during the Palm Beach hurricane back in '26. Small wonder he went about the adventure film, "Rigadoon," as though it were old stuff! And that's the guy whose porents hoped he would be a minister. Strictly a man's man, he knows more about fish and moose than he does obout women. Asks the inevitoble question, "How is she on Southern fried chicken and hot biscuits?"

She loves horses, stray cats, blue-murder mystery yarns, candid cameras. Above all, she loves a guy named John Barry, publisher—wears the sparkler that's been in his family so long it's a tradition. Lives up to the Barry tradition other ways, too; by squinting at golf balls and household budgets with Yankee sharpness—by promptly discarding time-worn socks—by rising and shining for breakfast with hubby. Recalls how a wad of gum almost gummed up her debut with Fred Waring at the Roxy Theater in New York—but unsheathed her talent for comedy. Still tops in rollicking roles, but occasionally excursions into sheer drama—currently Warners' "Blues in the Night." Grew up from "Four Daughters" to "Four Wives" and later to "Four Mothers," but didn't outgrow her 18" waistline—the smallest in Hollywood. Never outgrew the nickname "Pat," either, though managed to slough off the "Mullican." It's do-or-die when Pat gets going. It was almost "die" when she took up horseback riding. Thrown three times the first day, she found herself in one of those rare spots she couldn't wiggle out of with a grin and a wisecrack!

Priscilla Lane

THEY LIVE

Clippered to Modern Screen from our London correspondent! The first exclusive account of four plucky English screen stars who exchanged Hollywood bright-lights for British Isle blackouts!

BY C. A. LEJEUNE

34-year-old Olivier's been in Eng. a year now. In 1940 made "Pride and Prejudice" with Greer Garson.

'Tis rumored in London that Larry and Vivien Olivier are expecting a wee one in the very near future!

WITH THEIR BOOTS ON

At a luncheon in London the other day, Producer Gabriel Pascal, before taking off for Canada in a bomber, had a few choice things to say about certain English actors in Hollywood. "Our sweet little birds," he called them, "who cable since eighteen months, I come home by Clipper. . . . They send me telegrams of congratulation on 'Major Barbara,' " he added darkly, "and promise to work with me. I think that in time I bring them all home by way of Canada."

His remarks set us thinking of other homing pigeons—English stars from Hollywood who haven't needed any Machiavellian cunning to bring them back to their homeland. Vivien Leigh . . . Laurence Olivier . . . David Niven . . . Richard Greene . . . four players who took the first boat home as soon as things began to look sticky over here. How has England and the war treated them? we wondered. Where are they? What are they thinking and doing? England is a pretty small country, but it's big enough to do a good job of hiding three service men and a navy wife who don't care to be found.

We ran Miss Leigh down first. We interviewed her amongst two buckets of sand (for fire bombs) and two of ice (we can't think why) inside the stage door of the Haymarket Theater. She was in the middle of a rehearsal of Shaw's "Doctor's Dilemma," which will go out on the road next Monday for a three months' tour of the blitzed areas. She was wearing a black tunic suit with brass buttons and a pronounced military influence. She has let her dark hair grow long, demurely parted down the middle, but definitely long: "Because," she says, "I can put it up in a minute with one comb and I'm ready for anything."

Pressed about how the war had treated her, she grew distressed. "But, sweetie," she said—for we have known Vivien long enough to make such addresses regular—"it hasn't treated me in any special way. I can't seem to make them understand in America that I'm just doing what every other Englishwoman is doing now. We had a newspaper woman from Hollywood in here the other day, and she thought I was pulling her leg when I told her I was cooking and doing the housework and growing the vegetables. But

Capt. Dave Niven (above with Loretta Young) wed Primula Rollo, woman's auxiliary air force officer, in Oct. '40.

THEY LIVE WITH THEIR BOOTS ON (CONTINUED)

it wasn't an act—*you* know that. That sort of thing is just automatic."

She looked rather darkly at the bucket of ice, which was beginning to wilt down the sides of her black sandal shoes. The stagedoor keeper, a fatherly type, suggested we might like to sit in his box and cleared a wooden chair of a bottle of milk, a cracked tea-pot, the mid-day paper and a cat. A minion from somewhere backstage stuck his head around the door to remark there was always Diana's Room. "Why, yes, of course," cried Vivien. "Diana won't be in till tonight's show. She won't mind." So we moved on from the buckets to the star dressing-room, where telegrams stuck in the mirror and pinned on a wooden screen wished Miss Diana Wynyard all the best for the opening of "No Time for Comedy."

"Larry should be in at any minute now," Mrs. Olivier went on. "He always looks in at rehearsal if he happens to be up in town. He had to go to the Admiralty for something today. He's a Loot in the Fleet Air Arm now, you know. Got his second pip. He does about three hours' actual flying each day and is on duty at the R.A.F. station from 8:15 till 5. I get him his breakfast before he goes and his supper when he comes back."

We said we thought a brief time-table of her day would be nice. She said it wouldn't be nice a bit, just dull. They had a hideous little bungalow in Hampshire, she said, handy for Larry's work, with one cook-general to do the odd jobs and keep an eye on the cat. Larry's old secretary was lost somewhere in France, their maid had stayed on in America, and the chauffeur was in the Army. . . . The cat, in case we were interested, she added, had one green eye and one blue and a squint. It came from the local pub, and its name was Tissie.

We said we would still like that time-table, and she said that she'd warned us, but here it was:

"We get up soon after six, earlier than we ever did for films. Then after breakfast Larry goes off to the station, and I do the housework and answer my letters and do the food. We live in quite a little country place, you know, so I call up the stores in the nearest town, and they put the food on the local

Posing with Zarina in May, '40, little did Greene know he'd be duty-bound for Britain 3 mos. later!

Instead of machine-gun shooting, Dick Greene has been furloughed to shoot motion picture film in Denham, Eng.

'bus, and in the evening I pick it up at the bus-stop and cook it for supper, just as dull as that.

"Until recently I've been reading plays in what spare time I had. We meant to do 'Claudia,' you know, but that fell through. Then we fixed on 'The Doctor's Dilemma,' and for the last three weeks I've been up in town rehearsing every day. I get home about eight o'clock, so I don't see much of Larry. Several nights a week he's on duty all night.

"I still drive the old Invicta. Do you remember how she stalled across your driveway five years ago? She's fourteen years old now and makes fearful noises and stalls nearly all the time, but she still goes when she wants to. The other day I brought her up from Southampton, all loaded up with bags and bedding and the cat and the cook-general, and she stalled right across a country lane. I got the man who was doing the removal to hitch his van up behind and push."

We asked Vivien about the grim old house in Chelsea, which had been the Oliviers' headquarters when they first came home from America. "Old Durham Cottage?" she said. (*Continued on page 62*)

Reports say Dick has seen active service in Egypt. Above, with Alice Faye in "Little Old New York."

CANDIDLY YOURS...

It's just what every Main Streeter dreams of—this sparkling Hollywood night life!

Desi Arnaz is perpetually amazed at wife Lucille Ball's superstitions! Claims she carries a roll of "lucky money," refuses to ride thru tunnels and even balks at pre-breakfast singing!

Photographs by Staff Photographer Bob Beerman

Lana Turner pulled a fast one during her visit to Lake Arrowhead recently. Concealed her identity under a brunette wig, and not a soul recognized her! Lately she's had Hollywood gasping over her electric blue roadster and matching suit. Above with Tony Martin.

Playboy Blake Gardner keeps 20-year-old Ann Miller (ex-Lucille Ann Collier) and everybody else in town guessing about the very mysterious source of his fabulous fortune!

Linda Darnell is as proud as Punch of her family. Thrille sister Monte and brother Bubber to death by posing with 'er at a premiere. Often drags 11-yr.-old sister along on dates

Ever since the birth of their wee bonnie lass last August, John Detlie (M-G-M set designer) and wife Veronica Lake have been telling friends they'd like four more exactly like her!

According to Mischa Auer, he'll soon be altar-trekking with current heart-throb Joyce Hunter, with him at Ciro's. He's an avid post-card sender; keeps chums' P. O. boxes packed!

One look at Bill Powell dispels rumors of his illness. Wife Diana Lewis goes to the studio with him every morning bright and early to take tap, vocal, ballet and dramatic lessons!

That huge cat's-eye-and-ruby ring Betty Grable slipped or Geo. Raft's finger on his recent 37th birthday was 'way too large. Had to be chopped down a few sizes at the jewelers

VOCAL BOY

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

Gets such a kick out of their Sears Roebuck gasoline lawn-mower, he's worn the lawn practically bald!

Warbles to the tune of an old Steinway he's had for years. Won't give it up for sentimental reasons!

A perfect physical specimen (6′ 2″, 195 lbs.), he dreads getting fat. Warned his maid not to tempt him with yams!

Dennis loves to go moose and duck hunting in Utah. Takes the missus along to watch and roast the quarry!

LIFE WITH MORGAN'S A SONG! TROUBLE

IS HE NEVER SINGS THE SAME TUNE TWICE.

JUST ASK THE GIRL WHO OWNS HIM!

MAKES GOOD!

First thing Dennis did after finishing "Captains of the Clouds" was chuck sleeping bags in the Ford station wagon, take to the hills with Lillian. Parked kids with his folks in Beverly Hills!

■ Hollywood almost ruined Dennis Morgan's amiable disposition—snared him with a contract, dangled parts under his nose, jerked them away before he could nibble, frazzled his once-velvet nerves. For the first time, Lillian, his wife, heard him snarl and meditated schemes for his deliverance which didn't work. He was finally sprung by a Kitty named Foyle just in time to avert permanent damage.

Even with Kitty it was a near thing. In a triple play Morgan had been bunted from Metro to Paramount to Warners, who weren't sure they wanted to lend him to RKO. Sam Wood, the director, swore and Dennis prayed. He haunted the front office, and the sight of his face wrung the heart of the front office secretary. At length Wood phoned the head boss, then in Honolulu, for a plain yes or no and was told, sure, why not? That's how it happens in Hollywood.

Lillian was frankly thrilled when the fans started giving tongue after "Kitty Foyle." She loves to see him surrounded by autograph hunters. To cloak his own gratification, Dennis gibes at hers. "Just a little country hick—" She grins widely and asks him just exactly who does he think he's fooling around here, anyway!

They're a close corporation—Dennis and Lillian, little Stan, baby Kristin and the two elder Morners, who have come to Hollywood to be near the children. Before each picture Father Morner inquires: "Are you nervous, Lillian?" If she's not, he's not. As they gathered round the radio to hear Dennis sing for the Lux program, he eyed her anxiously. "Little nervous tonight?"

"Well—just a little maybe—" then, catching sight of his face, "Oh, not about *Dennis*, Father Morner. I'm having a tooth out tomorrow, didn't you know?" And the gullible man relaxes.

He feels a special proprietary interest in his daughter-in-law since he was with Dennis when Dennis first saw her. They'd just moved to Marshfield from Prentice, Wisconsin. It was Poppy Day. Dennis noticed the red sweater first, then the girl inside it. Her hair was dark, she was selling poppies, and her blue eyes shone with compassion—why, he didn't know. He wanted to buy a flower but hadn't the nerve. Lillian looked after him. "That poor good-looking boy with a limp," she sighed. (It was only a temporary kind of lopsided spring acquired in frosh football.) (*Continued on page 66*)

Got her start warbling "The Lord Done Fixed Up My Soul" in La. Purchase. Planed to Hollywood 4 years from the day she signed her first Broadway contract!

That report that Carol likes to cook is no malarky. Finds slaving over a hot stove relaxing and often concocts yummy menus when mom's away!

BY GENE SCHROTT AND JEAN KINKEAD

Self-made Siren

She's a glitter gal, is Bruce, with her champagne colored skin, those incredible lashes that you could knit a pair of socks out of and the oomphy mouth with the chronic grin. For a solid year she was to Broadway what Brenda Frazier was to Park Avenue—only more so. Her name in every column, a different swain practically every night, champagne on the house at the Stork Club. Sophisticated, gorgeous and as hard to get as a Noel Coward pun. Most of her dates were one night stands, but there was one boy—let's call him Bill—she used to see quite often. She doesn't see him much now because she's in Hollywood and he's in Brooklyn, but there are air mail specials and there are memories, and who knows what the future holds? His real name wouldn't mean anything to you, but if you're a Carol Bruce fan—and nine out of ten people are—his story will.

"I guess I was kind of crazy about Carol even when she was a kid—thirteen or fourteen," he told us the day we cornered him for a Bruce session. "Not that I'd ever have let on to the gang. She wasn't that kind of a girl—cute or pretty or anything. She was chubbyish and her teeth were all wrong, but she had sort of an air, if you know what I mean. She walked as if she were Mrs. God, and she had a wonderful low voice, even if every word she said was pure Brooklynese.

"I used to traipse over to her house pretty regularly, to be coached in math, I'd tell the boys—she was a whiz at it—and Carol got to be my ideal woman. She was so damn sweet and gentle. She'd always be darning some socks for Mr. Levy—that's her dad; her real name's Shirley Levy, you know—or whipping up a dress for her kid sister Marilyn. I'd watch her there in the lamplight and never notice the double chin or the funny nose. I used to think she was sort of beautiful.

"When she was fourteen, Mr. Levy's business failed, and they were terribly poor. Carol left school, and for seven dollars a week she slaved in some little hole-in-the-wall stocking shop on Fulton Street. Nights she'd go to high school at Erasmus Hall. All this put the skids on my courtship a little, but occasionally I'd amass the price of two balcony seats at the Strand and

Her second Hollywood flicker to date (first was "This Woman Is Mine") is "Keep 'Em Flying" with Dick Foran and Bill Gargan for Universal Studios.

An ardent Brooklyn Dodgers fan, she stayed glued to the radio during the World Series! Celebrated her 22nd birthday on November 15th.

She banks a four-figure salary, had a "name day" at the World's Fair and her picture on Life— that $7-a-week Brooklyn salesgirl, Carol Bruce!

Has to diet like mad to keep her current 5'5", 114 pound figure. Exercises daily by strenuously dancing and tumbling, gets pounded twice weekly by a masseuse!

on a Saturday night we'd be off. One time we went and there was an amateur show—and that's when The Thing happened. One minute we were sitting together, her hand warm in mine; and the next second she was down on the stage singing a torch song as only she can and bringing down the house. She won twenty-five dollars for that.

"Later on that night, over our chocolate sodas, she told me things she'd never said before. 'I can sing, Bill,' she said. 'You know what that means?' 'Sure,' I said, kind of dazed and hurt by her sudden rise to the heights while I was still earthbound. 'You'll be famous, maybe. And rich. You'll be able to buy yourself mink coats and stuff.' 'Crazy—I don't care about that,' she told me. 'But if I could only make enough so that Pop wouldn't be so worried all the time and so's Mom could stop sewing.' Then wistfully—'And maybe have some left over for a car and a pretty house.' She turned to me suddenly. 'Gee, Bill, wouldn't you like to live in a swell house with a garden and trees and drive a long, slinky convertible a mile a (*Continued on page 70*)

29-year-old Johnny hails from Roanoke, Va. blueblood stock. Never touches cigarettes, but goes berserk on clothes and flying!

TOO MANY HUSBANDS?

BY JAMES REID

Not so, says Anne Shirley! Johnny Payne's multiple personality just adds zest to their marital bliss!

Exercises strenuously every A.M. to keep his 6' 3", 190-lb. figure in shape!

"I'm not just one guy who's always the same," grins John Payne. "I don't think anyone is, really. Most people have seven or eight different sides, and so have I."

Under pressure, he started enumerating them for us.

"There's the guy who acts for a living—or at least tries to act," he said. "Then there's Payne, the demon musician, who's apt to pop out any time, but especially late at night. And Payne, the struggling author, who, every so often, hypnotizes himself with colossal ideas. There's the up-and-at-'em guy, the strenuous athlete. He's the opposite of Lazy John, who doesn't want to do anything except relax. Then there's the guy who likes to laugh—and the guy who likes to argue. And a few others I can't think of right now.

"I was very, very lucky," he pointed out, "to fall in love with a girl as tolerant as Anne."

But wasn't there a chance that Anne Shirley also was lucky—to fall in love with a man with a make-up like his? Life couldn't be monotonous with him around.

"I can't speak for Anne," said John. "All I can do is to speak for myself. For me, life doesn't get monotonous. And I suppose I can thank my assorted urges for that."

If his assorted urges had anything in common, it was a battle against boredom. 'Way back, the other John Paynes kept nagging the one who had to work for a living: "Instead of constantly changing jobs because you crave variety, why don't you look for a job that would keep changing?" So he looked and he looked—and he discovered acting.

"It's less monotonous than most jobs I can think of," John opined, crossing those long legs of his. "Not that life doesn't ever get dull around a movie studio. Only, with each new picture, you're working with a new cast and a new story. And in each picture (*Continued on page 64*)

Claims he enjoys kissing screen heroines, especially if he gets paid for it! Anne Shirley visited him on the set of "Remember the Day" (with Claudette Colbert) to check up!

He and Anne were married Aug. 22, 1937, after a 5-week courtship. Occasionally spree at Ciro's on Sat. nights; oftener stay home and keep 1½-yr.-old Julie Ann company!

Christmas — It's

● In Hollywood it's bigger—the trees are higher, their decorations thicker, the presents cost more, Santa's beard is longer, his belly fatter, the chimes ring louder, the holly's redder and the mistletoe whiter, the fun starts earlier and ends later—as a little something extra tucked in the toe of their socks, glamour gals give their boy friends reversible cuff-links of star sapphires and rubies—big shots throw dinners climaxed by oyster-shells in the finger bowls—pry the shells open and collect a gen-u-eyne pearl—it's terrific, brother!

Nobody works in the studios on the day before Christmas. Desks are piled with gifties and the air is charged with thrills. Gertie the stenographer and Marie the script girl exchange notes on their hauls, which include Chanel No. 5 and handmade lingerie—because even players who are hell-cats during the year turn into ministering angels on December 24th.

At noon all pretense of business as usual is discarded. Phones ring only with last-minute invitations to parties. Huge Christmas trees blaze in the commissaries. On the sets cameras stop grinding, and good cheer starts flowing. Stars kiss extras, and extras decide that Hollywood's a swell place after all, and maybe they'll get more work next year. By four the lots are deserted. All but a skeleton staff have trooped off by car and bus to Beverly and Hollywood and Venice, to spacious homes and furnished singles, for their private festivities.

We can't follow the little people. Theirs is the blessing of anonymity. The stars, poor unfortunate dears, have to give us a peek or we'll call them heels—

Peek in at the Ray Millands. They're trimming the tree. With particular pleasure this year because Daniel David's two, old enough to take an interest. A gang has come in to help—Butch Romero and the MacMurrays and Ann Sothern, minus Roger. Last Christmas Roger was with her. MacMurray works hardest, kidding the pants off holiday sentiment because he loves it, and God forbid anyone should guess. Ray takes movies, which he'll show at the drop of a hat throughout next year. He's itching to give Mal her present, contains himself till the last guest goes, then dashes upstairs. It's another bijou in the beautiful set of matched sapphires he's been adding to each Christmas.

Ann makes it a point to be home by eleven-thirty for a special Christmas rite. Every year her mother returns to Minneapolis to sing at the holiday services in the old church. Ann was feeling very low one season—her mother away, Roger away, fourteen months of job-

COLOSSAL!

BY JEANNE KARR

WHEN HOLLYWOOD UNTIES ITS PURSE-STRINGS, IT

MAKES DIAMOND JIM BRADY LOOK LIKE AN AMATEUR!

lessness behind her, nothing ahead. On the dot of eleven-thirty a package arrived—a record of her mother's voice, "Noel" on one side, "Silent Night" on the other. Ann shed a few helpful tears and phoned her mother at midnight. Every Christmas Eve since she's played the record at eleven-thirty and phoned her mother at midnight.

Some players give thoughtfully, some to get it over with—even as you and I. Joan Crawford's among the most meticulous. She carries the personal touch to lengths. She has a phobia about price tags, won't trust the shops to remove them, has everything sent to her home and does all her own wrapping. But literally. If a friend offers to help, she hovers to see that the job is done right. Crawford's Wilshire they call her place around holiday time, Bullock's-Wilshire being the swank department store. She spends more on gift wrappings than most people do on their gifts. Tags must be tied on, because stickers might fall off, and she writes every card herself. . . . Olivia de Havilland's another who won't delegate her giving. To Livvie a present by hand is worth two in the mail. She arrives at the studio with a carload, and if you happen not to be there that day, she may have to hire a G-man but she'll track you down. . . . Dennis Morgan's gifting chums with a miniature record of his own inimitable voice.

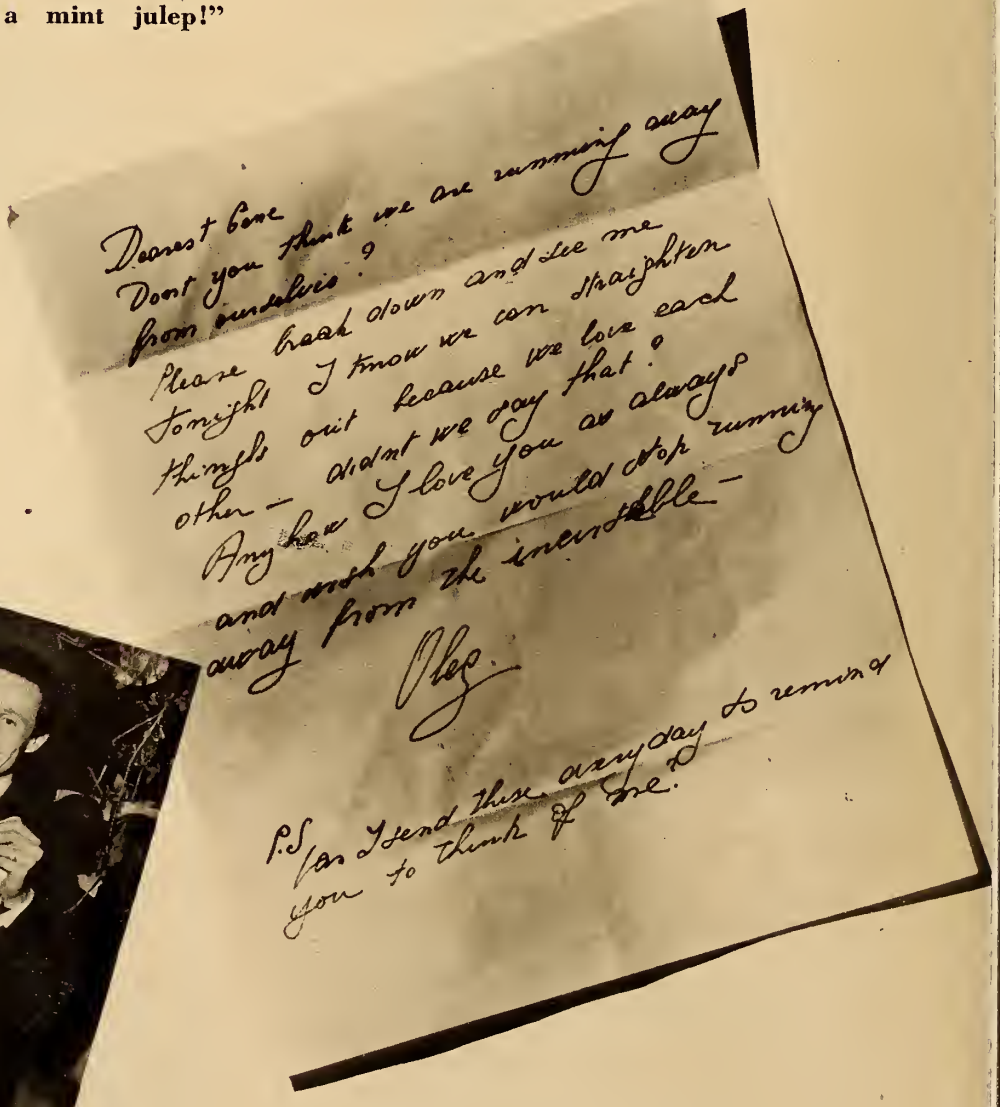
Fred Astaire's motto is: "Give what they won't buy for themselves." He presented one friend with a pair of gold garters, monogrammed, from Cartier's. Himself, he wears the fifty-cent kind. . . . Bonita Granville and her mother are making their gifts this year at a tenth of the usual cost, turning the balance over to war relief, hoping the time and effort expended will compensate for the difference in value. It goes without saying that Bun will have Christmas dinner with Jackie—at his house, if his mother's well enough—if not, at hers. Jack's going to play Santa Claus at a local orphanage, an ambition he's nursed for years while waiting for his voice to change. . . . Errol Flynn sends a case of Scotch to the publicity boys he's played hide-and-seek with all year. This washes out his sins and clears the slate for another twelvemonth. . . . If you're on Greer Garson's list, you'll get a real English fruit cake baked by a cherished recipe of her mother's. If you're a special pet, you can look forward to (*Continued on page 76*)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SAXON

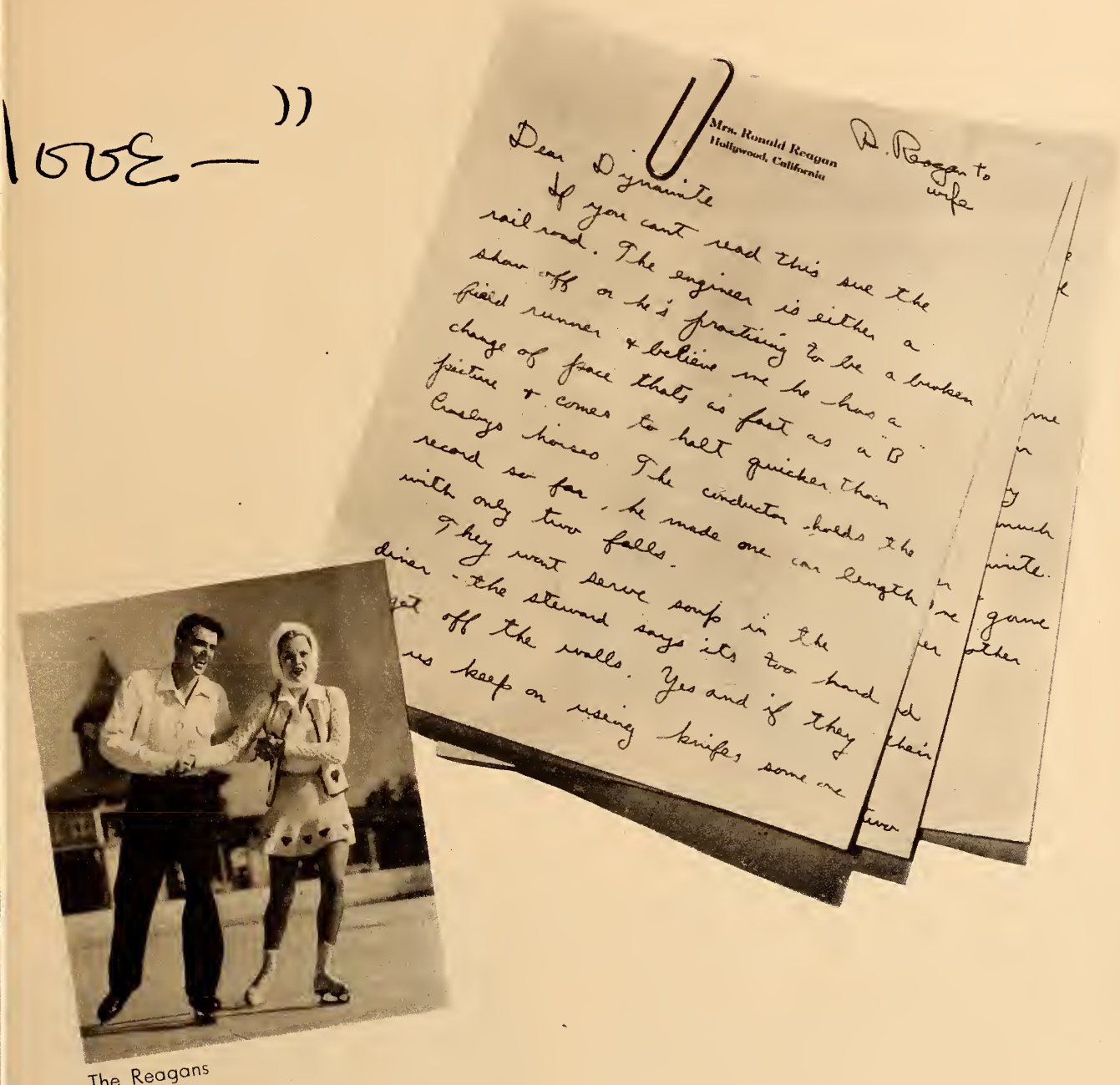
"I wrote a letter to my

"Cut the hearts and flowers," says Hollywood. "That Valentino approach is dated; Love in '41 is fresh as a mint julep!"

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY


Dearest Love
Dont you think we are running away
from ourselves?
Please break down and see me
Tonight I know we can straighten
things out because we love each
other — didnt we say that?
Anyhow I love you as always
and wish you would stop running
away from the inevitable —
Oleg
P.S. As I send these every day to remind
you to think of me.

The Cassinis


love—"
Mrs. Ronald Reagan
Hollywood, California
R. Reagan to wife
Dear Dynamite
If you cant read this see the
rail road. The engineer is either a
show off or he's practicing to be a broken
field runner + believe me he has a
change of pace that's as fast as a B
picture + comes to halt quicker than
Cowboys horses. The conductor holds the
record so far, he made one car length
with only two falls.
They wont serve soup in the
diner - the steward says its too hard
to get off the walls. Yes and if they
dont keep on using knifes some one

The Reagans

CONFIDENTIALLY, the love letter writers of Hollywood are on the brusque, humorous side (with exception), leaving the heavy passion stuff for business hours. The sultry "I love you, I love you, I love you" days went out when Vitaphone came in; the modern soul outpourings have a Powell-Loy tinge, accent on comradery, an honest reflection of love and life and action in our swift Vitamin Age. Ready? Here we go.

The romantic wire-pullers

Bob Taylor to Mrs. Bob Taylor (Barbara Stanwyck) from the "Billy the Kid" location at Santa Fe, New Mexico, February 18, this year:

Mrs. Robert Taylor.
Beverly Hills, Cal.

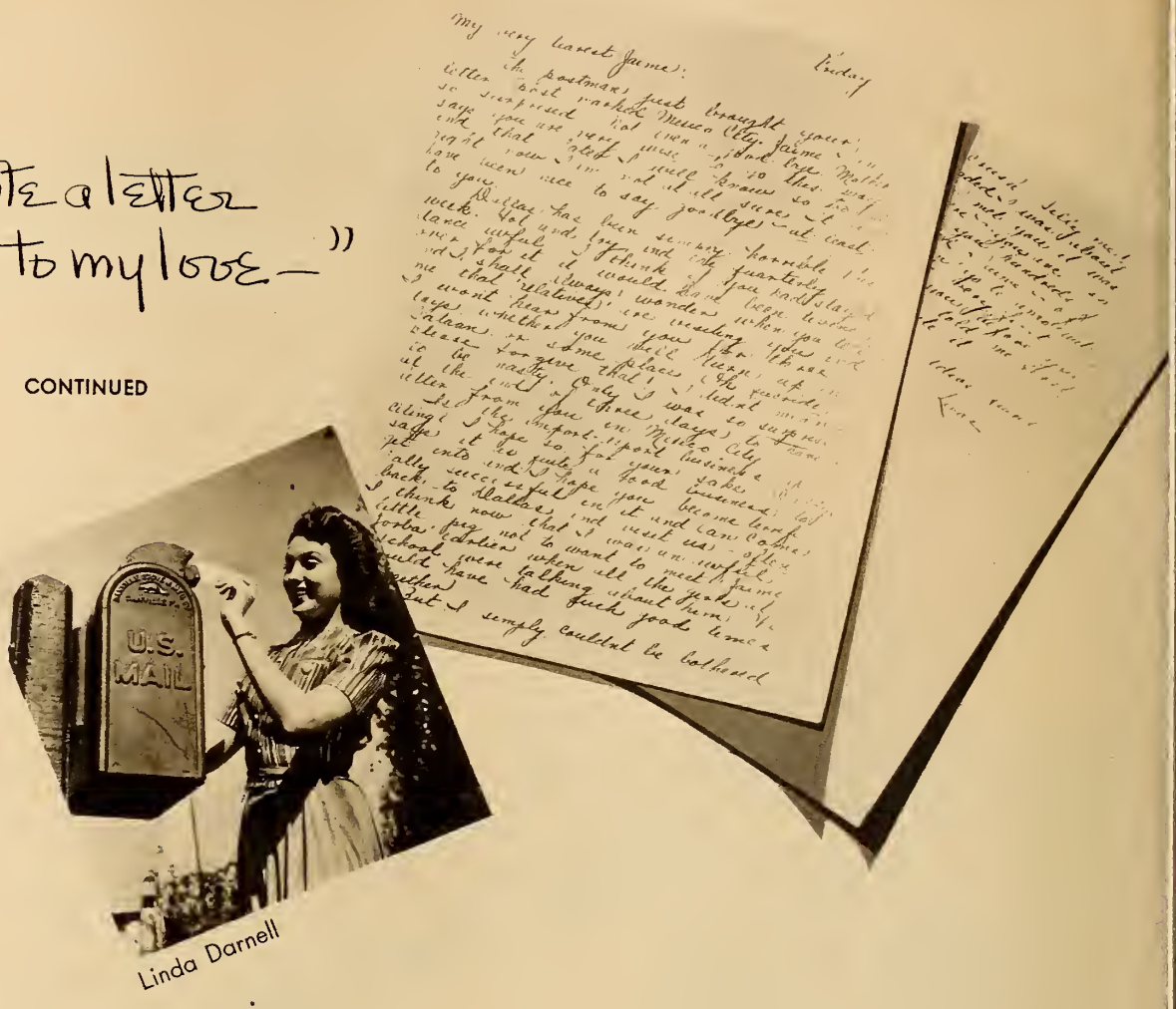
Dearest Doll: I wish I could be with you, Jack, Mary and the gang at Ciro's. We have a four A.M. call for tomorrow and that means early to bed for this cowboy, but don't forget to think of me thinking of you as you dance out the last one. I'm counting the minutes until I see you again. As ever,

Bob.

This wire, sent five years ago from Chicago where he

"I wrote a letter to my love—"

CONTINUED



Linda Darnell

was making personal appearances, cinched it for Gene Raymond with Jeanette MacDonald. When he returned, he proposed; was accepted.

Miss Jeanette MacDonald,
Beaverly Hills, Cal.

Stop interfering with my career. Couldn't remember my lyrics this afternoon. Love.

Gene.

Jack Oakie on Las Vegas, Nev., location for 20th's "Thanks for Everything" to Venita Varden Oakie when he hears that her Afghan hound, Afghani Shah, has won a dog show "first":

Mrs. Jack Oakie,
Beverly Hills, Cal.

I knew he'd do it, honey. When it comes to picking thoroughbreds Oakie wins hands down and this includes you, too. Shooting winds up Friday and Poppa flies in Saturday, so skip week-end plans and concentrate on your ever-loving

Jack.

Poets' corner

Love note to a honey-blonde, accompanied by red roses. Madeleine Carroll's suitor, name unrevealed, revives the Golden Age of courtship and borrows from the poets (Mr. Heine). Maddy inspires such things.

"Your clear, violet eyes pursue me;
Dance before me, day and night.
And I wonder how to answer,
How to solve those sweet, blue riddles."

And then from the sublime to the ridiculous. Ray Middleton, singer-turned-actor for Republic, is not sure it was love; but a New York girl, when he stood her up on a date and rehearsed a show instead, sent him a large heart, garnished with ribbons and flowers and the verse:

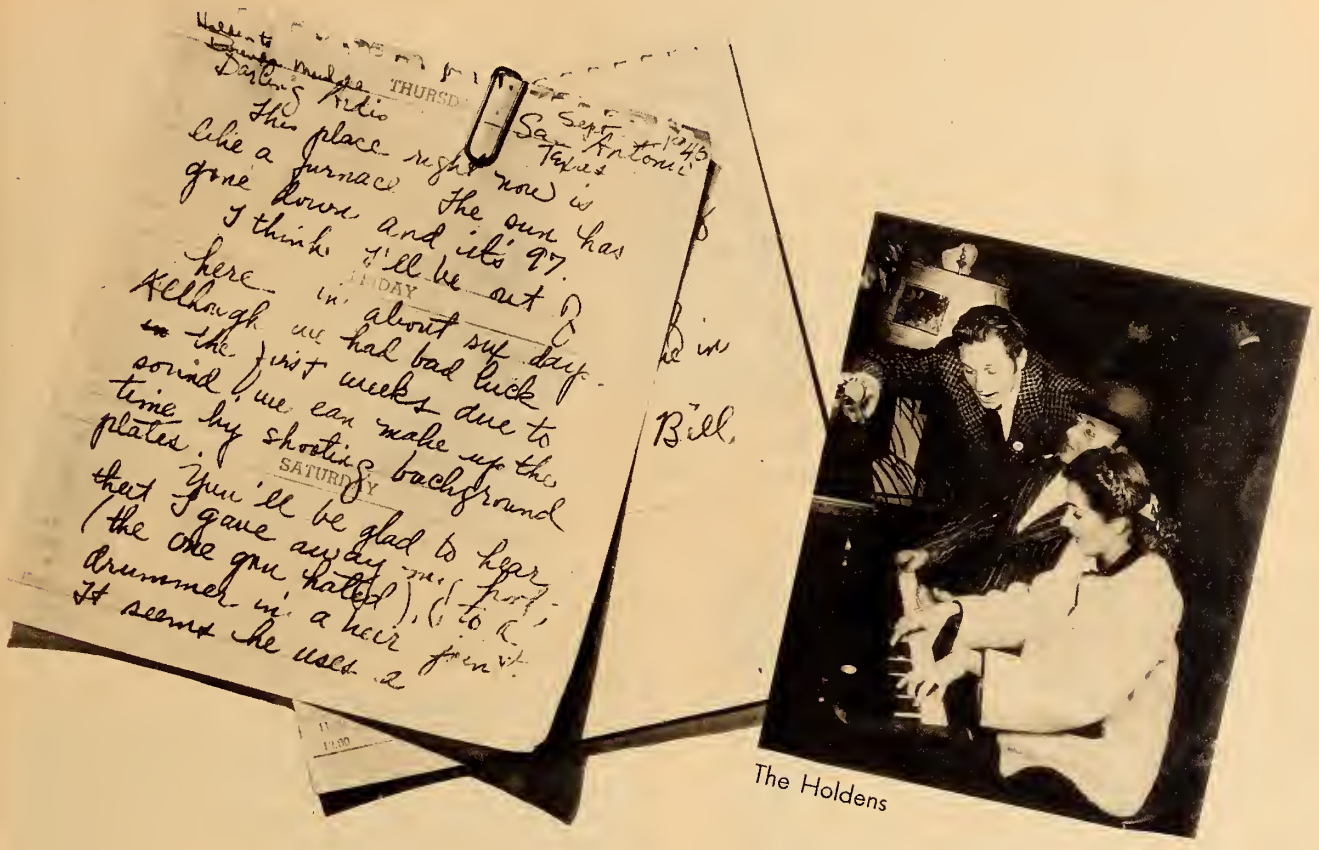
"Roses are red, violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet, but this is you!"

We forgot to say—the heart was cut from center ham!

Pop to Mom notes

Croon Prince of radio (Bing Crosby) dashes off a little something from San Francisco to Friend Wife. Tough, but tender. Sure-fire with the women.

Dear Mrs. C.—
What was that you were (*Continued on page 78*)



The Holdens

The Millands

Conspicuously absent was Producer Walter Wanger, who unexpectedly clippered to England to make an independent film. Wife Joan danced with bigwig Darryl Zanuck!

Dietrich (gorgeous in ermine) came with Jean Gabin, thus dispelling rumors of their tiffing. Sat with her cast-hobbled leg hoisted up on a chair!

Dottie Lamour's popularity's rising by leaps and bounds; hired two more secretaries to answer the reams of fan mail pouring in. Greg Bautzer's still the man in her life!

Despite the missus' attempts to cheer him up, reticent Gary Cooper gloomed all evening. Reason: his new pic in which he warbles 2 songs, spouts reams of conversation.

Party of the month

She rented half of Ciro's and invited 140 stars—but guest of honor Wanger didn't show up at Joan Bennett's "Sundown" premiere party!

Ty and Annabella got a big kick out of Ciro's maitre d'hotel Pancho. Prompted by studios, he reminded guests of time they started work next day, emptied place by 2 A.M.

Dead-set on making a comeback in "The Captain of Koepenick," Mary Brian talked shop with escort Reggie Gardiner and Ginger Rogers. Was very first one to leave.

Linda Darnell, Ann Miller and John Hyde were late arrivals from Linda's 18th birthday party. Come Feb., she's enrolling in philosophy courses at U. C. L. A.!

While Martin's away, Lana Turner's been touring the town with Bobby Stack. She recently got her final divorce decree from Artie Shaw, was voted No. 1 favorite of army!

Those perpetual romancers, Rita Hayworth and her combination hubby-business manager, Ed Judson, held hands during entire premiere!

"Sundown's" star Gene Tierney was center of attention. Told Rita Hayworth she hoped to woo her estranged parents back soon, had already built a lush in-law guest house!

Lilly dubs Loretta Young and Anita Louise "perfect hat girls." Loves to design for them 'cause they look heavenly in everything from pork pies to snoods!

Mad Hatter

BY KAAREN PIECK

Loretta's lavish lids in "The Men in Her Life" were Dache-designed and cost Columbia Studios an even $21,000!

SHE TOPS HOLLYWOOD CROWNS WITH CHIC—

THAT MERRY MAD-CAPPER LILLY DACHE!

Dietrich was a tough customer! Always clung to mannish felts till Dache captured her fancy with this!

The imaginative Lilly goes the limit on topknots for Anita Louise! Dreams up her most surrealistic models in the lush green padded cell for special clients!

● If *the* only guy has been snagged by the Army, an oil company in South America—or God forbid—another dame, there's just one thing for it. Nope, not a solitary binge, but a new hat. Sounds silly, but it's the one and only cure for a broken heart. When Marlene Dietrich tiffs with Jean Gabin, nothing yanks her out of the doldrums like ordering fifty-five or sixty (literally!) hats from Lilly Dache. And when the war communiques have just about flattened Madeleine Carroll, she stratoplanes to N. Y. and likewise perks herself up with a dash of Dache. It works like a charm and here's why, according to Lilly. "No woman can feel too depressed when she knows she looks simply knockout, and the right hat can make a Lamarr out of the world's plainest jane."

kind of a dream job . . .

All very well for the cinema kids who can invest in a $750 creation and never feel it, but what about us? Ah! Really terrific news. Lilly has given us the four unbreakable rules she uses to help her clients select their hats (we'll give 'em to you later). They're guaranteed to turn you into kind of a dream job and your brand new swain's fancy to pre-Spring thoughts of you-know-what. Can you wait? First, a quick gander at the Dache at work with her favorite clients, the stars.

bonnet strategist . . .

She receives them in the green taffeta padded cell she concocted in a whimsical moment. "They're wonderful," says Lilly. "I love them all—but don't think they're not problems. There was Loretta Young, for instance. About five years ago, she had a colossal-brim phobia—that one, with her angel face! Simply lived in those huge beach umbrella-ish things. I finally talked her into trying a darling tiny one which I softened with a veil. She loved it; bought lots of them and in exactly one month every Mrs. Tom, Dick and Harry had a veil!" Loretta Young and Anita Louise occasionally play guinea pig for the mad hatter's wilder schemes. Loretta, for example, was the original snood-girl. On her it was out of this world, and the rest of us gals went immediately snood-happy. We got them in every color, wore them night and day, fancied ourselves smootheroos. Which, to digress, was a big mistake. Dache says, "Never copy a style that is wonderful on somebody (*Continued on page 80*)

BY IDA ZEITLIN

"hello, evvabody"

COLLEGE KIDS APPLAUDED FIRST! THEN IT SPREAD LIKE GOSSIP! NOW EVERYONE LOVES THAT BEGOGGLED PROF. KAY KYSER!

Prof. Kyser (appearing in "Playmates") helps celebrate Bing's honorary degree—Master of Caper-cutting from Gonzaga.

Kay Kyser, M.A. (Master of Amusements from N. Y. U. in 1937), dishes it out to Harry Babbitt, Ginny Simms, Ish Kabibble and Sully Mason!

● Kay Kyser's band breaks records. Up north in Spokane the floor broke down under the collective weight of one dancehall crowd. Down south old farmers, who don't know from swing or the theater but who love Kay, shuffle up to the box office, unbuttoning pocketbooks. The boys' Crossley rating is almost double that of their closest competitor, Guy Lombardo. They're the only band whose pictures, bare of star movie names, gross with the big money-makers.

RKO wasn't the first studio to make them an offer. It was the first studio Kay said yes to. One outfit offered him such a wad of dough that, when he turned it down, the producer called him crazy. So did the agency. Kay admits it was hard to say no, but, after consulting the boys, he said it. He wouldn't make love, he hasn't the face for it—anyway, not on the screen. He held out for a story that would let the boys be themselves—as he thinks Mrs. Smith of Arkansas, who tunes in every Wednesday night, pictures them. Mrs. Smith is more important to him than all the crowned heads of the entertainment business.

Jules Stein, president of the Music Corporation of America, took director Dave Butler to Catalina to hear the boys play. Butler talked to Kay about a picture, and Kay fell on his neck because their ideas coincided. According to Kay, they'd all be dead, cinematically speaking, if it weren't for Butler. "You don't know how much blood he gave to put us across," he says appreciatively.

The first day on the first picture was murder. The boys shook, and the eyes of the boss were glazed. It took him five hours to walk through a door, take off his hat and say hello. He looked like a man walking through the little green door to the Chair. Finally Butler said, "Print it," and Kay relaxed. When the picture was finished, he re-shot the first three days' scenes. It grossed over a million and was topped by "You'll Find Out." RKO has the band cinched for three more after "Playmates."

They're veterans now. On the set of "Playmates" they relaxed all over the place. Gandees, the pianist, plays practical jokes in a quiet way. Lyman Snow corners anyone who'll talk baseball and wept with Dem Bums when dat ball bounced off Mickey Owen's mitt. Harry Babbitt sits at the piano, trying out ditties with Rocky Hillman, the guitarist, who's had a lot of tunes published. Ginny knits and smiles and looks lovely, and they all adore her. Sassy Sully Mason goes round visitin'. He was pals with Barrymore the day after they started. "Looka me," he crowed. "L'il ole No'th Ca'lina boy, workin' in pitchers with John Barrymore."

Sully's the liveliest, Ish the quietest. While the others clown around, Ish sits, fooling with the valves of his trumpet. Or he plays gin rummy. Alone, if he can't find a partner, dealing himself (*Continued on page 72*)

According to Harry, Ish Kabibble and Sully, Kay has two all-consuming passions—making music and downing chocolate ice cream cones by the gallon. Kay eats to keep merry; relaxes to keep sane; murmurs modestly, "I'm no real musician—just a business man with a flair for gags."

Sully Mason keeps robust on grapes from Ginny Simm's farm and fried chicken sent twice monthly by Kay's mother!

"THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON"

BY LORRAINE STEVENS
and KAY HARDY

FITZHUGH LEE: "Mistah Custah, into how many fragments does a 12 lb. shell burst?"
CUSTER: "Into not less than two, sir."

CUSTER: "I have never been so happy in all my life, Mrs. Custer."

NOTE TO CAMERAMAN: *Pull back* and *tilt down* to show Custer and Beth walking through a bridge of crossed sabres, to the strains of the Wedding March.

BETH: "There is a price for which this letter can be bought—Colonel Custer's price. Mr. Taipe, you'll resign your office as Commissioner."

CUSTER: "I was an easy last in my studies at West Point, Sir, I'm afraid."
WINFIELD SCOTT: "Confidentially, young man, I saw those West Point examination papers myself."

GENERAL SHERIDAN: "Mr. Custer, when an officer deliberately disobeys orders in action, there can only be one of two consequences . . . a medal or a firing squad. You seem to have drawn the medal."

TAIPE: "If your men are drunken sots, that's your responsibility—not the company's."
CUSTER: "Sots! You cheap, boot-licking politician—You contemptible parasite!"

CUSTER: "Cover your own fronts. Don't fire to a flank. Aim low—sight at their feet—and TAKE YOUR TIME, BOYS!"

STORY

There are certain men whom destiny has singled out for her own. George Armstrong Custer, soldier and military genius, was one. From the day he entered West Point as a plebe, his career was marked with the tragedy and conflict to come. Within the very first twenty-four hours of his arrival at the Academy, he had made two enemies. They were to change the course of his entire life.

The first was Major Romulus Taipe, officer in charge of cadets. Silent, stubborn—he deliberately misinterpreted an episode which had merely been born of Custer's ignorance of Academy regulations and threatened expulsion. His second conflict was with Ned Sharp, a senior cadet. Arrogant, malicious hazing angered the hot-tempered young plebe beyond endurance. Later in the day he dropped Sharp with a jolting right to the chin.

Instantly, openly triumphant, Taipe had him arrested and brought before Colonel (*Continued on page 74*)

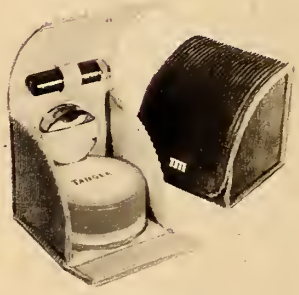
PRODUCTION

The 100th Flynn-to-de Havilland kiss rolled off the cinematic assembly line five minutes after filming began . . . Flynn's comment: "Olivia has beautiful lips. She keeps her eyes open, and they get that sweet misty look." Says Olivia: "Errol is so sweet. He never lets me get a kink in my neck." . . . This is their eighth picture together . . . Flynn consumes 10 to 15 cups of tea a day . . . Make-up man Ward Hamilton had to learn the correct method of applying war paint to the 16 Sioux Indians, hired by the studio from the Standing Rock Agency, Fort Yates, North Dakota . . . Warner Bros. was bombed with letters from "Custer-philes," people who knew some little-known anecdote about the General or had some grisly souvenir of the massacre they wanted to sell . . . Writers Aeneas MacKenzie and Wally Kline spent 10 weeks on research and 13 weeks actually writing the script . . . actual filming took 3 months . . . Most exciting part of the picture is the accurate film (*Continued on page 75*)

Give good looks for Christmas

A lucky stacking-tae find is a Cutex manicure set, filled with needs far fingertip beauty. Available in twa shades of blue, red ar tan leatherette. Only 60 cents.

This parasal girl in the crystal clear arbor canceals a graceful battle af Cheramy April Shawers perfume. A charming gift far $1.00.



A haney af a gift is Tangee's "Tuck-away," fitted with pawder, rauge and lipstick. Available in blue, tan ar red. $2.50.

Beauty and Christmas ga together, so give her a Cashmere Bauquet gift set—complete with talcum pawder, face pawder, cald cream, lipstick and skin latian. 50 cents.

Any girl will delight in the sparkling luxury af Djer-Kiss Bath af Bubbles. $1.00.

She's a happy girl wha receives this thrilling box af glamaur aids by Lady Esther. It contains faur-purpose cream, colagne, face pawder, rauge and lipstick. 50 cents.

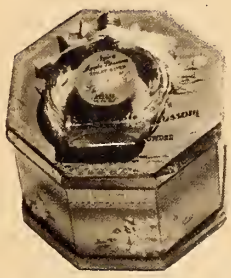
Here's a ramantic tria. Hudnut's Yanky Claver, Vialet Sec and Spring Lilac perfumes, dane up in an exquisite package. A bargain far $3.00.

Lovely to look at, but better to own, is Pond's Beauty Box, containing cold cream, vanishing cream, Dreamflower powder and freshener and Danya hand lotion. 50 cents.

Fitch's Set for An American Gentleman includes brilliantine, hair tonic, skin lotion and dandruff-remover shampoo. 50 cents.

Civilian or service man, he'll welcome Woodbury's set, containing shave cream, after-shave lotion, powder and facial soap. $1.00.

Santa Claus had plenty to do with Irresistible's Christmas box. It includes cologne, perfume, talcum powder, face powder and lipstick. You can buy it for 50 cents.



A glamorous gift combination is Lander's Spicy Apple Blossom bath powder and matching toilet water. 25 cents.

You'll make a lasting hit if you present her with a smart Dura-Gloss kit of manicure necessities. It comes in either red, green or blue fabric. Costs just 50 cents.

Traveler or homebody, she'll adore a Princess Pat "Keep-Neat" Kit, fitted with eight beauty aids besides a complexion sponge and tissue. $1.50.

by Carol Carter

GOOD NEWS

BY SYLVIA KAHN

Despite a study lined with story-rejection slips, John Payne bravely scribbled another novel, "The Sun Shines Bright." Day it was finished he and the missus celebrated at Ciro's!

Sheridan-Harvard feud off!

Tony Martin gets 1-A rating!

Vanderbilt column nixed!

Gable tiffs with Fox!

Gobs honor Jane Russell.

Tierney pulls a Godiva!

No breadlines for Mae West!

Donlevy a poet at heart.

Va. Hill baffles Hollywood!

Leslie Howard an expectant grandad!

Hill and Kale

It'll be a great day for Hollywood when John Carroll takes plumpish, black-eyed Virginia Hill to be his blushing bride. If the pair do bounce to the altar, John will bring into the great Movietown family the most fantastic personality it has known since Bogus Prince Romanoff was in his prime.

At 23, Virginia Hill is a woman of mystery. Her wealth is unestimable and untraceable, though it is surmised her three marriages (the first occurred when she was 14) might have had something to do with it. Her extravagances are notorious. A $1,000 evening gown, the gem of Designer Irene's fall collection, draped her body only three or four times before she gave it to a friend. Other gowns for which she pays from $100 to $400 are often discarded without being worn at all.

Her parties are reminiscent of something that went out with the Romans. Starting with two or three couples, Virginia frequently finds herself winding up the night hosting a mob of fifty. One evening she rented the Mocambo and its entire staff for a private shindig. Conservative estimators say that little social cost her well over $3,000!

It's always cash on the line for Virginia Hill. She travels with gobs of it tied in a rubber band. She's never used a checkbook even to pay bills for her Chicago apartment, her New York and Hollywood hotel suites, automobile upkeep, maid and secretary.

There's no denying, Husband Number Four will have to step fast to keep pace with the mad, exciting Miss Hill. But if anyone can do it, John Carroll is the boy. He's not exactly a rest cure, himself!

Maid in Hollywood

We want to go on record as having publicly apologized to Maria Montez for any cracks we may have made about her excessive night clubbing. We had the gal all wrong! Word has just come to us, via her press agents, that the gorgeous Maria isn't really interested in dates and boy friends. Maria's real purpose in running about, we are told, is to gather material for a book!

She's got it half-finished, too. Titled "What I Know About Hollywood Men," it contains *two* sections on "My Experiences With Hollywood Wolves!"

Wonder how Bruce Cabot will feel when he discovers he was literally just another chapter in Maria's life!

Gratitude Zero

Don't talk charity to the shapely, G-stringed maidens at Earl Carroll's theater-restaurant. After the way their last effort backfired, they'll leave the "help thy neighbor" stuff to long-haired missionaries and saintly spinsters!

It seems the girls read in the papers, recently, that poor Mae West didn't have a cent. In the courtroom where her troublesome husband, Frank Wallace, was suing her for non-support, Mae had confided in a sympathetic judge that she and cash were absolute strangers. This admission of poverty went right to the Carroll cuties' heartstrings. Wiping the tears from their mascara, they quickly shot a wire to Mae offering to toss a huge benefit show with all proceeds to go to the depleted West coffers. So what happened? The following morning came a return wire:

"Don't believe all you read in the papers," it said. "I am not broke. I am only down to my last few millions. After Wallace's lawyer tried to check on my properties, annuities, stocks, bonds and jewels and couldn't get very far, he finished up by asking me how much cash I had with me. I told him none. And I didn't. I never carry any!

"The papers picked up my remark saying I had no cash. That's how the report that I was broke started. But you know me, kids. I'm no sucker. If you still want to give me something, you can give me a nice new scissors—to clip my coupons!

"I'm getting rather tired now, girls, writing out this telegram. A forty carat hunk of ice is weighing down my third finger!

"Thanks anyway, and I'll be over to see you sometime. . . . MAE"

John Hubbard

"My first romance came to a dead stop before I was 6," John Hubbard reminisces. "Ran into a little difficulty with my big brother who could lick me with one fist tied behind his back." Then beams, "Romance No. 2 sprawled over a full 9 years . . . with the knot finally tied in 1938." Thumbnail-sketches his generously curved, generous-hearted wife tersely. "She smokes . . . drinks sparingly . . . wears her hair long . . . keeps her nails and her personality shining bright. She's strictly my idea of how not to be bored on a desert island." Says her formula for hooking him ought to be pretty sound dope for other gals. "Don't giggle! Don't goggle-eye your date in hopes of a one-night conquest. Don't goo and gurgle over him. But DO be feminine. Girls who wear pants just don't get pampered." Lois must have arrived at that magic formula in second grade because it was way back then that she snagged John. But both of them were patient. It wasn't until he made good in "Dramatic School" that he made for Indiana like a homing pigeon and married Lois. Being a thoroughly domestic guy, John likes the idea of four children equally assorted . . . and throws out his chest in parental glee when chit-chat turns to his 1-year-old daughter. When he's not cooing over her, he's puttering around the house . . . "messing," he calls it . . . and chatting about little nothings with Lois whom he complains he doesn't see half enough. Sometimes their dialogue breaks up at dawn . . . but only when he's 'twixt pictures. Otherwise he crawls under the covers at 9:30 on the nose and stays there until 5 A.M. He insists, "Acting's my purpose in life . . . wouldn't give it up if I had a bank account with 6 zeros in it. Being somewhat of a contradiction myself, I'd give my eye-teeth to do a split-personality job like 'Jekyll and Hyde. To avoid news-blues, I only glance at headlines but literally live from one 'Flash Gordon' to another." Won't jump through hoops to get himself into print, either . . . definitely a hush-man when it comes to his private doings. Six ft. tall and a lean 165 pounds, he looks

After home-loving Costello's N. Y. opening, he and wife checked into a hostelry, arose at 4 A.M. and cabbed out to Paterson, N. J. All so's he could sleep under his own roof!

That cozy twosome Gloria Vanderbilt and Pat deCicco break night club curfew laws right and left when 17-yr.-old Gloria stays out till the wee small hours. Above, with Rita Hayworth.

GOOD NEWS

CONTINUED

athletic . . . outdoorish. Actually, he's rarely stirred to physical activity . . . and then with a violence that borders on madness. Long a devotee of bull-fighting, he tussles with a phony bull on wheels insisting, "It's really awfully dangerous. Look at those horns . . . bigger than real ones." Adds, "I also mess with flying, singing and weight-lifting, filling in with golf and badminton. By popular demand I gave up the piano and concentrated on baseball and hookie." That was only after Mother Hubbard dismissed it as a bad job. "Couldn't bother with notes," says John. "Played by ear but it used to get in Mom's hair . . . and then she'd get in mine with a firm hold and forcibly remove me from the piano." Loves music, though. Bows low to Artie Shaw but takes Tschaikowsky's "Fourth" in his stride. Thinks the latter, plus "Tom Sawyer," would be his choice if he had to Robinson Crusoe it. Adds, "In a spot like that I'd prefer the rich, full-bodied perfume of steak to Chanel No. 5." In nostalgic moments he tells the story of how life with father got tough when 11-year-old John got the nicotine-urge. "Then and there, Dad staged a smoker . . . handed me a big black cigar and said, 'Go to it, Johnny-boy!' The hangover lasted 5 years!"

Short Shots

Gary Cooper's friends are dubbing him Cupid. He's studying bow and arrow technique with famed archer Howard Hill . . . Rita Hayworth modestly credits her success to the good-luck caul which covered her head when she was born . . . Lloyd Nolan's next vacation will take him to the Pribilhof (no kidding!) Islands in the Bering Sea. He's signed up as deck hand on the seal-hunting schooner, "Penguin" . . . Rudy Vallee keeps an indexed file of his lady friends' photos. When he expects a femme visitor he wades through his collection and sets the proper portrait on his piano. The lovely lady, flattered as all get-out, invariably swoons into his waiting arms . . . Gloria Vanderbilt, all set to write a daily newspaper column called "Facts and Chatter," had the stunt nixed by the family lawyer. . . . Horsy, outdoorsy Gene Autry haunts antique shops looking for dainty music boxes . . . There's a second Dolores in Orson Welles' life. Dolores Costello has been awarded the lead in Orson's next production, "The Magnificent Ambersons." He tested her from nine o'clock one evening till five o'clock the next morning before handing her the part . . . In ten Hollywood years, Guy Kibbee has never owned an overcoat. When he treks into the no'th country, he borrows Oliver Hardy's . . . Tony Martin is even tops with his draft board. They rate him 1A and he'll be the next "name" to slip into khaki . . . Cobina Wright, Jr., will soon present hubby Corporal Beaudette with a sweater knitted by her own tiny hands. Funny thing is, it's the same one she started last year for Prince Phillip of Greece . . . Norma Shearer's literary chum, Erich Remarque, is a 20th century version of a man without a country. Recently denied German citizenship, he's feverishly at work applying for U. S. papers in Los Angeles courts . . . A huge package containing six loving cups landed on buxom Jane Russell's front doorstep the other morning. Postmarked "U. S. Navy," the accompanying note came from gobs who had picked her as "the girl we'd most like to have waiting for us in every port" . . . Ann Sheridan, once voted "least likely to succeed" by the snooty Harvard Advocate, has been named honorary editor of that crimson (but literally!) sheet along with Prexy James Bryant Conant!

Business Comes First

That's what Marlene Dietrich and hubby Rudolf Seiber alibied when queried on their 2-year separation. Upon her arrival in Manhattan a few weeks ago, she rushed into his arms, painted the town red with him during her stay there. Daughter Maria, who's long been yearning to make a movie, will face her first kleig this winter!

Vanished Glory

When Ramon Novarro retired in 1935, he was cozily sitting on a fat $500,000 bank roll. He had plenty of fun, but he was no exception to that old saw about having your cake and eating it! Just the other day he was spending the P.M. in the Hollywood pen because he couldn't raise $150 bail. Said his lawyer who paid the $50 fine, "Novarro isn't any more busted than Mae West."

Didja Know

That W. C. Fields, who'll be 58 in January, rated a passing grade when an insurance doctor gave him a physical exam for a $50,000 policy? Later Fields told a judge he was ill when he bought the annuity, wanted it canceled because, "I'd have to live forever to break even" . . . That movie singers suck red candy drops before Technicolor close-ups? Gives their tongues the proper carmine tinge . . . That Rise Stevens' mama is tagged Sahah . . . That Annie Sheridan promises to raise an acre of mint on her new ranch—to accommodate her julep-drinking buddies . . . That correspondents from England reveal Leslie Howard is almost a grandfather . . . That there will be no more dog-at-fireplug scenes flashed on your neighborhood theater screen? The Hays Office has given the routine its official scowl!

That Cash and Carry, widely used in magazines and newspapers to describe Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant, appeared *first* in this column in November, 1940 . . . That on Uncle Sam's records, Joel McCrea is listed as a farmer, not as an actor . . . That funnyman Lou Costello will godfather Joe DiMaggio's expected heir . . . That

Two of the town's most popular kids-about-town, Geo. Montgomery and Lana Turner. Geo. used to be a Hollywood bartender, but neither touches the stuff nor smokes these days!

Martha O'Driscoll (who's taken on false curls and glamour) with Edw. Ashley. She's just bought her first home, a farm at Toluca Lake! Lives with her mom and kid brother.

Rags Ragland lunches on a glass of bourbon and wheaties . . . That Mary Brian, testing at Warners, is expected to make a sensational comeback . . . That Ann Sheridan, working in "Juke Girl," refers to herself as "Jerk" girl . . . That Mrs. Henry Fonda has just returned from Mexico City where Diego Rivera spent a month painting her portrait . . . That Arthur Treacher's friends call him "Pip" . . . That Milton Berle is the proud owner of a specially built trailer, equipped with portable shower bath—a gift from his Mama . . . That everytime Mrs. Albert Dekker has a baby, Mr. Albert Dekker buys a new pup to grow up with the child . . . That Jackie Cooper signs his checks, Jack R. Cooper—the "R" standing for Richard after his idol, Richard Dix . . . That tough, hard-bitten Brian Donlevy scribbles poetry between takes?

Income Tactics

"Them that has, gits" is no idle phrase in Hollywood! Did you know stars augment their salaries by renting personal belongings to studios? When Metro was on the hunt for a particular kind of horse to be used in a Tarzan picture, Bob Taylor rented his own four-footer at a figure which kept the animal in alfalfa for a year!

Even little Shirley Temple picks up a juicy bit of ice cream money via the rental route. She loans out pets from her menagerie at a tidy fee.

However, when it comes to these lend-lease deals, the undisputed champ is Paulette Goddard. That girl *must* have been born under the dollar sign! At this writing, her ultra swank mink coat, a gift from a doting admirer, trots home to its mistress with 200 studio smackers a week!

Pins and Needles

Every woman who's ever moaned about not having "a thing to wear" is going to fall flat on her face when she hears that svelte, clothes-conscious Gene Tierney gave away all her gorgeous dresses the day after her marriage to Count Oleg Cassini!

For weeks now, Gene's been running around in a tired-looking cotton frock, shocking fashion editors who call for interviews and offering no explanation to her embarrassed studio.

The truth, as always, is simple. Now that she's married to Dress Designer Cassini, Gene will wear nothing but Cassini-designed costumes. And Oleg has been so busy creating clothes for her screen roles, he hasn't had a chance to work on her personal wardrobe.

"We're going to tear into some things as soon as my current picture is finished," Gene says. And pridefully, "Then everyone will see how really gifted my Oleg is!"

Fashion Notes

Admittedly it's a fight to the finish between New York and Hollywood for the title "world's fashion center." But one look at filmdom in its finery ought to flatten the most dyed-in-the-wool Manhattaner with envy! There's been nothing like the Hollywood street scene since pre-war Parisian days . . . Style-setter Joan Bennett Mata Hari-ing it in a slinky Chinese orchid brocade with daring slit skirt . . . Annie Sheridan defying every known law of gravitation with two feather birds perched on a bronze velvet draped turban. One winged creature doing a power dive from the top; the other swooping up toward her left temple. Ann claims she doesn't give a fig for fashion but completely fell for this one while modeling it for a magazine cover. Has ordered two more exactly like it, one in emerald green for her purple dress, another in Paradise blue to set off her favorite black . . . Out-blazing all the stop lights in town, Ida Lupino in her new firemen's red double-breasted greatcoat, with vent back. Keeps it simple with a little matching red cap perched on the back of her head . . . Mrs. Herb Marshall tying up traffic on Hollywood Boulevard in a blue and green nubby woolen plaid with tremendous raglan sleeves and widely flaring hemline . . . Rita Hayworth, original as usual, adding a sable collar to lift her three-quarter length evening wrap out of the common ermine herd!

Here's a hint to you gals who must do or die with one good dress . . . Take it from Pat Dane, M-G-M newcomer who literally lives in one favorite black basic job of simple cut. With it she sports gorgeous lids so varied as to change the entire ap- (*Continued on page 68*)

That social lion Bobby Stack and Annie Rutherford at Ciro's. During the Archduke Felix of Austria's lecture tour of the West Coast, Bobby and his mom were his exclusive hosts!

West Coast torridest romance to date is that of Laraine Day and songster Ray Hendricks. Opening of new night club Café Society drew one of biggest crowds of the season.

The Pat O'Briens (she's Eloise Taylor, actress) will celebrate their 10th anniversary on Jan. 23rd. Both adore their three adopted kids, Mavourneen, 7; Sean, 3, and baby Terrence!

CO-ED

Comes a time in every woman's life when she's too big to run to mother with all her problems. Here's our answer—Judy Garland's darling mom, Mrs. Gilmore, who's promised to fairy-godmother for us every issue!

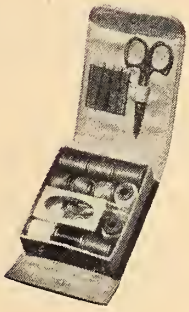
When Judy heard I was going to write a column she insisted the first subject should be, "How to get your man." Maybe that's because, being married only a few months, she felt qualified to give me a few pointers. Sue, my other daughter who is engaged to a draftee, thinks what to wear and how to behave when you visit an army camp would be a good beginning and very timely. I'm ignoring them both, and this will be a sort of general first aid chat. I'll get specific in succeeding months.

First of all, every girl wants more than anything else to be popular. But how to go about it? By being friendly, interesting, and just as attractive as we can be with the material at hand. That's honestly all there is to it, and you can begin getting that way instantly. Start in on the family with the friendliness angle and watch it become a habit. When your mother wakes you in the morning, don't greet her with a grouch and a grunt. Start the day with a "Morning, Mom, are you as pert as you look this bright and sunny day!" Go out of your way to be nice to little brother, no matter how much it may hurt sometimes. He presents a marvelous opportunity for the development of tact and patience. And how about practicing a line on your Dad? If you're shy and tongue-tied around the boys, a bit of breakfast banter with Father will give you the masculine angle on things. Furthermore, this unexpected attention will make him glow, and in a few days he'll be asking you to the Army-Navy game. If you've made a previous date to shop with the girls, break it. Go and learn all you can about football. Dad won't mind answering silly questions, and it'll give you a good background for the game you'll attend with your favorite beau.

Explore this famous man's world a bit and acquire at least a nodding acquaintance with sports, books, music, world events. Know who won the World Series, and that Koussevitsky is an orchestra conductor not a Notre Dame end. Suddenly, you'll find yourself not only getting interesting but interested. A million new vistas will open up to you, and you'll be paving the way to a well-balanced and happy life . . . Just two words of caution before we get on to beauty. Don't turn into a limelight snatcher and don't concentrate on just dazzling the stagline, completely forgetting the female contingent. Popularity with the girls is every bit as important (*Continued on page 82*)

WHAT SHALL I GIVE HIM?

You mean that boy in the army or navy, don't you?

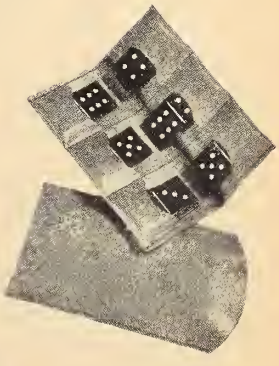


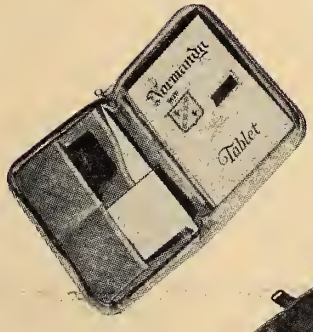
● He may be your best beau and then again he may be just the boy who lived next door. Anyway, you're going to send him something for Christmas, and you wonder what!

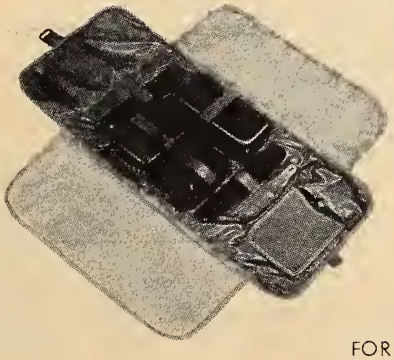
We've been doing some sleuthing on our own and got an earful from several Hollywood leading men, now working for Uncle Sam. In true army and navy fashion they refuse to be quoted, but we *can* tell you this—they all agree that the boys hate to be made conspicuous. So forget that beautiful leather job you've been eying for weeks and concentrate on something khaki for the army and don't turn up your nose at sewing kits for they do use 'em.

Now for the navy. Without benefit of any cosy U.S.O. headquarters at sea, the navy spends its off-duty hours with deck sports, movies every night and games. They go in for bridge, backgammon and chess as well as just plain dice. So consider games—ones that won't upset at every lurch of the ship.

Here are enough ideas to Christmas-cheer a dozen boys who used to live next door as well as your o. a. o. (one and only). So it's up to you!







FOR GIFT INFORMATION TURN TO PAGE 81

SIX SECRETS FOR SANTA

If you're half as good as the stars at wheedling Santa into Christmas whims, you'll do all right. Here's a peek at some of his personal correspondence from Hollywood.

SANTA DARLING:

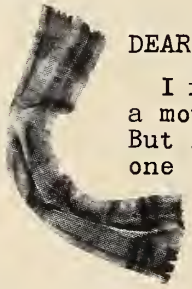
Far be it from me to complain—BUT—the fact I go gaga over ice and snow doesn't mean I want to find embroidered mittens in EVERY package. No sir, Santa. I like to choose my own ice trappings, but to see me REALLY swoon give me a divine new bag. Oh, yes, and a frame for you-know-who's picture. Could you arrange it?

Affectionately,

Anita Granville

Here's a red one in corduroy.

Something new—it'll hold his picture, too.

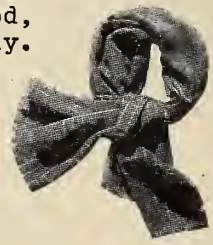


DEAR SANTA:

I feel as though I ought to keep quiet like a mouse and ask for nary a thing this year! But if you insist you're in the giving mood, one of the new scarfs would do very nicely.

Thank you so much,

Carol Bruce



Two plaids—a wool for day and chiffon for night. But I've much more in mind for you.

WHY NOT . . .

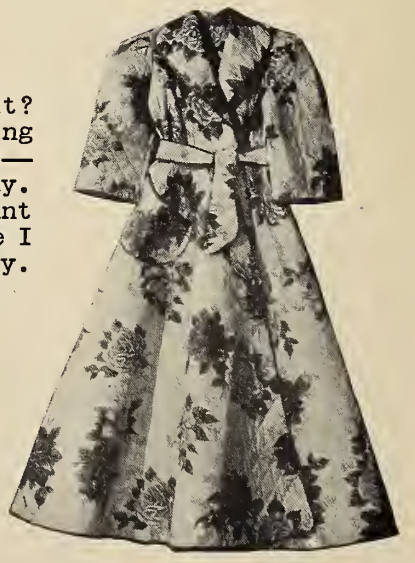
- Scatter sequin butterflies from the five and dime on your black velvet wrap.
- Wear a red heart on the back of your head—stitched to the crown of a white pompadour pillbox.
- Jump on the band wagon! One if wide, three if narrow. In black taffeta or bright red, blue and green, on a full-skirted date dress. Match a faille bag to one of the bands.
- Wear white, the pet of the season. An icecream wool for suit or dirndl.
- Make your own sparkle scarf—sew purple sequins on a green wool square.

SANTA DEAREST:

Funny how you change, isn't it? F'r instance this year everything I want seems to be for the house—like the clock I saw the other day. But Bill and I want to treasure hunt together. What you can do is see I get a new housecoat, bright and gay.

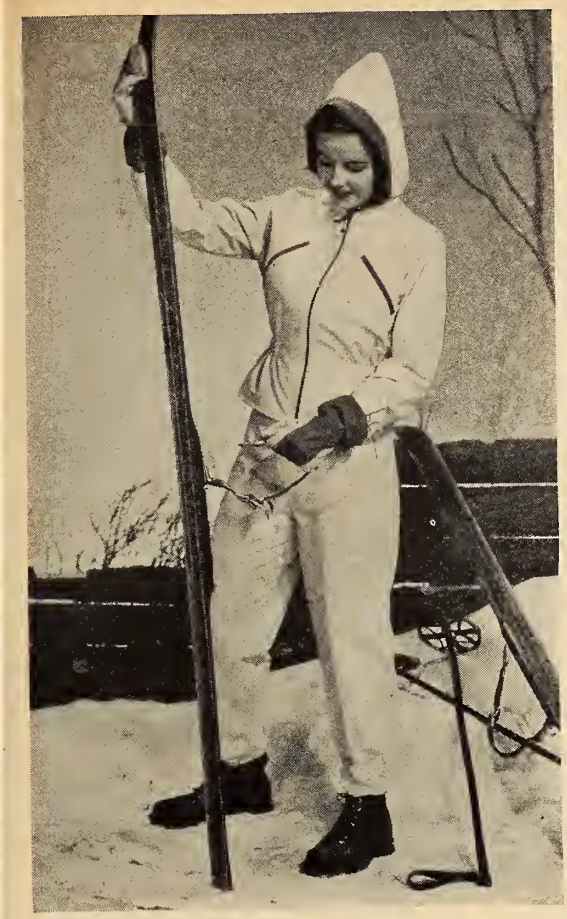
Most gratefully,

Brenda Marshall



Lots of happiness, Brenda, and here's a robe splashed with roses.

BY ELIZABETH WILLGUSS

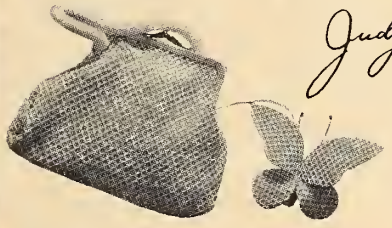


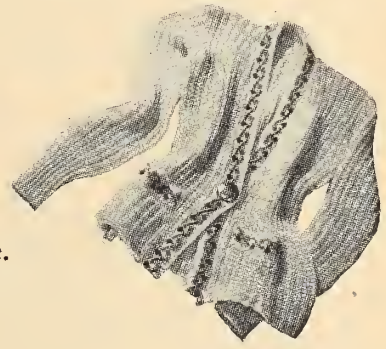
HELLO SANTA:

I want so many things I don't know where to begin. A ski suit, for example. A new evening bag that glitters. Some more bracelets — good, thick, chunky ones. A really super frame for Dave's picture. A light and foamy cardigan. I could go on and on, but this will give you an idea.

Forever yours,

Judy Garland





You'll get them all, but, meanwhile, these are a start.

SANTA DEAR:

What the world would do without you, I can't imagine! When you come to my name in your little book, jot down a J. That's it, a J for JET jewelry, sizzling with drama.

As always,

Lana Turner

This takes me back to the old days.

SANTA OL' DEAR:

You've guessed it. Six white blouses . . . to wear with suits. Tailored, yes, but not dull. You know, stitching and tucks here and there. Six white blouses. The sophisticated luxury of it all!

Thanks a million,

Veronica Lake

Here are two out of six.

For further fashion information turn to page 81

STARS IN FASHION . . .

- Joan Bennett sparts o huge gold heart clip with "I Love You" scrawled in diamonds.
- Maureen O'Sullivan cuts her old lace into lengths and wears it Mexican fashion, as a wrap. Have you any old lace lying about?
- Pat Dane goes for the sombrero of the South American gaucho. Hers, a shiny replica with tiny dangling balls!
- Loretta Young never forgets the flattery of pearls with black. Her newest black crepe is pearl-embroidered.
- Irene Dunne sophisticates the middy-blouse in a stunning lame dinner gown.

THEY LIVE WITH THEIR BOOTS ON

(*Continued from page 29*)

"Poor old Dismal Durham? Oh, it was blitzed ages ago. We weren't in it at the time, were down staying with Ralph Richardson, who's in the Staff Office of the Fleet Air Arm. But our friends Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey were there and spent the night mostly under the kitchen table. It was blast, not a direct hit, but—you remember that glass roof?" (We did, and the dreary, dark back-yard and the sad clematis Larry was trying to grow between the stones) "Of course that all came down into Ursula's dresses and over the furniture, and it was a frightful mess. We had to take everything out, though the house is still standing. All the ceilings and carpets were ruined."

AT this point the Minion put his head round the door again and told Vivien they had nearly finished That Bit on the stage, and she had better come. Realizing belatedly that the talk had never got round to films at all, we asked her, as we made for the stage door and our old friends, the buckets of ice, whether she or her husband had any film plans in mind. No, she assured us, not a thing. She hardly saw any pictures these days, she said, except "Lady Hamilton," which Larry had taken her to by main force, and Leslie Howard's "Pimpernel Smith," which was really her favorite film. For entertainment, she said, she and Larry went to vaudeville. Anything to laugh. . . .

Meanwhile, our spies suggest that if Vivien does relent and do anything on the screen this year, it may be (a) Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" (b) Daphne du Maurier's new novel, "Frenchman's Creek" or (c) "Jane Eyre," for which she has always had a hankering.

The next on our list of inquiries was David Niven, whom we very fortunately encountered in Claridge's. And when we say fortunately, we mean fortunately, for David is probably the most elusive of all the film stars in England.

A soldier by training and tradition—for all his people are Army people—he came home to join one or other of the Services. He had a yen for the R.A.F., having flown back from France to England in the bottom of a bomber, disguised as a mail-bag or something and surrounded by what he called "perfect Dawn Patrol types." But old habit overruled this romantic dream, and he became a soldier in the Rifle Brigade. He became a soldier with such zeal that he has risen to the rank of Major and married a Commandant in the A.T.S. The Army owns him, body and soul. Film executives may tear their hair and chew on their cigars, but David Niven remains quite unperturbed. He is perfectly ready to make a picture, if the Army gives him leave. But in the meantime, he is Somewhere on Operations, Somewhere on Manoeuvres, Somewhere on a Special Roving Commission. Tracked down for the moment and involved in a story conference, he suddenly looks at his wrist-watch, raises those five sardonic lines on his forehead and says, "Sorry, I'm on duty. I've got to go." And he goes, becoming another invisible unit in the war machine. It's somehow tonic.

When caught in Claridge's, where he was lunching with non-professional friends, David Niven looked the perfect hero of a service film, brown as a nut, lean and smart in his uniform with a green cord on the shoulder, which looked fine but didn't mean a thing to our lay mind. He was nonchalant, gay and friendly, and used a lot of Army slang, particularly the address, "Chum," picked up from the Australians, we gather. Occasionally he would flip a penny idly across his knuckles, the way he learned to do for "Eternally Yours."

He was palpably unwilling to talk about films, being far more interested in His Men, meaning, we suppose, his regiment or whatever a Major in the Rifles has, and what good boys they were, and how they had been escorting a convoy past a popular race-course the other day, and what they said to him, and what he said to them, and what happened, and what were the odds on the winner.

He admitted, though, that he had leave to make one film, and that the film when it came off, would be "The First of the Few," Leslie Howard's biography of R. J. Mitchell, the Spitfire inventor. Leslie himself produces, directs and plays the Mitchell part, starting on locations Monday. David is to be the test pilot who becomes a Schneider Cup winner and goes through the whole tale, flying successive models of the Spitfire and falling for all the girls as he goes along, until he sobers up at forty and finds his affinity in the Boss's secretary.

NO date has yet been fixed for David Niven's arrival on the floor. It happens, or so we suppose, in His Majesty's good time. We have it hard, though, from Leslie's sister and business manager, Irene Howard, that "The First of the Few" will be Niven's first ex-army date. No one has anything hard from Leslie himself. He is as vague and disarming as Niven: an infuriating and irresistible pair. Old friends in Hollywood, they carry on their absurdly off-hand association here. When they confer on the telephone, they address each other as Slingsby and Trubshaw, wholly imaginary characters. No one yet has been able to discover, and we fancy both Leslie and David have forgotten the primeval origins of Trubshaw and Slingsby.

In passing we would note that it's funny the way Leslie Howard creeps into this story, which didn't set out to be about him at all. Actually, though we should hate to make an issue of it, Leslie Howard is just about the most significant film figure in England at this moment. That vague, retiring, forty-plus-something star, with his tired old clothes and horn-rimmed spectacles, can be found at the end of every avenue, behind every significant movement in this country. We suppose he has vision or something. Certainly he has loyal friends and valuable connections. What is more important to us, he has integrity. We have known Leslie for fifteen years, and in all that time we have never heard anyone, anyone for whom we had the slightest respect, criticize him adversely.

Vivien and Larry thought his film, "Pimpernel Smith," the best they had ever seen. David Niven prefers to work for him. Young Richard Greene, our fourth quarry, turns out to have been an old friend of Leslie's in Hollywood. He can't keep him out of the conversation. When the army swallowed up Trooper Greene a year ago, only Leslie Howard could have told the film world where he was. But Leslie didn't.

We got Richard Greene's own story in a dressing-room at Denham, where he is spending his first army leave making a Fleet Street-Dunkirk film for Columbia release, called "Unpublished Story."

Richard Greene, 2nd-Lieutenant Greene of the Royal Armoured Corps—which means Tanks—is a young man to whom, if we were a man and had one, we should solemnly remove our hat. The baby of our homing film stars, with most of his friends and what looked like all his future career in Hollywood, he almost certainly feels the break in his life more than the others.

He hadn't David Niven's traditional army background to pull him home. He hasn't the Oliviers' green-room circle, their stage detachment from screen affairs, their unbroken threads of interest just waiting to be picked up again, war or no war. Richard Greene was only nineteen when he left England to go to 20th Century-Fox and "Four Men and a Prayer." He had never made a film. The most noteworthy thing he had done in his own country was to model for a popular advertisement of hair-cream. The posters still haunt him, a little fly-blown now, prewar and incredibly young. He looks at them with malice. His imitation of a smiling youth pouring cream on his hair is vicious, a joy to behold. He hates the stuff, he says bitterly, would like to put it on record that he never used it.

Richard Greene was very happy in Hollywood, and it meant a big decision for him to throw it all up and come home and join the Army. He slipped out of Hollywood, he says, with only two people knowing where he had gone. (One, which argues hard sense, we feel, was a member of the publicity department. The other was not specified, and we were far too tactful to ask.) He ducked the English ship-news reporters and vanished, just vanished into thin air. An aunt in Kensington ("No one has more aunts than me," says Richard proudly) blocked a blind trail. That was September, 1940, and since then, until two weeks ago, he has simply played the Invisible Man. Here is Richard's own story.

I GOT back to England on September 6th," he says diffidently and adds, "Stop me if I'm being boring. I saw my first blitz over Liverpool from the deck of a ship. It was my first sight of England under war conditions, and I felt I was watching it all through a plate-glass window. We were twelve miles away, and it didn't seem real at all. I watched it all night, and in the morning I went ashore. We had seven alerts in Liverpool that day and several genuine raids. It was just the beginning of the blitz, and everything was chaos and confusion, nothing was sorted out properly yet. It was my first experience, not exactly of panic, for there wasn't any panic, but of emergency, of doing everything for yourself, standing on your own feet. . . .

"I can tell you it was an absolutely new experience for anyone coming from Hollywood, where everything is done for you. You had to queue up for trains. You had to wheel your own barrow with your baggage—when you could find it. I don't believe I should ever have got my baggage through, but finally a porter recognized me and got my stuff into the station master's office. Our train was due out at 11:15 p.m., but just as dusk came on—that was my first experience of the black-out—the sirens sounded again, and I was herded down into a funny little shelter in the station cellars until 3 a.m., when the train left, four hours late.

(*Continued on page 64*)

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(*Continued from page 62*)

"We got to London in the morning, and it seemed like a different world. You wouldn't have thought anything had gone wrong with London at all. It was a lovely sunny day, and the streets were busy, full of taxis, men in uniform, everyone going about their ordinary jobs. After an hour or so in London, I felt lonely and called up Leslie Howard at his home near Dorking. It was a Saturday, and Leslie told me to come down for the week-end.

"It was while I was at the station waiting for the Dorking train that the first big London blitz started. You remember—the one that began at 4:30 in the afternoon, when they attacked the docks and lit up the fires for the night blitz. That night Leslie and Ruth Howard and I drove up to the top of Box Hill and watched the blaze over London. I can tell you it made me pretty mad.

"That was Saturday, September 7th. On that Monday I came up to London with Leslie, and we took a flat on the top floor of a block in Chelsea. That night they nearly got us. The bomb went right through the other wing of the building, and there was dust and a nasty choky smell and lots of smoke. I've been through a lot of London blitzes since then, but that was the closest I ever had. It's a bad script really, you know, getting over my biggest thrill in the first three days here. I suppose it initiated me or something. Anyhow, I didn't have much time to think. I joined up on the Thursday. On Friday the 13th—my lucky day—I went down to my unit in Surrey for three months.

"It's hard to explain, but living down there I felt right out of the world. I was just a trooper, part of the army, completely cut off from the people I knew in private life. I never thought of getting to a telephone and calling them up. I used to go to the local pub at night with the boys. Beyond a few people who would have been awkward in any case about me being a film star—you know the sort—everyone was grand. You can live down all these things, you know, even a film reputation. . . . These things are only a handicap if you *assume* them as a handicap. . . . Luckily the barmaid recognized me, and that was often a help.

"I was lavatory man for a week, swilling cigarette ends, polishing the brasses, all the rest of it. After a time I was recommended for a commission, and I went up to Sandhurst, where I had measles twice in five months, English and German type, with a week off between. I was really damned ill. I spent Christmas with the Howards. Then I got my commission and managed to get up to London every now and then.

"There were changes in London, of course, since that September day when I got home, but I loved every minute of it. I can't help feeling that London's absolutely at its best just now—living in its greatest moment of time. Sometimes I think that if I live to be a hundred, I shall never get that same kick out of London again. It's silly, I suppose, but when I remember London evenings spent with friends in the middle of the blitz, nothing else seems to matter much. I spent all my army leaves in London. It's a funny thing, I couldn't tear myself away. I'm not one of the cool collected sort who like bombs, but I somehow felt that if I didn't stick it, I should look back with a kind of grudge against myself for the rest of my life. Those *were* great days."

We asked Richard Greene about his re-entry into films, and he said, well, the idea cropped up just before he got his commission. March it must have been. "It happened quite informally," he said, "over a friendly chat. Somebody said to me, 'By the way, a friend of mine, Tony Havelock Allen, Valerie Hobson's husband, is going to make a picture about Fleet Street during the blitz. Would you be interested in playing lead?' Honestly, I hadn't given a thought to films up till then. I had scarcely realized there *was* a different life from the army. But I thought to myself, 'Well, you're going to be an officer, it would be grand to have a bit of money in the old kitty, enough to pay the mess bill and buy the Colonel that drink.' So gradually the thing materialized, and here I am."

Richard Greene plays a tough type in "Unpublished Story," a war correspondent who comes back from Dunkirk and breaks up a Fifth Column Peace Plot. Valerie Hobson plays opposite him, as the fashion editress who gets onto straight reporting when the bombed office tumbles about her ears.

Second Lieutenant Greene has a couple of rooms in a private house near Denham Studios, goes to see every picture he can—("I didn't see any when I was in the ranks, it made me homesick")—and likes "Rage in Heaven," "The Letter" and "A Woman's Face" best of what he has seen. Asked whether he has any message for the film-going public, he says, yes, he would like to put it on record about not using that hair-cream, and also that he thinks he has profited immensely by what he has been through. "I'm glad I have had this year of war," he says. "I wouldn't have it any other way. In many ways this business has done a lot of people, myself included, a great deal of good." The war's so short, he says, that he doesn't want to waste any of it making a second film. Then he adds, diffidently, that he'd like to go out and drive a tank in Libya.

TOO MANY HUSBANDS

(*Continued from page 37*)

you're a different guy—or fondly imagine you are.

"It doesn't matter what your job is," said John, "if you're interested in it, you're apt to take it home with you. You talk about it. You relate how you did this or that. There's a lot of 'ham' in everybody, not just actors. Only actors are lucky enough to get paid for it.

"Do you know what I did with the first big dough I made in Hollywood? For years, I had been sleeping cramped—or else with my feet sticking out six inches past the footboard. I made up my mind I was going to be comfortable at last. So I went down and bought the biggest bed ever made.

"I'm always going overboard on clothes—but there's no reason for that. When I'm not working, you'll find me in sweaters and slacks. I don't dress up when I don't have to. But instead of going out and buying two suits at a time, I go out and buy *five*, all dark colors. I've got about twenty or twenty-five suits, and I never wear any of them. I keep alibiing to anyone who's interested that I've got to keep up my screen wardrobe. And then I get another script that has me in costume. I haven't been able to wear my own clothes in the last four pictures."

He usually tries to get his hands on the script about three weeks before he goes into a role—so that he can do a lot of worrying in advance about every scene.

Love scenes, too—?

"Well, yes and no," he said. "Love scenes are part of the job. But usually," he admitted, "they're fun. Any guy's a liar who says he doesn't like to kiss a pretty girl. That's the easiest thing in the world to do—especially when you get paid for it."

Most people insist on feeling sorry for Hollywood husbands and wives on the grounds that they give so much of themselves to their work, they don't have anything left for each other. What about that—?

"Listen," said John, "I don't give any more of myself to my job than an airplane worker gives to his.

"Music is important to me. I've been studying music since I was a punk. I used to do a lot of orchestral arranging and tune-writing—and I still do some, because I get a kick out of it. I usually inflict them on Anne for her opinion. She says, once in a while, 'That one's good!' But I don't know. She's the girl who hums Grieg's Concerto off-key. Every time she does it, I see red. 'Listen, honey,' I tell her, 'Grieg did all right. Why don't you leave him alone?' And then she sees red.

"A musician—even a musician of sorts—is a hard man to get along with. Only I simplify life for people around me by not putting on a one-man jam session more than a couple of times a week. And then only when I'm alone.

"It would be bad enough if I were just a tunesmith, but I'm a would-be short-story writer, too. It's always a toss-up, which one is going to burn the midnight electricity. Sometimes they both stay up. The musician will sit down at the piano and say, 'I want you to hear this,' and go into a concert—until suddenly the writer will say, 'Bub, you've got me in just the right mood for that story I've been thinking about. Now would you mind disappearing?' This writer guy has to be alone to work, too.

"I'm inclined to be a very thorough worrier. If today stinks for me, the whole week stinks. I have three or four ways to try to pull myself out of it."

One of the ways is to be athletic—which brought up the subject of the up-and-at-'em guy, the strenuous type.

"If I don't keep fit," he said, "I don't feel good. When I'm making a picture, I work out every morning in the pint-sized gym I had built in the house. When I'm not working, I get outdoors. I shoot some golf and play tennis and go swimming in the ocean. I take long walks and long horseback rides. Sometimes Anne wonders if she understands this side of me. 'Do you have to be so rugged?' she'll ask. 'I never exercise, and I'm healthy.' The funny thing is, I can't argue that point. She doesn't exercise, and she is healthy.

"If my passion for the outdoors staggers Anne, her passion for night clubs staggers me. She loves 'em. She loves to get me into a tuxedo. I'll tell her, 'Honey, you dress up in your finest, but I'll settle for a dark suit.'

"However, I enjoy night clubs on Saturday night—because Anne doesn't mind being awakened at the crack of dawn

when I get up to go horseback-riding."

And how about Lazy John—the opposite of the strenuous athlete? What was he like?

"Well, he's a difficult sort. The black sheep of the bunch. He comes around about once a year—usually when hot weather sets in—and everybody's glad he doesn't show up oftener.

"When he takes over, I can't even find the energy to pick up the telephone. I don't want to talk to people. To get away, I go hunting—and I don't fire the gun once. I go fishing and never bait the hook. I go down to the beach for a swim and end up just lying in the sand. I don't touch the piano. I don't take the case off the typewriter. I sit and read. I sit and dream. I sit and think about places where I'd go—sometime. And I sleep and sleep and sleep."

But that other guy, the one who liked to laugh—he couldn't be so difficult.

"I don't know about that," said John. "Under his influence, I tell the corniest jokes, which I remember for years and embellish a trifle with each retelling.

"However, nobody has to be on guard against my pulling practical jokes. I'm not much of a comic myself—but I'm a sucker for anyone who is. Abbott and Costello kill me. So does Jack Oakie. And so do a dozen others like Benny and Hope. That wonderful harmless humor of theirs can bend me double any time."

He thought of the guy who argued too much. "Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever learn to keep my mouth shut."

And, by the way, what was he like as a husband—?

"Why should I lead with my chin? No man can ever tell that for himself. You have to let results do the talking. And Anne and I get along fine."

He isn't hard to please. He has simple tastes—in food, in surroundings (his house is a small French Provincial), in practically everything else. But he doesn't assume that other people are easy to please.

He likes his job and he works hard at it. He'd like to last a long time at it if he can. In everything else, he's easy-going. He's a good loser at tennis, golf and gin rummy.

No matter how late he goes to bed, he likes to get up early. It's a hangover from his boyhood on a Virginia farm. To him, early morning is the best part of the day.

He's modest, no publicity hound. If he makes a mistake, he's the first one to point it out. If someone else makes a mistake, he's the last one to mention it.

No matter what he might tell you himself, all those seven or eight Johnny Paynes add up to one swell guy!

• • •

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

There was the night that "The Wizard of Oz" opened at Grauman's Chinese Theater. Most of the movie stars brought their children to give them a treat. After the picture was over a radio announcer stopped Joan Bennett to ask her what her daughter, Melinda, thought of "The Wizard of Oz." Little Melinda answered, "I didn't like it. It's for children."

My favorite kid story concerns the time George S. Kaufman was on his way to Hollywood. It was Christmas week, and he knew that he would have to buy a Christmas present for the small son of a certain actor, if only for appearances sake. Kaufman turned to Moss Hart and asked, "What can I buy the kid that he can hurt himself with?"

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VOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

(*Continued from page 33*)

On the set of "Captains of the Clouds," Dennis and Cagney used to chew the fat about their respective childhoods. They were both fistic experts—but Jim fought for self-preservation, Dennis for fighting's sake. To his mother's disgust, he wrested from his gang the title of Toughie Morner. "I hafta fight," he explained, "else they'd call me sissy for singin'."

It was a pleasant uneventful boyhood—swimming hole, sand-lot baseball, hunting with his father from the time he could carry a gun, summers at the lumber camps his father ran. He sang for fun, but lumber was to be his living. He said nuts (to himself, being polite) when the voice coach at high school suggested the possibility of a singing career. Even after he won the state contest, he said it. Shy about his voice, he stood on the platform, eyes down and sang Under the Wide and Starry Sky. There was a hush before the applause thundered, and Lillian ran backstage, eyes streaming, convinced that the voice coach wasn't so dumb. Dennis laughed.

BY now these two were head over ears in love. Pursuing private inquiries, Dennis had discovered that the Poppy Girl was a senior, too, and in three of his classes. He switched programs, so they'd be in all five together. The boy she'd thought she liked, who'd gone away to college, faded from Lillian's horizon. She wasn't allowed to have dates at night, but Dennis could come over and study with her, an arrangement short of ideal, since a younger sister studied in the same room. Efforts at bribery proved fruitless. Chaperoning was fun. At five-minute intervals the little fiend would peek under the table to make sure they weren't holding hands.

At Carroll College, which they both attended, Dennis studied business administration, played football, soloed with the Glee Club, sang in local theatres and churches for extra cash. He and Lillian planned to marry as soon after graduation as they could afford it. Dennis was going to be assistant purchasing agent for a lumber firm in Milwaukee owned by a friend of his father. That was the winter of '30-'31. The firm of his father's friend collapsed. So did lumber in general. Dennis was cornered. He had to earn money, and the only thing he'd ever earned money by was singing. He applied to a local radio station and was taken on at thirty-five a week as singer, poetry-spouter and sports announcer. That settled it. Radio would be his career. He enrolled at the conservatory for intensive vocal training.

A year later he transferred to the Chicago Conservatory. An orchestra leader who heard him sing at a friend's home got him a job at the State Theatre. The manager of the Palmer House, who heard him sing at the State Theatre, asked him to audition for their swank new supper club, where he wowed the customers with his own arrangement of One Alone from "The Desert Song." "We'll give you a hundred a week," said the Palmer House.

"Okay," said Dennis, "and a week off to get married."

The wedding took place in the garden of the Vedder home. Lillian wore ivory lace, and the pesky sister was a penitent bridesmaid in green taffeta. "Be sure to speak up," Dennis had admonished his bride. "It annoys me at weddings, you never can hear the girl." The ceremony was marked by a startlingly loud response from the bride and a smothered mumble of nothing from the groom.

Life in Chicago was lovely for a year till slack season closed the Palmer House supper club, and Dennis couldn't find another job. By the time the baby was born, his father had been reduced to fishing numbers out of a hat at bank night affairs, with a song in between to tune up the crowd. Came the day when thirty cents stood between the Morgans and hunger. While Dennis went out to arrange a loan on the furniture, a ten-dollar birthday check arrived for Lillian. The financial corner had been turned. Before the ten vanished, a job appeared.

Mary Garden gave Morgan to the movies after failing in a campaign to give him to opera first. The day after he sang "Xerxes" for the University of Chicago, drawing critical raves, Mary sent for him. She'd found a backer for "Carmen" and was hunting a Don José. Dennis was elated but not nervous, being sure of himself when he sings. Anyway, he'd reached the fatalistic conclusion that a man can but do his best. Doing his best, he sang a couple of ballads and Luce Van le Stelle from "Tosca." Mary was impressed. She led him across the street to the old opera house, planted him on the stage and bade him sing the Flower Song. Italians sing the final B-flat full voice, the French sing it mezzo voce, a process involving most tenors in difficulty. Out of compliment to the French school and Miss Garden, Dennis sang it mezzo and clinched the sale. "An artist, an artist!" cried the ebullient Mary, dashing down the aisle. "This is my Don José."

HE never was, alas! The prospective angel got cold feet and flapped out of the picture. But Garden's enthusiasm for the Morgan mezzo remained undimmed. Swallowing her own disappointment like the lady she is, she arranged that Dennis should meet a vice-president of Metro. Result—test and contract. "Shall I take it?" he wired Lillian, who was visiting the folks in Wisconsin.

"If you like it, I like it," she answered. And that started the Hollywood chapter of adventure.

They drove out in an old Packard which they swear might have served as an advance model for "Grapes of Wrath." It was packed to the fenders with all they owned in the world. Dennis talked tenderly to the sick tires, hoping to cajole them to do the impossible, but they blew up. Every hundred miles one tire blew up. Almost to the fraction, they could gauge their progress by the blow-outs. Nothing daunted Dennis. Metro was waiting for him. First he patched, then he bought new tires. Having allowed no margin for new tires, their funds approached the vanishing point. Even that didn't matter, because Metro was waiting. Still, they did have to meet daily bills.

One night they stopped at a hotel instead of the usual auto camp because the baby had caught cold. Dennis, thinking how badly Metro would feel to learn of his plight, went down to the bar, strictly to ponder, which he could do for nothing.

"You seem rather down, son. What's the trouble?" He lifted his eyes to meet those of a Texas ranger, so friendly that the whole story came out. Pulling a wad from his pocket, the man peeled a hundred off and handed it over. He would take no denial, he wouldn't even take a note. Whenever Dennis finds human nature distasteful, he thinks of the Texan and recovers his balance.

Metro was waiting—with a six-week lay-off, which for all practical purposes save money, stretched to two years. He was paid, but he didn't work. The story's been told too often to bear repetition. Nelson Eddy got the singing roles. Dennis pleaded, then howled, that he didn't have to sing, he could act or turn handsprings or wiggle his ears. Pleas and howls died away together in a vacuum. Metro released him, and Paramount let him play gangsters for six months. He and Lillian were packed for departure when Warners lured him with honeyed hints of "The Desert Song." So they put him in quickies. It took Sam Wood to get him out. Recently Metro offered Warners thirty-five hundred a week for the loan of Dennis Morgan to play "Rio Rita." Dennis Morgan. You know. The guy who used to be Stanley Morner. The guy we had out here for a couple of years, but we couldn't use him then. Yeah, that one. Warners turned them down.

Lillian says Dennis has reverted to normal. He no longer gnashes his teeth or mutters in dreams that Metro's waiting for him. Just before Christmas last year they moved into their own house opposite Andy Devine's in the valley. The Devines are good neighbors. They don't kick about Dennis' vocalizing as the neighbors in Chicago did. Of course they're not quite so close.

Like the sensible parent of a child, Dennis takes care of his voice without coddling it. You don't hear him gargling all over the place or fussing about drafts. His few simple rules include a brief rest before singing and two hours of practise every day that he doesn't work. The voice, he points out, is temperamental, even when the singer isn't. If you don't watch it, it won't be there.

He's the kind of husband who has definite tastes on home decoration and his wife's clothes. Lillian meets him halfway on up, depending on circumstances. She sent back a pair of drapes he didn't like, because he had to live with them, too, and it seemed only fair. They agree that she looks best in tailored things, being tall. But he glowers at small hats, which she loves, so she keeps them for hen-parties. He hates slacks with a deep and abiding hatred. She finds them comfortable around the house. When Dennis is home, she wears skirts. She's learned about men since her bridal days when she wept because he wouldn't eat his applesauce for breakfast. "But it's good for you—" "But I don't like

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it—" "But I went to a lot of trouble making it—" "But I didn't ask you to, did I?—" We all know how it goes. She used to run home not to her mother, but to his, and even when she was wrong, Mrs. Morner took her part. She hopes she'll be wise enough to do the same when her own son marries.

They both find night clubs depressing, filled with unhappy faces. Dennis finds bridge almost equally depressing. "How many bridge players do you know who are interesting people?" he demands of his wife, who enjoys an occasional game.

"Quite a few," she returns tranquilly and names them. He still won't play bridge. His idea of a pleasant evening with friends is a barbecued dinner followed by gab. If they ask, he'll sing, being none of your coy pests. Lillian still thrills to his voice as she did when he sang Requiem for the high-school contest. Little Stan used to think no one sang like his father, till he heard John Charles Thomas. "I'm afraid he sings gooder than Daddy, Mum. Will Daddy feel bad?" Since John Charles is Dennis' singing idol, his son was rewarded for discrimination. His daughter gets rewarded just for existing. Dennis thinks she's a poem. She's also a coquette who barters kisses for presents.

TRAINED to the outdoors from childhood, he grabs what few chances he gets at hunting and fishing. For the rest, he plays tennis, swims, mows the lawn, trains with the White Sox when they come to California. He's a rabid ball fan and bats above average. In a recent game—Comedians Vs. Leads—he socked a home run over the fence. When he works, he smokes too many cigarettes, then changes to a pipe on the theory that a pipe's out most of the time.

He's got his share of those masculine quirks which keep life from getting dull. If Lillian thinks the roof needs painting, she'll choose her moment and say: "I think that's a good idea of yours, to have the roof painted—" then, while the power of suggestion is at work, "Let's do it now. Andy and Dorothy Devine just had theirs done, we could get the same man." Later Dennis surveys the fait accompli and tells her that was a good idea of his, to have the roof painted.

He likes things tidy without liking to put them away. One of his less constructive habits is slinging a damp towel over the foot of the bed. When Lillian points out the stain, someone else did it. Except for work, his sense of time is inaccurate. If he phones that he'll be home in twenty minutes, the maid says: "All right, Mr. Morgan, I'll get dinner ready for an hour from now."

He likes to bring guests home on the spur of the moment, so Lillian always plans for at least one extra. Dinner is simple—meat, two vegetables and a salad. No potatoes for Dennis, because they're fattening. Theoretically, no dessert—though he's never been known to turn down home-made chocolate ice cream.

His passion for candlelight is second only to his passion for firelight. They eat by the one and listen to records by the other. If the choice of music is left to Dennis, it's likely to be Tschaikowsky or anything John Charles Thomas sings. Another favorite diversion is reading aloud. Lillian loves it. They sit up till two or three in the morning, drinking cup after cup of tea and finishing the book.

Warners still talk of doing "The Desert Song." It's a project they remove from the shelf and dust off each year. Dennis still says he doesn't *have* to sing.

"But if anyone else gets 'The Desert Song,'" he adds thoughtfully, "*I'll* get the producer—alone—in a dark alley—"

"I'm tired of pretending"...

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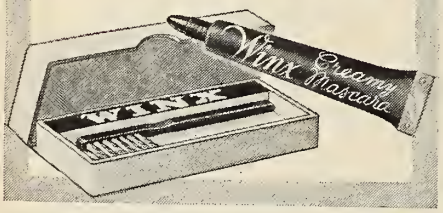

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NU-NAILS
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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 57*)

pearance of the costume and made people forget they ever saw it before . . . If you wanna snare that man of yours, wear blue and more blue, says Edward Stevenson, RKO designer. Claims you can please every last one of 'em in one good blue. On opposite side of the fence, Paulette Goddard maintains there's nothing quite like fluid-fitting gold evening gowns to put suitors in a marrying mood, i.e., that super-sirenic topaz beaded number in "The Lady Has Plans."

Brenda Marshall claims ownership of the most unusual necklace in town, but she can't wear it! To date, it's a collection of old silver dollars gathered by hubby Bill Holden while on location in New Mexico. Trouble is, it's illegal to punch holes in U. S. currency, consequently they can't find a way to hitch 'em together! Undaunted, Bill swears he's gonna bring back more for a bracelet next time he's down Mexico way!

Gene Tierney's strutting husband Count Cassini designed stuff during fittings! She's as proud as Punch of his togs, particularly adores an evening dress he's whipping up —fitted black bodice with yards and yards of pink skirt, with an all-over coverage of huge lacy black grapes! . . . During filming of "The Fleet's In" at Paramount, commissary lunchers are having the thrill of a lifetime. Just the other day, Dottie Lamour pranced in and threw them all for a loop in a wicked black beaded gown cut unprecedently low in back . . . and just as low in front!

Leave it to Orson Welles to out-originate them all! On his CBS radio show he appeared in a white terry cloth suit which he himself designed. Says it's the most comfortable thing he's ever worn, not too warm, not too cold, doesn't wrinkle, cleans easily. All the men on the show want one like it now, but Welles thinks they'll look too much like a patrol of ski troopers!

The Men In Her Life

As we go to press we learn Roz Russell has become Mrs. Freddie Brisson, and Hollywood has lost one of its most enduring Bachelor Girls. But Hollywood forgets quickly. With Roz out of the running, it will soon find another shoulder to carry the title of Number One Unmarried.

Likeliest candidate, according to the consensus, is star-eyed, 25-year-old Olivia de Havilland. Easily the most popular date in town, Olivia has successfully eluded matrimonially-minded men and today hasn't even one broken engagement to her credit.

It's a pretty sure bet that when Olivia does make her vows she will make them to a man older than herself. Though girlishly young, de Havilland has always displayed a natural bent for the polished sophisticate. Consider her single date with Bob Stack. It was just that—a single date. For repeat jobs, Olivia invariably turns to men who are ten or more years her senior.

Oddly enough, she seems to be attracted to the former husbands of fellow actresses. Until he married, Franchot Tone, a Joan Crawford ex, was her frequent companion. On her last trip East, it was Lew Ayres, one-time spouse of Ginger Rogers, who topped her date list. Gene Markey, short-lived mate of Hedy Lamarr, still writes her regularly from his naval post. And currently, Roger Pryor, returned to the ranks by Ann Sothern, is very capably filling the de Havilland "escort" bill.

True, it's almost impossible to turn around in this town without bumping into someone's divorced husband. But Olivia doesn't use the bumping process to meet her men. They seek her out. And before long, one of them will take her in—to see a preacher!

Half Tone

Bruce Cabot and Pat Di Cicco mourned him like a brother. Joan Crawford looked back down the years and frowned slightly. A dozen chorus girls tore up his picture. And the town knew the news before it was spoken. Franchot Tone was married.

Who is the new Mrs. Tone? Where does she come from and what does she do? Before her wedding, no one gave a darn. Now, as Mrs. Franchot, poor Jean Wallace is being dissected like a laboratory frog.

Happily she can stand the scrutiny. She's a nice, wholesome youngster and a compliment to Franchot's judgment. Her real name is Jean Walasek. She changed it when Earl Carroll brought her to Hollywood after she won a Carroll-conducted beauty contest in Chicago. Her first picture was "A Night At Earl Carroll's," and Paramount put her under contract after they viewed it. She was born October 12, 1923, and wouldn't say "yes" to Franchot, who is 36, before her 18th birthday.

Jean plays the clarinet, has a beautiful singing voice and can cook, too. Her gal pals in the Carroll chorus will testify to that. She used to invite them to her apartment for her specialty, an Italian-cooked dinner.

When she reads, she prefers Poe, though her favorite book character is Dickens' "Scrooge." In music, she goes for Deep Purple. And her pet aversion (Franchot, please note) is a man who won't talk back!

Oh, Da Colonna!

Paramount is developing two new comedians: (a) Muk, the 6-year-old chimpanzee who stole "Malaya" from Dorothy Lamour, and (b) Jerry Colonna, the 36-year-old monkey-shiner who steals laughs from Bob Hope.

Muk's just a newcomer to the movie scene. People aren't curious about him yet. But Jerry's been around a long while, and requests for information about the lad are burying our desk. So here goes:

His real name is Gerard . . . He has a perpetually sore upper lip because fans are always tugging at his mustache to see if it's real. It is . . . Married for ten years, his wife has never seen him without that six-inch adornment (he trims it to six inches between pictures) . . . As a kid, he yearned for a mustache that would outstrip any sported by the men in his home town. Today, there isn't a Bostonian who can match him . . . He's worn the lip lace for 14 years . . . Once sued a studio that tried to make him shave it off.

Had his own band at 18, but didn't learn to read music till he hit 23 . . . Any time he wearies of the funnyman racket, he can return to trombone playing . . . He's one of the top musicians in the business; used to play alongside Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Bunny Berrigan and Claude Thornhill in the old Dorsey Brothers' band . . . Has a great voice when he's not gagging. Can hold a note a minute and five seconds without getting winded.

Though definitely not a glamour boy, the bulk of his fan mail comes from women. What's more, they all want Colonna photographs—affectionately autographed!

Special Delivery

Hollywood is fast becoming a town where they make more babies than pictures! After the recent flood of new arrivals (Mary Mar-

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

tin's, Veronica Lake's, Virginia Bruce's and Connie Moore's), it seemed fairly certain that movie folk would settle down to digesting their latest citizens before bringing in a storkload of fresh ones. But that, apparently, is not to be. Now rumor has it that Joan Bennett, Lucille Ball, Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin are on the expectant list!

Of all the tots to hit the colony in recent months, the most impressive was the one delivered to Jack Carson and his radio-singer wife, Kay St. Germain. The little fellow weighed 10 pounds, 5 ounces at birth! And is Jack proud of his young husky? Just listen:

"What a guy!" he gloats. "The first baby I ever saw who was born eating a steak sandwich!"

Family Affairs

Mickey Rooney's mom and dad, though divorced and wed to new mates, meet every Sunday at Mick's. They bring their current spouses, and all five enjoy a cozy dinner . . . Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall, interviewing a pair of Chinese servants, were amazed when the applicants interrupted to ask for their autographs . . . Like all homey folk, Marlene Dietrich likes to spend Christmas with her family. She and daughter Maria will hit the Eastbound trail to pass the holidays in New York with their husband and daddy, Rudolph Sieber.

Where You Go . . .

Barbara Stanwyck was rehearsing for a broadcast at CBS a short time ago, when Hubby Bob Taylor arrived to take her to dinner. While Bob waited for Barbara to run through her lines, Roger Pryor stepped up to him:

"How about you doing one of our shows, Taylor?" he asked. "Say the word and you can have either Claudette Colbert or Myrna Loy as your leading lady."

From over his shoulder, Bob heard the clop of a falling script. In a moment Barbara was at his side.

"Listen, chum!" she upped to Roger. "That means three evenings of rehearsal and all day Sunday working with one of those queens! If the sponsor doesn't mind my doing two broadcasts in one season, I think I'd better do the play with Bob!"

Bob pouted and everyone laughed—BUT—three weeks later when Mr. Robert Taylor appeared as star of the Screen Guild Theater, there was Mrs. Robert Taylor trading lines with him at the other side of the mike!

Reelisms

Jackie Cooper dons a false mustache for "Syncopation" . . . Roy Rogers, appointed honorary mayor of Studio City, moved to Encino two weeks later . . . Ray Milland is a sucker for paintings used as set decorations in his pictures. Buys them up like mad . . . Red Skelton's new home is so huge, he has signs in the foyer reading, "Straight ahead to the dining room," "Playroom: through the kitchen, fourth door to the left," etc. . . . Charles Butterworth, anticipating sensational business when he personal-appearanced in his home town, South Bend, Indiana, met with a terrific freeze instead. Seems once-cordial friends and neighbors had learned of his divorce from Ethel Butterworth—and they no like such thing out Notre Dame way! . . . Back in football after a fling at the flickers, Tommy Harmon and Johnny Kimbrough are taking a terrific kidding from sports columnists . . . Ronald

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Colman once appeared in Westerns . . . Directors of the Screen Guild radio show, of which Roger Pryor is M. C., will ask Ann Sothern to appear as "Maisie." The sly devils hope working together will bring about a Sothern-Pryor reconciliation . . . Clock collector Cesar Romero had to silence his most precious timepiece. It pealed like Big Ben and woke the baby next door—Julie Payne, daughter of John and Anne . . . Life of any party is John Carroll doing a deadly impersonation of Nelson Eddy singing, Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life. Even Nelson himself would love the wild flourishing and melodramatic warbling!

A Relative Matter

There are always a couple of weak links in a family, even if it's a movie star's. If you have a lazy uncle who stopped working when McKinley was president, or a younger brother whose idea of achievement is getting the 8 ball into a side pocket, you know what we mean.

But while your relatives may mooch an occasional buck or two, movie stars' relatives too often take it for granted that when there's an actor in the family he ought to immediately assume responsibility for the entire clan.

At this very moment, one of the screen's top-notch feminine stars is being politely blackmailed by her own aunt. Aunty either gets a bigger allowance or a couple of family skeletons will begin rattling—and not too gently, either! The star is raging. She'd like nothing better than to phone the F. B. I. and turn her chiseling relative in. Unfortunately, however, there's a clause in her contract (as there are in many others) specifying that all family leeches must be provided for in order to avoid unfavorable publicity.

Do you wonder that dozens of our leading players are almost driven to do what one not-too-bright cinema blonde did? She wrote a letter to mathematically-minded Albert Einstein, asking if she could consult him on a problem of relativity!

Reluctant Dragon

It's a funny tale that Columnist Hedda Hopper tells about Sir Cedric Hardwicke's initial get-together with playwright George Bernard Shaw.

Hardwicke heard one day that the great Irish dramatist considered him the finest actor in the business. Thrilled as a babe, he approached Shaw and asked if it were true.

Shaw looked at him coldly. "Heavens, no!" he snapped. "You're my fifth choice. The four Marx Brothers come first!"

Disa and Data

Robert Preston once played Julius Caesar in a stock company headed by Ty Power's mother . . . By the time "I'll Take Manila" is completed, Eleanor Powell will have gone through 150 pairs of hose. She requires four a day; pays around $8 a pair . . . Carole Landis, advised by wire that her lonesome Great Dane had pined down to 170 pounds, flew all the way from New York personally to feed him his raw meat . . . Radio's darling, Kay Kyser, doesn't own a radio of his own . . . Ona Munson who just finished slinking her way through "Shanghai Gesture," won't step before the camera unless she's wearing a wig. Says it's the only way she can forget herself and get into character . . . Orson Welles says he and his Dolores will go to the altar in January . . . Ray MacDonald's pals have nick-named him "Pinocchio." They think he looks like the little guy . . . Carmen Miranda's real bosses are not 20th Century-Fox, but Olsen and Johnson! They were responsible for her discovery in South America and now share her contract with the Shuberts . . . The result of Myron Selznick's commission suit against ex-client Errol Flynn resulted in a settlement for 40,000 bucks . . . John Hubbard and Rochester both own prize fighters. Their battling babies fought the other evening. Hubbard's boy won . . . Hollywood's tittering at that comedian who, failing to be recognized by fans, walks up to them and introduces himself. He also snatches their autograph books and insists upon presenting them with his signature—on the space reserved for Gable and Taylor . . . The Louis Haywards (Ida Lupino) own a dog named "Edward-Who-Is-Not-To-Pick-The-Flowers." Don't ask us why! . . . On her 18th birthday, Linda Darnell threw off the shackles of time-clock punching, a welfare-worker chaperon and four hours of daily school work!

Panta-Loonies

Ann Sothern visited Ann Sheridan on the night location of "Juke Girl."

"Sothern," said Sheridan, "I've got a fashion tip for you. 'Oomph' undies, they're called. C'mon away from these wolves and I'll give you a peek."

Off in a corner, Ann Sheridan looked cautiously around. Then she raised her skirt high above her thighs. "Like 'em?" she asked, coyly.

Ann Sothern looked—and gulped. For embracing the Sheridan shape, from hip bone to knee-top, was a pair of heavy pink woolies! It gets mighty chilly on night locations, and a cold draft, looking for a place to land, apparently doesn't know the difference between a movie star and a manicurist!

SELF-MADE SIREN

(Continued from page 35)

minute with the wind roaring in your ears and blowing your hair?'

"That was five years ago," Bill smiled. "She's got that convertible now—a long, slinky Buick—and every cop in Hollywood knows it personally. Boy, has she collected tickets for speeding—and talk about accidents! Nothing serious, you know. A fender here and a mud guard there. She spent so much time talking to judges in traffic courts the studio had to ground her while they were making 'This Woman Is Mine.' What a gal!

"Anyway, she kept winning contests right and left, and eventually she got a chance to sing for Nat Brusiloff, program director for WOR. Nat introduced her to Mike Spector, an agent, who—as everyone knows—was her Svengali. He had her teeth straightened, her nose remodelled, her figure streamlined. He gave her voice lessons and cured her Brooklyn accent. He even gave her a new name, adapted from Nat Brusilloff's daughter Carol's. Then he got her the series of jobs that eventually landed her

in 'Louisiana Purchase' on Broadway.

"Gosh, it sounds simple when you rattle it off like that—but I'll never forget the months of mi-mi-mi-ing while she was getting her voice in shape. And how she couldn't chew gum—which she craves—on account of the braces, and how embarrassed she was at first talking completely un-Brooklyny. 'Gee,' she'd keep saying every few sentences. 'Me and Katie Hepburn.' Then she'd yell out to the kitchen—'Hey, Mom, culture comes to Flatbush. Come on in and listen to me talk.'

WELL, the night 'Louisiana Purchase' opened, I was in the second row—teeth chattering like anything. I didn't see a thing until Carol came on. She came out on the stage kind of hesitantly and I was close enough to see she was trembling. I found out later she'd cried in her dressing room for an hour before and had to be literally pushed on the stage. Maybe I imagined it, but it seemed to me a sort of gasp went up from the crowd when they first saw her—Lord, she looked wonderful!—and after she'd finished 'The Lord Done Fixed Up My Soul' in that indescribable velvety voice, fifteen hundred blasé first nighters clapped and clapped till I thought my heart would burst I was so proud of her. After the show I went back-stage, and the place was mobbed. Messengers running with flowers, the press begging for interviews, and dozens and dozens of stage door johnnies. At last her door opened and she came out. She tried to get through the wall of black coats and white shirts, scared and sort of bewildered. One chap took her arm—'Miss Bruce, I'm Al Bloomingdale. I wonder if you'd join our table at El Morocco.' Another one wanted her for supper at Twenty One.

"She smiled blindly at everyone and kept going till she found what she wanted. 'Oh Mom!' She threw her arms around a quiet little woman standing in the back. 'And Pop!' A big hug for the oldish, chubby man looking uncomfortable but unspeakably proud in his recently acquired tails. 'Oh and Bill. Gee!' We ploughed out of the place, and after Mr. and Mrs. Levy had gone home, she turned to me and said, 'You know what I'd really like to do?' 'You name it,' I told her. 'The Stork, El Morocco—' 'What I'd *really* like,' she said, 'is to ride for miles and miles on a Fifth Avenue bus. On top where the wind can blow my hair from here to blazes. Want to?' We invested in two bags of peanuts and rode up and down Riverside Drive for three hours, holding hands, counting stars, not talking much about anything.

"By the time 'Louisiana' had run a year, the Hollywood offers were so tempting that Carol kissed Broadway and Bill good-bye and signed up with Universal. I'd read about her in the columns every night. About how she was living alone and loving it in a penthouse in Beverly Hills; and how she was being seen everywhere with Matty Fox, but that her heart really belonged to her Pygmalion, Mike Spector. All of which gave me a few laughs, as I knew from Carol's letters she was living on the second floor of a two-family house with her mom and her sister Marilyn. Matty Fox is her boss and she Ciro's with him occasionally, but I'm optimist enough to believe her when she says, 'it definitely ain't love.' With Carol and Mike it's strictly business only.

"I trekked out to Los Angeles not long ago on business, and naturally I dropped over to Carol's. I was crazy to see her, but in a way I was scared. She was big time now; she couldn't help having changed a little bit. I walked down the charming quiet street their house is on and thought back to a noisy block in Brooklyn, with kids yelling in the street and the smell of suppers cooking from every window. There, finally, was the house. I stopped and looked at it a second—trim and lovely. No wash lines strung all over the place. No mangy palm in the living room window. I tore up the stairs, rang the bell, and in a second there was Carol. She had on navy blue slacks and a big red bow in her hair. 'Hi Garbo,' I said, and she dragged me inside.

"The house was done in royal blue with a lot of mirrors. 'Hollywood Empire,' she informed me without enthusiasm. 'It came with the place.' A huge radio-victrola was bleating 'Blue Champagne,' Mrs. Levy was in the kitchen looking just the same as ever, simple and kindly, and Marilyn was bounding in and out periodically with hordes of cronies. So this, I thought to myself, was Glamour at home. Gosh, I was relieved!

"We went bowling that night, and on the way home we talked about stuff and things. 'Well, I got the car, Bill,' she said—'It's in the shop right now, fender trouble, and Mom doesn't have to sew anymore, and Marilyn has a new bike. But I still can't believe any of it's real.' I pointed to a theater marquee across the street. Carol Bruce in big white lights. 'It's real,' I said. 'Honey, that's you.' She looked up at me, those bright blue eyes suddenly serious. 'Nope—isn't it funny, Bill. That's not me. I look different and I talk different, but inside I'm still Shirley.'

BILL stopped talking to me for a second and looked thoughtful. "And that's the swellest part of her. Nothing real and good about her has changed. She'd still rather go bowling with 'the kids'—as she's always called her pals since way back at Erasmus Hall—than have a date with Clark Gable. She doesn't drink, but she's not a bit W. C. T. U.-ish about it. She hasn't gone in for flashy clothes. Lives in suits and tailored things, though her evening clothes are definitely siren. She's still embarrassed in a too-low decolletage. She doesn't affect a taste for 'good' music or 'good' books. The Carol I used to know loved swing and Kathleen Norris, and she still does, God bless her. Her whole living room is strewn with records—and not a symphony among them—just Goodman, Shaw and her beloved Calloway. She puts on a record the first thing in the morning, and she always listens to something just before she goes to bed. Music is a religion with her. She's not ashamed of her mother, though she talks with an accent and refuses flatly to glam up even slightly. She can still speak 'Brooklyn' with the best of us when she wants to—often does when she gets excited—and Lord, what a Dodger fan! She's living right now for the next World Series." He paused and we prodded him.

What about Carol and him? "Well, I guess the way I feel kind of sticks out all over, doesn't it? But Carol—no, she's not in love. I think she looks on me as sort of a brother. Listen to what she wrote me the other day." He pulled a letter out of his pocket. "No romance yet, Bill. The right guy just hasn't hove in sight. But when he does, boy, watch me go to work on him!" I think she'd like to get married, but she wants love to sock her between the eyes. None of this lukewarm stuff for Carol. In the meantime, I'm sort of hanging around . . ."

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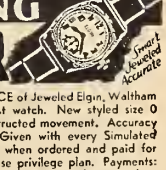

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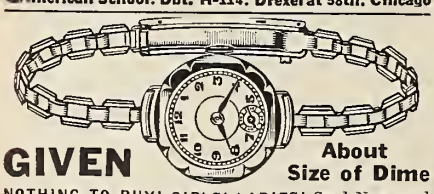

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HELLO EVVABODY

(*Continued from page 49*)

both hands. Where Sully knocks himself out laughing at something, you may, if you look fast, detect the melancholy ghost of a smile on Ish's face.

Kay buzzes around, the hardest-working of the lot. Their schedule includes pictures, a weekly broadcast, four to eight recordings a month, barnstorming and hotel dates. The business for all this goes on in Kay's bean. Every chance he gets, he heads for his dressing room, flops on the couch for five minutes, arms hanging, then downs a sandwich and a milk shake, his slogan being: "When things get tough, eat." Those five minutes, he swears, are as good as an hour's sleep. Despite tension and an appearance of skinniness, he weighs a hundred and ninety, all muscle. "Punch it," he invites doubters.

HAL KEMP got him started. They put on a couple of musicals together at North Carolina with Kay directing the show and Hal the music. Before Hal left college, taking his band with him, he talked Kay into organizing another for dear old N.C. Kay knew nothing about music except that he liked it. So he abandoned his A.B. course and enrolled for classes in theory, harmony, arranging, sight-reading and the clarinet.

The South took his band to its heart, so they tried their luck in Ohio during summer vacation and got the cockiness knocked out of them. But to James Kern Kyser a sock in the jaw means fight. He dusted himself off, went back to college, found new men, enlarged the band and worked like mad to give it the polish it needed.

One day their rehearsal was interrupted by a knock. The man who stood in the doorway said: "I stopped for a look at the campus on my way up from Florida and heard your music. Sounds good to me. I'm Al Lang, run Meadow Beach at Mentor-on-the-Lake in Ohio. Like to hire you boys for the summer." The figure he named convinced Kay he was kidding.

Just in case he wasn't, Kay tore round to Western Union. "Find out who Al Lang of Meadow Beach is," he wired a friend.

"Relax," came the answer. "He only owns half the town." As their first conquest of the North, that summer remains one of their sweetest memories.

The next crisis developed a couple of years later. They'd worn themselves out in the territory they'd been working and were perilously close to the rocks when an offer came from the Bal Tabarin in San Francisco. If they made the grade, they could stay indefinitely. If not, they were through in four weeks. In the parlor of Kay's Rocky Mount home, the boys debated. They decided to chance it.

If they didn't steal, they begged and borrowed to the limit. Driving their own cars, some of them had to break penny banks to get across the last toll bridge to the Golden Gate!

Kay says they didn't play very well that night. But Frisco liked their infectious spirit of good will, which was then pretty much as it is now. "And if Frisco likes you," says Kay, "they don't care how bad you are." The Bal Tabarin kept them on for a year. Then they were grabbed by the Del Mar Club at Santa Monica.

It was while they were playing the Del Mar that a dark-eyed beauty walked in with her mother one day and asked for an audition. She'd sung with a trio at Fresno College and got herself a couple of dates in San Francisco after graduation. Kay thought she was swell, but he couldn't afford a girl singer. The day he could, he told Miss Virginia Simms, he'd send for her.

The day came in Chicago. Just as they thought night had settled down for good. They'd been engaged by the Black Hawk Café—their first big tryout east of the Mississippi. Fate seemed bent on trying them out, too. The drummer found the lock of his car picked and all his equipment lifted. Sure it was insured, but meantime he had nothing to play on. Gandee, guardian of the music scores, lost his way across the Rockies. In the midst of rehearsal, the bandstand caved in on them, breaking sundry instruments and damaging arms. At the last minute Sully Mason couldn't find his uniform.

None of which would have mattered if they'd clicked. But Chicago was a hotbed of bands, and Chicago said "So what?" to Kay Kyser's. Business didn't build. An apartment elevator fell, carrying half a dozen of the boys with it. A few weeks later one of the wives bore a premature baby. He's a healthy five-year-old now, but for a while it was touch and go with mother and child. Gloom enveloped them all. . . .

Till the Christmas holidays brought a torrent of trade to the Black Hawk. Boys and girls swamped the place. Attendance records were made that have never been broken. The band became an overnight sensation. Kay sent for Ginny Simms. From then on the ball never stopped rolling.

SASSY SULLY, George Duning and Ish have been with Kay from the start. Next in point of service come Gandee and Lloyd Snow. The boys were playing Washington and Jefferson College when Gandee wandered over from Uniontown. "Listen to me play?" he asked Kay. They listened as a gag, but before he'd finished Kay was figuring how he could use two pianos. Duning, the pianist, had long been ambitious to do arranging. So Kay gave him a year off to study at the conservatory, after which he returned as official arranger.

Snow, just out of the Navy, happened in at the Del Mar Club and asked Kay to let him know if he ever needed a bass player. "Need one right now," said Kay. "Let's try it." Harry Babbitt had his own band in St. Louis, for which he played sax and clarinet and sang. Kay offered him so much just to sing that he couldn't afford to turn it down.

Ish got his name from Irving Berlin's song, which he put across to such purpose years ago that the handle stuck. "Why not?" the professor queries. "His real name's Merwyn Bogue. Who wouldn't rather be Ish Kabibble?" He contrived his own antic haircut. It's quite simple. Comb it down and he looks like Dracula with bangs. Comb it back, and you wouldn't recognize the guy. In his normal, non-simpleton guise he's the band's paymaster.

Exclusive of Babbitt and Kay, the boys number thirteen. When he has to pick a new one, Kay investigates character and personality first, musicianship second. Otherwise, he makes only one arbitrary rule. No moustaches. He can't abide 'em. They travel by train or plane now—no more jaloppies—and boast eight natty changes of costume. On their radio

program, they wear red-lettered white sweaters, which spell Lucky Strike when they run in and line up like a football team.

Hollywood's been their base since they started making pictures. A tight little group, they travel around together and often wind up at Ginny's, who lives with her father and mother and likes to rustle snacks for the boys. Outsiders are excluded from their yearly anniversary party. It's been rumored that on these occasions the boys allow Kay a few pipes on the clarinet. They talked him out of public performances long ago. His feelings were a little hurt, but he yielded for the greater good of the greater number.

The Kollege of Musikal Knowledge is four years old. Kay wanted something new for a second engagement at the Black Hawk, so the boys put their heads together. The boss stipulated audience participation, Sully dreamed up the name, someone else suggested a musical quiz, and little by little the thing took shape. Its success is largely tied up with Kay's ad libbing. "You should have heard the first three performances," he groans. No one else remembers them. With the fourth, he hit his stride and after sixteen hilarious weeks at the Black Hawk, Lucky Strike bought the Kollege.

As indicated earlier, Kay has a healthy respect for his fans. Nervous and hurried though he generally is, he'll always stop to sign autographs. First, because he's grateful. Second, because he's kindly. Third, because he considers any other policy shortsighted. If he tells a kid at the stage door he'll be back in five minutes, he's back in five minutes. He takes time to write "Thinkin' of you" over his signature. He heeds suggestion from his listeners. When a number of people wrote in that "Good-by, evvabody" sounded too final, he switched to "S'long, evvabody." He aches in sympathy with quizzees petrified by mike fright. He knows the feeling. That's why he sometimes lays the answer in their laps.

QUESTIONS most frequently asked by fans are whether this or that one's married, whether his Southern accent's real, who little Audrey is, why he says, "Yet's dance." (He says "Yet's dance" because in No'th Calina they don't bother with l's.) He finds that their novelty songs are the prime favorites—Little Red Fox, Bad Humor Man—and predicts that Romeo Smith and Juliet Jones from "Playmates" will soon join the number.

He's a good man to work for. Finding himself with three clear weeks before "Playmates" started, he toured the army camps, paying his boys full salary. Radio-conscious, he noticed that five of the camps lacked good machines and sent each a radio-phonograph, plus what he considered a representative collection of records. Not till Randolph Field wired: "What, no Kyser records?" did he catch the omission.

They like him at RKO. One reason may be apparent in the way he handled his close-of-the-picture party. Such parties are a Hollywood institution. Stars from other sets are invited, and executives and heads of departments. To his, Kay invited only those who had worked on the set through most of the shooting. "It's for us," he said. "So we can laugh and have fun over things that happened on the picture. Besides, if the grips and juicers see department heads around, they might get self-conscious and not enjoy themselves."

Kay and Ginny gave another party on the eve of the band's departure for a tour. For the first time in four years Ginny wasn't going. She kissed each of them good-by, and hers weren't the only wet eyes.

After "You'll Find Out" RKO hinted that they might want to sign her to a long-term contract. She consulted Kay. He said: "Don't rush it. Let them come to you." This year they made a definite offer and, again on Kay's advice, she took it.

It wasn't a happy feeling to quit the band but, sooner or later, she knew it would have to come. She's been signed to her own broadcast, too, the first sponsored five-minute program in radio. Kay says: "It's best for Ginny. The rest doesn't matter." Asked who would replace her, he'd answer briefly: "Nobody can replace her." Her successors, however, are Trudy Erwin and Dorothy Dunn, names unknown at this writing. Kay picked them for ability, not reputation.

Whether Kay and "the lovely lady with the beautiful voice" are married remains a mystery. Most people think they're not but will be and wonder what they're waiting for. They look domestic enough, when you bump into them at the Farmers Market, Ginny dropping small packages into a large market basket trundled by Kay, who wails: "What'm I doin' here, when I could be makin' music!" He fools nobody 'cause his eyes are filled with utter contentment.

I tried to pump what the newspapers call a well-informed source. "You ask 'em," said the source, shrugging his shoulders. "All I know is Kay's crazy about her. Sometimes I think they're married, sometimes I don't, and I hope to God I never find out till he tells me."

1.
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2.
BUT RECOVERS WHEN HUSBAND PRESENTS CHRISTMAS GIFT...A BISSELL FOR QUICK, THOROUGH CLEAN-UPS
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5.
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THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON

(*Continued from page 51*)

Phil Sheridan for trial. Sheridan, struck with Custer's quiet refusal to tell why he had assaulted a superior officer, dismissed the case on a technicality. But a pattern of hatred and enmity had already been born between Custer and Sharp and Taipe. One that only death could end. And before death stepped in, though they could not know it yet, blood would be shed and lives lost because of it. . . .

The outbreak of the Civil War saw the country in need of every trained combatant it could muster. So, although Taipe protested it violently, Custer was graduated with his class. And it was at the graduation exercises that he met Sheridan's dark and very lovely niece, Beth Bacon. She was from Monroe, Michigan, as was Custer himself. But the Bacons, the wealthiest family in town, and the Custers, plain hard-working people, had not known each other.

NOW, when Colonel Sheridan smilingly suggested Custer show her around the West Point grounds, she did not hide her interest in the tall, blond young soldier. A little flustered by her teasing, her provocative charm, Custer repaid her coquetries with talk about the only thing he was interested in—his eagerness to be in the thick of the fighting. This very evening he was taking an early train to Washington, where he was confident he would get an assignment with the 2nd Cavalry.

Her open disappointment that he was not remaining for the dance, her coaxing that he stay over another train, would have flattered any other man. But he only shook his head, repeated that if he didn't leave when he had planned, there would be no vacancies left in the Cavalry. Suddenly cool under his refusal to stay, she murmured she would not dream then of detaining him and turned away. He was uncomfortable under her changed manner but unwavering in his determination. He thought then that it was the only thing in the world he wanted. He did not realize yet that Beth Bacon's image was already indelible in his heart.

It was to be long and embattled weeks before he saw her again. In Washington he had waited day after futile day in the outer office of the Adjutant General, for an interview. Yet others were receiving commissions and appointments. At last, when he had almost despaired of doing it, he did manage to see the official. It was Taipe, who, with great satisfaction, told Custer coolly that he could wait until every other competent officer had been assigned to a fighting unit.

Through General Winfield Scott, Custer was at last recommended for an officer's commission in the 2nd Cavalry. But Taipe unscrupulously blocked it by assuring Custer there wasn't an available horse to be obtained in Washington. For answer, Custer mounted Taipe's own thoroughbred and rode off to 2nd Cavalry Headquarters. And once there, the pattern repeated itself again. For his immediate superior officer was the openly sneering Ned Sharp, who reminded Custer that *this* time he would have to toe the mark under *his* command.

He was to be proven wrong about that, for the next day the Cavalry fought at Bull Run Creek. And it was Custer, deliberately riding against Sharp's orders, who held the bridge with his tiny handful of men until reinforcements could arrive. After which they carried him to the field hospital, his right arm shot numb.

Marching down the corridor triumphant, Sheridan decorated him for bravery. Just then Beth came into the ward. Custer's heart twisted at the sight of her. But wounded pride froze the compassion in her voice. She spoke curtly and walked by. The monotonous rows of silent beds, her sudden, stabbing awareness of death, brought her to. She was back—telling him.

But when he was able to return to Monroe, he told her unhappily that he *couldn't* ask her to leave her luxurious home for the rigors of army life. She raised steadfast eyes to his, refused to listen to him. They could be married immediately.

That evening, though, with the grim news that Lee and Stuart were attacking from the South, Custer was ordered back to his regiment with a General's commission. Taipe fought to block the appointment. Custer was insubordinate, he roared. But it was Custer's very insubordination, riding against orders, that brought him victory at Gettysburg.

His return home was pure triumph. People shouted his name, threw their hats into the air. But Custer had eyes only for the proud, radiant girl waiting for him. They were married that day with General Sheridan best man.

THEIR marriage was ideal, but, with peace restored, private life did not sit well with Custer. There seemed to be nothing he could *do*—and the opportunities he was offered would only have made flagrant political use of his name. For instance, the visit of Ned Sharp. Outwardly friendly now, Sharp and his father called one day to offer him a huge salary to head the Western Railroad Land & Trading Company, organized for the development of the Dakota Territories. Custer's contemptuous refusal added fuel to an already blazing enmity.

It was Beth, seeing his restless unhappiness, who secretly begged Sheridan to put him back on active service. He suspected nothing when the War Department ordered him to Fort Lincoln, Nebraska, to take charge of a regiment of Cavalry. He only knew the joy of *doing* something again.

Fort Lincoln, Custer bitterly discovered, was an appalling mess. The post was a shambles of untrained soldiers given to drinking and roistering. They obtained the liquor at the Trading Company building. And the owner of the Trading Company was Ned Sharp, who dared Custer to close the bar. It was run on Government franchise. Custer's ultimatum was brief, ominous. Every time he found it open, he would beat Sharp to a pulp. Sharp closed the bar. But his shifty eyes glared a promise of future retaliation.

Under Custer's iron hand, the immortal 7th Cavalry was born. A regiment whom he had fired with the desire to die with their boots on. And also, under his leadership, was born the peace treaty with the Sioux Indians. Their proud-faced Chief, Crazy Horse, gave the tribe's word they would abandon all territory except the Black Hills—in return for the White Man's promise that this region would never be molested. If that word were broken, every hostile tribe as far west as the Great Waters would gather for the most savage Indian massacre in history.

An era of peace and prosperity followed—prosperous for all but Ned Sharp and the two owners of the Trading Company—the elder Sharp and General Taipe. The westward pathway of their railroad had been blocked. Yet when Taipe arrived in Fort Lincoln with a Governmental appointment of Special Commissioner, Custer was not suspicious. He even ordered a review of the 7th Cavalry in Taipe's honor the next day—a fateful day. Swelling pride froze on his face when the squadron galloped into review. For every cavalryman was so drunk he could barely sit in his saddle.

With eyes that were terrible in their avenging fury, Custer strode into the wide-open Trading Company bar. Sharp's face was a mask of triumph. Berserk with rage, Custer threw Sharp across the bar, then attacked Taipe. For which Taipe, the accumulated venom of the years under his voice, ordered Custer court-martialed.

Custer's mood was black on the way to Washington to answer the charges against him. Even Beth's devoted assurance that no one could blame him brought no comfort. He had failed. And it was on the train that Custer learned, through the newspapers, of the reputed gold strike in the Black Hills. Already the territory was filling with prospectors. That must have been, Beth cried, what Mrs. Taipe had meant when she said thousands of people were coming to the Dakotas. She had said it days ago. And it was only *yesterday* the gold had been discovered. There was no gold. It was a conspiracy to break the Peace Treaty. To do it, Sharp and Taipe had had to get rid of *him*—Custer. They had deliberately incited him to assault. And now, the Dakotas would be on the verge of an Indian massacre.

But at the Congressional Inquiry, Custer's frantic warning was received in stony indifference. Mrs. Taipe's comment was only hearsay, they told him. Such evidence was only admissible in the case of a *Dying Declaration, when the words were repeated or written in the certain knowledge of approaching death.*

Defeated, his command only temporarily restored, Custer returned to Fort Lincoln. He was walking into certain death. But there was no sign of it on his face as he walked into Sharp's bar, suggested they have a drink together. Sharp was already more than a little drunk. A very few drinks later, his body slumped to the floor. Custer had the unconscious man bound, loaded into an Army supply wagon.

He went then to do the hardest thing he had ever had to do in his life. To say good-bye to Beth as though there were a chance of his coming back, ever—knowing as he did it that, with a

* Modern Screen's New Way of Rating Films

Point 1—According to its production value: Expensiveness of cast, settings, etc. Rating, A, B, or C.

Point 2—According to artistic value: Taste screen play, direction. Rating, A, B, or C.

Point 3—According to entertainment value. Rating, 1, 2, or 3.

In the review section of this issue of Modern Screen, only the first seven films have been reviewed and rated. Following them, the editors present a brief synopsis of every other picture to be released during the current month, leaving each reader the option of judging them on the basis of his or her own tastes and preferences.

bravery which matched his own, she would pretend that she believed him.

In the dawn, in his tent high in the mountain encampment, Custer scanned the pages he had been writing all night. Then he summoned a messenger, ordered him to deliver the letter to Fort Lincoln at once. Crook's column of Infantry, the messenger reported, had all been massacred. And now Crazy Horse was heading North to massacre Terry's outfit. Custer rose, his face grim. General Terry's infantry would have *no* chance of stopping six thousand Indians. Unless—Custer and his regiment could try and head them off.

He went out into the dawn, unlocked the supply wagon where Sharp, sober now, demanded to be released. Silently Custer complied. Sharp looked around in terror. The country was swarming with Indians. It would be *murder* to turn him loose without protection. To which Custer answered calmly that the regiment was riding in an hour. Sharp could ride with it if he chose. In answer to the other's shaking query as to *where* the regiment was riding, Custer's head was up, his voice ringing. It was riding, he said clearly, to Hell—or to Glory.

Only *he* knew it would be both. And that before the sun had risen, hero and coward alike would be given their chance to die with their boots on.

In the almost deserted Trading Company's office, Beth, fragile and poignantly pale in her widow's weeds, with General Sheridan standing protectingly at her shoulder, confronted Taipe and the elder Sharp with the letter Custer had written that night. It was a letter saying only what Custer had tried to say at the Congressional Inquiry. But he had written it in the certain anticipation of death, and as such, its information would be received in any court as a Dying Declaration. Its contents were sufficient to ruin Taipe and the elder Sharp. His throat dry with fear, Taipe offered to buy the letter for ten thousand dollars.

There *was* a price on the letter, Beth admitted. Her husband's price. First, that the Trading Company be dissolved. Broken by his son's death, there was no doubting the truth of Sharp's words as he promised it. And Mr. Taipe, Beth went on evenly, must resign his office as Commissioner. Silently defeated, Taipe signed the resignation put before him. And there was one more price. Beth addressed her next words to General Sheridan. The price the Administration must pay. It must make good its word to Crazy Horse.

That, General Sheridan told her gently, he had authority to answer. Authority from the President himself. He picked up Taipe's resignation, offered Beth his arm, smiling his pride and encouragement down at her as they left the room. Her soldier, he reminded her, had won his last fight after all.

She smiled bravely back at him. A hero's widow could do no less.

THE CAST

George A. Custer.....*Errol Flynn*
Elizabeth Bacon ("Beth" Custer) *Olivia de Havilland*
Samuel Bacon, Esq. *Gene Lockhart*
Fitzhugh Lee.....*Regis Toomey*
Major Romulus Taipe..... *Stanley Ridges*
Ned Sharp.....*Arthur Kennedy*
William Sharp...*Walter Hampden*
Gen. Phil Sheridan.....*John Litel*
Lt. "Queen's Own" Cook..... *George P. Huntley, Jr.*
Crazy Horse.....*Anthony Quinn*
California Joe...*Charlie Grapewin*
Sergeant Doolittle..*Joseph Sawyer*
Captain Webb.....*Frank Wilcox*
Captain McCook...*Selmer Jackson*
Senator Smith.....*Minor Watson*
Lt. Frazier.....*DeWolf Hopper*

"THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON"

(*Continued from page 51*)

reproduction of Custer's Last Stand at Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876. . . In spite of every possible precaution for the safety of over 1000 horsemen, 2 men were killed and dozens more injured . . . not one horse was so much as scratched . . . 2 ambulances, 2 doctors, 4 first aid men and nurses were standing by at all times . . . to weed out inexpert riders from among the applicants, Director Raoul Walsh had everyone jump his mount over a huge hedge-barricade, especially designed to show up flaws in horsemanship . . . Warners shelled out $100 a day to rent the Agoura Mesa, Hollywood's favorite battlefield . . . Flynn wields the actual sword used by Custer during the historic battle . . . Entire action of the Stand was caught by 8 cameras mounted on a 60 foot tower of welded tubular steel. . . . The exact replica of Fort Lincoln, built inside a stockade covering 5 acres, is seen on the screen for less than one reel . . . Olivia de Havilland's 15 changes of costly costumes dented the studio budget as deeply as their expensive battle scenes.

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CHRISTMAS—IT'S COLOSSAL

(*Continued from page 39*)

an alarm clock which will wake you to the tune of an Irish jig . . . Susan Hayward, half owner of an ice-cream shop on Santa Monica Boulevard, sends Christmas trees of frozen pistachio. . . . Above all gifts, George Sanders treasures that of slumber and has given notice that he'll sleep straight through the holidays.

Red Skelton's giving himself a Christmas present which simultaneously solves one of his major problems. Allergic to telephones, especially receivers, Red has a contraption installed which broadcasts incoming voices through a loudspeaker system in every room! Now he has only to sit before a mouthpiece and answer back!

LARAINE DAY thinks too many people give girls perfume and hosiery, because it's easy. She'd rather have a buck gadget for her beloved camera than a flock of nylons and has thoughtfully handed her mother a list of such gadgets, which her mother thoughtfully passes on to friends who ask. . . . Hedy Lamarr, a givin' fool, drives shopkeepers crazy, because she presents herself blandly at the last minute with a list that would choke Billy Patterson's horse and disrupts business anyhow by her simple presence. She thumbs her nose at California's May in December by painting her tree white and spraying it with tinsel, kidding herself that she's got sun sparkling on snow. Last year John Howard wrote her a Christmas letter, had it recorded and sent her the record in greeting and tribute. She put it away, saying: "I'll play it next Christmas and see if you still feel the same." He does.

On Christmas Eve the Raymonds gather a few friends—including Nelson Eddy and Allan Jones—feed them sandwiches and coffee, pile them into a truck and make the neighborhood rounds, singing Christmas carols. Carols at your window by MacDonald, Eddy and Jones aren't a bad holiday send-off. Eight next morning finds Jeanette and Gene at the Orthopedic Hospital with gifts for the children. Gene's been doing it for years, and since their marriage Jeanette's done it with him. They may bump into Bob Stack and his mother. Since Bob was a kid, the Stacks have made themselves responsible for the kids at the Orthopedic around holiday time. This year, though, they may pay their visit in advance. If Bob can get away, they'll spend Christmas at their Lake Tahoe lodge. . . . Jon Hall and Frances Langford desert Hollywood, too, for their farm in Florida. Ssss! hisses California, but the Halls grin and point out that Frances owes her first loyalty to her home state, and that Jon owes his to Frances. . . . It is a double celebration for Hump Bogart who'll celebrate his 41st birthday Christmas Day.

Bette Davis won't budge from the house, Christmas being strictly a family affair to be spent with her husband, mother, sister and brother-in-law. Her gorgeous tree was shipped all the way cross-country from her N. H. farm! The same goes for the Crosbys, whose kids feed the dogs and horses a gala breakfast before opening their own gifts. . . . Red Skelton brings six newsboys home, in memory of the days when he was a newsie himself, and Edna, his wife, scolds him for not digging up twelve. . . . Ann Sheridan invites her studio gang over—hairdresser, wardrobe woman, stand-in and favorite publicity man—presents her gifts with a casual, "Here, Jerk," and gets embarrassed as hell when they try to thank her. If driving the workmen nuts can do it, Annie will spend the holidays in her new home, the first she's ever owned. . . . So will Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, celebrating with a dinner for both their families and visiting back and forth with Anne Shirley and John Payne, who live across the street and are close friends. Next to her nephew, Julie Anne Payne is Deanna's favorite baby. . . . John Barry and his mother will join Priscilla Lane and hers for Christmas dinner. . . . Rosemary's in New York with a show. Priscilla will return the compliment by spending New Year's at Victorville with John. . . . Ann Rutherford, who thinks servants are human, too, gives them the day off. Revelling in a kitchen to themselves, she and her mother cook dinner and serve it to a dozen guests, half of them boys in the service who can't get home. . . . Madeleine Carroll will be thinking of dear ones still farther away—the sister killed by a nazi bomb, the French orphans with whom she used to celebrate Christmas, to whom now she can only send food and clothing, wondering whether they ever reach them. . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald, from Dublin, decorated a miniature Christmas tree for the "Little People," a quaint old Irish custom.

It will be a happy day for the Bill Holdens with their appendices dropped and their options lifted. As a minor expression of gratitude, Bill has bought new robes for the Pasadena choir he used to sing with. The tree they'll trim for Brenda's little Virginia will tower in glory to the ceiling of an otherwise empty living room. Their business manager doled out enough for a down payment on the house, but decreed that furnishing would have to come out of their weekly allowance. Since Brenda gets twenty-five and Bill thirty-five, they hope to be furnished by Christmas, '42.

The star topping the Morgan tree was bought for Dennis's first Christmas and shines as brightly for his children. His parents come over on Christmas Eve, which the four adults spend with Alice and George Parrish, old friends from home. George is a music arranger, who works with Charles Previn. Next morning the Morgans greet the Christ Child in a charming ceremony. With little Kristin leading and Father Morgan bringing up the rear, they file down the stairs, carrying candles and singing "Silent Night"

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City..... State.....

Ingrid Bergman and her husband stand at the window with baby Pia, who watches in breathless excitement for the star which the wise men followed. . . . Mary Livingstone opens Joanie's gifts as they arrive, sends duplicates to an orphanage and carefully re-wraps what's left. Jack feels it's a dirty trick, not on Joanie but him, since the most fun he gets out of Christmas is watching his daughter open packages.

The Ameches' place will look like Grand Central Station. A normal Sunday finds them prepared for twenty-five or thirty, so on Christmas Day the lid's off, the more the merrier and be sure to bring the kids along. By some magic of her own, Honore rules the hubbub unruffled and sends them all home happy. . . . Glenn Ford and his mother will have ten close friends in to dinner, and the closest of these is Evelyn Ankers. . . . Walter Pidgeon will flit from open house to open house, with periodic stops at his own, which is also wide open. . . . Judy and Dave will go to her mother's, if Dave can tear himself away from the new depot his new wife bought for the miniature railway he loves next best to Judy. . . . Lana Turner wakes up to find that a thoughtful Santa has heaped all her gifts at the foot of the bed. After opening each, she phones the donor her thanks. This gives her a restful day. . . . Carole goes mad, trying to hide his presents from Clark, who pries into closets like any six-year-old. She's taken to labelling packages POISON, since he pays no attention to NOT TO BE OPENED TILL CHRISTMAS. . . . Bob and Barbara spend the day with the Benny's. He gives her jewelry and luggage because he loves them. She'll give him an areoplane watch though she hates his plane. . . . Dolores Del Rio and Orson Welles are celebrating a Mexican Christmas "posada" with native Mexican singers and dancers joining in a parade around the house and gardens, carrying lighted candles and tiny statues of the Christ Child.

The Good Samaritan spirit runs rampant! Fay Holden (Ma Hardy to you) has a Wishing Well into which she and guests drop coins the year 'round. On Christmas Eve it's dredged and some fifty down-and-out families dine heartily on the proceeds! . . . Barbara Stanwyck has an arrangement whereby anyone who wants a meal at the Brown Derby is given one! "Guests" sign checks, thus avoiding any embarrassment! . . . It's the annual custom of a certain studio to invite from one to two thousand extras and their families to an elaborate feed. Toys are given youngsters, and their elders are entertained by professionals. . . . Mary Martin sends gifts to the girls she used to teach in Weathersford, Texas. . . . Mickey Rooney, too busy at the studio to do his own shopping, struck for enough time off to buy stuff for his mom. . . . Gene Autry will be with his rodeo. He remembers the men most players forget—exhibitors. Ten thousand bronze desk pads adorned with a cowboy on horseback will go out to them to say thank you from Gene for showing his pictures. . . . George Raft's quietly buying the town up for Betty and her mother and her sister and her little nephew. Betty's in despair because she knows it and can't make him quit. This is the truth. One of Betty's chief worries is the money George spends on her, one of George's that he can't spend enough. Of course, they'll both take in the opening of the Santa Anita race track. . . . Among her other toys little Maria Cooper will find a bunch of handcarvings, courtesy of Pop. On the "Ball of Fire" set Gary never stopped whittling—complicated things—a little torpedo boat, for one, which he sandpapered, painted gray and dug portholes into. People hung around, watching, hinting: "What you gonna do with 'em, Coop?" Coop blushed and allowed they were all for the kid. . . . Mae West feels definitely daunted. Says Santa Claus is the only man she doesn't know how to handle!

For a couple of the players, this Christmas will be marked by its contrast to last. Bob Sterling won't be lonely. His father, mother and two sisters have come to live with him in the Beverly house he's just bought. . . . If you'd told George Montgomery a year ago that he'd be spending next Christmas with Ginger Rogers, he'd have asked: "What's the gag?" Contrary to rumor, the romance is not on the rocks.

Strangest of all, a man who said he hated Hollywood made his words good. He could have had the town, tied up in red and green ribbons, for a Christmas gift. Instead, he's sailing the dangerous seas somewhere between Canada and Portugal on a cargo boat laden with dynamite, to help blast the schemes of the arch-enemy of peace on earth, good will to men. The Hollywood you couldn't stand salutes you, Stirling Hayden.

● ● ●

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

Joan Blondell's son, Norman, belongs to the small fry smart set. After Joan Blondell had had her baby, Dick Powell went home and told Norman that he had a baby sister. Norman was very elated, and he said to Dick Powell, "Daddy, can I phone mama and tell her the news?"

If You Were Married to HEDY LAMARR . . .

THAT'S every man's day-dream. But what sort of wife would this living synonym for glamour really make? Screen Guide visits Hedy Lamarr at home, to show you in an exciting photo-story Hedy as she might appear to her husband. See these intimate pictures—then decide whether you'd still like to marry Hedy Lamarr, if you were a man.

Other Big Features in January Screen Guide

How Hollywood Stars Go Broke: Facts and figures—not just guesses—show what wrecks movie fortunes.

Deanna Durbin: The girl who was afraid to grow up.

Cooper Gets Hep with Stanwyck: See what Barbara does to Gary in the sizzling comedy, "Ball of Fire."

Loretta Young knows how to be a lady in Hollywood.

Must Mothers Give Up Glamour? Veronica Lake is the living, lovely answer to that Hollywood question.

Abbott and Costello: Why you can't call 'em corny!

Hedda Hopper's Cafe Society catches stars off-guard.

New Stars Not Wanted: Alexis Smith tells why.

CANDID COLOR PORTRAITS of Jane Wyman, Loretta Young and Deanna Durbin (giant two-page photo) in January Screen Guide—plus news, reviews, beauty hints and the latest authentic Hollywood fashions.

SCREEN GUIDE
January 1942
HEDY LAMARR
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What to Expect "If You Were Married to Hedy Lamarr—"
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I WROTE A LETTER TO MY LOVE

(Continued from page 43)

saying about me not being an A-1 letter writer? Away one day and here I go. We had a good trip up and if you listened to the broadcast, you'll know it went off okay—I hope. Also, we'll be home a day sooner than we expected, probably Sunday, so get out the fatted calf and be prepared to say you missed me.

Tell the kids I am bringing them something each, but for the love of mike don't let 'em expect the moon. Gary informed me before I left that he wanted a motorcycle. Well, he isn't getting it—yet. And don't you expect much, either. I don't believe in spoiled wives. Treat 'em rough, I always say. Oh, what you say is different? Ouch!

Love
B

Ronald Reagan tells "Dynamite" (Jane Wyman Reagan) all about the trip to Seattle for the premiere of Warner's "Tugboat Annie." No slush, notice? It's love, streamlined.

Dear Dynamite:

If you can't read this, sue the railroad. The engineer is either a show-off or he's practising to be a broken field runner and, believe me, he has a change of pace that's as fast as a "B" picture and comes to a halt quicker than Crosby's horses. The conductor holds the record so far; he made one car-length with only two falls.

They won't serve soup in the diner; the steward says it's too hard to get off the walls. Yes, and if they let us keep on using knives, someone is going to butter the bald-headed guy at the next table.

What I'm trying to say is it's been a rough voyage. Speaking of voyages, we entered Tacoma by water and what a spot for a human interest writer. They stopped our train out along Puget Sound to transfer us to a boat. There were two boats moored to the long pier there. One boat (ours), a palatial yacht, the other the dull grey prison boat from McNeil's Island. We left our car and a dozen hand-cuffed prisoners left their barred Pullman at the same time.

It was quite a contrast as the two boats pulled away—one bound for the prison and the other headed for the fanfare of a world premiere.

Say, what am I writing this for anyway? Here I am on my way home—me and the letter will probably steam in at the same time, and won't I feel silly sitting there while you read how much I'm missing you? But if I don't write I'll get in another Gin Rummy game with Donald Crisp and lose my other half dollar.

All love,
Ronnie

Fiancé William Holden, away making "I Wanted Wings" for Paramount, writes tersely to Warner starlet Brenda Marshall. Her real name is Ardis, so don't be confused—Ardis Ankerson. They're married now.

Dear Ardis:

This place right now is like a furnace. The sun has gone down and it's 97. I think I'll be out of here in about six days. Although we had bad luck the first weeks due to sound, we can make up the time by shooting background plates.

You'll be glad to hear that I gave away my hat (the one you hated) to a drummer in a beer joint. It seems he uses a different hat for every piece, so I thought he might as well have mine to go along with the rest.

Darling, take care of yourself. I'll be home in a week.

Love,
Bill

Short Notes and Sweet Nothings Section

Barton MacLane makes a proposition, honorable and orange-blossomed, to Charlotte Wynters.

"I am lousy on dialogue. Will you direct me from now on?"

Uh-huh. She took the assignment.

Card, nestling next to gorgeous wrist watch, engraved with four hearts. The watch is enclosed in a nest of boxes, each one larger than the preceding and then wrapped in rumpled newspaper! It was Bill Powell's (Mr. Poo) gift to "Mousie" (Diana Lewis Powell) on the fourth monthly anniversary (May 5, 1940) of their marriage.

"With all my love to my 4-months bride!!!?&!"

Ray Milland pins a note to the Little Woman's lace-flounced pillow case as he leaves for an early "Skylark" location.

Dearest Mal, my favorite leading lady:

You looked asleep and too beautiful to disturb when I got up so I'm running off to location without the usual good-bye buss. You shall have to make up for it when I get home tonight—say, about eight. Don't wait dinner for me—unless you want, and I wouldn't mind if you did want to—

Ray

Buddy Rogers' proposal to Mary Pickford . . .

"I would like to use your swimming pool for the rest of my life—

Buddy"

Young Love Department

Linda Darnell, aged fourteen, writes a letter (and keeps a copy) to First-Love Jaime Jorba, Spanish refugee, in Mexico City where he has fled at the insistence of quota-minded American Immigration officials. Jorba has already over-stayed his permit because of the dark-eyed Darnell.

My very dearest Jaime:

The postman just brought your letter, post-marked Mexico City. . . . Jaime, I am so surprised. Not even a good-bye. Mother says you are very wise to go this way, and that later I will know so, too, but right now I am not at all sure. It would have been so nice to say good-bye— at least—*to you.*

Dallas has been simply horrible this week. Hot and dry, and the quarterly dance awful. I think if you had stayed over for it, it would have been divine, and I shall always wonder when you tell me that 'relatives' are visiting you and I won't hear from

you for three days, whether you will turn up in Bataan or some place. Oh, querido, please forgive that! I didn't mean to be nasty. Only I was so surprised at the end of the three days to have a letter from you in Mexico City!

Is the import-export business exciting? I hope so, for your sake. Daddy says it is quite a good business to get into and I hope you become terrifically successful in it, and can come back to Dallas and visit us—often. I think now that I was an awful little pig not to want to meet 'Jaime Jorba' earlier when all the girls at school were talking about him. We could have had such times together!

But I simply couldn't be bothered to meet the school crush. Silly me! You know how pig-headed I was about the whole thing. When I met you it was quite different. You were —you are—so nice! I shall write you 'hundreds of letters,' as you ask. And —Jaime—of course it's always been 'yo te amo' with me about you from the very first. That's what I wanted to tell you before you left. But I'm glad you told me first, even if you had to write it.

Adios, querido,
Linda

As we go to press, comes the poignant news that Linda's Jaime has just married his cousin in Mexico City. Her farewell letter, which follows, reveals a mature Linda, who can take it on the chin gracefully—without bitterness.

Tuesday p.m.

Jaime dear—

I've written that so often. It seems strange I should be writing it now for the last time.

Shall I say I'm glad it ended like this? That wouldn't be altogether true. And it wouldn't be true either to say I'm sorry. But down deep in my heart, I know it's better for us this way.

We were both unhappy, Jaime. What hurt me most was making you unhappy. Yet I couldn't see any way out. Because we loved each other.

Yes, it was real. You wanted me to give up the movies. I couldn't, Jaime. Yet I knew it wasn't fair to keep you waiting, and my heart was torn. We thought maybe you'd be able to get to this country, knowing that even if you did, you'd hate Hollywood. I'll never forget your face that night when they turned the spotlight on us at the theatre. "You don't even belong to yourself," you said, "much less to me." If I'd looked ahead I'd have seen the end. But I suppose I didn't want to.

Your letter was so dear. Don't be sad or sorry about anything, please. It was lovely to the very end. I'll always be grateful for all your goodness to me. I'll always keep the memories—always—till I'm an old old lady and have no memory left.

And now there's nothing left to say except the most important thing of all—to wish you happiness. By the time you get this, your cousin will be your wife. I'm glad I met her, Jaime. I'm glad your wife won't be just a name to me. I'll be thinking of you together, and hoping that you both live happy forever after. That's the fairytale wish. They say if you wish it on a star, it comes true, so I've just gone to the window and wished it on a star for you and for her. I hope you won't think that's silly. Anyway, the wish goes to you both with all my heart.

Good-by and bless you.
Linda

Miss Bonita ("Bonnie") Granville, sixteen, writes a discreet note expressing maidenly interest in Drummer Boy Jackie Cooper. Three years later two of her wishes were granted—(1) they are "steadys" (2) they are making "Syncopation" together for RKO.

Friday a.m.

Dear Jackie:

There was so much excitement last night, with mother calling for me and saying goodnight to everybody and all, that I didn't thank you properly for having a wonderful time. And I didn't even mention the gardenia, did I? It was sweet of you to send it and I think you're pretty swell.

Gee, you certainly can drum—better than the time I was so angry at you for just forgetting me and paying all your attention to the jam session. And the boy with the cornet is a wonder. It's lucky he moved into the Valley; he'll be so good for your band.

Yes, like you, I'm looking forward to the time when we can go to the movies and dances and so on at night, and not have to be in so early. But, oh, well, I suppose everybody our age feels that way, anxious to grow older.

Jackie, I hope to see you more often in the future, socially, and I hope we can get a picture together some day, too. Wouldn't that be nice? Anyway, give me a jingle occasionally. Thanking you loads for a good time at the party,

Affectionately,
Bonnie

Something new—the Unsent Love Letter

Gene Tierney unearthed the following, written by her new husband, Oleg Cassini, as she rummaged through his secrétaire. It was written at a moment when Cassini thought Gene was about to wed another.

Dearest Gene:

Don't you think we are running away from ourselves?

Please break down and see me tonight. I know we can straighten things out because we love each other—didn't we say that?

Anyhow I love you as always and wish you would stop running away from the inevitable.

Oleg

P.S.—Can I send these every day to remind you to think of me?

Nostalgia Note

From seventy-ish Tully Marshall, now one of the seven professors in Goldwyn's "Ball of Fire," to Marion Fairfax who later said "yes." He was on tour with the Frohman "Gay Parisians." Date, December 12, 1898.

Dear Mike:

Here it is Sunday, and raining, and that means no bike lesson for you, and I'm sunk. That last alibi you pulled about not marrying me is the silliest yet. For three good reasons.

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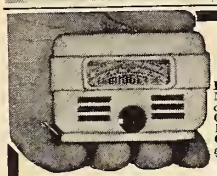

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First—I'm not 'the last man on earth.'

Second—There's no dodging Fate or something. I knew from the first it's got to be. We're doomed.

Third—I love you, damn you, I love you.

Tully

P.S.—And don't get all cherked up about that kid that's sending flowers every night. It's not your acting. Moreover, they probably don't cost him a cent. I found out this morning that his old man's an undertaker. *Think it over.*

T.

MAD HATTER

(*Continued from page 47*)

else unless you're sure it does something for you. Remember, just getting a new hat—no matter how ultra—won't take the place of getting the right hat."

Two more problem children are Dietrich and Garbo. Both have minds of their own and on their first visit to the padded cell dared to tell Dache what *they* wanted. Dietrich's heart was set on something mannish, but several hours later she left, defeated but ecstatic in a super feminine wimple (the first one ever invented, by the way). Garbo slouched in in one of her football game-ish pull-down brims, demanding its twin in another color—but she walked out on air in a Peruvian turban of multi-colored wool! Damn persuasive, these Daches, and no dopes, either.

JOAN CRAWFORD had the average American girl infatuation for off-the-face hats. Just couldn't see any other variety till Lilly showed her the light. Now the hat doesn't come wacky enough for Joanie, and she—as you probably know—was the first to try a cover-all turban.

And so it goes. The loveliest of them are millinery cowards. Madeleine Carroll hesitates to try anything too daring; Irene Dunne refuses to wear red hats; Judy Garland—like Vic Mature—is completely anti-hat; insists she looks atrocious in all of them. So if you're squeamish about trying a new style—obsessed with the idea you're a one-hat-woman, take heart. You're in swell company.

But how to get out of the rut when the budget says distinctly in cold black letters: New hat—$2.95. Well, wait till you hear. When Lilly first started her own millinery shop (back in 1925, after she'd been fired from Macy's for arguing with a floor manager), the materials for one hat always came to less than $2.00, and she can still turn out something pretty snappy for $1.00. Ann Rutherford has been known to duplicate $90 models for $1.50. S'help us!

So when you've decided on the kind of hat you can't do without—don't settle for anything less—buy the makings and whip it up yourself. If you absolutely can't cope with a needle, buy the untrimmed felt or straw part of the hat, then pick out the trimmings and have it done. Most large department stores have a section that will trim your hat for you without charge, providing, of course, you buy the potential style-setter in the store. Go around trying on hats like the one you plan to have made so's to be dead sure it's your ticket; and if you find one ready-made, so much the better.

Now for those rules:

1. If your he-chum is a "what-the-hell's-that-thing-on-your-head"-er, for heaven's sake drag him along when you go shopping. He'll be terrifically flattered, and somehow his taste is rather unerring. (In the very good cause of making the whole business a bit of a lark, Lilly's installing a snazzy bar for escorts right across the corridor from the padded cell!

2. Never buy a hat sitting down. Something may go divinely with just your face, but be completely out of proportion with the rest of you. For instance, very big hats make tiny girls look like mushrooms, and little hats turn Amazons into Happy Houligans. Take a long, searching look in a full length mirror before making that irrevocable decision.

3. Remember that a hat is not to keep your ears warm, but to make you look distractingly pretty and to express the real you. If you're kind of a screwball, do a Roz Russell and let your hats shout it to the skies. You can get away with phony birds perched at impossible angles and bunches of fruit over each ear. If, however, you're on the May Robson side, keep it conservative without getting grim.

4. Unless your figure rates the double whistle from truck drivers and your face is rather beautiful, don't try to launch a new hat style. It is either terribly annoying or screamingly funny to the average man to see a nothing-to-write-home-about woman sporting a radically new hat fashion.

SUMMING up, Lilly tells us that "the first law of chic is 'know thyself.' Get acquainted with your features and in the privacy of your own boudoir confess which ones aren't so hot and gloat over the good ones. Play down a large nose by wearing wide brims; wear veils to glamourize a mediocre complexion. If your brow is wide and lovely, show it off with an off-the-face. Flaunt gorgeous hair by wearing hats in vivid, eye-catching colors. Make a mental note of the type of hat that is simply taboo for you, thus narrowing the field when you venture out on your shopping expedition." Lilly paused a second and pondered. "Just one parting shot. I've always felt that a really good hat is sort of like a good friend. It wears well and you like it better every time you see it. You don't get tired of it from one season to the next, and you mourn its eventual demise from old age bitterly."

Before leaving Lilly's elegant establishment—an entire building on East Fifty-Sixth Street where she employs two hundred helpers and creates over 9,000 designs a year—we snuk a look at her little idea book. Here, confidentially, is a preview of next year's models!

There are going to be lots of those pirate-hats with up-sweeping brims and curtain-backs. (Originated for Loretta Young in "The Men in Her Life.") You'll be seeing lots of berets—but huge ones with flowing veils. (Dietrich will start the vogue in "The Lady Is Willing.") There'll be a big swing "back to black." Dache advises using color only as a fillip, never as a focus. Watch for the new crusader's helmet with its peaked visor and clean, sharp lines. And notice how all the new hats are firmly anchored on the head. Lilly's begun a campaign to annihilate the blobs of fluff that blow off though there's not a breath stirring.

Not to pun too fiendishly, but hasn't Lilly given us a perfectly gorgeous head-start on the rest of the girls? More glamour to you, now, and happy hatting!

REVIEWS

(Continued from page 16)

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER

Jinx Falkenburg, wealthy heiress, with philanthropic tendencies, interests herself in bandleader Buddy Rogers, who has one foot in the bread-line. Enrolling, incognito, as hostess of the Arcadia Dance Hall where Buddy's band is playing, she convinces him she can sing. Eventually Jinx is forced to tell Buddy her true identity, but takes it hard when newspapers break the story of society-heiress turning honky-tonk singer. Thinking it a publicity stunt of Buddy's, she huffs out of the picture. Buddy disappears, too, and it looks as though the whole thing is off when Fate and Buddy's wily business manager bring them together. —*Col.*

SIERRA SUE

Gene Autry's mind, most of the time, is glued to the problem of eliminating the poisonous devil weed from the cattle country around Sierra City. But he does find time for a few songs and a little romancing with Fay McKenzie. Things get hot for a while when a plane falls into the canyon where the cattle are corralled, causing a stampede. But Autry swings into action and saves the situation with his usual efficiency.—*Rep.*

HARVARD HERE I COME

Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, having received a Harvard award for supreme pediculousness, gets back at 'em by enrolling at the university. It takes no time at all for Prof. Byron Foulger to prove by intelligence tests that Maxie is America's No. 1 Moron. National manufacturers pursue him because his endorsement of their products means an immediate jump in sales—so great is his appeal to other morons. Riding the crest of success, he decides to open a College Inn—sends for Arline Judge, who forms an organization known as "20,000,000 Jerks, Inc.," with Maxie as president. At the opening of the Inn, Maxie endows a school for morons at Harvard.—*Col.*

HONOLULU LU

Lupe Velez starts out by annexing three sailors and ends up with the entire fleet. When sailor Bruce Bennett learns that a charity contest for "Miss Honolulu" is about to be staged, he starts campaigning for Lupe, whom he knows only in her newly acquired role of burlesque queen. Meanwhile, Uncle Leo Carillo, unaware of Lupe's new venture into burlesque, campaigns for his niece. In the mad mix-up that follows, Lupe is torn between loyalty to the fleet and loyalty to her uncle. In the end, the fleet wins Lupe—Lupe wins the contest—and Uncle Leo wins a job, much against his wishes.—*Col.*

(Continued on page 82)

● ● ●

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

Eddie G. Robinson took his youngster, Mannie, who has never seen a silent picture and subtitles, to see Charlie Chaplin in "Modern Times." When Mannie was asked what he thought of the Great Chaplin, he replied, "I can't read. Chaplin can't talk. So I didn't like the pictures."

FASHION

(Continued from page 61)

FASHION MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGES 60 AND 61

Bright red corduroy handbag, all ready to go places. $2.00 by Fri-lo.

Scotch thistle spray pin, "Loch Lomond," with two (count 'em) spaces for pictures. A Karu Christmas idea for $2.50.

Scarfs are in again to add color and zest to your clothes. Have a pastel plaid wool for daytime, by Glentex, and an Echo evening plaid in silver and blue chiffon.

Quilted cotton housecoat with shades-of-blue roses and green leaves on a dotted white background. Only $4.00 at Ohrbach's, N. Y.

White cotton poplin ski suit treated with Dupont's Zelan, the durable repellent that keeps you snugly warm. Ski jacket, $9.00, and ski pants, about $7.00. Both at Gimbel Bros., N. Y.

A warm and new-looking cardigan, the Volga sweater, a Glamor-knit that comes in luscious colors. Under $4.00, leading stores.

Rhinestone evening bag and matching butterfly hair ornament. Both for under $2.00 at Ohrbach's, N. Y.

Glamorous jet jewelry by Miriam Haskell at Saks' 34th St., N. Y. Earrings, $1; pin, $2.95; necklace, $3.95.

Two dangling, shimmering jet necklaces. Only $1.00 and wonderful with all-black sweaters.

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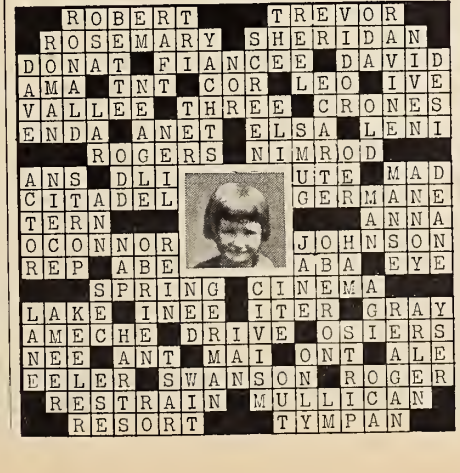
CHRISTMAS GIFT MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGE 59

Khaki for the army: Sewing kit, $1.00; money belt, $1.00; shoe-cleaning kit, $1.25; complete utility case, $2.50; zippered writing case, $3.00. All at James McCreery, N. Y.

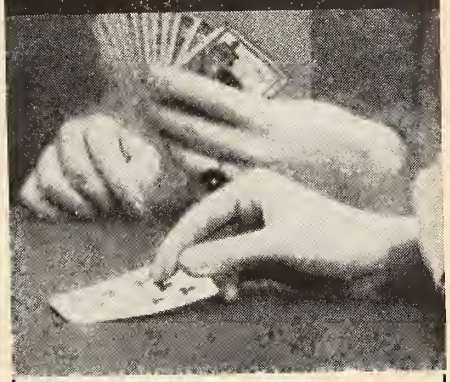
Games for the navy: Magnetic backgammon, $4.69; domino set, $.47; travel chess set, $2.82. R. H. Macy.

For store nearest you, write Elizabeth Willguss, Fashion Editor.

Solution to the Crossword Puzzle on page 12



Do You Want "Good Hands?"



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CO-ED

(*Continued from page 58*)

as a flock romance you'll discover.

And now—what about looks? They shouldn't really count so much, but everyone knows you can't sell merchandise, no matter how wonderful it is, in a dreary package. Know your type and make the most of it via make-up, clothes and accessories. Be careful not to get ahead of yourself. Judy had an experience we might all profit by. She couldn't wait to grow up to veils and velvets, and now that she is grown up, she wears pinafores and braids. She realizes now that if she had been allowed to wear spike heels, thick make-up and too chic ensembles, she would only have been a bad caricature of such sophisticates as Rosalind Russell and Hedy Lamarr.

Just a few parting shots now to help you successfully carry on the campaign.

Don't wear slinky dresses, spike heels, clanging jewelry and heavy perfume to school.

Don't get down to one lone crony, either male or female.

Do get proficient at some sport. Now's your golden opportunity, and you'll be sorry if you don't.

Do try out for the dramatic club. It's the best thing we know for developing poise.

Do try and read at least two good books a month. It develops a good background and will help you out in those conversational lulls that are bound to crop up sooner or later.

Do be immaculate about hair, nails and clothes.

Do keep your sense of humor no matter how terrifically disastrous the situation may be—and have fun!

REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 81*)

DON'T GET PERSONAL

It all starts when Hugh Herbert inherits his late uncle's pickle fortune and starts out for the Whippet Pickle Works, picking up Mischa Auer on the way. Two Whippet associates plot to cheat Hugh Herbert out of his share of the pickles while the love interest is sustained by secretary, script writer, and radio talent for the Whippet Works. Because of well-meaning Hugh, a merry scramble follows. The four young lovers are paired and re-paired. But finally, each gets his mate and the law its crooks—*U.*

SWING IT, SOLDIER

A case of mistaken identity, involving Frances Langford, results in a carload of chuckles for everyone but her. While still in the draft army, Ken Murray is commissioned by his tent-mate to look after wife Frances (The Lovely Lady of Song) . . . but is not told that Frances is twins. He does know, however, that the songstress is to become a mother and must leave her work. He does everything possible to stymie her efforts in securing the contract she and Don Wilson (announcer) are after. The trouble is that Frances' place has been taken by her twin sister. When Ken Murray discovers the truth, sister wins her radio show and Ken wins sister.—*U.*

THE DEVIL PAYS OFF

In this case, the devil pays off J. Edward Bromberg, shipping magnate, for traitorous acts against the U. S. Government. William Wright is commissioned to uncover the plot when the U. S. Navy suspects foul play. Margaret Tallichet is assigned to masquerade as his wife and plays the role so winsomely that Will refuses to give her up when the job is finished. It all ends happily enough when William escapes death at the hands of the villain, who, in turn, exposes himself and tumbles from the top of his broadcasting tower.—*Rep.*

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories or features did you enjoy most in our January issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, 3rd choice.

They Live With Their Boots On ☐	*I Wrote A Letter To My Love* ☐
Vocal Boy Makes Good (Morgan) ☐	*Mad Hatter* ☐
Self-Made Siren (Bruce) ☐	*Hello, Evvabody (Kyser)* ☐
Too Many Husbands? (Payne) ☐	*"They Died With Their Boots On"* ☐
Christmas—It's Colossal ☐	*Good News* ☐

Which one of the above stories did you like least? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read stories about in future issues? .....

.....

List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

.....

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, 149 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

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February MODERN SCREEN gets as close to Lana Turner as the satin nightie she wears and betrays her every secret to *you!!!*

Vegetables—ugh!
"Sextacy Girl"
Hates anything red . . .
Violins make her eyes drip . . .
Adores flouncy negligees . . .
50 suits—200 pr. of shoes . . .
Loathes exercise . . .
Can't fry an egg . . .
"Tony's just a friend."
Can sleep on her feet . . .
Smokes too much . . .

P.S. to all boy-crazy girls

Read **CO-ED*** and get your man!

And send in for our February chart. Tells you how to dress on all occasions—and for all boys!

**(A new Modern Screen department devoted to "What the 'TeenAge Girl should know.)*

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MODERN SCREEN

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HY ARTIE SHAW'S STILL MAD ABOUT LANA

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HERE IS SUCH A SPECIAL Introductory Offer TO READERS OF MODERN SCREEN

WE HOPE YOU DON'T MISS A WORD OF IT

Ladies . . . have you ever wished to own an expensive diamond ring? Well, you know that the marching armies of Europe have brought the diamond centers of the world to a virtual standstill. With genuine diamond prices shooting skyward, it might be a long, long time before your dreams came true. But here's amazing news. If you act now, today, you can obtain a beautiful solitaire *replica* diamond ring, nearly ¾ karat solitaire, one of America's greatest imitations, in a gorgeous sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, during one of the greatest value-giving advertising offers in all history! Simply mail the coupon below. Inspect this remarkable solitaire replica diamond, wear it for 10 days. If you aren't delighted in every way, you need not lose a penny!

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Size..... ☐ Sterling Silver ☐ Yellow Gold Plate

NAME.....
(Print plainly)

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CITY.....STATE.....

Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

Eyes Applaud, Hearts follow a Sparkling Smile!

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

HAVEN'T YOU noticed that it isn't always the prettiest girl who is the best-liked, the most popular?

Heads turn and hearts surrender to the girl who *smiles!* Not a timid, half-hearted smile—but a real smile—generous and gay. A smile that says, "Look, I'm in love with life!"

So wake up, plain girl—wake up and *smile!* You can steal the show if your smile is right. You can be a star in your own small world—you can win compliments—you can win love and romance.

But your smile must be *right.* It must flash freely and unafraid, lighting your face with beauty. And remember, for a smile to keep its sparkle, *gums must retain their healthy firmness.*

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JAN-942

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Begins the nineteen hundred and forty-second Annum Domini and the third year of this column.

★ ★ ★ ★

May our foes wither like the chilled leaves. May Decency find, with renewed vigor, the mislaid path plotted in the year one.

★ ★ ★ ★

So wisheth the philosopher Leo, Coeur de Lion.

★ ★ ★ ★

Each of us, in his own way, has his job to do. And ours is to entertain, to divert, to interest, to serve.

★ ★ ★ ★

We offer the best that the screen can provide. With each year the movies come to fuller flower. In addition to technique they have mastered pace and the tempo of the times.

★ ★ ★ ★

When you see—and you will see—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in "Woman of the Year", note this blending of action, merriment and modernity.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's the snappiest yarn that has come to the studio editor in many moons.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spence plays a hail-fellow sports writer named Sam. Kate plays a highbrow political columnist named Tess.

★ ★ ★ ★

Tess gets pretty stuffy about sports and one day Sam takes her to the ball game where she asks some pretty cute questions, to the disgust of the press box.

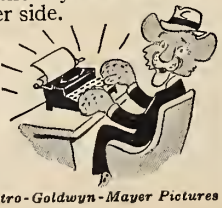
It's either war or love twixt Sam and Tess. All's fair in both.

★ ★ ★ ★

But, baby, what comedy comes out of the mixing of the two worlds—the people and the tall brows. That party where those who came over in the Mayflower rub elbows with the boys who are more on the cauliflower side.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Woman of the Year" is the Picture of the Year.



—Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

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MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

Lana Turner	26
My Son Mick—*Mickey Rooney*	30
First Love	32
Million Dollar Cowboy—*Gene Autry*	34
Days I Remember in 1941—*Tyrone Power*	38
They Got Me Covered—*Bob Hope*	40
Non-Stop Honeymoon—*Ronald Reagan*	42
Location Blues	48
Young Man With a Horn—*Glenn Miller*	50

FEATURES

Party of the Month	36
Candidly Yours	44
"H. M. Pulham, Esq."	52

BEAUTY

Modern Screen's Hand Beauty Chart	60
Charm is Hand-Made	62
Beauty at Your Fingertips	64

FASHION

Skate or Swim	58
Morn Till Night	59

DEPARTMENTS

Movie Reviews	6
Our Puzzle Page	14
Movie Scoreboard	16
Portrait Gallery	19
Good News	54
Co-Ed	66
Modern Hostess	78

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SYLVIA WALLACE, Hollywood Editor
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"You're cruel, Johnnie. You're almost 100% bad. But whatever you are, darling, you're my man!"

They're dynamite in

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The flaming drama of a high-born beauty who blindly loved the most icy-hearted Big Shot gangland ever knew.

A MERVYN LeROY Production with

EDWARD ARNOLD

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GLENDA FARRELL · HENRY O'NEILL · DIANA LEWIS

Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and James Edward Grant
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Directed by MERVYN LeROY
Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.

MOVIE REVIEWS

Stirling Hoyden ond Madeleine Corroll

BAHAMA PASSAGE—AB-2*

Legions of lovely girls all over America, it is said, have been panting for this moment: the debut of Stirling Hayden as a leading man—that big, brawny gorgeous, sun-bronzed sea god who has done even more to advertise the Nordic race lately than handsome Adolph. Well, here it is. The big moment has arrived, a tropical disturbance blown up from the Bahamas via Paramount (why can't Barney Balaban find something to film up here in the Temperate Zone?), and all the feminine barometers are down and all the movie-meters presumably are up. But are they? Well, dissenting males may solace themselves by looking at Madeleine Carroll, or possibly by reflecting that it's a pretty dry story for a tall, handsome sea god, and that the sea god himself as an actor is still a bit damp behind the ears.

The incidents with which Paramount has elected to bring drama to Bahama may place a slight strain on your gullibility if you care about such technicalities as proper motivation, consistency of character, reasonable probability or even just plain common sense, but there's an awful lot of them and they keep happening one after another. Seems that Stirling, who is a sort of amphibian Tarzan, is the heir-apparent to a lonely salt cay: population, 250 blacks, including faithful old Morales, and three whites; Stirling himself; Mama (Flora Robson) who hates the place like poison, and Papa, whom we don't get to know as he falls face down in a salt pool and dies at the beginning of the picture.

Mama thinks Papa was murdered by the colored population, has a recurrence of her phony heart trouble and swears she can't live on the island without another white man to protect her. This gives Stirling a (*Continued on page* 8)

P.S.

Stirling Hayden placed thumb to nose, waggled four fingers violently and bowed out of Hollywood after this one . . . Cast and crew spent seven and one-half weeks on desolate islands, trying to keep cool in the 90 plus degree heat that made the motors of the camera race, and emulsion on the film melt . . . Film was packed in air-cooled dark rooms and whisked to Hollywood laboratories by plane . . . 13 tents housed the troupe, one tent for the commissary and one for the company physician, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, who found the natives needed more attention than the Paramount men and women . . . Bathing had to be done in the sea, because the only fresh water is that drained from the roofs during storms . . . only means of communication with the outside world was through a "cable station" that boasted a ship-to-shore two-way radio communication set . . . Madeleine Carroll surprised everyone by bearing up beautifully under the primitive conditions. Wore no make-up for the film. Secured and kept an even tan that was just right for the Technicolor cameras . . . She and Stirling Hayden were guests at a party given in Nassau for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor . . . Sound track for the native chant made by a group of 50 native singers was recorded in the still of the night on the huge public grounds south of Government House on Nassau Island. The singers are members of the famed Ebony Choir . . . The entire company had to stop work from 11 A.M. until 2 P.M. because of the direct overhead rays of the sun . . . Biggest hardship of all was the terrific invasions of out-size mosquitoes and sand flies.

*Temporary rating. Owing to the necessity of going to press far in advance of picture release dates, our reviewer has been unable to see these films in completed form.

Hoyden ond Madeleine try to keep peoce between villoinous Leo G. Corroll ond trusted servont Leigh Whipper!

Watch These Three Danger Zones of Your Skin!

① EYE CRINKLES—Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you guard against signs of age—at *this* Danger Zone!

② NOSE PORES—Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you guard against big pores—at *this* Danger Zone!

③ BLACKHEADS—Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you guard against blackheads—at *this* Danger Zone!

By *Lady Esther*

There are three little areas of skin that you must watch with special care. For they are "danger zones" where blackheads may appear suddenly—where pores tend to become coarse—where little lines etch themselves into the skin.

What are these "danger zones"? Well, there is zone No. 1: the corners of your eyes, where tired lines and laugh crinkles form so easily. There is zone No. 2: the curve next to your nose, where pores get coarse-looking. And there is zone No. 3: the tiny valleys of your chin where dust and grease accumulate and sometimes harden into blackheads.

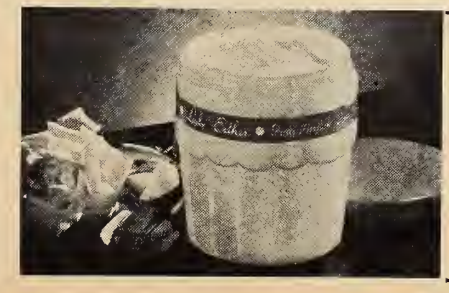
You don't need a lot of different creams and lotions to guard these "danger zones." For now there's one cream that takes care of four important needs of your skin! Yes, just one cream! My 4-Purpose Face Cream is *complete* in itself—asks no help of other creams or lotions. Not only does it guard the 3 "danger zones"—*but it keeps your skin looking its cleanest, freshest and loveliest* at all times.

Here's what it does: **(1)** It thoroughly but gently *cleanses* the skin. **(2)** It *softens* the skin and relieves dryness, flaking. **(3)** It helps nature *refine* the pores, helps beautify the skin. **(4)** It *smooths* the skin, prepares it for powder and make-up. You can expect a softer, smoother skin almost from the very first application!

Send for Generous Tube

Mail coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! Try it as a powder foundation in the morning—as a cleansing and softening cream at night. See why more and more lovely women every day are turning to Lady Esther Face Cream!

Lady Esther **4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM**



LADY ESTHER, (75)
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 9 shades of face powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

(Continued from page 6)

pain, but to pacify Mama he imports a general overseer who is a bum and a cowardly tyrant (he insists on absolute authority even over Stirling) but who has a daughter. Boy! The new overseer, apparently fresh from the Dale Carnegie Institute, gets off to a fine start socially by slugging honest old Morales, and it takes the combined efforts of Stirling and the forgiving Morales to keep down an indigo uprising.

Meanwhile, Madeleine, who has been around, is piqued by Stirling's aloofness; she wonders what more even a sea god could want than what the whole student body of Columbia University wanted in 1939, viz., Madeleine Carroll on a desert island. But Stirling holds out longer than DiMaggio in the Spring, before he gives in, the galleries in a lot of neighborhood houses will probably be yoo-hooing him. (We forgot to say that Stirling has a wife on the mainland, and that's why he's so moral, though she isn't worth it as it turns out. Sick of sea gods, apparently, she runs away with a sailor from Kansas City.)

Well, there's the set-up and if, after all this, you still don't know how it works out, you'd better go look for yourself. The story, as you may have surmised, is a phony, but the backgrounds aren't; they're the real thing. And Stirling is a natural blond.—*Para.*

H. M. PULHAM, Esq. AA-2

A delicately satirical job of directing by King Vidor, a brilliant performance by Robert Young in the title role, a deglamourized, surprisingly human Hedy Lamarr as Marvin Myles, the career-girl menace, and a story which, up to a point, is full of both dramatic interest and authentic Bostonian regional flavor (no mean achievement, however qualified) are the high spots of Metro's version of John P. Marquand's novel. The film is too long, or seems too long, and ends disconcertingly in a sort of temperate, out-of-this-world praise of matrimony, respectability and the sacred necessity for dullness (varied with an occasional aimless motoring excursion into the country). But perhaps that is neither the picture's fault nor Mr. Marquand's. Perhaps that's just Boston.

At any rate, for the major portion of its generous length, this film succeeds in conveying the effect of an adequate transcription from life—or what passes for life on Beacon Hill—and also in stating the essentially unhealable cleavage between the old aristocratic tradition in American and the new pushing dollar-worship. It demonstrates that many of the old ways are superior and worth preserving, though for the most part they were narrow and out-worn. These are fine achievements for a motion picture supposed to be aimed at a theoretical box-office potential of eighty million largely undiscriminating souls.

Robert Young's performance as the dignified, gentlemanly, habit-bound, rather squeamish Pulham is admirably right except in certain dishonestly written scenes—notably the queer reunion in middle age with the businesslike Hedy, during which the dialogue not unnaturally appears to stick in his throat. It is a pleasure to get a look at Miss Lamarr so far removed from her make-up man and to note that she is still attractive in a basic way, though certain of her camera angles are by no means flawless. Ruth Hussey as the wife, Charles Coburn as the father, Van Heflin as a drunken liaison officer between the two worlds and Fay Holden as a mild Boston matriarch are all excellent in supporting roles.—*M-G-M.*

BABES ON BROADWAY AB-1*

It was probably inevitable that sooner or later there would be a sentimental get-together between Alexander Woollcott and Mickey Rooney, and this is the film at which we bow to the inevitable. The story (between vaudeville turns) is all about the desperate struggles of young ambitious theatrical folk in New York (seems they hang out at a joint called the Pitt-Astor Drug Store instead of the Stork Club). It begins with Woollcott sentimentalizing in front of an obviously dead microphone and ends with Mickey and Judy Garland taking bows at the conclusion of a smash musical originally designed by Mickey to raise money for slum kids' vacations. In the picture, Mickey's musical is such a success that it's a wonder Cole Porter and Rodgers and Hart don't go to the Pitt-Astor themselves and take a slug of strychnine.

Normally we shouldn't be bothered repeating the plot of a musical film, but in this case (don't stop us) it has a certain symbolical value: it shows just how much the public will put up with for the sake of a great actor like the Rooney. Seems there's these three kids, fugitives from Class 1-A in the draft, hoofing it for spaghetti money in a Greenwich Village basement. Fay Bainter, a talent scout who is probably morbidly fond of spaghetti, catches the act and makes an appointment for the boys to audition for a big Broadway producer.

The blabber-mouths tell about it at the old Pitt-Astor, and so many alumni show up, it queers the audition. Then Mickey gets the idea for this slum benefit from Virginia Weidler, who takes music from the papa of Judy Garland, whom Mickey meets when she is in a telephone booth crying—where were we?

All sorts of difficulties, both romantic and fiscal, crop up to keep Mickey and Judy unhappy and to keep the show from going on; but we've already told you it would be produced, so stop shoving. So all right, it gets produced. Also Mickey has a dream that's full of amusing Rooney-Garland impersonations. A regular circus; you'll probably love it all. —*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Carmen Miranda showed up on the set to coach Mickey Rooney for his impersonation of her . . . Took one look at him and screamed: "You are too cover up" and jounced his bodice down on his chest another inch . . . Rooney does a black-face number with Judy Garland. Both kids left their make-up on when they left the set. Judy caused a riot in a local market; Mickey dashed out to the golf course for a quick game and made the best score of his life—79 . . . Finale of the picture is an old-fashioned minstrel show. Director Busby Berkeley figures he climbed 3420 feet on the special rising camera photographing the 12-minute scene. Music for the number is supplied by a 100-piece orchestra augmented by a 24-piece banjo band . . . Mickey actually plays the banjo; pal Eddie Peabody, on leave from Great Lakes Naval Training Station, visited him at the studio and gave him a couple of pointers . . . In one scene, the pictures on the wall had to be actual Broadway players. Metro's legal department says all pictures used in their films must be M-G-M players. Studio discovered 14 people now under contract used to be on the stage. Tacked up were photos of Lionel Barrymore, Edward Ashley, William Powell, Van Heflin, Rosalind Russell, Melvyn Douglas, Red Skelton, Lee Bowman, Sara Haden, Frank Morgan, Ian Hunter and Lewis Stone. Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy were left out because the studio didn't think audiences would remember their stage flings . . . Mickey turned 21 during production, got his biggest thrill out of his mother's birthday present to him—an electric malted milk shaker, plus ten pounds of malt . . . Ray MacDonald does one of the smoothest numbers in the show, an impersonation of George Primrose doing a soft shoe routine. Ray broke his ankle two years ago, and doctors told him he'd never walk again . . . Besides La Miranda, Mickey impersonates Sir Harry Lauder and Richard Mansfield. Judy has a little tougher assignment—does Sarah Bernhardt, Fay Templeton and Blanche Ring.

THE JUNGLE BOOK-AB-1*

We sometimes wonder how Kipling managed to get along all those years without Alexander Korda or how Korda could get along now without Kipling. This time Mr. Korda has reopened one of Rudyard's tallest tales and released all of its quaint creatures and even quainter companionships upon a startled adult world. Thriftily, he allows Brother Zoltan to do the directing and Sabu, under personal contract, to be the star.

(Continued on page 10)

* Modern Screen's New Way of Rating Films

Point 1—According to its production value: Expensiveness of cast, settings, etc. Rating, A, B or C.

Point 2—According to artistic value: Taste, screen play, direction. Rating, A B or C.

Point 3—According to entertainment value. Rating, 1, 2 or 3.

In the review section of this issue of Modern Screen, only the first eight films have been reviewed and rated.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER!

MADELEINE CARROLL · STIRLING HAYDEN

TOSSED BY THE TIDES OF LOVE...

IN "BAHAMA PASSAGE"

IN TECHNICOLOR!

with FLORA ROBSON · LEO G. CARROLL
MARY ANDERSON · CECIL KELLAWAY

Produced and Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp Based on a story by Nelson Hayes A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Your Hands
ARE ALWAYS
OUT IN FRONT!

It's great fun to be out of doors, skating, skiing, tobogganing. But it's hard on delicate skin.

Your hands, arms, legs get pretty rough treatment. But Chamberlain's—the clear, golden lotion that dries so quickly — will assist you in keeping your skin soft, smooth and lovely. Use Chamberlain's Lotion regularly.

Buy it at all Toilet Goods Counters

Chamberlain's
LOTION

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

The rest is largely a matter of whimsical zoology, with a cast made up of such well-known screen names as Shere Khan, the tiger, Rashka, the mother wolf, and so on. This is not to imply that Mr. Korda has skimped on his production; he has probably spent a good many shekels on atmosphere, animal sequences, native undress extras and other less tangible desiderata.

The story's rank improbabilities show up even more humorously on the screen than they do in print, but after all it's only a tale told by Joseph Calleia, impersonating a professional storyteller in the streets of old Khaniwari. What do you expect for a few pieces of silver —affidavits? On this tongue-in-the-cheek note the story opens, and of course, you remember the rest: how Messua's two-year-old son wanders off into the jungle, is adopted and reared by a mother wolf and becomes a friend of all the jungle animals.

There are narrow escapes and hidden treasure, and a pretty heroine (Patricia O'Rourke) and a friendly black panther who leaps at the villain's throat and a Keystone-Disney finish in which all the wild beasts in India surround the wicked village where Messua is imprisoned, ready to pounce on it at Mowgli's order if they don't release her. In short, it becomes constantly more apparent that this guy Kipling would have made a swell soap opera librettist.—*U. A.*

P. S.

"Sweetheart," the mechanical crocodile, is the only phony among $50,000 worth of wild animals brought from all over the world especially for the picture. She's an exact replica of a "croc" John Barrymore shot in Mexico a couple of years ago . . . Every sequence of the story was sketched beforehand by Art Director Vincent Korda and his staff. Vincent is the brother of Producer Alexander Korda and Director Zoltan Korda . . . The location spot, Sherwood Forest, rents for around $2,000 a month. Had to be leased three months before production so the "jungle" could be built. Part of the vegetation was brought directly from India; the rest is made up of brake ferns from Oregon, vines from Louisiana, bamboo from a Mexican border town . . . Props for the $1,500,000 Technicolor production were valued at $60,000. The greens alone cost $50,000 . . . Love birds were hired for $5 a day, had to be trained to eat from the lips of Rosemary De Camp . . . Rosemary recently finished a picture in which she played a foreigner with a heavy accent. The producer of that pic nearly nixed her chances for another good part because he'd never heard her speak English, thought the accent was natural . . . 70,000 coins used in the Lost City sequence were purchased from the late San Francisco Exposition . . . Korda also had 100,000 poker chips and felt pads sprayed with gold paint, so they'd look like gold pieces . . . 500 workmen worked day and night in three eight-hour shifts to construct the huge set . . . They built an artificial river, gauged its current so it would trickle through the lush vegetation at just the right speed to keep the plants from washing away or growing too rapidly . . . The liana vines had to be watched very carefully. They grow over night, covering whole streets and buildings . . . Grace Wiley's two hooded cobras kept the cast in jitters—their poison fangs have never been removed. Miss Wiley says serpents are pals and love affection.

JOHNNY EAGER—AB-2*

There may be a number of high hurdles between you and complete enjoyment of this film. First, you have to visualize Robert Taylor as a cold-blooded killer and big-shot racketeer, which may take a lot out of you. Next, you may find it difficult to put any stock in the story; let's just see. It appears that Lana Turner, the district attorney's step-

daughter and a student of sociology (with that *pout* yet!) contacts handsome, paroled Johnny Eager (that's Bob) in her field studies and is fascinated at first sight. Johnny, though, isn't so eager, —and fellows, you'll know what we mean when we say that this is high hurdle number two. Johnny is just fascinated by the idea of putting the fix on stepfather (Edward Arnold) so he can open up the dog-racing track he is operating under cover, without interference from the law. In his maneuverings he frames Lana on a fake murder rap and then blackmails the d. a. The track opens on schedule, but what a heel!

People love him, though, possibly because when he socks his closest friends in the jaw he sometimes does it with tears in his eyes, strictly from affection. Van Heflin, for instance, an aristocrat who uses big words and drinks too much, can't live without Johnny, though he is sometimes troubled by the old chap's casually homicidal ways. And of course Lana, the little moll, goes on loving him through thick and thin, and when we say thick we're thinking of the situations and characters, and when we say thin we're thinking of the story.

Everything goes from bad to worse, including Johnny. Van and Lana keep forgiving him, knowing it's just old Bob Taylor underneath, sweetest guy in the world, but some of his estranged colleagues obviously hate his entrails. It's pretty clear that our Johnny is being groomed for a first-class Mervyn LeRoy rub-out, but it's no cheap mobster that gets him in the end; it's destiny, in the shape of an honest cop who doesn't know what it's all about, and by that time nine out of ten people in the audience may be in the same fix.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

The swanky bed Bob Taylor uses in the picture does everything but bake waffles and 'perc' coffee—has built-in radio, refreshment cabinet, clock, running water, servants' buttons, light switches, two telephones and a bookcase . . .

(Continued on page 13)

Bette Davis!
Ann Sheridan!
Monty Woolley!
(He's the man!)
Jimmy Durante
There never was a better reason for "going to the movies" . . . 'cause there never was a better movie to go to!
The most laughed-at play of our day—with this wonderful Warner Bros. cast (including the play's celebrated star) to make it even greater as a picture!
THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER

A WARNER BROS. PICTURE from the play by famous GEO. S. KAUFMAN and MOSS HART • Produced by Sam H. Harris
with RICHARD TRAVIS • BILLIE BURKE • REGINALD GARDINER • Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY • Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein

"I love him because he don't know how to kiss—*the jerk!*"

Samuel Goldwyn, master producer, scores again with a picture both heart-warming and uproariously funny—the story of a sedate professor who knew all about dead languages and nothing about live ladies until a night club gal crashed his bachelor quarters and rhumbaed right into his heart.

Samuel Goldwyn presents

GARY COOPER · BARBARA STANWYCK

in *Ball of Fire*

Directed by HOWARD HAWKS

Released through RKO Radio Pictures Inc.
Screen Play by CHARLES BRACKETT and BILLY WILDER
Hear Gene Krupa with his drums and his famous orchestra

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

Other furniture features are a huge backless couch and a hidden bar . . . Lana and Bob decided to take up archery during their spare time. Both are novices at the sport and will hold a shooting match any time now . . . Pat Dane has just received her 700th letter insisting she keep her hair long. The studio had announced that she would cut it for the picture . . . Lana moved into her new home during production. Nothing was ready yet, so she borrowed a bed from Judy Garland, two tables and a lamp from Ann Rutherford, a rug from Bob Taylor and a couple of chairs from Ann Sothern . . . Bob's new little boxer dog celebrated his first night in the Taylor menage by chewing up the only available script of "Johnny Eager." . . . Bob uses the swimming pool at his home to practise trout casting . . . Dan Dailey, Jr. trains horses in his spare time . . . Lana smuggled food onto the set for the sleek greyhound working in the picture "because he looked so hungry," then discovered the animal won't work after it's just been fed . . . Robin Raymond used to write publicity for fighters King Levinsky and Barney Ross . . . Barry Nelson says the best dramatic training he's ever had was the 15-minute radio show he worked on while in college. Said learning to express emotion by the voice alone was worth thousands of dollars . . . Jack Benny, pal of Taylor and Mervyn LeRoy, hung around the set a lot, earned the title of Unofficial Production Manager during rehearsals of the cockroach race scenes. The insects were temperamental and wouldn't race in the right direction. Finally Benny suggested, sensibly he thought, "Why don't you speak to the cockroaches, Mervyn?"

REMEMBER THE DAY AB-2*

At the beginning of this picture you may be startled to see Claudette Colbert walking into a Washington, D. C. hotel in the midst of a political rally disguised as an old-maid school teacher of approximately fifty-five summers. But don't let that discourage you, for as soon as Claudette sits down in a lobby chair and throws her head back reminiscently, the years drop away and here we are back in Auburn School before the World War. Claudette is young, and the man who is going to be President of the United States (his name, Dewey Roberts,

is smeared all over the campaign banners in the lobby) was an upstanding, mildly obstreperous student, at such an early age showing signs of the being a potential leader of men. As she gets into her retrospective stride, Claudette

(Continued on page 15)

Even at winter parties— it's August under your arms!

Guard popularity, prevent underarm odor with Mum!

WINTER is a season of wonderful parties and wonderful times, if a girl is *popular!* So don't let underarm odor come between you and social success. In winter, as in summer, guard daintiness with sure, dependable Mum!

Even though you see no warning trace of moisture, underarms always perspire. Heavier clothing and heated rooms encourage danger for the girl who foolishly thinks that, in winter, she doesn't perspire!

Everyone does! That's why it's so foolish to trust just a bath to *keep* you sweet. A bath only removes past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Use Mum for:

SPEED! 30 seconds to use . . . protects for a whole day or a whole evening.

SAFETY! Mum has won the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. And Mum won't irritate skin, even after shaving.

DEPENDABLE! Mum guards charm, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor all day or all evening. Mum is pleasant, creamy, fragrant—you'll like it! Get Mum from your druggist today!

WINTER WARNING: DAINTINESS IS NOW IN DANGER!

OF COURSE WE PERSPIRE IN WINTER, ELLEN, AND WARM CLOTHES CAN MAKE THINGS WORSE! I ALWAYS USE MUM!
TO HERSELF: WHAT A GRAND PARTY! AND MUM HAS KEPT ME FRESH THROUGH ALL THESE HOURS OF DANCING!
MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

For Sanitary Napkins

More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe . . . guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum.

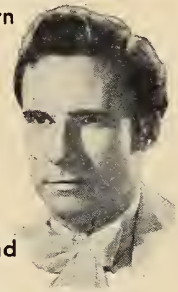
Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

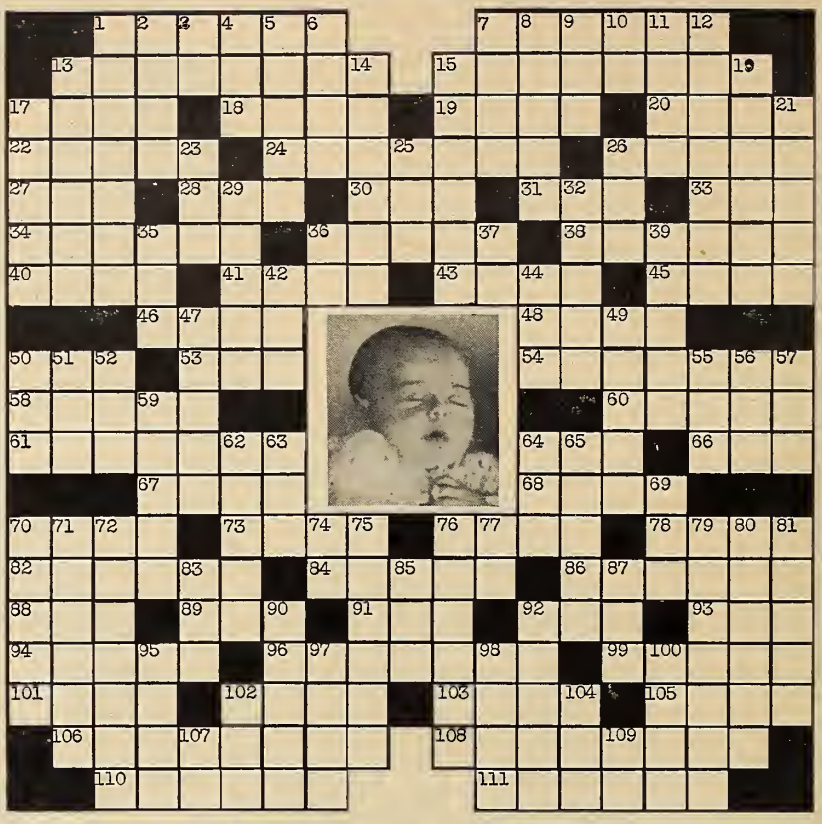
1942's BIG NEWS about a BIG PICTURE

HERE'S news about 1942's great NEW hit with the biggest cast OF stars Republic has ever ASSEMBLED. There's glamorous JOAN BLONDELL AS a Belle of THE old MISSISSIPPI IN the title ROLE of "LADY FOR A NIGHT." JOAN has NOT one—BUT two LEADING MEN!—HANDSOME JOHN WAYNE is ONE of her HEROES AND suave RAY MIDDLETON is THE other. The story is as big and EXCITING as its stars. And REPUBLIC has spared no expense IN making "LADY FOR A NIGHT" a vivid epic of life AMONG the fascinating people OF the old Southern ARISTOCRACY AND the colorful CROWD of DRAMATIC ROGUES who ply THE river for ROMANCE and ADVENTURE—and WHO don't mind BREAKING hearts as they go. IN addition to its three big stars, YOU'LL see such FAMED BROADWAY PLAYERS as PHILIP MERIVALE, BLANCHE YURKA, EDITH BARRETT, LEONID KINSKY, and MANY others. "LADY FOR A NIGHT" IS a picture for the years. It's



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 102

ACROSS

1. Movie-maker
7. Star of "It Started With Eve"
13. Entertainment centers
15. Star of 104-Down
17. Fruit
18. "- - - - Had Four Sons"
19. Fem in "You'll Never Get Rich"
20. List of players
22. Hero of "They Died With Their Boots On"
24. To Disneyize Cartoons
26. Star of "The Man Who Came to Dinner"
27. Slippery fish
28. Fem in "Juke Girl"
30. Comic in "Keep 'Em Flying"
31. Royal Field Artillery: abbr.
33. Ahs!
34. Pretended
36. Movie principals
38. Egg dish
40. Remarks
41. Goddard's real name
43. Hardy's pal
45. Weights of India
46. Ilona Massey's hubby
48. Roman date
50. "Dumbo's" prominent feature
53. Vivien Leigh's birthplace: abbr. across
58. Husband of 15-across
60. Star of "Dr. Kildare's Wedding Day"
61. Penny Singleton's famous role
64. Previews of coming attractions
66. "Summer" to Boyer
67. "Sergeant York"
68. Eddy-Stevens treat in "Chocolate Soldier"
70. River in Belgium
73. Weird
76. First name of 15-across
78. Verbal
82. Russian dictator
84. Wading bird
86. To wit
88. Film container
89. Forever: poet.
91. Roman bronze
92. Film locale
93. Fasten
94. Tree
96. "Woo Woo" comedian
99. Housekeeper of 11-down
101. F - - - - a Inescourt
102. Musical instrument
103. Edible seeds
105. Sheet of glass
106. Desires
108. Long spears
110. Strikes
111. Most arid

DOWN

1. Inspector in "Ellery Queen" series
2. Aircraft
3. Parent
4. Gr - - - Garbo
5. Fortification
6. "Man Of - - - -"
7. A trifle
8. Penetrate
9. Luzon savage
10. Symbol for sodium
11. "- - - - Girl?"
12. Director Litvak
13. Find in "The Little Foxes"
14. Autry's side-kick
15. Deceits
16. Miss Ralston
17. Chirps
21. Film player's "exams"
23. Roddy McDowall is this
25. Extinct bird
26. Disney will produce "- - - bi"
29. Lead in "Buy Me That Town"
32. Star of "Wild Geese Calling"
35. Land of Liberty
36. 55
37. "Kathleen": init.
39. Theme
42. Conclude
44. G - - - Patrick
47. Coed in "Rise and Shine"
49. Rub out
50. Recede
51. - - - een Whelan
52. Soanish river
55. Wrath
56. Trap
57. Compass point
59. Heather - - - - -
62. French star in "Louisiana Purchase"
63. Organ of sight
64. Deanna's mother
65. Wife in "Unfinished Business"
69. Juvenile in "Niagara Falls"
70. Academy Award statue
71. Kind of type
72. He's in "Sundown"
74. Mary Martin's spouse: init.
75. Craves
76. Villain - - - - - - Calleia
77. "Accent - - Love"
79. Transplant
80. Foreigners
81. Mr. Overman
83. Suffix denoting profession
85. Our Star's greatest: "- - - ecca"
87. K - - - arine Hepburn
90. River in Europe
92. Character Gene Tierney played
95. Kind of cheese
97. Work units
98. Ingenue, Barbara - - - -
100. Epic poetry
102. Box office success
104. "Su - - - cion," a Hitchcock hit
107. Six
109. J - - l McCrea

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

even begins recalling long, complicated sequences and detailed stretches of dialogue from the past in which she herself took no part, and that's darn good recalling.

As these miraculous, second sight memories unfold we learn all about how Dewey (John Shepperd) fell in love with teacher, and how teacher, with that ravishing Claudettish smile, influenced him at crucial moments to keep on the right track in life: to follow his true bent and build boats, to go to Johnstown Prep instead of dropping out—things like that. Dewey was jealous of John Payne, the only man Claudette ever loved, but John went away to war and got killed. Dewey, it seems, married his persistent childhood sweetheart (Ann Todd) and now here he is making good down in Washington in a way that suggests his first name is really Wendell. And here they all are: Dewey and Mrs. Dewey up in their campaign headquarters, on the threshold of the White House, and Claudette down in the lobby lost in her tender recollections.

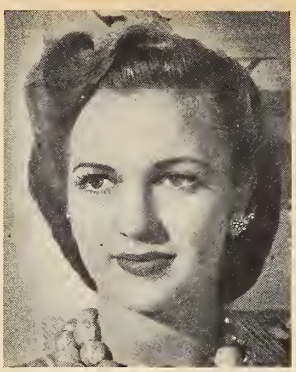
Convoyed by a flotilla of bodyguards and ward heelers through the lobby, dashing Dewey fails to recognize Claudette in her make-up. But later he makes amends for this unintentional snub by scrapping his prepared speech, dictated by the bosses, and coming out honestly in support of the incumbent President's foreign policy. Claudette, installed in the best gallery seats, beams approval. The heelers said it would mean throwing the election, and we have a feeling they were right. Something tells us Dewey Roberts was defeated in that campaign and is now stumping the country with swinging coat tails, wherever there is a crowd to listen, loyally backing the administration and looking forward with quiet confidence and perhaps just a touch of boyish wistfulness to 1944.—*TCF.*

P. S.

Claudette Colbert got around the "No Dogs Allowed on the Set" edict by taking out an actor's card for "Lulu Belle," her beloved French poodle puppy . . . Toughest problem of the prop department was getting furniture of the "Middle Gruesome" period, 1914-1916. Most of the stuff has been traded in so many times, it's fit only for the junk heap . . . Other studios had to rearrange their shooting schedule for two days. 20th Century-Fox was using every available "dignified type" player for the pre-presidential election rally scenes . . . Colbert's own handwriting looked pretty tired on the classroom blackboards, so for her role as a school teacher, she had to learn the orthodox Spencerian script . . . Chick Chandler has played so many newspapermen, he's decided to own a couple of papers himself. Is negotiating to buy a number of small-town dailies . . . Casting searched high and low for an expert on croquet, didn't know Director Henry King knows all the finer points of the game until they'd given up the search . . . Frieda Inescort and Claudette Colbert tried to keep it hushed up, but it finally got out that their first meeting was in a play called "Pearl of Great Price," one of the worst flops either one had ever been associated with . . . Make-up man Walter Pearce used color to age Claudette 25 years, stressing the progressive pallor that comes with age . . .

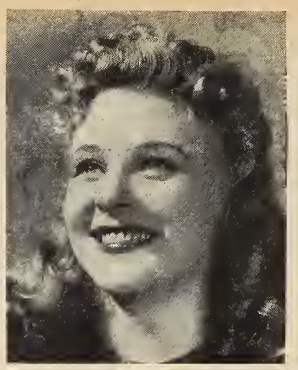
(Continued on page 83)

HIS BEDTIME STORIES WERE ABOUT OTHER WOMEN!
...It's a gay and giddy tale of love whispered at twilight...to put a smile on her lips...a gleam in her eye...and a laugh in your heart!
Fredric MARCH TELLS Loretta YOUNG
A Bedtime Story
"He whispers sweet nothings into too many ears!"
with ROBERT BENCHLEY · ALLYN JOSLYN · EVE ARDEN · HELEN WESTLEY
Screen play by Richard Flournoy · Story by Horace Jackson and Grant Garrett · Produced by B. P. SCHULBERG
Directed by ALEXANDER HALL · A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Cobina Wright, Jr.

It's hard to say whether Cobina out-glamours the men in her life or vice versa! There's been Prince Philip of Greece and gobs of others—but none so non-tarnishable as newly-acquired hubby, Corp. Palmer Beaudette! Cobina herself is a shimmering gold-plated thing with universal appeal. She was born into the social register . . . but good, until '29 . . . then made the Models' Directory and 25 U. S. dollars a day. She was voted "America's Most Beautiful Girl," "The Best-Dressed," "The Most Talented" . . . the most de luxe society songstress ever to invade the rank and file. Coolly, Cobina says she's interested in art for art's sake, but, as a meal ticket, it's simply fascinating!



Evelyn Ankers

What's Evelyn got that Frank Buck hasn't? Camellia skin, for one thing. And a stem-like torso, for another. But in their love of jungle fauna, they're surprisingly similar. Born in Valparaiso, Chile, she talks nostalgically of treks into the jungle with arrow-shooting natives in the underbrush. Evelyn debuted in Columbia; continued in London, where Alexander Korda found her. Shunting between England and South America like a goodwill ambassador, she was eventually waylaid in New York, or, more specifically, Broadway. From there, of course, it was but a quick leap to Hollywood where she's wowing 'em by her agility in all things from acting to athletics!

Maria Montez

They tell how McClelland Barclay started a search for a truly cosmopolitan woman to put on canvas . . . and how he stopped dead before this flame-haired beauty. But you hear less about how she ran away from the convent school on the Canary Islands . . . and how, eventually, the parental reins were slackened, and she was allowed to trip blithely over Europe. With her compelling beauty, it was logical that she should have wound up with a film contract. Valued among her heirlooms are crown jewels from the 15th century. Valued more is her Spanish love for all things beautiful . . . from opera to swing, from Rembrandt to Disney, from Dickens to you-name-it.

Evelyn Keyes

If you like placing personalities neatly in pigeon holes, put her along side Gloria Swanson and Leatrice Joy, because she's of their ilk. Evelyn danced her way across the South only to flunk the screen test she'd been sweating for. But chapter 2 finds Evelyn under the wing of a DeMille staff writer who saw gigantic possibilities in her petal-skinned, sloe-eyed oval face. Add to that a softness of speech, a thoroughbred air, and you'll understand why DeMille put her under contract. First presented over the air, the studio audience broke out into such hearty huzzahs, the echo was heard through Filmdom. From then on it was easy . . . and according to Ev wonderful fun!

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Accent an Love (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Adventure in Washingtan (Calumbia)	3★
Affectionately Yours (Warners)	2½★
All That Money Can Buy (RKO)	3½★
Apache Kid (Republic)	3★
Arizana Baund (Monogram)	C 2½★
*Babes on Broadway (M-G-M)	4★
Bad Man af Deadwaad (Republic)	2½★
*Bahama Passage (Paramount)	3½★
*Ball of Fire (RKO)	3½★
Barnacle Bill (M-G-M)	2½★
Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Big Store, The (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Billy the Kid (M-G-M)	C 3★
Birth of the Blues (Paramount)	3★
Black Cat, The (Universal)	2½★
Blande fram Singapare, The (Calumbia)	2★
Blandie in Society (Columbia)	C 2½★
Blood and Sand (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Blassams in the Dust (M-G-M)	4★
Bawery Blitzkrieg (Monagram)	2★
Bride Came C. O. D., The (Warners)	3½★
Burma Canvay (Universal)	2½★
Buy Me That Tawn (Paramount)	3★
Caught in the Draft (Paramount)	3★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fax)	3½★
Charlie Chan in Ria (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Chacalate Saldier (M-G-M)	3½★
Christmas in July (Paramount)	3★
City Limits (Monogram)	C 2★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M)	3★
Comin' Raund the Mountain (Paramount)	2★
County Fair (Republic)	2★
Cracked Nuts (Universal)	2½★
Date With Murder, A (RKO)	2½★
Dance Hall (20th Century-Fax)	2★
Doctors Don't Tell (Republic)	2★
Dumbo (RKO)	C 3½★
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Calumbia)	2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO)	2½★
Flying Cadets (Universal)	2★
Farced Landing (Paramount)	2½★
Fargotten Village, The	3½★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fax)	2★
Gangs af Sanora (Republic)	2½★
Gay Falcon, The (RKO)	2½★
Getaway, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Go West, Young Lady (Columbia)	2★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Great Prafile, The (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Gunman from Bodie, The (Monogram)	2★
Harman of Michigan (Columbia)	2★
Hello Sucker (Universal)	2½★
*Hellzapappin' (Universal)	3½★
Henry Aldrich for President (Paramount)	C 3★
Here Comes Mr. Jardan (Calumbia)	4★
Her First Beau (Columbia)	C 3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Calumbia)	2½★
Hit the Raad (Universal)	C 2½★
*H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M)	3½★
Hold Back the Dawn (Paramaunt)	3½★
Haneymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Honky Tonk (M-G-M)	3★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Hullabaloa (M-G-M)	2★
Hurry, Charlie, Hurry (RKO)	2½★
Ice-Capades (Republic)	2½★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
I'll Wait For You (M-G-M)	2½★
In The Navy (Universal)	3½★
International Lady (United Artists)	3★
International Squadran (Warners)	3½★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
It Started With Eve (Universal)	4★
Jesse James at Bay (Republic)	2½★
*Johnny Eager (M-G-M)	3½★
*Jungle Book, The (United Artists)	4★
*Kathleen (M-G-M)	3★
Keep 'Em Flying (Universal)	3★
Knackaut (Warners)	2½★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)	C 3½★
Ladies in Retirement (Columbia)	3½★
Lady Be Good (M-G-M)	3★
Lady is Willing, The (Columbia)	2½★
Land af Liberty (M-G-M)	3★
Last af the Duanes (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Law af the Trapics (Warners)	2½★
Life With Henry (Paramaunt)	C 2½★
Little Foxes, The (RKO)	4★
*Lauisiana Purchase (Paramount)	3½★
Lave Crazy (M-G-M)	3½★
Lydia (United Artists)	3½★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M)	2½★
The Maltese Falcon (Warners)	3½★
Man at Large (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Man Hunt (20th Century-Fax)	3½★
Manpower (Warners)	3★
Married Bachelar (M-G-M)	3★
Millian Dallar Baby (Warners)	3½★
Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO)	3★
Mab Town (Universal)	2★
Maan Over Burma (Paramaunt)	2½★
Moon Over Her Shoulder (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Maan Over Miami (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Maanlight in Hawaii (Universal)	2½★
My Life with Caroline (RKO)	3★
Navy Blues (Warners)	C 3★
Never Give A Sucker An Even Break (Universal)	3★
New York Town (Paramaunt)	2★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Nine Lives Are Nat Enough (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Officer and the Lady, The (Columbia)	2½★

(Continued on page 106)

Silkier, Smoother Hair...Easier to Manage Lovelier Beyond Belief!

New hair-do with soft, natural-looking wave and curls . . . by Thomas Frank, famous Chicago hairstylist.

Amazing improvement in Special Drene Shampoo! Now contains wonderful hair conditioner to give new beauty thrills!

● If you haven't tried Special Drene lately —since it has that thrilling hair conditioner in it—you simply can't realize just how much lovelier your hair *can* look! Because it now makes the most amazing difference—leaves hair so much silkier, smoother . . . makes it behave better, fall into place more beautifully, right after shampooing!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, as all *soaps* do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color. Do you wonder that girls everywhere are so delighted with this new improved Special Drene Shampoo?

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

And when it comes to removing dandruff, no special "dandruff remover" shampoo known today can beat Drene! You know how important *cleansing* is in removing dandruff—so just remember that for cleansing Drene is supreme! Try improved Special Drene right away—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!

All Special Drene now at your dealer's in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing

HAIR CONDITIONER

and is for *every* type of hair . . . dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene —in the blue and yellow package!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos —which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% *more lustre!*

To make 1942 your greatest entertainment year!

20th Century-Fox is now producing these grand, new pictures you'll soon be seeing in your favorite theatre!

ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE MANAGER WHEN HE'LL SHOW THEM!

TYRONE POWER
in
SON of FURY
The Story of Benjamin Blake
with
GENE TIERNEY
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

BETTY GRABLE
VICTOR MATURE
JACK OAKIE
in
SONG OF THE ISLANDS
in TECHNICOLOR

GINGER ROGERS
in
ROXIE HART
with
ADOLPHE MENJOU
GEORGE MONTGOMERY

JEAN GABIN
IDA LUPINO
in
Moontide
with
CLAUDE RAINS

Rita HAYWORTH
in
MY GAL SAL
in TECHNICOLOR

JOHN PAYNE · MAUREEN O'HARA · RANDOLPH SCOTT
in
TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI
in TECHNICOLOR

20th CENTURY FOX

NOW! STIRRING THE HEART OF THE NATION!

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK • Directed by JOHN FORD

EUGENE RICHEE

MARTHA O'DRISCOLL . . . There's a lilt to her laugh and a tilt to her nose that's Irish as shamrock. And then, of course, there's that name to prove her lineage. But for sheer directness of purpose, she's American to the marrow. Been doing odd jobs around the kleig lights since she was 13 . . . wowed them back in Phoenix, Arizona, when she was still reading her lines with a lisp of baby-talk. Modeled when she was 4. Whizzed out to Hollywood with Mom before her 14th birthday and danced herself into a Paramount chorus, glibly passing herself off as 18; and Hollywood, the super-sceptical, was taken in! Has finally worked herself up to a luscious, picture-book farmhouse of her own on Toluca Lake, which she shares with her mom and a kid brother. Came by success haunting studios, watching the stars twinkle and the directors hypnotize. Now *she's* something to watch in Paramount's "Reap the Wild Wind." Not just the luster of her acting, but that 118-lb. figger of hers and those surprising hazel eyes and that shining ash-blond head. If you like 'em dainty, Martha's your gal . . . or would be, if Richard Denning hadn't got there first.

RODDY McDOWALL . . . What a tausle-headed kid can da, single-handed, ta the great American public is really somepin' ta see! Sweeping the cauntry like a rumar, Raddy captivated all and sundry as Huw in "Haw Green Was My Valley." Gat the role partly because af the little Welsh maid the McDawalls used ta have in Landan. Rad had her accent down ta the last ralled syllable. And 20th Century-Fax now has Rad down an a cantract that will take him well inta maturity. He'll be mesmerizing mavie-gaers next in 20th's "San af Fury." Raddy laves architecture like some guys love faatball . . . laves movies even mare. Was fed Shakespeare right alang with his mashed bananas . . . has 16 British films ta his credit . . . used to sleep an the set between raids. Seeing na value in a check, he demands payment in cash; the studio pacifies him with a ten spot after each picture. Hated ta leave the electric excitement af British air raids but thinks Hallywaad manages ta be electric just naturally without help af jerries! Only plaint is it leaves him na time far architecture and thase frighteningly intricate maps and blueprints af his!

VIRGINIA GREY . . . If he's tall, dark and intelligent with an on-tune warble and a divine sense of the ridiculous, he's Ginny Grey's! She doesn't go for hand-kissing and heel-clicking! One look at her serene, shapely (5' 5", 117 lb.) beauty, and he'll fall at her feet along with half the cinema lads and joe jerks in the country. She won't drag him to night clubs, 'cause she had her fill of honky tonk during chorine days. Says her dream man must be fundamentally athletic to fill the bill. She'll give him plenty of competition swimming and shooting but won't budge on a golf course or tennis court. When he comes a-courtin', she and her sister Lorraine (her stand-in) will feed him one of the most gorgeous chicken and strawberry shortcake dinners he ever tasted. Her dad, one of the early film bigwigs, hoped and prayed none of his kids would enter the risky business. But his early death necessitated Ginny's working, and the first job she could get her hands on was the role of Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." At 14, she retired to teach contemporary social buds dancing. Back in films again, she's won fame and fortune and a coveted role in M-G-M's "Mr. and Mrs. North."

VIC MATURE . . . When the beautiful man was married, there wasn't a dry-eyed gal from here to Honolulu! Or anyhow, that's how the publicity department tells it. 'Cause Vic is the test tube baby of Hollywood publicists. Blames them for the 60,000 fan letters that deluged him after a five-minute bit in his first picture. True, he's a gorgeous hunk of stuff, but he'll probably sock the guy who says so. True, he's run the gamut of glamour from Betty Grable to Liz Whitney . . . but half the gals they had him sending orchids to, he never even knew. Doesn't dance a violent rumba; in fact, would rather sit it out. Doesn't sleep in green satin pajamas and never had a manicure in his life. Isn't sartorially splendid, either. Lives in floppy tweeds, goes hatless, is mildly claustrophobic, likes horse and buggy-ing. Avoided proposals of marriage with practiced skill until menaced by Martha Kemp. Could quit the flickers and retire for a while on the chunky fortune he just inherited . . . but why should he when there are roles like 20th Century-Fox's "Song of the Islands" just waiting to be snagged by guys with blue eyes, black hair and 198 lbs. of unpadded muscle?

MAUREEN O'HARA . . . Everybody's coming away from "How Green Was My Valley" utterly ga-ga over gorgeous Maureen O'Hara! Twentieth Century-Fox is taking advantage of its 5' 7", 124-lb. opportunity and again starring her in "To The Shores of Tripoli." Her mom and pop believed in starting their kids in young, put Maureen and the rest in the role of Jack the Giant Killer as soon as they could toddle across the stage of their back-yard playhouse. At 12, she was dubbed the "pocket size Bernhardt" by hometown Dubliners, and at 14, crashed the sacred precincts of the Abbey Players. Chas. Laughton thought she was wonderful, gave her a 7-year contract, sold her to the public in "Jamaica Inn." Maureen blithely leased a London mansion for 7 years, only to leave a week later for Hollywood. A few minutes before setting sail, she climaxed a whirlwind romance by wedding ass't. director Geo. Brown. Realizing that distance was lending no enchantment, she recently divorced him. Lives with her mom in a bungalow, is too scared of traffic to drive. Rummages around bookshops after Gaelic tomes on her days off!

FRANK POWOLNY

BRUCE BENNETT . . . Old-timers will remember him as Herman Brix, sensational U. of Washington athlete and Olympic Game champ! More recent arrivals know him as that super-duper actor in Columbia's "Honolulu Lu." Born in Tacoma, Wash., he's all of 6' 2" tall, weighs an even 192 lbs., got that way logging in his pop's lumber camp summers during high school. At college it was so much duck soup for him to out-row, out-tackle, out-run and -jump every senior star on campus. They put him in the Olympic Games in '28, sat back and crowed as he wielded a javelin that broke world records, shotput competing champs to shame. Requests galore besieged him to teach and coach. But he'd always nursed a yen to act, decided to take a lick at it in '32. His first film, "Touchdown," should have been easy as pie what with his football technique. But not so . . . ironically broke a shoulder in the first flicker game and was laid up a year. Only after his next pic, which left him stranded in Guatemala when the producer went broke, did the jinx break. Once back on shore, life's been a bowl of cherries to Bruce and his cute spouse Jeanette Cannon!

GRETA GARBO . . . Shy and gangling in tired tweeds and a slouch hat, yet as gosh-awful glamorous as anything Hollywood ever pulled out of its sleeve. When Garbo cried, you had "Camille" . . . when she laughed, you had "Ninotchka." (So welcome was that husky ripple of hers, she's doing a repeat in M-G-M's "Two-Faced Woman.") But whatever she does, you have a cameo of a woman as lustrous as mother-of-pearl. Many remember when she had John Gilbert hypnotized . . . and Mamoulian . . . and Stokowski. Right now they're taking a Boy Scout oath that she's married to Gaylord Hauser, but still, who knows? The studio crew likes to tell how Garbo's first English words were "apple sauce," she had heard it around the set so often. But uttered in that deep, sad voice, it took on new meaning. Other G. G. legends . . . that she spurns cosmetics . . . that she lopes along the countryside for miles each day . . . that she's a push-over for health diets . . . that the studio paid $400 a lesson to teach the long-stemmed beauty to rumba. Flagrant extravagance, what with all the guys that'd teach her for a smile!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Lana Turner

Caprice-ridden, whim-tossed Lana can reverse her field like an all-American back! That's part of what makes her so wonderful!

• Like a lovely, honey-haired star shell, Lana Turner exploded over New York and vicinity on her recent trip East. Like trailing sparks, rumors buzzed around her head. One that glowed brightest, kept gossip columnists at nail-gnawing fever heat, shouted that she and Artie Shaw would remarry.

They had lunched together, dined together, beamed cheerfully for photohawks. Lana was, if anything, more radiant than usual. Moody Artie seemed enveloped in a glow.

Another try at marriage? Another attempt to fuse two spectacular lives, two pyrotechnical personalities?

We don't know. We won't even guess. By the time you read this, Lana might be a dewy-eyed bride. She might be nursing the aftermath of a bitter quarrel with Artie, vowed to life-long spinsterhood. She might be anything.

We asked Judy Garland, Lana's closest friend. Judy grinned and threw up her hands. "She told *me* on the phone there wouldn't be a reconciliation. But I wouldn't put any-

She still loves dolls, has dozens. Keeps that little-girl complexion with cold cream and olive oil.

"When I was 10, I socked the boy next door in the nose. It was a very lovely sock, too," says Lana.

Lana, Judy Garland and Mickey used to do their high school cramming together outdoors on the set of "Love Finds Andy Hardy."

Lana Turner

CONTINUED

thing past Lana, to tell you the absolute truth!"

Judy and the rest of Lana's small circle remember only too well how insistently she denied any matrimonial intent before running off with Artie the first time. She meant it sincerely then, of course—and probably means it now.

Right now she's the hottest young thing on high heels in Hollywood. She's Miss America in the movie theaters of the land. There's no point in bringing up the polls, the box-office tolls, the honors, accolades or those 800 fan letters swamping M-G-M's mail room every day.

When a twenty-year-old lady successfully dishes off three pictures in a row with Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, she has arrived. When her studio writes a new contract with a fat-figured new salary, she is in. When she checks a wedding ring for a professional future, she's pretty safe.

All this has given current rise to the Hollywood legend that Miss Lana Turner is suddenly something different from Miss Lana Turner. That's not necessarily so. She may work harder and play less but Lana is still Lana. And, like Popeye, she is what she is.

If anything, Lana Turner is typically young and thoroughly female. She is a show-off and she is shy. She is a dynamo when she likes, and dog-lazy when she doesn't. She is flashy; she has surprisingly good taste; she is shrewd. She is sentimental and she's also cold. She's independent but she's helpless, too. She's extravagant in some things and miserly in others. She's hardboiled and soft-hearted. She's cocky and inferiority complexed.

Most of all, Lana Turner is spectacular.

One close friend of Lana's says, "Lana can be not dressed up and still be dressed up more than anyone I know." By that she means there is something in the Turner personality which simply must bid for attention, relaxed or on the *qui vive.*

When Lana slips into slacks, the slacks are carefully tailored (and usually white). And there's an angora jacket, slippers, bag, blouse and the works, all carefully calculated in the color scheme. If her hair-do is careless, it is artfully careless. She's carefully groomed, her make-up in place.

When Lana returned from Honolulu, the first big trip of her life, she sported a marvelous Hawaiian chocolate-bar tan. She'd spent long days baking it in, carefully counting on the "Ohs" and "Ahs" it would win her back in Hollywood. The day she sailed home, an Island girl she'd met told her, "Don't count on keeping that color until you get home, my little malahini. Nothing fades faster than an Island tan. You'll lose it in the week on the boat."

Lana was horrified. The tan and its expected effect was a major trophy of the trip. The first day at sea she spent on deck but, to her eyes at least, the mahogany coat started to bleach. Every day thereafter she camped under a sun lamp!

When her boat docked, Lana tripped down the gangplank in a holy-white dress, setting off her preserved tan like a vacation poster. (*Continued on page 70*)

Tony Martin, now in the navy, squired Lana patiently for months, but it was no soap!

Lana's been night-clubbing with Bobby Stack (above at the Copa Cobana), flying with Roger Pryor.

Jimmy Hyde, Lana's agent, chins with her about "Johnny Eager," her latest plum. Her box-office appeal slumped somewhat after her marriage.

After dining with Artie Shaw in Chicago at 3 one morning, there were rumors of a second Shaw-Turner marriage attempt!

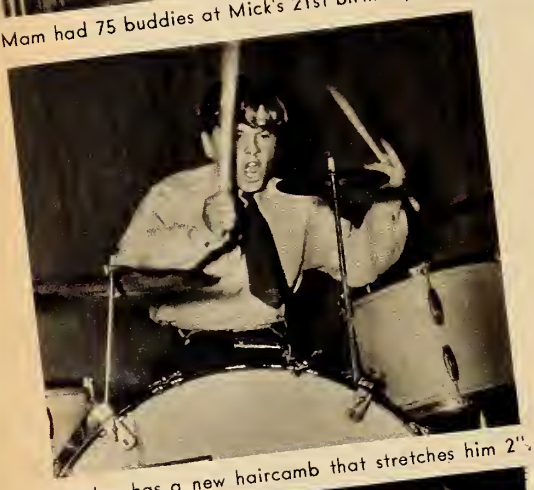
Washington fans who tore Lana's fox coat to shreds for souvenirs will be happy she's finally teamed opposite Taylor in "Johnny Eager."

Mrs. Turner runs her daughter a surprisingly close second in glamour! For her last birthday, Lana's mom gave her a piano. The RAF deluged her with gifts of shell fragments and war souvenirs.

My Son, Mick

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

Mam had 75 buddies at Mick's 21st birthday party.



Mickey has a new haircamb that stretches him 2".

Ginny Hill, Mick and Sid Miller breakfasted at 4.

Mick stale first scene at 15 mas. fram his dad.

Raaney pulls his Barrymore stuff.

● This is Mick as seen by his mother.

Mrs. Pankey is small. Blue eyes twinkle behind her glasses, and humor keeps her from being sappy about her ewe lamb. She wears her hair piled on top of her head with nine hundred curls. Allow eight hundred and fifty for poetic exaggeration—hers.

"My son gets to be twenty-one, and I can't have my hair cut. I like it short. It's a nuisance this way. But no, all of a sudden it has to be long and look like Spring Byington's. Every night he comes home, he says: 'Gee, Mom, your hair looks swell.' Buttering me up. Afraid I'll go out some day when he isn't looking and have it cut."

Mick knows she'd tie her hair into bowknots if that was what he wanted. The relationship between them is a nice thing to see. That she worships him goes without saying. Mickey gives as good as he gets. I saw him a few years ago when they lived at an apartment hotel. He was itching to buy her a house. "Sure, I'll live there, too, but first it's for her. She used to manage a bungalow court to keep us goin'. The day she gets a nice place of her own to manage, that'll be the prettiest day of my life."

He's forever bringing her things. *(Continued on page 80)*

Ava Gardiner, North Carolina cutie (at left), flaunts an oversized topaz friendship ring, courtesy of Mickey. At right, "old-timer" Ann Rutherford.

Rooney and Garland in "Babes on Braadway."

Mick laves his dog first, his chicken farm second.

When life slipped Mrs. Rooney a Mickey, it wasn't fooling! She's still got a hang-over . . . and loves it!

FIRST LOVE

Other loves may grow deeper, but none is so tender and cruel as that first poignant romance! Here are the puppy loves that Hollywood didn't forget!

BY JEANNE KARR

● Ray Milland was making his first Hollywood picture, playing his first love scene. Visitors stood around gaping. In those days studios weren't as fussy about visitors on the set. Besides, this was only a B. Besides, who was Ray Milland, anyway—?

The director said, "Roll 'em." Awkward with nervousness, Ray put his arms round the girl and bent to kiss her. Instead of meeting his lips, she burst out laughing. For a moment he stood there, white-faced, then wheeled and strode off. Returning a few moments later, he muttered something about a dizzy spell. Actually, an old wound had been opened—

Ray had been fourteen when Kathleen came to live in Neith. She was so beautiful, she dazzled him. He hardly dared raise his eyes to look at her. Yet he couldn't keep away from her, either. When she walked down one side of the street, he'd walk down the other, pretending he wasn't there. It was she who sent his heart skyward by speaking first. He'd borrow coppers from his sisters to buy candy for her. He dreamed of being her faithful knight, of gallantly saving her life.

Since nothing turned up to save her life from, Ray cooked up a plan. There was to be a Sunday school picnic by the river bank. In front of them all, he'd ride his bicycle up and down the bank as no bicycle had ever been ridden before. He'd be her knight on wheels instead of a horse. There'd be cheers and applause from the crowd, but she'd know he'd really done it just for her.

It went beautifully at first. The kids were enchanted.

"Faster!" they yelled. He pedalled furiously, took his hands from the bars. The bike struck a stone, wavered and tumbled him into the stream.

Wrapped ignominiously in blankets while a boy scooted home for dry clothes, he brooded. Kathleen hadn't come near him. When they started back after sundown, he lagged along by himself. At a turn in the road, Kathleen stood waiting.

"I'm sorry you got wet, Ray—"

His heart soared. "I only did it for you—" She looked so sweet, so angelically sympathetic that he lost his head. An arm stole round her shoulder, he bent to kiss her. And she laughed in his face.

He refused to leave the house for a week. But ten years had passed, and until the girl in the picture laughed, he'd have scoffed at the notion that the memory still hurt. It doesn't any more. He saw Kathleen on a visit to England three years ago. She's not a fairy-tale princess any longer, just the very nice wife of a London business man and the mother of three children!

ANN SHERIDAN

"Stinny called!" cried Ann. "He's coming over tonight."

"That's nice," said her mother placidly.

Mothers didn't understand, Ann decided, alone in her bedroom with her bliss. Stinny was coming over! Stinny, the dream prince of the high school, the young god every girl in the place would give her eyeteeth for. But they hadn't a chance. For the past year he'd been signed, sealed and delivered up to Helen—Helen whom Ann called her worst enemy and, when you asked her why,—"because she's a snob." As for herself, Stinny'd never given her a tumble. "Ludy's a nice kid—" (She was Ludy in those days, short for Clara Lou.) "Ludy's a *very* nice kid," he'd grin, and she'd burn.

Now he'd phoned and was coming over. Why? What about Helen? Well, she'd soon find out. Humming she bathed and got into her prettiest dress.

"Lo, Ludy."

"Hello." He was in a mood. Okay, she wouldn't pester him. If he wanted to talk, he could. If not, he could sit on the porch and be peaceful. After a while, he started talking—about school, about football, about the gang. Then he said, "I suppose you're wondering why I came over tonight."

"No. Just glad to have you."

He looked up at her from the lower step. "You're a nice kid, Lu—"

"So you've said before."

He laughed. "But this time I mean something different. Will you go to the dance with me next week?"

It slipped out before she could stop it. "What about Helen?"

"Nothing about Helen. We're through. Some girls," he added darkly after a pause, "are always wanting to get married."

So that was it. Well, that was fine. *She* didn't want to get married. How silly of Helen. Now she'd lost him. But how nice for Ann—

Till about three months later Stinny said, "Will you marry me, Ludy?" She thought he was kidding, and the discovery that he wasn't scared the daylights out of her. "I'm never going to marry," she told him. "I'm always going to live with my father and mother."

He gave her no peace. One night four of them went to a dance at Fort Worth. Stinny struck his favorite theme once too often. "You've got to quit," Ann flared, "or we're through."

"I'll never quit, Ludy."

Ann went home with the other boy. She wouldn't take Stinny's calls. At last he stopped calling. But before she left for Hollywood, he sent her a note. "I guess you've changed your mind about always living with your father and mother. But not about me. Good luck, Ludy."

JEAN GABIN

"Good night," said Jean.

"Good night," said Josette.

"Till tomorrow—?"

"Till tomorrow."

Gabin walked home, head in the clouds. They'd met that evening at a bal musette—the informal dance of the French working classes. (*Continued on page 90*)

Gene's been wooing his ex-schoolmarm wife, Ina Mae Spivey, ever since he first set eyes on her back in '32!

A goodly share of his fabulous $75,000 wardrobe is tied up in red and blue tooled leather boots at $40 a throw. Pays $50 for his ten-gallon lids!

Champ's gone Hollywood in a big way! Plays to the gallery and demands applause. Lives in deodorized stable and indulges in hoof manicures!

MILLION DOLLAR COWBOY

More exciting than his screen thriller-dillers—

the story of Gene Autry and the woman

he loves! Scooped by Modern Screen!

Currently filming "Sierra Sue," he gets away from it all week-ends at his small, servantless Melody Ranch.

BY JEAN FRANCIS WEBB

Gene's fan mail tops any other star's. Has had several proposals and once got a request to sign a $1,000 check.

Autry gives Champ the best. Air-conditioned van has hot and cold water and a groom!

● Midwinter wind cut mighty cold across the open country in Oklahoma. It rattled around the eaves of the postage-stamp St. Louis & Frisco station at Chelsea like ghosts at a barn dance.

Gene Autry, the railroad telegrapher, glanced up from his guitar as the door slammed open. Cold air whirled inside with the rangy stranger, and the kerosene lamp flickered. Blinking cold from his eyes, the newcomer grinned slowly.

"Was it you playin' that music, young feller?"

"Reckon it was," he answered the stranger modestly.

The man came closer, blowing on his hands. Friendly wrinkles fanned around his eyes. "How about knockin' off a little ditty now?"

The man listened. He even took over the guitar for a couple of numbers of his own, before he handed young Gene the telegram he had originally come to send. And as he did so, he grinned again.

"Young feller," he drawled, "you're wastin' your time on this railroad. You ought to be on the radio. Some day you'll make a heap of money with that voice of yours."

Will Rogers was the signature scrawled on the telegram. Holy cow! Will Rogers—*the* Will Rogers—had liked his singing!

Although Gene didn't know it, that same chill wind was blowing another fragment of fate closer across the prairie. The Big Depression was finally hitting Oklahoma. Even railroads had to cut down, somewhere.

It was a tough New York he hit, not long after the night he finally made his decision to follow Will Rogers' advice. Yet week after week, the dogged young man with the guitar kept at it.

Fate decided to drop in on him again one morning, like a hundred other mornings of waiting, in the anteroom of the RCA Victor Company. She was disguised, this time, as a pretty young switchboard operator. And all she said was, "You've been hanging around here with that guitar since I cut my first tooth. Someday I'd like to hear you use it." Gene tilted his head and began to give. It seemed to bring his beloved West closer. Big, cold-shouldering New York began to fade, and—"*Where you from, son?*"

He gulped as he answered, "Oklahoma, Mister."

"Like to hack out a couple of numbers, (*Continued on page 68*)

After dinner the Vaughn Pauls (Deanna Durbin) and Johnny Paynes (Anne Shirley) danced to a 6-piece ork (with Rooney at the drums), had their fortunes told and marveled at a magician's show. Before leaving at 2:30, they ate a buffet supper, were gifted with miniature favors.

Bob Stack brought chum Bill Orr's best gal, Virginia O'Brien, dead-pan singer. Both entered bubble-blowing contest but won no prizes!

Garland and Kooney came late in street togs after previewing "Babes on Broadway." Ann designed her own gown with skirt slit to knee

Guests arrived at 8:30, immediately sat down to a fried chicken dinner served by 20 negro waiters and waitresses. Rand Brooks and Gloria de Haven were among 52 celebrities invited!

Mick was only guest to remember Ann's birthday and bring a gift—a make-up traveling case. Left with Ava Gardiner.

Party of the Month . . .

Ann Rutherford's 22nd birthday party was as big as a deMille production! Tossed by suitor Dave May's parents (dep't. store scions) in their 25-room mansion, it cost $2,000. Cake with frosting-inscribed "Happy birthday, Ann, stay as sweet as you are" contained music box pealing greetings!

BY TYRONE POWER
AS TOLD TO IDA ZEITLIN

Days I remember in 1941

More poignant than a love story, more intimate than a diary—here's a warm living picture of the real Ty Power!

Mexico City, January 8th.

• Saw my first bullfight. I didn't particularly want to. Rather see a good football game any day. Knew I wouldn't understand the fine points. You can't unless you're born to it or make a thoroughgoing study of it like Hemingway. "If I don't like it," I told Annabella, "I'll get up after the first bull and go out." She smiled. The smile that means she's not saying all she thinks. She was keener about going than I was. She's seen bullfights abroad.

Well, it's true I didn't get the fine points. All the time the crowds were yelling olé, olé, I wondered what the devil they were yelling about. I did enjoy the color and pageantry, though, and felt no impulse to leave. But even if I had, I'd have stuck.

We'd been seated where the crowds couldn't miss us, and apparently all twenty-five thousand knew we'd come to Mexico to shoot scenes for "Blood and Sand," with me as the matador. Which made me their personal concern. They smiled, waved, shouted advice, information, encouragement, and when something especially exciting happened in the ring, they'd rise as one man—or so it seemed to my self-consciousness—pointing from the ring to me and yelling their heads off. After one such mark of attention, my wife leaned over. "What would they think if you left?"

I grinned. "*You* tell *me*."

"'Sissy! He can't even sit and *look* at a bullfight. How can he look a bull in the face when he plays?'"

Off Mazatlan, January 31st.

We've had three perfect days on the island. Annabella kept recognizing spots from the endless diagrams I've drawn. "This is the cove—". "Here is the clump of palms—"

"You have been here before?" asked the boatman we hired to run us over.

"No, but my husband has talked and talked—"

After hearing so much about it, I was afraid she might be disappointed. But she fell as hard as I did that day I first clapped eyes on it and leased it from the Mexican government. (*Continued on page 86*)

Frances Farmer shares a sultry scene with Ty in "Son of Fury." Frau Annabella just refused 3 stage offers in N. Y.

Tyrone's just adopted his 7th dog from the city pound. Can't resist them, especially when they're homeless!

Annabella says, "We are never apart. I so completely fill my husband's life, there is no room for another woman."

Bob (rt. front) earned his first dime at 10, warbling on street corners! His mom, an English concert singer, coached his squeaky soprano.

"What a square meal would have done for this combination," says Hope of his early Ohio vaudeville team, discovered by Fatty Arbuckle.

The Chandler Motor Co. Quartet got their walking papers when the boss found them using his dictaphone for song recordings!

During production of "La. Purchase," Bob had to bleach his ruddy tan with lemon juice so he wouldn't Technicolor like an Indian!

THEY GOT ME COVERED

BY BOB HOPE

There was a great deal of excitement at the little house next door to the Barretts of Wimpole Street. My best friend was having a baby. Me. I was born in the year (see your local draft board), London, England. London and my father were very foggy that night. It was so foggy, I could hardly see the doctor before my face.

They decided to name me Lester Townes Hope, and at the time I didn't care much one way or the other. But when I grew up I began to care, and it wasn't one way—it was the other. So I changed it.

Our family left England shortly after I was born and sailed to America to forget. The next part of my childhood was spent in Cleveland, Ohio—a great city in spite of that. Becoming a child was a big step for me, and very often on my face.

I was such a beautiful baby. I had long golden curls down to my hips. Mother was proud of my mop of golden curls. Besides, they came in handy to polish the car with. It wasn't until I got my first haircut that I had to wear a shirt.

We had a pretty big family as families go, and ours just seemed to keep going. My father was the proud father of seven boys. In fact, he was the Bing Crosby of his day. He ruled the household with an iron hand. At least that was what it felt like. He spanked me so hard once I went to the fortuneteller and got his palm read. I always seemed to be in trouble with him. I used to spend so much time in the woodshed, once a year a man had to come over and treat me for termites.

One day my father laid down the law to me. Grabbing me by the nose he said: "Lester, run down to the barber shop and get a shave. You're going to start kindergarten today." That (*Continued on page 88*)

The Hopes live on a N. Hollywood estate, have 2 adopted kids, 2 Cadillacs and a station wagon!

Colonna is the music-maker of their program:

Bob's face got that-a-way when a tree fell on it. He and Colonna miss Brenda and Cobina on the program this year

NON-STOP HONEYMOON

Ronnie's brother is in radio. His dad owned a shoe store.

Reagan (at right) starred in Eureka College football.

It was a short hop from sports writing to sports announcing!

They live on love and like it—those blissful hom

● When Jane first met Reagan, she didn't believe he was true. By her own rating, Jane's a cynical wench. ("It's an act," says her husband. "I *know*.") Battling her own way from an early age, she came up against all kinds and ended by taking very few on trust.

Then along came Reagan, loving his fellow men. Jane would eye him in wonder and exasperation. "I'd like to hear you knock someone, just for a change—"

"Name him," said Ronnie, always obliging. Jane did. "Oh, he's okay. Always been swell to me. Don't believe everything you hear."

"But I didn't hear it, I know it."

"Well, maybe somebody conked him as a babe, and he never got over it. Anyway, what's it to us? Play golf."

"Ronnie, you really believe all that stuff, don't you? About people being decent, and they'd rather boost you than knife you?"

"Hell, yes. How could you go on living if you didn't?

By Kaaren Pieck

Shooting a scene with Edw. Robinson recently, Jane over-zealously kissed out his front tooth! That's "Nutsy" she's holding.

Ronnie leaves his usual billet-doux for Jane before starting for W. B. where he's making "King's Row."

Stop talking such nonsense and go on with your golf."

Jane swung her club and fell in love at the same moment. After two years of marriage she's more in love than when they started. She knows now by experience, not just intuition, that Ronnie's viewpoint stems from strength, not naiveté; from a steady faith and kindliness which draws a response in the same coin. People's eyes warm when his name comes up.

He measures values by the long view, not by the moment. "Look at the stars and remember that we all die." She's never seen him lose his temper. He gets mad, but controls it. And he won't waste anger on trifles. To his sense of proportion, anything's a trifle that involves no lasting harm.

Like the time Jane was driving him to the airport to see him off on a personal appearance tour. This was before they were married.

"I'll drive," said Ronnie.

"No, me. It's my car, and I know it better than you do."

She's a good driver. But she was wearing her first pair of wedgies, her foot slipped on the brake and she crashed into the curb. Sitting small and woebegone and somewhat shaken, she waited for the male to detonate. He pulled her against a comforting shoulder. "Janey, please," he said mildly, "next time I drive."

Jane's own temper is quick. That's why when she gets mad, she prefers not to have him around. "He makes me ashamed." She's tried to subdue it and thinks she's succeeded to some degree, but remarks dryly that her greatest success would still leave room for improvement.

However, Ronnie's softening effect on Jane is noticeable. One of those days at the studio when everything went wrong . . . her wardrobe, her make-up, her hair-do . . . Ronnie chose a bad moment to pop into the dressing room. His wife was laying down the law.

"Now, Janey," he said.

She turned. "Look, Reagan, (*Continued on page 67*)

nd-firesiders, Ronny Reagan and Janie Wyman!

Maureen's daddy Ranald warked his way thraugh callege as a life-guard . . . ance let a cow laase in girls' darm!

and Georgie Raft aren't seeing eye to eye rehung a Narma Shearer partrait in his raam that he dated her behind Grable's back

CANDIDLY YOURS

CONTINUED

Since splitting with Brent, Ann Sheridan's been forgetting it all with Cesar Romero (Ann Sothern's chum). Sheridan's tickled over rumors of that N. Y. doctor who sells oomph pills!

Fay Bainter, Greg Bautzer and Dottie Lamour at the Brown Derby. Those two diamond rings on Dottie's third finger, left hand, are definitely not engagement or wedding bands!

That old ex-Montana cowboy Georgie Montgomery's doing a turnabout into a Vic Maturish man-about-town! Chrismased at Ginger Rogers' ranch, night-clubs with Elyse Knox.

Jon Hall and the missus Frances Langford at the annual Helpers' Banquet in Hollywood. Frances is thrilled to death with her invitation to solo it on Bob Hope's nationwide show.

Ex-light-heavyweight champ "Slapsie Maxie" Rosenbloom threw a huge shebang for filmdom's who's who. Comedian Billy Gilbert and his better half had the party in stitches!

Marlene Dietrich's first date after her trip East was with Jean Gabin at Ciro's. While in New York she visited hubby Rudolf Sieber and took her game leg to an M. D.

The Brian Ahernes' romance bloomed when Brian can a-courtin' Joan's sister Olivia de Havilland. Joan snagge and wed him one month after she first laid eyes on hir

Although Veronica Lake's the tiniest gal in town (5' 2", 98 lbs.) and a super-duper cook, she's just plain "Mousie" to spouse John Detlie. She reciprocates by dubbing him "Mutt."

The fur flew when "Reap the Wild Wind" director unwittingl put Ray Milland in a sham boxing match. Seems Ray was crackerjack boxer in World War I! Above, with Mrs. Millanc

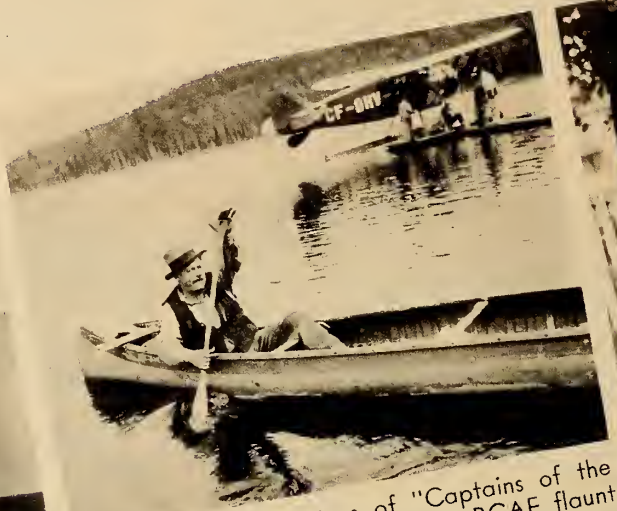
36-year-old Bruce Cabot and 17-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt are still blissful. Arrived in New York on the same train from Hollywood, toured the bistros together during their visit!

One puppy love that's still going strong—Buddy Pepper anc Jane Withers, steaking it at the Brown Derby. Buddy's proud as Punch of his new ditty which Gene Krupa's going to air

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

"Location" Blues

Brenda Marshall's perpetual sunburn is a hang-over from her childhood on a sugar plantation, a problem for the Technicolor make-up man.



Alan Hale and co-stars of "Captains of the Clouds" gave nightly shows for the RCAF, flaunt certificates of appreciation from the airmen.

Brenda drove from "Captains'" Ottawa location to see the quints and Dafoe.

THAT DEVILISH OLD LOCATION JINX HAS TAKEN THE TWINKLE OUT OF MORE THAN ONE BRIGHT STAR!

● Somewhere on the gray Atlantic, Stirling Hayden is said to be steering Canadian freighters bound for Britain and loaded to the gunwales with dynamite, gunpowder and TNT.

If that touchy cargo, over which Stirling's taffy locks so gallantly wave at this point, ever goes off with a loud "BaLOOM!" it might possibly match explosions around Paramount studios, which still reverberate today. Paramount is the place where Mr. Hayden—just the greatest Hollywood hero bet since Clark Gable—recently told his thunderstruck bosses what they could do with their fame and fortune and strode away broke but happy—a sailor for to be.

That was a goodly spell ago, but today at Paramount those jilted big shots still bat their heads bitterly against the panelled wailing walls of their private offices. What they cry out, in sharp anguish, as they recall that big, beautiful box-office fish who got away, is just this: "Why, oh why did we ever send that guy off on location?"

It may be strictly a coincidence that Heavenly Hayden thumbed his nose at Hollywood right after his hectic "Bahama Passage" excursion to the Spanish Main.

But anything can happen on a Hollywood location—and it usually does.

Since the first camera company packed a stack of box-lunches and a month's supply of berets and ventured into the Great Outside World, Hollywood picture picnics have brewed all sorts of odd and interesting things—for both stars and studios.

From the time Lee Tracy almost started a war between Mexico and Hollywood by acting up down Mexico way on "Viva Villa," to the other day when Bette Davis got yanked off her honeymoon for "The Bride Comes C.O.D." and landed in Death Valley with cactus spines pincushioning her pants, cosmic events seem to bounce off the beam on Hollywood locations. Just note these nostalgic bulletins:

George Brent flies to Pensa- (*Continued on page 94*)

When "Valley of the Sun" called for an early Western town, RKO invaded Taos, N. Mex. James Craig and Lucille Ball ride its ancient carrousel.

During filming of saga starring James Craig, Eagles Nest Indians never knew they were being used as extras.

While making "Wyoming," a blizzard snowed in Wallace Beery and cast at Jackson Hole, Wyo. Supplies were toted by snowshoe parties.

The filming of "Bahama Passage" took Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden to a desolate island of 4 white people and 400 natives, 636 miles from Miami.

Madeleine didn't mind Salt Kay's lack of electricity or running water nearly so much as getting back to civilization after "Bahama Passage."

young man with a HORN

BY JEAN KINKEAD

There's nothing icky about Modernaires Bill Conway, Hal Dickinson, Ralph Brewster or Chuck Goldstein—Sax-playing Vocalist Tex Beneke or Maestro Miller.

A few notes, not strictly musical, about Glenn Miller

. . . . that $1,000,000 Pied Piper who pinches himself to see if it's really true, then starts jivin' for joy!

● It's eight o'clock in New York. Mobs of kids stand in line in the rain outside the CBS Playhouse waiting for the doors to open. Two half-pints slug it out for first place in line. . . . A drenched and harassed mama from Staten Island tells her daughter this better be good. "Good! He's just the best musician in the world, that's all. Number one bandleader for the third year in a row. A solid peacheroo. *Good,* she says!" . . . A couple of prosperous looking chaps want to buy the free admission tickets from two kids who look as if they could use the money. "Give you four bits apiece for 'em." "Y'crazy, mister. These is to hear Glenn Miller—in poisin!"

And there you have it. Glenn Miller on the air is superb, in the movies he's divine—but "in poisin," he's terrific. They tell you he looks like a business man, but don't believe it. He's big and sunburned and lives in sports clothes. He'd be all wrong in an office with those tap-happy feet of his and those devilish eyebrows that keep going off at tangents when the rest of his face is dead serious. He's a jittergent. But good. Ask the Ink Spots or Lily Pons or Deems Taylor about him. He's "hep," "beautiful to hear" and "brilliant," respectively. Ask the manager of the Glen Island Casino or the Meadowbrook or the Pennsylvania what bandleader is synonymous with Santa Claus. Why, at that famous dance held in Hershey, Pa., he demolished Artie Shaw's all-time house record of 4600. Glenn had 4900 of them sardined into the place with hundreds more eavesdropping outside. All of which adds up to much dough for the "jump joint" owners—and a fair piece of change for Mr. M. Last year the band grossed just under $1,000,000!

"I keep pinching myself," *Continued on page 92*)

Chummy McGregor's mess of piano helps make Glenn's rhythm section a "one-and-only." On the side he arranges.

Glenn was a top arranger before whipping together his own band; still heads his own staff of arrangers. Bass player Doc Goldberg succeeded Trigger Albert.

On hearing Bob Eberle, Glenn joshed, "You got a brother?" He did. A kid brother named Ray . . . and Glenn grabbed him. The latest Miller film is T.C.F.'s "Sun Valley Serenade."

At Tex Beneke's side is Marion Hutton, sister of "Panama Hattie's" jitterbugging Betty Hutton.

"H. M. Pulham, Esq."

By Jean Francis Webb and Kay Hardy

HARRY: "Where can you get me a job?"
BILL: "Where I'm working. The advertising business. J. T. Bullard, Inc. I'm in strong with Bullard."

MR. PULHAM: "Too many women—don't let them run you, son."
HARRY: "No, I won't, sir."

HARRY: "Yes . . . we've lasted."
MARVIN: "Over time and space."

STORY . . .

He hadn't heard from Marvin Myles in years. Twenty, at least.

One couldn't have found a more substantial, respected, middle-aged Harvard man in Boston than Harry Pulham. He had a wife and two children and a business which had been his father's before him. In his sensible routine there was no place for memories.

Strange how two bombshells could be tossed into that comfortable existence the same afternoon! A luncheon with Bo-Jo Brown, at which Harry let himself be talked into writing the class biographies for that approaching Twenty-fifth Reunion. And then the call from Marvin.

With a blank form in front of him, on which he was supposed to list age, birthplace, schooling, life after college—with the ghost of a light, eager voice still echoing in his ears—what chance had (*Continued on page 74*)

PRODUCTION . . .

The great secret Metro's been trying to keep from the world has finally popped out. Hedy Lamarr is *not* the languid lady they'd have you believe she is. The gal's a jitterbug! On the set of "Pulham" she didn't relax once. Puttered around sorting magazines, moving furniture, cleaning her dressing-room mirror. Took time off from her lunch hour to collaborate with song-writer Red Ruth-

MARVIN: "Don't worry, Mrs. Frenkel. We're not trying to sell you anything."

MARVIN: "I've always sat up on sleds."
HARRY: "You can't. You'd fall off on the curve. Just lie down behind me and hold on tight."

HARRY: "I brought some champagne. Of course lunch time's a little early, but I've never liked it without you."

ven on a torchy ballad titled, "Do You Believe It?" Director King Vidor let her be herself in the picture, had her deliver all her lines in fast tempo.

After emerging from story conferences with Author J. P. Marquand, Vidor went to work on a plan to have the script follow the book as closely as possible. He and his secretary acted out and recorded every single sequence. The original dialogue was retained and revised only if it didn't fit the timing of the character's actions. In one scene, pointing up the undeviating routine of Bob Young's business day, Vidor used a metronome to set the pace. Bob had to walk into the office, hang up his hat, unbutton his overcoat, hang it up, take off his gloves, walk to the desk, sit down, pick (*Continued on page 76*)

KAY: "He fell in the brook with his wrist watch on."
HARRY: "If that boy doesn't think enough of his wrist watch—Give me the letter—I'll write him."

Parade drew biggest mob (800,000) in its history. Rochester and Carmichael barely navigated Benny's ancient Maxwell. Jack and crew were heartbroken when they arrived too late to enter!

GOOD NEWS

BY SYLVIA KAHN

Hollywood Blvd. was transformed into Santa Claus Lane. Burns and Allen rode with their kids, Sandra and Ronnie, in a swan-drawn sea shell.

HIGH SPOT OF HOLIDAYS IS INAUGURATION OF SANTA—WITH ERSATZ SNOW!

"Dear Diary:"

Thurs., Dec. 4th: Diary, you'll split your sides at this one! Lunched at Fox with Vic Mature, and Vic told me the Encyclopaedia Britannica had chosen him Hollywood's "typical family man!" For posing with their books, they handed him a free set of Britannica *and* the Books of Knowledge for Martha's little girl. Betty Grable stopped by our table and derned if she wasn't crying! Betty's none too happy these days. She takes everything connected with her career very seriously, and all that talk about her snubbing and feuding with Carole Landis has her tear-drenching her pillow each night. She says not a snitch of it's true, and I believe her. When Betty left, Vic pointed out Maureen O'Hara. He thinks she's the cutest dish on the Fox lot. Imagine that! After spending the morning making love to Betty Grable! In "Song of the Islands", of course.

Sun., Dec. 7th: House-hunting down the street where Amelia Earhart's former home stands vacant. Miss Earhart built it just before she disappeared, and Eddie Albert rented it a while for $325 a month. I loved the house—but $30,000; Ouch! Said hello to John Carroll and his mother who were there when we came in. Later the agent told me John had *almost* made up his mind to buy the place. He seemed pretty happy about it—the agent I mean—so I didn't tell him that when I talked to John a year ago, he was *almost* buying another home, and he's *almost* bought a half-dozen since. John's a pretty unstable boy. He's actually purchased seven cars this year and traded them in one by one because he tired of their colors! And that beautiful trailer he owns—he's only taken it on one trip, and now it's parked on the M-G-M lot where Red Skelton and Rags Ragland use it for their gin rummy games!

Thurs., Dec. 11th: Over to RKO where June Havoc, sister of Stripteaser Gypsy Rose Lee, was doing a scene in "Powdertown." June had less protection on her *derriere* than Gypsy Rose ever had on a Minsky stage. Her dog, Napoleon, had chewed away the seat of her gown while it hung in her dressing room, and there'd been no time to repair it! June told me the Hays Office will not allow Gypsy Rose to appear in the filmization of her best-selling book, "The G-String Murders." Not that Gypsy Rose cares. She's satisfied with the $25,000 she received for the movie rights to "G-String."

Dropped in on the "Syncopation" set to say hello to Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper. Bonita's soundproofing the playroom in her North Hollywood home so that when Jackie and the kids come over for jam sessions, the noise won't disturb the neighbors. I know that'll be good news to Ann Sheridan. Annie's house backs on Bonita's, and the little Granville's "informals" have done her out of lots of sleep.

Thurs., Dec. 18th: To Warners to watch them make "Arsenic and Old Lace" which the studio says will be even better than the stage production. I saw Boris Karloff do the play in New York—and, Studio, you gotta go some to top that show! Just missed Barbara Hutton who was on the set all morning visiting with Cary Grant. Cary wouldn't let any of the camera boys take her picture.

Fire broke out before I left, but it was nothing serious. Everyone scrambled out of the stage except Priscilla Lane. Priscilla is assistant to her newspaperman husband, John Barry, on his Victorville Press, and the reporter in her wouldn't let her run out on what might have been a good story.

Went from "Arsenic and Old Lace" to "In This Our Life." Just in time to see Olivia de Havilland proudly exhibiting a sweater a *soldier* had knitted for *her*. Olivia shimmied out of the sweater and the conversation turned to food. Olivia is dieting and the cast, especially Bette Davis, rib her mercilessly by keeping up a running line of patter about food. While Bette goes on about juicy steaks and gooey pastries, Olivia's eyes register torture, but she takes it like a sport. I asked Bette about that hot chicken broth she drinks all day. She says it gives her pep.

Sat., Dec. 20th: Finally yielded to temptation and stopped in at the Finnish Bath Salon on the Sunset Strip. For ages I've wondered what goes on in that place. Now I know. The baths are supposed to be great health-givers. You steam yourself in a large stone grotto, and at the same time, beat yourself clean with fir boughs! There are five steps in the grotto, and the higher you go, the hotter it gets! Learned from the proprietress that Errol Flynn is the Miracle Man of the Finnish Bath world. His constitution is so amazing he can climb to the top and stay there a half hour without getting exhausted! Don't think I'd like to try it.

Tues., Dec. 23rd: For cocktails with Dorothy Lamour at the Bamboo Room of the Derby, where Dotty told me a Yuletide story. Many many Christmases ago when Dotty was a kid in New Orleans, she wanted a doll and baby

Big as life in the Las Angeles County sheriff's squad car were Dr. Watson (Nigel Bruce) and Sherlock Holmes (Basil Rathbane), escarted by sheriff's mounted posse!

Capt. Flagg and Sergeant Quirt of the U. S. Marines were represented by Edmund Lowe and Vic McLaglen. Swanked it in a rickshaw pulled by Chinese coolies!

GOOD NEWS

CONTINUED

buggy very badly. But her family was going through a tough period, and the most expensive gift her mother could get her was a baseball. Dotty took her baseball and never mentioned the doll and buggy again. Neither did her mother. Until last year when D. Lamour, Movie Star, came down to breakfast on Christmas morning and found, under her tree, the very toys she'd longed for back in New Orleans. She picked the gift card off the buggy handle, and read: "For my darling, I'm sorry this had to come twenty years too late. Love, Moms." And then Dotty bawled.

Autry-Suggestion

Why Gene Autry receives gobs of fan mail from expectant mothers we will never understand. But receive it he does. From every corner of the country, and all seeking pre-natal advice! Gene doesn't worry about answering those letters. His wife always comes to his rescue before he expires in a sea of blushes.

However, any letter requiring less specialized knowledge always enjoys his personal attention. Like the one that came from a worried mother in Kansas City.

"My little boy won't get into bed for his afternoon nap," it read. "Please, Mr. Autry, will you write and tell him he must? He'll do anything you say."

"I jumped on that one immediately," Gene told us. "I wrote back and assured that child that no matter where I was or what I was doing, I never let anything interfere with *my* afternoon nap. I said sleep made me big and strong!

"When I mailed the letter, I was well pleased with myself. I had helped a mother out and put a youngster on the right track.

"But do you know what happened?" Gene continued. "One week later I heard from the woman again. A frantic letter. She wanted me to send another note to her little boy. Seems ever since he got my first message, the child won't get *out* of his bed!"

Photo Phobias

To countless stars there is nothing so deadly as the candid camera—that little black box which mercilessly snatches their images in off-guard moments. But though the camera is quick, most stars are quicker still. In the slither of a second between the approach of the "birdie" and the flutter of the shutter, they manage to reach for their pet photo phobia—the expression or gesture that will make them prettier children in the final print.

For example: Veronica Lake plunges for her fur coat, slips it around her shoulders where it makes a flattering frame for her face . . . Jinx Falkenburg exclaims: "Isn't it too wonderful, darling!" "It's an animating expression," Jinx explains. "Makes me look wide awake!" . . . Marlene Dietrich, on the other hand, cuts her conversation dead. Claims a moving mouth contorts her face, making an ugly picture.

On the masculine side, there's George Raft who nervously goes deadpan . . . And Fred Astaire who wants the camera boys to shoot from their knees because the angle makes his hair look thicker . . . And Kay Kyser who ducks his cigars because he works for a cigarette company . . . And Mickey Rooney who asks the photogs to hold off till his horn-rimmed specs are hidden . . . And Charlie Chaplin, also vain about goggles, who smuggles his out of view faster than a flash bulb can pop.

Rita Hayworth and Dorothy Lamour, addicted to sexy, low-cut formals, skillfully shift an arm over their breasts when a cameraman focuses on a decolleté neckline . . . But Maria Montez wiggles into a more revealing position . . . Jeanette MacDonald nonchalantly raises a program or menu to her face. She's unnecessarily self-conscious about a double chin . . . If they're dancing, George Murphy hugs his wife closer . . . Ann Rutherford ruffles up her hair.

And last but not least, we have Lana and Tony who, in their scrappy days, would urge cameramen to "hurry it up, please," so they could drop their forced smiles and return to their unceasing bickering.

So you see, dear reader, those widely acclaimed "candid" pictures aren't so very candid after all! (*Continued on page 100*)

The Rudy Vallee Toyland float was complete with castle, guardhouse, John Barrymore, human Walt Disney characters, Rudy (as a toy soldier) and comic Joan Davis!

Mr. and Mrs. Red Skelton rode atop a bale of corn cobs. Red claimed it symbolizes his comedy, attached a placard reading, "Corn, we shuck it, we air it."

Billing themselves as Santa Claus McCarthy and Scrooge Bergen, Charlie and Edgar brought along a public address system to entertain the crowds. Besides them, there were over fifty celebrities in the parade!

SKATE or SWIM

Photographed at Westwood Tropicol Ice Gardens

• Going skating? Be sure to look spectacular whether you skate that way or not. Wear a princess skating dress in startling white corduroy—or a black velveteen skirt and vest with a bright red shirt. Snitch your ski sweater for skating, too.

• Going where it's warm, lucky you? Have at least two form-fitting swim suits for active swims and one of the new rubber sarong suits, also. Get a beach bag as big as all get-out and don't forget your sandals.

Louise La Planche, now appearing in Paramount's "Louisiono Purchose."

Photographed by Bob Beerman

Beverly Wilshire Hotel

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION TURN TO PAGE 85

MORN *till* NIGHT

With these special three in your clothes closet, you'll winter-into-spring in the very newest 1942 fashion!

Eva Gabor, petite Paramount starlet now appearing in "Midnight Angel."

• It's January and high time for a print we say! Get yourself a black and yellow one with solid black bodice, and don't overlook the bow.

For tailored moments, take twill, the current favorite, in a blue two-piece frock that can easily add a crisp white collar.

If you like winter white, the shirtwaist classic and contrast, then end your search, for here you are—the perfect black and white jacket dress that you'll wear and wear.

By Elizabeth Willguss

MODERN SCREEN'S Hand

FOR	USE THESE ITEMS	HOW AND WHEN TO USE THEM
A PERFECT MANICURE	Polish remover, cleansing tissue, cotton, nail brush, cuticle softener, orange stick, emery board, file, nail white, buffer, polish base, polish, polish protector and hand lotion or cream.	Remove old polish with special remover and cleansing tissue or cotton. Shape nails with emery board or file, then scrub in sudsy water with firm-bristled brush. After drying hands, ease back nail cuticle with orange stick dipped in softener. Apply nail white and rinse fingertips. Stimulate nails with buffer, then apply foundation and polish and polish protector. Massage hands with softening cream or lotion.
BRITTLE NAILS	Cuticle oil, nail conditioner, buffer, oily manicure preparations, rich hand cream or lotion, soft cotton gloves.	Use only oily manicure preparations. Buff nails nightly before retiring, then lubricate cuticles and tips with nail cream or special conditioner. Whenever possible, soak nails in warm oil five or ten minutes. Always leave excess lubricants on overnight. Soft cotton gloves, worn while sleeping, will help the penetration of oils.
OVER-OILY OR PERSPIRING HANDS	Mild soap, firm-bristled brush, astringent lotion, talcum.	Frequently wash hands with mild soap and firm-bristled hand brush. Rinse and dry thoroughly. Then use astringent lotion and talcum on palms.
CHAPPED HANDS	Mild soap, cleansing cream, tissues, rich hand cream or lotion, soft cotton gloves.	Wash hands with mild soap and soft hand brush, rinse and dry thoroughly. Or, cleanse hands with soothing cold cream, using soft tissues to remove excess. Massage hands with rich hand cream or lotion. Apply protective lotion or cream before going outdoors and always wear gloves. At night massage hands with rich lubricants and leave on overnight. Wear soft, porous cotton gloves to protect bedcovers.
DRY OR WRINKLED HANDS	Mild soap, hand cream and lotion, soft cotton gloves, rich lubricating cream.	Wash hands with mild soap. Rinse well and apply softening lation or cream immediately and always before going outdoors. Massage lubricating cream or special hand lubricants into hands before retiring and wear porous cotton gloves to help the penetration af oils.
ROUGH ELBOWS	Mild soap, hand brush, cleansing cream, lubricating cream, protective lotions.	If elbows are sore, loasen stubborn grime with cleansing cream. Remove with tissue. Scrub elbows with mild soap and lukewarm water, using a firm-bristled brush. Apply protective creams and lotions. Soften skin by massaging rich lubricating cream into elbows every night.

BEAUTY CHART

BY CAROL CARTER

WITH THESE FASHION COLORS	WEAR THESE SHADES OF NAIL POLISH, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK					
GREENS	With bright green, wear orange-red, blue-red or red-red polish ond motching rouge and lipstick.	With dark green, wear red-red or blue-red polish and matching rouge and lipstick.	With olive green, weor burnished-red or orange-red polish ond orange-red rouge and lipstick.	With blue green, wear blue-red or orange-red polish and matching rouge and lipstick.	With chartreuse green, wear red-orange or burnished red polish and red-oronge rouge and lipstick.	With pole green, wear pink, rose, blue-red or orange-red polish ond hormonizing rouge ond lipstick.
BLUES	With bright blue, wear blue-red, red-red or bright pink polish ond blue-red or clear red rouge and lipstick.	With French blue, wear rose or blue-red polish and clear red or blue-red rouge and lipstick.	With medium blue, wear rose, blue-red or red-red polish and clear red or blue-red rouge and lipstick.	With novy blue, wear blue-red, red-red or bright pink polish and blue-red or matching red rouge and lipstick.	With green blue, wear orange-red or blue-red polish and motching rouge and lipstick.	With postel blue, wear pink or rose polish ond clear or soft red rouge and lipstick.
REDS	With vermilion red, wear red polish in matching intensity and clear red rouge and lipstick.	With orange red, wear red-orange or brown-red polish and red-orange rouge ond lipstick.	With wine, wear deep, dark red or blue-red polish and motching rouge ond lipstick.	With fuchsio, wear soft blue-red polish ond matching rouge and lipstick.	With bright pink, weor matching pink polish and soft red rouge and lipstick.	With postel pink, weor pink or blue-red polish and matching blue-red or soft red rouge ond lipstick.
PURPLES	With bright purple, wear blue-red polish and motching blue-red rouge and lipstick.	With subdued purple, wear blue-red polish in subdued shades and matching blue-red rouge and lipstick.	With red violet, wear bright blue-red polish ond matching blue-red rouge and lipstick.	With blue violet, wear blue-red polish and motching blue-red rouge ond lipstick.	With deep orchid, wear blue-red or shell pink polish and blue-red or soft red rouge and lipstick.	With pastel orchid, wear blue-red or shell pink polish and blue-red or soft red rouge and lipstick.
YELLOWS AND BROWNS	With bright or pastel yellow, wear orange-red or brown-red polish and orange-red rouge and lipstick.	With tan, brown or mustard, weor orange-red, red-red or brown-red polish and orange-red or red-red rouge ond lipstick.	With clear orange, wear orange-red or brown-red polish and orange-red rouge and lipstick.	With subdued orange, wear bronze-red or orange-red polish and orange-red rouge and lipstick.	With amber, wear burnished rose, red or copper-red polish and harmonizing red or orange-red rouge and lipstick.	With bronze, wear matching bronze or red-red polish and orange-red or red-red rouge and lipstick.
SPECIAL COLORS	With block, wear bright pink, red-red or blue-red polish and blue-red or cleor-red rouge and lipstick.	With white or ivory, wear red-red, blue-red, soft pink or rose polish and red or blue-red rouge and lipstick.	With gray, wear pink, rose, red-red or blue-red polish and clear red or blue-red rouge and lipstick.	With beige, weor pink, rose, blue-red or red-red polish and blue-red or clear red rouge and lipstick.	With silver, wear blue-red, red-red or rose polish and blue-red or cleor red rouge ond lipstick.	With gold, wear burnished red or brown-red polish and hormonizing orange-red or red rouge ond lipstick.

BY CAROL CARTER

Charm IS HAND-MADE

Jane Wyman holds beauty in her hands. She currently appears in "You're in the Army Now."

Nature didn't give us little girls one great big hand, but she did give us two potentially beautiful ones. And probably they are as tired of being our twin slave girls at the expense of their own beauty as Cinderella was of beautifying her sisters. It's time we let our hands do themselves a favor and start taking care of each other.

Anatomically hands are mostly bones, fibrous bands and ligaments, and besides getting harder usage than other parts of the skin, they have fewer oil glands, the palms none at all. So in addition to using protective creams and lotions every day, treat your favorite hands to heavy lubricants nightly. Massage each finger separately as if you were fitting a kid glove to your hand for the first time. Then, be as patient with the backs of your hands, working the cream in carefully to prevent their taking on that sandpaper tinge the next time you leave them gloveless in the wind. If your hands are very dry, give them an extra heavy dose and leave it on overnight, wearing soft cotton gloves to protect the blankets.

Rumor has it that Saturday is manicure day. If rumor is wrong, some other day surely ought to be. But for soft, alluring hands and smooth, healthy nails, regular daily care is imperative, too. It won't demand much time. Just make the most of the attention you do give your hands. Wash them with warm, not hot, water and bland, sudsy soap using a brush on grimy nails and knuckles. As you dry your hands thoroughly, get the jump on that Saturday manicure by pushing back the cuticle on each finger with your towel. Then follow up with a protective lotion.

To echo a national defense cry in the interest of charm. . . . To arms, girls! By that we mean be hand-conscious right up past the elbows. And you still won't be as elbow-conscious as the very men you strive to please. To avoid criticism from this honored gallery, here is what to do. Scrub the (*Continued on page 98*)

CAN YOUR HANDS PASS THE *KISS TEST?*

MAKE THIS TEST—*Brush your lips across the back of your hand. Does skin feel rough, and uninviting? Now use extra quick-drying Cashmere Bouquet Lotion. Notice how smooth hands become.*

HERE'S WHY—*Because Cashmere Bouquet Lotion removes dead skin and surface scales instantly, it leaves your hands soft and alluring.*

"PLUSH luxury!" you think, when you hear of a society beauty paying dollars for salon hand-treatments. But, with Cashmere Bouquet Lotion you can do it for yourself, many times a day, at about a penny a time. It's speedy, too, this Cashmere Bouquet Lotion treatment, for it works "quick as a kiss."

So after every dishwashing you can give your hands that kiss appeal. Because Cashmere Bouquet Lotion dries in ten seconds. No smeary, gooey stickiness. But blessed smoothness. And of course this lovely lotion imparts to your hands the perfume of Cashmere Bouquet—the alluring 'fragrance men love'.

In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet Lotion

FOR HANDS THAT MEN LOVE TO KISS

Another member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of beauty preparations.

Groceful to her fingertips is Eleonor Powell, lovely M-G-M stor ond doncer. You'll see her next in "I'll Toke Monilo."

Beauty at your fingertips

Shapely, well-groomed nails are a "must" for every winning hand. Here are quick tricks for making yours lovelier!

BY CAROL CARTER

FINGERTIPS are such little things, it's amazing how important they are to beauty. But these days with busy fingers so much in fashion, they are constantly calling attention to themselves and how loudly they shout our virtues and failings. If they are graceful and well-groomed, they reflect fastidiousness and discrimination—characteristics we're proud to advertise. But if they are rough, chipped or indifferently manicured, they tell a decidedly unflattering story.

Long, slim patrician hands—possessed by all heroines in Victorian novels—are no longer our only standard for beauty. Those that are strong and capable, no matter what their size or shape, can look just as glamorous if they are smooth and soft with graceful tips. And no matter how lovely they naturally are, they'll be even more alluring if they receive an extra share of coddling. So treat your nails to a thorough manicure —weekly or oftener. It's a grand beautifier of healthy nails and a sure cure for almost all fingertip ailments —major and minor. Assemble all the soothing preparations and specially designed tools that make the job easy and pleasant in one place before you begin. Then you can work without interruption. Here's what you need: a bowl of sudsy water, polish remover, emery board, orange stick, cuticle softener, nail white, buffer, polish base, polish and polish protector, hand cream or lotion—and of course, those old stand-bys—cleansing tissue and cotton.

Begin by taking off all old polish with remover and cleansing tissue. Then, with your emery board shape your nails to becoming ovals, filing them from the sides toward the center. Dip your fingers into sudsy water and scrub them briskly with a good firm-bristled nail brush. Then, after drying, go around the cuticles and under the tips with a cotton-wound orange stick saturated with cuticle lotion. This will soften and remove dead tissue painlessly and easily. Apply nail white under each tip, then rinse your fingers again. When drying them, press back the cuticle with your towel. Then buff each nail eight to ten times in the same direction. It's grand for stimulating growth. Apply your polish base and allow it to harden before putting

Toke off old polish with o special remover and cleonsing tissue.

Cuticle softeners ond oils keep noils heolthy ond eosy to monicure.

Apply your polish evenly in o few bold strokes. Let it dry slowly.

Use creom or lotion frequently to protect honds from roughness.

on colored lacquer. Some girls prefer to use their favorite polish as a base, but that is only a matter of preference. The point is to use two coats at least—the first to fill in minor depressions in the nails so that the second will adhere evenly. As a finishing touch, apply a film of colorless polish protector. It not only keeps lacquer from chipping easily but adds luster to your nails.

The right technique is important in applying polish if you want a smooth, long-lasting job. First, outline the moon in one continuous stroke, then cover the rest of the nail in about three parallel movements from moon to tip. If your nails are natural, becoming ovals, play up their beauty by leaving a small moon and narrow tip free of polish. But if you want to make round nails and short fingers appear longer, bring the polish out to the nail's edge, removing only a fine hairline for daily filing. If nails are square, you can make them more shapely by filing them to deep ovals at the sides. Then, apply the polish to leave curved moons and tips.

Busy or not, keep those hands of yours perfectly still for at least five minutes while the polish is drying. Waving them about or blowing on them may cut the time a little but is likely to result in ridges or bubbles or may cause the polish to run into the cuticle.

Dry, brittle nails that seem to shred or break at the slightest provocation cause more grief and bad temper among hand-conscious girls than anything else we know. But it's a condition that can be overcome if you know the cause and are willing to spend a little extra time pampering your hands.

Fingernails, you know, are made of the same substance as your hair and are formed below the visible part of your nail. They are nourished by the bloodstream, so any upset in your health—nervousness, systemic dryness, faulty diet or a serious ailment—may react on their activity. Those ugly horizontal ridges that you occasionally see on (*Continued on page 99*)

NEW!
Pond's Dreamflower Powder
POND'S
POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK, NET WT 2 1/10 OZS.
New Dreamflower Shades—cunningly blended not to stodgily match your skin—but to give your face a look of starry-eyed, colorful freshness!
New Dreamflower Smoothness—clinging as a cloud. To veil your face with a "soft-focus" finish—tender . . . young . . . infinitely caressable.
New Dreamflower Box—adorably garlanded with tiny blossoms too precious for this earth! Lovely big box—only 49¢! 2 smaller sizes, too.
"Pond's new Dreamflower shades are new and completely delectable . . . and the box is the daintiest, most feminine thing I've ever seen!" MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.
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. . . stays on longer
2 BIG sizes Unusual values!
5 "Stagline" shades! (Be sure to try exciting magenta-toned Heart Throb —it's the season's hit color!)
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I want to see how the new Dreamflower shades and smoothness make my skin look lovelier. Will you please send me FREE samples of all 6 Dreamflower shades?
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Address
City
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(This offer good in U. S. only)

BY JUDY GARLAND'S MOM

Co-ed

When to flirt and when to chum it? Here's how to suit the action to the guy!

● Last time I was telling you that Judy was after me to do a "Get Your Man" article. She put on the pressure, but good, this month, so here 'tis. . . . What do you *really* want for Christmas? The tall, pallid chap who says intense, brilliant things in English class? The husky one that's captain of the hockey team and thinks women are poison? Or the smoothie senior who practically has one foot in Princeton and who couldn't dance more like Fred Astaire? One of them is strictly for you, but how to get him? Here goes, if your prayer is "Santa, make mine a smoothie!"

He's usually handsome, lives in tweed jackets and bow ties, isn't particularly athletic and is invariably chairman of the Junior Prom Committee.

You'd better look to your nails and hair—he notices details. Skip the pigtail hair-do and unusual color combinations—he's a conservative at heart. Wants a girl he can show off but loathes being stared at. Try inviting him to your next party. Enchant him by looking cute and having dozens of swell records; cut him off a yard or two of your gosh-it's-fun-to-dance-with-you line and more in the same vein; then shut up and let him talk.

Don't pursue him, but smile at him from across the room occasionally. Don't get too smitten with this guy as he loves a harem and rarely can be monopolized by one gal, no matter how alluring. Never try to show him a new dance step; nothing annoys him more than learning things from women. By the same token, if you're kind of a brightie, don't divulge. He usually isn't.

Now, supposing your plea is "Make mine an athlete!"

He's generally no Adonis—probably has a broken nose or a bull neck, slouches around in sweaters turned inside out so it doesn't look as if he's flaunting his letter, is crazy to go to college—but strictly for sports, not higher education—blushes every time he has to make a speech in Assembly.

You'd better look scrubbed and pretty and unsophisticated for him. He can't cope with artificiality. Wear sweaters and skirts and tweedy things to make him comfortable. Read the sports pages religiously, and keep posted on how many goals he made or blocked or assisted in every game, so you can compliment him. Very quietly, of course. He dreads being the center of attraction. He's the type you can invite over of an afternoon to fix your bike or diagnose your dog's illness—real or fictitious! Whereupon you ply him with elegant hot chocolate and cake, not to mention intelligent sport chatter. Or if you've fallen heir to two tickets to a hockey match or basketball game, he's your man. Confine your conversation to masculine things, but give it the feminine touch. Don't be too smart about the game; a well-placed query is often balm to his ego.

Don't be wise-cracky. This lad likes the old-fashioned girl who's sweet, innocent and (*Continued on page 97*)

NON-STOP HONEYMOON

(*Continued from page 43*)

I love you very dearly and there's hardly a moment of the day when I wouldn't rather be looking at your mug than my own. But this is the exception. Now will you please get out before I say something I might regret?"

He kissed the top of her head and left. But in doing it he had flipped the imaginary chip from his true love's shoulder.

"Listen, you," said the hairdresser, taking her cue from Ronnie's departing wink, "I'm going to fix your hair the way I think it ought to be fixed. Then if you don't like it, you can kick me out, too. But you're going to sit still and be quiet till I get it done."

"Okay," she said meekly.

Reagan took his shameless ear from the door and left, whistling.

HE'S like a kid about presents—hers. During their courting days, having discovered her mania for Teddy Bears, he dragged her off the lot one morning and out to his car. In the corner sat a very large, very pink, very charming bear.

"*Where* did you get it?"

"Seattle!"

He had, too, this particular variety being unobtainable in the local shops. The bear's name is Boppo, and he now goes to bed with Maureen.

Ronnie's favorite trick is to buy Jane something and hide it, so she'll come on it unexpectedly and squeal. Anyway, that's the theory. In practice it doesn't work because that's the evening Jane's sure to feel lazy. She refuses to prowl. Drawers and closets hold no interest for her. She gets into a chair and stays there, impervious to suggestion. Feeling that another minute of this will throw him on all fours howling, Ronnie gets up, pulls her out of the chair, leads her to the bedroom and says firmly: "I have a present for you. Can you find it? No, you're too dumb. Here it is."

"Like to go antique-hunting?" he asked one day. Jane never says no to that. They're buying stuff for the new house.

He left her at the shop. "You go on in. I want to stop across the street for a minute." Presently he was back. "Hey, I found something. Come on over and see."

Something was a car, brand-new and beautiful, in the shop across the street. Jane's china-blue eyes rounded. "We're not getting a new one, are we?"

"No, but the guy wants us to try her. What can we lose?"

They took her for a spin which spun out till Jane grew uneasy. "Hey, don't you think we'd better get this car back?"

"Why? You own it."

She whirled on him. "I thought you said we're not getting a new car."

"*We're* not. *You* are."

On the other hand, he's opposed to surprises for himself. Jane felt guilty. Ronnie's LaSalle was four years old. *He* should have had the new car. She'd buy him one!

"Pop, if you bought a new car, would you get another green one?"

"I'm not buying a new car."

"No, but if you did—"

He put his book down. "Look, hon, I'm on to you. You leave that green LaSalle of mine alone. I know every hum in the motor and I love 'em all. We'll take this up again—say in five years—"

That was an eye-opener for Jane. She'd known how he felt about his LaSalle, but not how strongly. He'd craved one for years, bought it as soon as he could afford to. It was a kind of symbol to him of dreams come true. But she hadn't realized that it partook of the nature of a blood brother, that no other LaSalle could ever mean the same, that he'd part from it only over its dead body.

Jane could sympathize with that feeling. She thought it was sweet. When he develops a similar clinging attachment to his old clothes, she thinks he's overdoing it. The battle of the suede jacket ended in a draw. He refused to have it cleaned. He refused to hang it on a hanger. One day Jane picked it gingerly off its hook. "This time you're not going to talk me out of it. The darn thing's so stiff it could stand alone. And look at that hump in the collar."

He snatched it to safety. "A guy doesn't even get into a suede jacket till it's hung long enough on a hook to fit the hook and collect some dirt. This one's just about ripe."

It's still dirty, and it still hangs on a hook. But out at the Golf Club where Jane takes it less personally.

By the same token, he likes her in casual clothes. With her hair down. Not long ago they gave a party at Ciro's. All gussied up, as he calls it, Jane presented herself for inspection—hair on top of her head, pink and black party dress, straight out of Vogue or Harper's Bazaar. He couldn't say she didn't look nice, for she did. But the spark was missing and its absence made her a little self-conscious all evening.

TELL me honestly, Ronnie, don't you like this hair-do?" she asked on the way home.

"It's very smart, honey, and *very* beautiful. But—" she could see him picking his way among words— "Well—photogenically, I don't think it would be so hot for you."

But when in short skirt and sweater she stands teeing off, face flushed, hair loose, he's sometimes moved to his prettiest compliment. Shielding his eyes, he pretends to be dazzled. "I can't stand it. Punk'nhead." (Punk'nhead's because of her round noggin). "You should have taken two ugly-pills this morning."

She thinks, when more understanding men are made, they'll be named Ronnie Reagan. Before marriage she was used to handling her own problems. "Snarling plenty of them up," she adds. Now she lays them like a trusting infant in Ronnie's lap.

He can tell by her face when a storm's brewing. Even before she explodes: "Listen to this—" As she talks, he steers her to the nursery, where he knows she'll let her troubles go hang for the moment. Then it's dinner time. Then when they're settled for the evening, he'll say, "Now let's iron this thing out."

"In five minutes," says Jane, "it's under control. Sometimes he'll laugh it off. Sometimes he'll take care of it himself. Or if he thinks it's up to me, he'll show me how to do it without getting my gall bladder upset. I don't want to make him sound like The Passing of the Third Floor Back. He's got his seamy side. We'll go into that later. But I've never known his values to be anything but right. He sees and thinks straight.

For instance, the day Jane had a date to lunch with Joy Hodges. Joy phoned to the restaurant that she couldn't make it. A director who wanted Jane for a part she was eager to play sat down at her table. They discussed pros and cons through most of the afternoon.

Next day the papers had it. "Jane Wyman was seen lunching with so-and-so. Wonder if the Reagans are breaking up?"

She showed it to Ronnie. "What do you think of that?"

"I think it's funny." She kissed him. "What's that for?"

"I think you're lovely."

It was Ronnie who solved his mother's design for living after his father died. Ronnie remembered a boy in whom she'd been especially interested—a boy with infantile paralysis who needed special care and whose people had no money. The doctors couldn't promise that he'd ever walk again. Ronnie suggested that she might like to have the boy share her home. She leaped at the idea which proved a happy one all 'round. Within a few months the boy will be up and walking.

Ronnie's own design for living includes eight hours of sleep . . . for himself and others.

He's perfected the technique of a second-story man to avoid disturbing Jane when he's got to be up first. Hours later she'll wake to find a note on her table. "Light of my life, where did you hide my suspenders?" This doesn't mean that she hid his suspenders. But he leaves her a note every morning and he has to write something.

I reminded Jane that we had his seamy side to go into.

"He has few domestic quirks but he does ask that I refrain from cleaning his desk, which is also mine. 'Look, Janey, I've got a terrific sense of possession,' he says. 'This half is mine . . . here where the dust begins. You clean up your half.'

"And another thing. He calls the baby Nutsie. It drives me wild; some day I'm going to brain him."

RONNIE contends that Maureen is for formal affairs, Nutsie's more sociable. Still, he endeavors to please and says, "Hello, Nu—Maureen." The baby doesn't seem to mind what he calls her. Let her hear his loud cluc' at the door, and she turns herself inside out to get at him. "She likes me," he observes smugly. He's developed a repertory of noises, each more idiotic than the other, because the sillier they sound, the more rapturously does his daughter gurgle. What she likes best is to jounce on his knee while he sings, "This is the way the ladies ride, trim, trim, trim." From the way she ogles him, you'd think he was her favorite movie star. What he likes best is to stick bows on her hair. Technically speaking, she has no hair—just a strand of blonde fluff. The bow rides like a butterfly on a bobbypin, and Ronnie's job is to slip the fluff through the pin.

One balmy evening they took the baby with them to the hill on which their house will be built. The lot had been theirs for some time and they'd visited it often. But this was an occasion. The foundation had just been laid. They stepped inside the square, pretending they were stepping into the house. A breeze stirred, a cricket chirped, a star came out. Jane felt that nothing could spoil the perfection of the moment.

Ronnie grinned and pointed to space, "Look, Nutsie, that's your room up there."

MILLION DOLLAR COWBOY

(Continued from page 35)

out back?" the man eagerly questioned.

It didn't flop—exactly. The official verdict was that he had a good quality for recording but needed experience badly.

Back to Oklahoma he trekked, and for nine months he sang into the microphones of Tulsa's Station KVOO free of charge. And it was more than experience. Because Art Satherly, on a scouting trip for the present-day Columbia Records, heard him.

New York again. But this time New York with a difference. The records he made for his new bosses included "That Silver-Haired Daddy Of Mine," a song he'd written with his pal Jimmy Long. Its sales zoomed. Sears Roebuck saw the figures and sent for him. His cowboy laments became the hit of the National Barn Dance program.

It was like trying to live in the middle of a Texas twister. That was why he decided on a quick hop down Oklahoma way, with a stop-over in Springfield to visit pal Jimmy. But when he figured that Jimmy Long's house would be a spot for breath-catching, Gene made one of the few miscalculations of his career. There was a girl at Jimmy's.

A GIRL with dark hair, softly curling around a provocative face. A girl with a smile bright as range-land sunshine. Her name was Ina Mae Spivey, Gene learned during that first enchanted afternoon while he had to fight to keep from staring at her.

She was Jimmy Long's niece. But he and Jimmy never had written a song that could describe her. No, sir! There was something about the way Ina talked —light and quick and gay—that made his heart race, even while he was too dazed to know quite what she was saying.

That evening in his old friend's front parlor was a crazy combination, like fever and chills. Shy with women always, used to lonely trails and open cattle range and long night vigils over a telegrapher's keyboard, Gene watched the dark head bent above the piano every time he felt sure she was busy with the music she was playing.

But when she looked up suddenly and caught him at it, he felt like crawling inside his guitar to hide. She was so pretty, so dainty and sort of flowerlike, that—*hey!* Was she laughing at him, back of those demurely dancing eyes? Did he look as gawky as he felt?

They talked some. Ina told him about her coming from Oklahoma, too, and staying at Uncle Jimmy's while she studied at the teachers' college in Springfield. Gene listened. But it was just words. He'd seen a dream walking, and he was in love with her! His first love. And, even that soon, he knew he wanted it to be his last.

He stayed in Springfield longer than he'd expected. The jaunt to Oklahoma turned out to be a mere flying visit. He returned as fast as his work in Chicago would let him. And this time Ina met him at the train instead of Jimmy. When he loped down the steps and saw her there on the platform, sunshine lighting her lifted face, everything stopped inside him.

"Hello!" she called. Just one simple word. But it opened a door for Gene. He could glimpse Heaven through it. For one wild instant he thought he was going to fling his arms around her, right then and there in front of the crowd!

He didn't. She was so light and frail a hug might have broken her. Anyhow, what reason was there to believe she wanted him to? Maybe she was just being nice to Uncle's partner. Maybe—a thousand maybes.

They went to a student dance at her college. If he could have spun her around until she was dizzy while they were dancing, maybe he'd have found courage to start talking. But he wasn't very good on a dance floor. He was all feet, and the feet wouldn't do what he wanted. Gosh, she'd *hate* him after this!

Yet she didn't. Her smile was just as kindly on the walk home, through Springfield's dark, quiet streets. Once he almost reached out to find her small hand. But maybe she wouldn't like that!

It took a lot of visits to Springfield before he could work up his courage. But when it happened, it happened fast as throwing a steer for branding. The familiar parlor. The lamplight soft and warm. And, suddenly, his arms around her. . . .

Gene didn't stop to think. He didn't dare to think, and he didn't have to. All the words had been there inside him, dammed up for a long time. It had taken only one little gesture, one unexpected turn of her head, to start them rushing onward in a torrent.

"Ina—gosh—I mean, if you aren't figurin' on marryin' somebody else—I reckon I'm no special shakes, b-but you're so sweet—"

THEY were married in St. Louis, some nine months after they met. Not a fancy wedding. It didn't have to be, because neither of them was the fancy kind.

It was while Ina still was getting used to that new ring on her finger that Hollywood found Gene. The Legion of Decency had started its famous raid on sex productions. Producers scrambling around for clean material, remembered Westerns, long in eclipse because of their lack of novelty. The rage for Autry recordings of range-land ballads looked like one answer.

That Texas twister had become a full-grown cyclone, by now.

Gene (with Ina always there beside him, to help him keep steady in the big wind) was getting himself on a solid footing, however. With top honors flashing past him like telegraph poles past a train window, he clung fast to the simple, wholesome, American things he and the dark-eyed girl from Oklahoma had believed in when they first found each other.

Came five successive years when picture exhibitors hailed him the greatest money-maker among Western stars; 12,000 fan letters a week; the 1940 poll, which ranked him fourth in popularity among all picture players (topped only by Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable). Came a triumphant tour of England, Scotland, Ireland; an invitation to guest-star the World's Championship Rodeo at New York's mammoth Madison Square Garden; news he had doubled the business even of that colossal show; and a bid to return as its star for a second year.

It's the biggest event in a cowboy's year, that Roundup in the Big Town. Better than two hundred of the West's ace range hands—yes, and plenty of its prettiest cowgirls, too—converge on the main stem in high-heeled boots and fancy show shirts and Sunday-go-to-meetin' Stetsons.

The tanbark is trampled by bucking broncs. Wild steers chase many a thrown rider in nip-and-tuck sprints for life. Lights blaze. Flags wave. Lovely girls ride on the Rodeo's longhorns.

Lariats loop, ponies wheel and gallop, music pounds the rafters. The crisp accent of an official event-announcer crackles constantly from overhead. A champion from Cheyenne bucks out of his corral on saddled lightning. A Calgary buckaroo ropes his calf and throws it, while breathless watchers tick off seconds on a big clock above the bright arena. Thousands of dollars prize money mean the boys ride with their necks for sale.

And then—in a new, cathedral hush—appears Gene Autry!

Into the blinding light of the arena, one typical night last October, he danced his famous picture horse Champion. At the end of his number, Champion bowed low before the star's own box. Gene lifted in his saddle, arm lofted in salute —a smiling salute to the motherly, pleasant-faced lady who was his guest for the evening. And Mrs. Will Rogers smiled back.

Beside her, in that darkness which always seems thickest just beyond a spotlight's circle, maybe a ghost smiled, too. And maybe a chuckle, more real than applause, reached Gene Autry's ear:

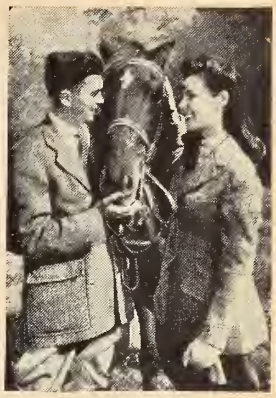
"Young feller, looks mighty like you did it! You did what I said you could!"

* * *

Time was when Gene Autry wrote "Gene Autry, America's biggest flop" on his dressing room door and decided to turn baseball pro. (The door, incidentally, is now enshrined under a glass case in the theater lobby!) Not only is he the absolute antithesis of "flop" in America but a favorite the world round! The British Isles go mad about him from Princesses Margaret Rose and Elizabeth down to the masses who plucked more hairs from Champ's tail than any two-footed glamour boy can total in buttons and pocket hankies! Only 34 years old, he keeps Ina Mae and himself in comparative ease on $15,000 per picture, and $15,000 yearly from records; $1,000 a week from radio; $25,000 for his magic signature on shirts, balloons, dolls; $30,000 from the N. Y. Rodeo. Last fall their gorgeous 3-year-old house burned to the ground destroying all the cherished mementos of their climb to the top together. Heartbroken, they've retired to their week-end cottage, "Melody Ranch," until a new home can be substituted. So desirable is his patronage he has to watch his every step for fear of offending someone. Didn't dare attend the World Series because he couldn't sit in one team's bleachers to the exclusion of the other! Always colorful, he flew to the Rodeo, accommodated Champ in the same plane by taking out the seats and making a temporary airlines stable! Modestly justifies his existence, thus: "Maybe it isn't great art. But I've always remembered something Buffalo Bill once wrote. It's just this—that he who has brought the romance of America to Young America has not lived in vain." This, Gene Autry has indisputedly done!

NEW YORK-TEXAS ROMANCE

Eugenia Loughlin's engagement to S. Gail Borden Tennant of Houston (pictured together at right) has stirred far-reaching interest. This beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be will be married this winter, after her fiancé completes his officer's training at Fort Riley.



HER STAR-SAPPHIRE

Engagement Ring. The platinum and baguette diamond setting was designed by her fiancé. "I guess Borden and I made over a hundred sketches for it," she says.

Exquisite EUGENIA J. LOUGHLIN

She's ENGAGED! She's Lovely!

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1. Eugenia SLATHERS Pond's Cold Cream *thick* over her lovely face and throat. Pats it on briskly with quick little upward pats. This softens dirt and old make-up. Then she tissues off the cream. "*I adore the cool, clean feel Pond's gives my face,*" *she says.*

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You'll love Eugenia's SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Care with Pond's Cold Cream.
Use it *every* night—and for daytime clean-ups.
See your skin look softer, smoother, prettier.
You'll know then why so many *more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.*
Buy a jar today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely *big* jars.

Another POND'S Bride-to-Be!

Lovely-to-look-at Eugenia Loughlin met her fiancé at a party in Houston when she was visiting there. Four days later they considered themselves engaged! Eugenia has a true SOFT-SMOOTH Pond's complexion—fresh, sweet, pink and white as apple blossoms! "*I'm absolutely devoted to Pond's Cold Cream,*" she says. "It keeps my skin feeling so soft and clean."

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!

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Send coupon for 5 POND'S Beauty Aids

1. Pond's SOFT-SMOOTH Glomour Cold Creom
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For Daintiness Use Odorono Cream

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Non-irritating, non-greasy, non-gritty, Odorono Cream ends perspiration annoyance—for 1 to 3 days! Swing to daintiness the Arthur Murray way . . . with Odorono! 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes (plus tax).

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ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—REGULAR AND INSTANT

LANA TURNER

(Continued from page 28)

There is a sort of lady Jekyll-Hyde side to this Turner flair for spotlighting, however. One side of Lana demands that she capture all eyes wherever she is; another comes along in a few minutes saying, "Cover up!"

When the "sweater girl" publicity first swamped her, Lana posed willingly in woolen draped attitudes. But she quickly rebelled. Now any sexy appellation makes her see red—and, for that matter, so does red itself.

No one but Lana Turner was responsible for the scarlet session she indulged in—flaming coats, hats, slippers, stationery, roadsters and on *ad nauseam.* But when the color tag started to stick, Lana dropped it in panic. Red is one tint that's out like a pop fly now. Lana has one major extravagance next to clothes. She loves jewelry—costume stuff and the real McCoy. She wears a beautifully jeweled diamond ball ring, exquisite clips and gemmed doodads. She never fails to have one in just the right place when she appears in public. But in a few minutes she gets uneasy and slips it inside her purse.

THE same paradoxical battle between show-off and shyness follows through almost every phase of her life. "I don't know what I expect, going around the way I do," she told me. "But I'm terrified when people stare at me."

At Hollywood's plush picture showcases, Ciro's, Mocambo and such, Lana is known as Little Miss Sparkling Personality—for a while. She loves to dance, weaves a sinuous rumba and of course decorates any night-blooming garden like a flaming hibiscus—for a while. People table-hop to her spot, with gay quips and chatter; she loves that—for a few minutes. Then suddenly it's discovered that Lana and boy friend are gone. She's started feeling the candle power of all eyes and has ducked out in inward terror.

One place Lana can indulge her natural decorative inclinations without a relapse is at home. She thinks she dolls up primarily to please herself anyway. Around the house she goes in for flouncy, luxurious negligees. She sleeps in satin nightgowns, keeps a chest full of exotic perfumes. A favorite indoor sport is to come home after a new coiffure and "louse it up" herself for hours before a mirror or change this and that about her make-up. The results are sometimes good, sometimes horrible. But being twenty and a natural beauty, Lana can get by with practically anything and still be stunning. Currently she is bobbing around with a high pompadour of her own conniving, at least two inches loftier than any other in town. Oddly enough, she looks swell. Lana keeps her locks touched up to a corn-silk blonde; she's a dark redhead minus the bottle.

Much has been made of Lana's high-style clothes. Actually, she has exceptional taste for a girl of her years and background. In public there is generally something to catch the eye—a bizarre pin, a spot of extravagant color, flashing shoes or a tricky hat to rival Roz Russell's. But the clothes Lana herself gloats over and hoards to multiple absurdity, oddly enough, are on the conservative side. They're tailored suits and expensive shoes. She has a lot of suits and shoes.

Lana's judgment about her wardrobe doesn't always match her taste, however. On her first trip to New York, she failed to take an evening gown. On her trip to Hawaii she lugged along a fur coat!

Lana's new house, on Saltair Avenue in Brentwood (which makes her a neighbor to Gary Cooper, Fred MacMurray, Tyrone Power and Cesar Romero), is her major interest right now. It's her first and only. It's an English-style place with an acre and a half of ground, fruit trees, flowers, garden patch and everything. That part leaves Lana comparatively cold. She's not cut out for gardening, or for that matter, much of any physical exercise. The inside is what intrigues her. She's busy at the moment fixing up the living room in what she calls "low, squashy furniture"—blond, fruitwood pieces, and ankle-tickling carpets with a lime-green motif and coral drapes. She's doing it herself with some help from a decorator.

This is no indication that Lana is in the least domestic, although she says she now likes to lie around the house more than to go out. Her major hobby at the moment is collecting records, concentrating on Tschaikovsky and Debussy. And she has practically given up detective magazines for popular fiction and biographies. She belongs to the Book-of-the-Month Club. She has also taken up painting in a big way, as big a way as Lana can take up anything. And she has one oil effort, a landscape which she swears is "darned good."

THIS came about in typical Turner fashion. She was hiking on vacation in Estes Park, Colorado, recently when she came upon an artist busy daubing canvas. Lana kibitzed for a while and then said, "Let me try that."

"Fine," said the painter.

"But," said Lana, "I don't know how." The artist said he'd show her. Together they worked out the masterpiece, a mountain view. Says Lana frankly "I'll probably forget about it soon. I'm just a dilettante at heart."

Lana isn't even a dilettante, however, at the more mundane aspects of housekeeping. She has trouble frying an egg, and as for pottering around the kitchen, she'd as soon be in jail. She can't stand dish-washing, although anything to do with clothes, her clothes, like pressing or taking a tuck here and there, is perfectly okay.

Only one major hate besides telphones, which she despises, approaches Lana's disdain for household drudgery. That's education, formal education. If she likes anything, she'll indulge it for fun. But lessons—!

Lana was a mere high school sopho-

You don't have to be a Sadie Hawkins to get your man these days—what with our super-duper Co-Ed fashion chart on the market! Clip the coupon on page 97!

more when Fame yanked her away from a strawberry malt at the Top Hat Malt Shop across from Hollywood High. She was playing hookey at the time. She was also flunking mathematics and a couple of other subjects no normal girl ever likes anyway. Languages were a breeze for her, and history was fun because it was romantic. She was a swell speller and could dash off a composition with the greatest ease. But she confesses, "Two and two still make three to me."

Probably the greatest cross she has had to bear since becoming a celluloid darling were the hours of torture put in at the studio high school at M-G-M. When most of the rest of M-G-M's happy family of stars were strolling, strutting or tossing gossip around the lot, Lana had to dig into such revolting topics as chemistry and civics. She doesn't know yet how she ever made it through. Maybe it was because of the taunts of one Mickey Rooney, who had squeezed out six months ahead of her and condescendingly called her "Baby Glamour" right to her flaming face. Mickey mixed this up with "What's two and two, Tootsie?" when older stars were around. Lana was mortified, especially since Hollywood's sophisticated beaus, movie and local society, were whirling her around

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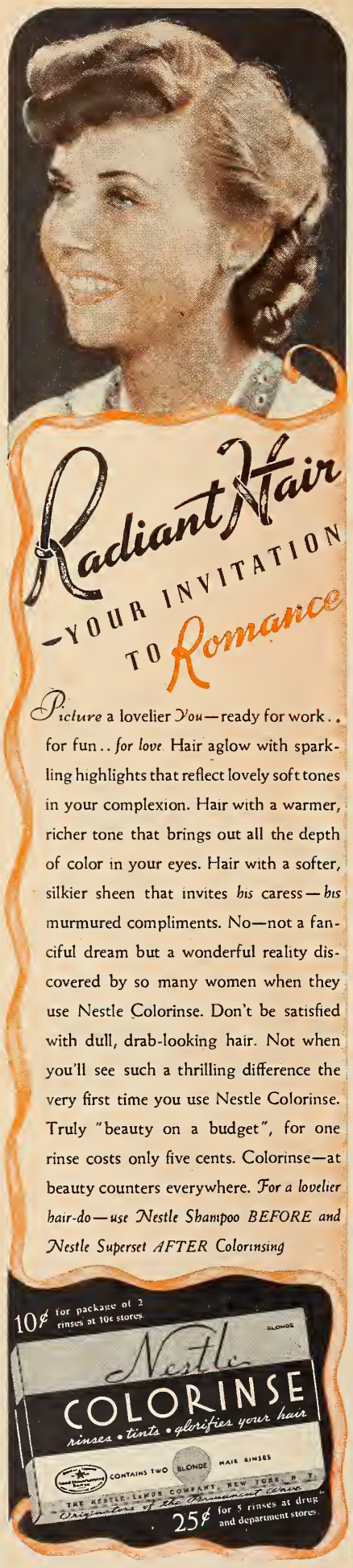
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Picture a lovelier You—ready for work.. for fun.. for love. Hair aglow with sparkling highlights that reflect lovely soft tones in your complexion. Hair with a warmer, richer tone that brings out all the depth of color in your eyes. Hair with a softer, silkier sheen that invites his caress—his murmured compliments. No—not a fanciful dream but a wonderful reality discovered by so many women when they use Nestle Colorinse. Don't be satisfied with dull, drab-looking hair. Not when you'll see such a thrilling difference the very first time you use Nestle Colorinse. Truly "beauty on a budget", for one rinse costs only five cents. Colorinse—at beauty counters everywhere. For a lovelier hair-do—use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing
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of nights while Mickey was strictly in the wet-eared younger set socially.

Lana is boosted as a Hollywood High School product, but actually she was exposed to that flaming youth factory less than three months, and she played truant a lot of that time. San Francisco Junior High is her major academic alma mater and the only scholastic place where she distinguished herself. She was a rah-rah-leader two times there and wore a gorgeous pep-'em-up costume.

The funny part of this sad school report card is that Lana Turner is one of the best "studies" at M-G-M. "I had no memory at all in school," she muses, "but, boy, can I learn lines now." What she does is take the script home, curl up in some "squashy" seat or on her luxurious bed. Any one of her six dogs, ranging in size from Pekes to Danes, can wander in, her love birds can coo and chatter or the house can sway in an earthquake. Lana is set to cram. When she starts to read the same lines twice, she quits, hops into bed and drifts off. When she wakes up, it's all there in order, clear as a bell. "My subconscious," Lana explains. "I simply sleep on it."

SHE hasn't any trouble that way—with insomnia—in fact, you can rub her hands (if you get the chance), and she'll start dozing away right on the set. She does have nerves, though, not the turn-and-toss or the butterfly-stomach type, but the pain-in-the-neck, tight-shoulder variety. A massage usually snaps her out of it. Otherwise she's as healthy as a mongrel pup. The only scar on her shapely body is a neat appendectomy incision, and dentists get only tooth polishing fees from the Turner check book.

Lana's cast-iron constitution is no tribute to scientific diet. Health menus leave her cold as a stuffed cucumber. "Vegetables—ugh!" she shudders. Lana still nurses a school-girl hang-over craving for jumbo malts and soda fountain fare, hamburgers, shoestring potatoes and chile, when she's out and around. At home she's a sucker for fried chicken, candied sweet potatoes and solid fare like that. She's a great meat eater; Ciro's always puts a steak on the grill when she enters the door.

In spite of the rich, heavy fodder, Lana has no troubles with poundage, sticking comfortably close to 112. She loses weight when she works—she dropped eight pounds during "Honky Tonk"—also, she has developed the bad habit of going from breakfast to breakfast without food. Due to some constitutional quirk, she can work all day and go out at night without any dinner and still keep her good humor. She thinks maybe Tony Martin has taught her that, as it's also a habit of his.

Tony also tried to teach her golf, but that was a mistake. Lana sees no crying need for useless physical activity. She'll go through the motions of tennis or swimming, but she can take them or leave them. People are always talking her into some sort of outdoor sport, but it generally comes to grief after a brief enthusiasm. The golf lessons only ruined her usually good temper and made her legs ache. And when she got talked into a deep-sea fishing trip recently by her hairdresser, Lana hauled in a barracuda, which promptly bit her. She was disgusted. "What's the fun fishing," she complained with logic, "if the darned things bite you?"

In Hawaii she loved surf riding. All she had to do was lie down on the board and let the Kanaka boy steer in.

Probably no star in Hollywood has fewer friends than Lana Turner. She has no real close ones in town. "I have a hundred acquaintances but few friends," Lana states simply, forgetting Judy Garland, her best girl friend. For one thing, she is neither social nor sociable. She is uncomfortable in crowds because she thinks she's being appraised. She's scared to death of small rooms and babbling people. She never entertains. "I'd be an awful hostess," she told me. "I wouldn't know what to do next with a lot of people."

On top of this, like all really beautiful and through-and-through feminine women, she doesn't care too much for other women. She likes men, but she's one of those one-man-at-a-time girls. Her long romances don't necessarily mean anything serious, though, as Lana proved when she jilted her first fiancé, Greg Bautzer, Los Angeles lawyer, for Artie Shaw. She had gone with no one else but glamour-boy Bautzer for months.

She hardly knew Artie, even though they made "Dancing Co-ed" together. A date, a ride in the moonlight—and a plane to Las Vegas came next. Lana was hardly a week over eighteen. The marriage lasted officially four months, actually less.

Few people assayed the Tony Martin romance for just what it was. They forget that Lana's romance with the curly-haired crooner was almost coincident with her burning interest in her career and her batting down of natural instincts for fancy frolics and good times. Lana met Tony first in San Francisco. He was there for the ASCAP Convention; she was there for the wedding of an old friend, Hazel Meadows, whose mother used to employ Lana's mother in her beauty shop. Both Tony and Lana stayed at the St. Francis Hotel. They knew about each other, and it wasn't long before they met to talk Hollywood.

TONY MARTIN is a serious young man wrapped up in his career. It took him away from Alice Faye, and it comes first in his life. Theirs was a playtime romance, only. Tony infected Lana with the first real zeal she'd ever known about getting somewhere and really being somebody on the screen. Before that Lana could take the work part of Hollywood or leave it. She had no more real ambition about becoming an actress than a catfish. What she liked about it were the good times and the glamour.

The fact that she was exclusively Tony's girl at one point doesn't prove anything, nor would it prove much if she had married him. A shrewd observer who knows Lana better than Lana suspects, told me this: "Wait and see. Lana will have many marriages in her life. But I doubt if any of them will change her one whit."

This ties in pretty well with what Mistress Turner told me one day recently when I saw her. It was the day she'd won her final freedom from Artie Shaw. "Well," I said, "today's the day. Are you going to get married now?"

"NO!" replied Lana, "Definitely NO!"

"You wouldn't cross me up," I said, cautiously.

"I might cross *you* up," was her frank reply. "But not *myself*. I might break plenty of promises to somebody else. But this time I've promised myself. And that's different!"

There is probably only one person in the world who counts in big figures to Lana Turner—her mother, Mildred. She is young and still pretty. She's no hovering movie mother, but she has a lot in common with Lana and is still her best friend. Lana's father, Virgil Turner, was

(*Continued on page 74*)

"Lovely skin makes hearts beat faster"

MERLE OBERON

ALEXANDER KORDA STAR

"I never neglect my daily Lux Soap ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL"

1 "Here's all you do to take a Lux Soap facial," says this famous screen star. "First pat Lux Soap's lather lightly in."

2 "Then rinse with warm water —follow with a dash of cool —and pat your face gently with a soft towel to dry."

3 "Now touch your skin. See how softly smooth it feels— how fresh it looks! This facial's a wonderful beauty care. Try it!"

9 out of **10** Screen Stars use **Lux Toilet Soap** – *It's PURE! It has ACTIVE lather! It's MILD!*

(*Continued from page 72*)

killed in San Francisco when she was a carrot-topped moppet of ten. From then on it was her mother and Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner (just call her Lana) versus the World—and it was quite a scrap the whole route. Mildred battled frail health and a frayed purse at the same time. Lana collected her education on the installment plan, in Catholic convents and shifting spells in public schools. She thinks the repeated terror of facing hostile new schoolrooms has something to do with her lone-wolfness and allergy to academic atmosphere.

Mrs. Turner handles Lana's money affairs (Lana would spend every cent on something), runs the two-servant house, which has always been set up as separate living quarters (Lana has her own entrance) and does her best to keep Lana prompt, efficient and responsible in her career affairs. She usually accompanies Lana on her trips and vacations and sees to it that Hollywood business isn't forgotten. Mrs. Turner slipped up on Lana's recent vacation. With Lana she drove away after "Honky Tonk" was finished. They went on a California tour, Del Monte, San Francisco, the Sierras, willy-nilly.

Lana left with strict instructions to call Hollywood every day and report. But she—eh—forgot. Mrs. Turner didn't know. After eight days Lana got around to telephoning her agents. She knew things would be in a stew about preparations for "Johnny Eager," and they were, all right. Lana was crazy to do the part, too, because it's super-dramatic, about a girl who's almost pathologically in love.

But Lana has a one-track personality that way and a psychology of superlatives. A vacation meant a vacation and it was unavoidable if the studio got upset. She's that way all through. She's up or she's down. Busy or absolutely idle. She rains tears easily and laughs just as quick. Violins always make her drippy-eyed. Slapstick wows her. She loves to kibitz lousy movies, and yet the other night at the opening of John Murray Anderson's Silver Screen and the spectacle of all Hollywood's broken down old-timers straining to make their age-tattered acts click, she felt so depressed that she had to leave the place, sniffling.

Right now Lana is sure there will never, never be another part like Sheila Regan in "Ziegfeld Girl." Returns haven't come in from "Honky Tonk" yet, and "Johnny Eager" is ready for release. Still, she's sure she'll never be that good again, quite sure. That's Lana, also. "I'll never have a chance like 'Ziegfeld' again," she told me. "They come once in a lifetime. Why, it had everything, glamour, drama, *everything!*"

So has Lana Turner. She may not know it, but there'll be lots more parts like that for her. At twenty she is what she is and she is safe. It is not so much a tribute to Lana Turner as to the times.

A man at her studio, who has had much to do with guiding her career, put it like this:

"In the old hey-hey Hollywood days, Lana Turner might well have been another Clara Bow. Like Clara did, she typifies the youth of her age. Any girl that young, in any time who has nothing and suddenly gets everything she's dreamed about, has to have a period of adjustment. But nowadays it has to be quick. In modern Hollywood you either snap out of it fast and get down to work or you're out of the picture. Lana had enough sense to realize this—that's all."

Lana Turner is still very much Lana Turner, human, normal, acting her age. Like I said, she is typically young and thoroughly female. Youth always has a right to grow up, and, besides a lady can always change her mind, can't she?

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.

STORY

(*Continued from page 52*)

he *not* to remember? In his safe, sane, slightly stuffy study, long after Kay and their small daughter had gone to bed, Harry pondered.

* * *

He'd been born—correctly. He'd prepared at St. Swithin's—correctly. He had met Kay (pug-nosed, forthright Cornelia Motford, she was then) at a holiday dancing school party—most correctly.

He had gone to Harvard, in the natural course of events. And after Harvard, one long-ago Spring, he had joined up for that other war. To Plattsburg, first. Then overseas, with the A.E.F.

Was that what Bo-Jo meant by the story of a man's life?

Maybe. It was the kind of thing with which one could fill up dotted lines after a list of questions, at least. Yet somehow the story, as he looked back on it, seemed to have started much later than that. (The sound of Marvin's voice, this afternoon, asking him to come to her hotel for cocktails! The one brief glimpse he'd had of her, waiting, before he turned and fled unseen! *Marvin Myles, here in Boston!*)

She belonged so definitely, so completely, in New York. It was in New York he had met her. He was home from the war, and his old classmate, Bill King had gotten him a job with Bullard's Advertising Agency.

"The old order's doomed, Harry." So certain of himself, Bill King! "This is the new band wagon, Harry. Hop aboard it, brother, hop aboard it now!"

Marvin was there, sharing an office with them. A girl such as young Harry Pulham never had seen before. Lipstick and silk stockings and a manner frank as a man's. Career girls were news in those days.

It hadn't been like the romance from any well-bred novel he had read in Boston. She hadn't even liked him at first. But for him, from the moment Bill first spoke her name, she had been fascinating.

She was gorgeous to look at. And she was a symbol of all the post-war world he was panting to keep step with. 1920 seemed like some breath-snatching, noisy, glittery gown specially designed to fit her.

The first time he got past that smart, hard shell was one morning in—of all places—the Bronx. Their boss had sent them out on a quick demonstration tour to check reactions on Coza Soap Flakes. Over the suds to his elbows, Harry looked up at Marvin suddenly. And something in her eyes was changed.

"If I'm a dub at advertising," he grinned to cover his sudden confusion, "I always can hire out as a laundress."

That wonderful Spring after they had discovered they were in love! Speakeasies and rides through the Park in an old Victoria and intimate evenings in her tiny flat—all crammed between long, tense, vibrating hours while their high-pressure office spun around their heads!

SALUTE
to lovely Eyes!

There's always a salute for lovely, fascinating eyes.

In love and romance, in social or business life, compliments belong to the girl with attractive, sparkling eyes — the girl who knows how to look her best.

Don't take chances on a dull, drab appearance. Spark your whole personality with eyes that radiate life and beauty. It's so easy when you use WINX.

WINX brings out the natural charm of your eyes—gives you a new fascinating loveliness. Try WINX today and see for yourself what a marvelous difference it makes.

WINX Mascara (either solid or creamy form) makes lashes appear darker, longer, more luxuriant. WINX Eyebrow Pencil adds form and grace to your eyebrows. To complete the picture of a "lovelier you" accentuate the color and depth of your eyes with a subtle touch of WINX Eye Shadow.

Insist on WINX for finer quality, natural-looking eye make-up. WINX is water-resistant, and so easy to use. In popular harmonizing shades. Get WINX today. At drug and department stores or in handy purse sizes for 10¢.

Winx
FOR LOVELY EYES

His trips back to Boston seemed all the more stiff and wooden by contrast. He knew his parents were waiting for him to come home, settle down in his father's business and marry Kay Motford or someone equally suitable. His whole education had pointed toward exactly that. But the war had broken in. The war—and Marvin.

"We'll have a penthouse!" she dreamed excitedly, in his arms. "A French maid! Clothes from Paris! Someday, Harry . . . someday soon . . ."

Why hadn't they gotten married right then? Both of them had meant to, certainly—so dizzily in love that every hour apart was wasted.

But somehow, Marvin seemed afraid. Afraid of his Boston tradition, of his life spent in a house where there were butlers, of—exactly what was it she had been afraid of? Harry never had comprehended.

So fall had stolen in to find them still making plans; still living in a future which should have been the present. First snow fell. And one day there had come that long-distance call from his sister Mary. Their father was dying. Harry was needed, at once.

"A man in the house . . ." That thankful sigh was practically the elder Pulham's last breath. *"A man to carry on . . ."* It was expected. And a gentleman never failed those who needed him in what was expected.

THE gloomy Boston house, too quiet now its master had left it. His mother and Mary, leaning on him for everything. The business to be settled. The country place at Westwood to be appraised. Every day duties clutched at his sleeve to keep him from New York.

In the end, he compromised. He invited Bill and Marvin up for a week-end. A week-end of biting cold; of glittering, icy whiteness.

Almost from the moment Marvin stepped across his family's threshold, he could sense a restlessness in her. That bright, warm mouth seemed too red in the stately drawing room. That quick, light walk was alien to a house where thick carpets muffled the tap of heels.

Harry had arranged a picnic at Westwood for Sunday. Kay Motford came along with Joe Bingham. She was engaged to Joe that winter.

Everyone in the crowd sledding on the hill back of the old-fashioned mansion loved it. Everyone but Marvin. She didn't belong in an old St. Swithin's sweater. She belonged in New York, in smart black and fine-spun silk. Brushing her off in the big, bare front hall, Harry understood that vaguely. (But he loved her so much! She would change!)

She didn't change. When he followed her back to the city a week later, it was to ask her to marry him immediately and end the saw-toothed pangs of their long separation. She was in his arms, then, close to him. She was eager to surrender, her eyes shining, her lips waiting. Until he mentioned his plan for finding their own house in Boston.

He scarcely knew the girl who jerked away from him.

"You've given up your job here? You're crawling back to that family shell? You're—oh, Harry! No, Harry!"

Marvin stood staring up into his ardent face. Boston? That stiff, cold world which had closed in on her like a coffin? And give up her new job as Bullard's head of women's copy to become a club woman and housewife? Her protests poured over him, hurt and then angry.

"I have a life of my own, Harry! I can't give it up—won't give it up! You have no right to ask it. If you don't

See Marjorie Woodworth in "Dudes Are Pretty People"
Winter or summer, what is
MARJORIE WOODWORTH'S
FAVORITE COLA?
ROYAL CROWN
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COLA
LOVELY MARJORIE WOODWORTH, star on the HAL ROACH lot, took Royal Crown's famous cola taste-test. "I drank well-known colas from unlabeled cups," says Marjorie, "and then voted for the one I liked best—Royal Crown Cola. Why don't you try its sparkling, tangy flavor tomorrow?" Winter or summer, when it's time for a quick-up, reach for a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola.
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TAKE ME HOME
6 BOTTLES
ROYAL CROWN COLA
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TAKE TIME OUT FOR A "QUICK UP" WITH
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COLA
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A NAME YOU CAN TRUST... Fibs are the *Kotex* Tampon and merit your confidence! And with Fibs you can change to shorts, play suit or even a swim suit with nobody the wiser! Worn internally, Fibs provide *invisible* sanitary protection . . . no pins, pads or belts . . . no chafing, no disposal problem. And only Fibs are *quilted* for greater comfort and safety. Easy to use, too!

FULL DOZEN ONLY 20¢. Not 8—not 10—but 12 Fibs for only 20¢ . . . you save the difference. That's because with Fibs you pay for no mechanical gadget to aid insertion, for none is needed. Next time buy Fibs, the tampon you can trust. You'll save money, too!

FIBS*— the Kotex* Tampon

NOT 8—NOT 10—BUT 12 FOR 20¢

★TradeMarks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

want me right here in New York—"

Harry had a life of his own, too. A life long ago set in its pattern of obligations. If she called after him as he plunged dazedly down the stairs from her flat, he never heard her. He boarded the first train back to New England. Within a year, he married Kay.

Why not? They were fond of each other, they thought the same way about things, Joe Bingham was out of the picture. And anything was better than remembering. Harry wasn't going to remember, any more.

So here he sat, remembering! But this wasn't what Bo-Jo wanted for that class biography. This was the life Harry Pulham *hadn't* lived.

The facts (and facts were supposed to matter) were very different. *Two children. Son, George, now attending St. Swithin's. Daughter, Gladys, born 1929. Present employment, Pres. of Pulham, Inc. Clubs are . . .*

For the first time in years, Harry was late for breakfast next morning. He wanted to tell Kay why, but the words stuck in his throat. When he tried to make her see how things came to pieces in one's hands, how one grew frightened looking back if years didn't add up, and one's life was already half over, she barely listened. She laughed at him tolerantly, when he begged her to pack a bag and climb into their car and go away with him alone somewhere for a little while.

"Harry, you shouldn't take highballs after dinner. You tossed and turned all night, dear." That was how well his wife had understood.

All morning Harry sat at his desk and studied investment reports which made no sense. It was near noon that he had his secretary call the Hotel Hadley. Marvin was stopping there. If he could see *her!*

"Of course." The magic voice again! "Come any time."

She was waiting when, just at lunch time, he rang her bell. A Marvin lovely as a Summer noon, poised and pure and chic. A Marvin like everything that ambitious girl in New York had dreamed of becoming. Yet there were tears in her eyes as she drew him inside her room.

"Hello, Marvin." He said it awkwardly.

"Hello, Harry." Simple words. But somewhere behind them—

Yes, it had lasted; whatever they had shared once and had thrown away. The little things came rushing back. The way she smiled. The way his hair had never quite lain smooth. The Bronx kitchen and the Park by moonlight and the poems she'd read him and old songs.

But it was like looking back across an unbridged chasm. Even champagne couldn't recapture the feel of it, although the memory was something precious and real deep in their hearts.

She showed him a picture of the man she had married (because he reminded her of Harry). Harry showed her snapshots of George and Gladys. Those bits of paper, changing hands, were stone walls between them.

Harry left soon after lunch; lunch eaten down in the hotel dining room, where music filled the silences. He walked into a mid-afternoon world so strange it wasn't Boston at all. What streets he followed blindly, he couldn't have told. Then Kay's voice was in his ears.

"Harry! Harry, wait for me!"

He turned at her summons. Their car was drawn up to the curb, a packed bag on its rear seat. She was clinging to his arm and smiling up at him unsteadily. She'd been trying to find him. His office hadn't known where to suggest. He hadn't been at his clubs.

So Kay had driven aimlessly, searching the crowd. It was as important as that to find him; to tell him she'd understood what he was talking about at breakfast and wanted to go away with him.

Harry looked at her again as he climbed behind the driver's wheel. For twenty years she had taken him for granted. Now, something in his restlessness had warned her. She was looking up at him in a new way, wide-eyed. He was important to her, and they both knew it.

"Is—is everything all right, Harry?" she whispered.

The picture had changed. Everything was fine, suddenly! Fine from here on!

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.
PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page 53*)

up a cigar and light it—all in 720 beats (six minutes). Bob missed on the first try—was two beats out of time unfastening the third button of his overcoat! The two casting problems to be solved were (1) finding 300 young men of military age to be German and American soldiers for the battle scenes, and (2) picking an actor according to the maneuverability of his Adam's apple. Youngsters of high school age were hired to tote the movie guns, and make-up men plastered mud on the kids' faces to hide their youth. Veteran actor Syd Saylor won the part of the preacher whose throat wiggling distracts Bob Young in the wedding scene.

Ruth Hussey got time off from the picture to reign as Queen of the Royal American Horse Show in Kansas City. Autographed a street cleaner's broom while she was there and received word later that the inscribed straw sweeper-upper has been given a place of honor in the city hall.

Ruth is one of Hollywood's foremost beauty-plus-brains stars. She's set a goal for her budget and is living in a tiny house on a modest scale until she gets her quota of cash socked away. Knows income tax frontwards and backwards and saved Hedy a nice chunk of currency by reminding her that gowns worn in publicity stills could be listed under necessary business.

On the first day of production, Hedy kept disappearing from the set every fifteen minutes, worry stamped all over her pretty phizz. One bold soul followed her, discovered her phoning home to check on the disappearance of her pet kitten, Spunky. The little animal was discovered two days later, snuggled happily on his furry, full tummy at the bottom of the household garbage pail.

Between scenes, Fay Holden designed an easy-to-make nightie to send to the kiddies in England. She sews two straight pieces of flannel together, attaches long sleeves and cuts a hole large enough to allow the gown to slip quickly over a child's head. A single button is sewed at the neck, and the whole garment is finished in one hour. All the women in the picture worked on 'em, and Fay bought extra material for Bob Young and Edward Arnold to take home to their wives.

Fay's husband, David Clive, plays

the part of her butler in the picture, so to make up for it, she insists on serving his dinner herself every night after work.

Charles Coburn appeared on the golf course set, strolled around a while, waggled a golf club awkwardly over a couple of balls. Protestingly he let himself be lured into a game with a couple of his fellow Thespians, then proceeded to show them some championship form. Opponents paid off their bets in green cash and red faces.

Mutiny in the make-up department: One of the scenes requires Leif Erickson to bare one arm and show Bob Young a couple of teeth marks. The make-up man said he didn't mind doing his regular job, but he'd be darned if he was going to take a bite out of anyone, even for art's sake. Leif had to do it himself.

Bob Young's stand-in, Bert Davis, finally got a chance to play in the same scene with his boss. Plays the part of an elevator operator and stands right next to Bob in his one scene. Davis has been working on a book during his spare time. It'll be about the inner workings of a big studio.

For the snow scenes, the prop department ground out a snow hill over 35 feet high, with 60 tons of shaved ice. Snow-starved cast and crew practiced belly flops between takes.

Sara Haden is the envy of all the young children of her acquaintance. Sara's most loyal fan is head of a local ice cream factory, and he's promised to supply her with the frozen stuff for the rest of her life.

Director Vidor wallowed in mud and memories the day he shot the battle scenes. It was the same location spot he'd used during filming of "The Big Parade" with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree.

Vidor had every part of Boston photographed and spent weeks there himself talking to typical Boston characters. The only prop that stumped them was finding white eggs large enough to fit snugly into the old-fashioned oversized egg cups. Finally had to use brown ones dipped in white paint.

Sound men had to stop recording in the middle of a tense scene to hunt for a friction noise. They found Mademoiselle Lamarr in a ski suit topped by a thick white sweater, rubbing her gorgeous back this way and that across the corner of a tall Grandfather clock. "It itched until I could hardly stand it," she apologized.

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

An example of what takes place in the Hollywood schoolrooms can be gained from this brief composition by Peter Swerling, son of Jo Swerling the writer. He was told to write a story about a poor boy, and Peter wrote: "There was a poor boy. His father was poor. His mother was poor. They had a poor nurse and a very poor butler." This Peter is quite a character. One night before dinner Frank Capra, Robert Riskin, Jean Arthur, Frank Ross and Norman Krasna were gathered in the Swerling living room. Somehow the talk centered on what books one would take with him if he were stranded on a desert island. The best answer was supplied by Peter, who had been asked the question only as a matter of courtesy. Peter said, "I'd only want one: a book telling me how I could get off the island."

Sidney Skolsky

ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR PRESENT PERSPIRATION-CHECK? TEST IT! PUT IT UNDER THIS ARM.
PUT FRESH #2, THE NEW PERSPIRATION-CHECK, UNDER THIS ARM. SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION BETTER.

Gown by courtesy of Milgrim, New York

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.
4. See how *convenient* FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

Make your own test at our expense. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration check. Just print your name and address on postcard and mail to FRESH, Dept. MS-2, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.

Recommended Good Housekeeping Bureau

Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not *stop* perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.

Morio Montez, lovely Dutch-Sponish newcomer to the films entertoins in the living room of her suite ot one of New York's luxurious hotels.

Cut this moist spice cake in squares. It's delicious!

BY HELEN HOLMES

It's a South American Custom!

Serve coffee with delicious snacks in the late afternoon for gracious informal entertaining.

• New York has had many South American visitors of late but none more gay and sparkling than Maria Montez, Universal Studio's new discovery. She was here for just a few days before starting on a personal appearance tour that was to take her through our Southern cities and, of course, was immediately caught up in a whirl of radio appearances, interviews and fittings with noted coutouriers. But she managed to take the time to invite a few of the New York columnists and friends of former visits to drop over to her suite at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel for, of all things, afternoon coffee!

It was late on a rather gloomy winter afternoon, and candles were lit on the beautifully arranged table standing near the fireplace in the living room of the suite. Graceful Louis XV furniture, upholstered in soft shades of rose and ivory damask, long drapes in the same colors at the enormous windows and great bowls of roses formed a lovely background for the party. The interesting writers and celebrities who attended laughed and talked together while they enjoyed Maria's delicious food.

Maria speaks with a fascinating accent, and that afternoon she carried on an animated conversation partly in Spanish and partly in her own version of English, while gracefully pouring coffee for everyone. Unobtrusive waiters passed serving plates of piping hot, savory canapes and, afterwards, thin slices of a delicious coffee cake, rich with spice and nuts.

This coffee party was such a novelty, at least for the real New Yorkers who attended, and so much enjoyed by everyone, that those of you who need new ideas for entertaining may like to copy. Simplified recipes for the canapes and coffee cakes are printed here. Perhaps Maria will be credited with starting a vogue, if you all serve these delicious foods with steaming hot cups of coffee at your parties during these winter months.

SAVORY SHRIMP CANAPES

Cut canned or fresh shrimp in small pieces. Mix with a small quantity of medium thick white sauce made from

any standard recipe. Season with salt, pepper, onion, a dash of tabasco sauce and a few drops of lemon juice. Spread on strips of toast or crackers and sprinkle with grated cheese. Just before serving, place under a low broiler flame until brown.

SPICED BRAZIL NUT COFFEE RING

(This is a simplified version of the coffee ring served at Maria's party.)

1½ cups all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
⅔ cup milk
5 tablespoons shortening
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup chopped Brazil nuts

Sift first 4 dry ingredients into a bowl. Cut in the shortening with a pastry blender or two knives. Add the beaten egg mixed with the milk to make a soft, loose dough. Turn into a greased layer cake pan. Mix the ¼ cup of sugar, the cinnamon and the Brazil nuts together. Sprinkle over the top of the dough. Sprinkle with about 1 tablespoon of additional butter, melted if desired. Bake in a hot oven (400° F) for about 25 minutes. Cut in wedges and serve warm.

BRAZIL NUT SPICE CAKE

½ cup shortening
1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
2 eggs, well beaten
2 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
⅔ cup milk
½ cup ground Brazil nuts

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream until light and fluffy. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and spices together and add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Add Brazil nuts. Pour into greased cake pan 9″ x 9″ x 2″. Bake 40 to 45 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.) Generously frost with brown sugar 7-minute icing.

"**See that woman?**—I'd swear she buys a different laundry soap every week."

"**Know how she buys?**—She comes in and asks me, *'Which one's having a sale today?'* So I tell her and out she goes, pleased as Punch, with a bagful of bargains. . . . And next week she's back again —buying somebody else's soap."

What's a bargain...in soap?

"Some day she'll try Fels-Naptha Soap and she'll be done with all that. Instead of saving pennies here, she'll save dollars at home —you wait and see."

GIRLS! DON'T GIVE UP
IF YOU'VE GOT A POOR COMPLEXION

Here's grand way that has helped improve complexions of thousands of women

• If you're blue and discouraged because of your complexion; if you think you're doomed to go through life with an unsightly looking skin—this may be the most important message you've ever read.

Thousands of women who felt just as you do have been thrilled beyond words to see the noticeable improvement Noxzema has made in their complexions.

Why it does so much

One important reason for Noxzema's benefits is this: Noxzema is not just a cosmetic cream. It's a soothing, *medicated* cream that not only quickly helps soften and smooth rough, dry skin —but also aids in healing externally-caused skin blemishes! And it has a mildly astringent action, too.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER. For a limited time you can get a generous 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 19¢ at any drug or cosmetic counter. Give Noxzema a chance to help *your* complexion. Get a jar today and use it as a night cream and protective powder base. See what it does for your skin!

MY SON MICK

(Continued from page 30)

White satin wedgies, for instance. "What on earth for?"

"Oh, I thought I'd take you to Earl Carroll's in your white satin wedgies. If you haven't got 'em, how can I take you in 'em?"

His taste is good. "Except," says Mom, "he sometimes forgets I'm not as young as I was." One day he arrived toting a large box. (He always takes her presents along, can't wait to have them sent). Proudly he unpacked it and brought to light a snappy reefer, yellow, high-pocketed.

"You'll look slick in this, Mom. Got it in the college department. It'll fit you okay. Had a girl just your size try it on."

Her heart sank. It was meant for a kid. It made her look bilious. "It's grand, Mick," she said. But Mickey's no dope. "You don't like that garment. What would you rather have?"

"A purse," she said gratefully.

SHE wears a topaz ring which he won on a two-buck chance. The papers had him giving it to a girl. The girl's his mother. He really staggered her on the occasion of his twenty-first birthday with a silver fox cape, picked by himself, saved up for out of his allowance. She'd insisted she was too small for furs.

"That's why I got *baby* foxes," he beamed.

The place they finally bought is in the valley. Mick was torn between it and one in Bel-Air. Mom liked them both. What clinched it for him was the matter of livestock. "They wouldn't let you keep chickens and ducks in Bel-Air. And only a couple of house-dogs maybe. I want 'em runnin' all over the place." They have ten dogs, countless fowl and groves of walnut trees. The 1941 census-taker, looking the place over, wrote down: "Mickey Rooney, farmer." The farmer got a kick out of that. But Cato, the houseman—called Skates by Mick—discourages intimacy between the stock and their owner. Mick, all business, went out to watch him slay a turkey one day. The turkey pecked fondly at his hand and got a reprieve for life.

He likes nine hours of sleep, ten when he can get them, and sleeps like a cherub under seven down comforters. Mom, allergic to the weight of quilts, buys them for herself but they wind up on top of Mick. When Mom goes in to wake him, one pillow may be on the floor and the other snuggled between mattress and footboard. He's never slept on a pillow in his life, but he likes to go to bed with two and push them around.

On a normal working day he gets up at eight. She has to call him at ten of, so he can flop over and sleep for ten minutes. Her son has given her much to marvel at, not the least of these wonders being how he can sleep for ten minutes and what good it does him. He hops out at eight, whistling, and he whistles straight through his shower, except when he's drinking the orange juice left on a bench outside the stall by Lena, the cook. When he's through bathing, there's no water left in the tank.

In bathrobe and slippers, he runs out to feed the rabbits before sitting down to his own unbelievable breakfast. Mom, who breakfasts with him, tries to make her coffee and toast reach while he sails through eggs and nine strips of bacon, hot biscuits and gravy, fried potatoes and a quart of milk. He's got to have fried potatoes with every meal. She keeps them on hand in the icebox, cooked in their jackets. He's fussy about his eggs, too. The whites have to be basted till they're firm, and the yolks must be runny. If they're not, he says: "Mom, will you cook me up an egg?"

"You spoil him," her friends protest.

"I don't either," she replies placidly. "He's got a right to an egg the way he wants it."

"*My* mom," grins Mickey.

Sometimes he'll pour vinegar sauce over the eggs. Mom makes it with garlic, which he's crazy about. "Careful, Mick," she warns. "Whom are you working with today?"

"Not Garbo," says Mick.

His regulation clothes are slacks, sweater, sports coat or lumber jacket. Brown's his favorite color except for ties and socks, in both of which he craves plenty of bounce. He doesn't go in for fancy duds and pays for his clothes what the average college boy pays, because those are the kind of clothes he enjoys wearing. He will, however, go as high as two bucks for a tie snazzy enough to tempt him. He owns one topcoat, two and a half years old, and bought his second Tux for his last birthday party.

Mom sees him off in the dark blue Lincoln Zephyr, presented to him by Henry Ford. She doesn't say, "Be careful," since he always is, having no patience with crazy coots who take chances in cars. His pride lies not in speed but in extra gadgets. The minute the Pep Boys show something new in their window, it's on Mick's car.

From an upper balcony Mom watches him till he's out of sight over the hills to M-G-M. He gets there at nine, and phones at nine-fifteen. "Hello, Mom. Watcha doin'? How're the dogs?" Four calls a day is average. Incidentally, the country's No. 1 box office star has no star dressing room. Its plush swank oppresses him. "Give it to a dame," he said when they offered him one, and stayed in featured players' row. You may have noticed, too, that on Andy Hardy pictures, his name follows Lewis Stone's. Individual theatre managers may feature Rooney, but the billing puts him second, by request of Mick. He'd feel like a fool, with his name topping Stone's.

AT HALF past five he's phoning again. "Only one more shot. Be home by six-fifteen. What's for dinner?"

No one can cook like Mom. It's a gag among his friends. Replete with food at some place whose food is famous, Mick pushes the plate back. "Can't compare with Mom's chili con carne." Now his friends say it for him.

If it's steak for dinner, Mom takes over from Lena, broiling it rare with chopped rosemary, parsley and garlic sprinkled on top. He squirts lemon over that, bathes it in butter and himself in bliss. Anything highly spiced is his dish. At the studio he collects strange recipes for spaghetti and enchiladas and bestows them on Mom. In mute appeal he'll bring her a mess of peppers, tomatoes and green beans from the vegetable garden. That means he wants chowchow. "I'll chop," he offers magnanimously.

After dinner he heads for the piano. Home from golf, he heads for the piano. Back from a trip, he heads for the piano —the new baby grand that was Mom's

birthday gift. There's a couch along the wall beside it, where she has to sit. She's spent hours sitting obediently while Mick pecks out tunes. "How's that sound, Mom?"

"Swell, honey."

Or he'll phone Sid Miller. "Come on over, I got an idea." He's been known to get an idea at two in the morning and stay with it, strumming the same ten notes with maddening persistence, till it comes out right. Mom shuts her bedroom door, stuffs cotton in her ears and goes to sleep.

Sometimes the gang gathers—Sid Miller, the Jewish boy of Boys Town (Abie's Irish Rose, Mrs. Pankey calls them) whom Mick grew up with and who writes lyrics to his tunes—Dick Paxton, his stand-in for four years, who lives with them—Dick Quine, another schoolfriend (you'll know him better after "Babes on Broadway")—Georgie Stoll, music arranger at M-G-M. They make recordings on the new machine, another birthday gift, bang the xylophones, talk bands, golf, politics, anything but movies. When Mickey's through at the studio, he's through. He doesn't bring it home with him. A mystery Mom will never fathom is when he learns his lines. In his sleep, she guesses, for he's always letter-perfect, yet she's never seen him with a script in his hand.

WHEN they're hungry, they go to the kitchen and cook up something. Mick's at home on the range. He can turn out as tasty a mixture of spaghetti and meat balls as the next one—slightly overseasoned, maybe, but who's fussy. Like all good cooks, he's got to have the kitchen to himself, and when he's elected, the gang stays out till he yells, "Come and get it." Mom never knows how many beds will be full of assorted boys in the morning. Sid's the chief stayerover, and Mick sometimes spends the night with him when they get going good and can't stop. "I don't know," he muses. "I sleep good when I'm over at Sid's, and he sleeps good here."

He thinks he's tidy about his belongings. By male standards, he is. On a trip he takes one suitcase. "Keep yourself portable," is his slogan. "If you need a shirt, buy it."

"Who packed your grip, honey?" asked Mom on his recent return from one of the good-will appearances he's in constant demand for.

"I did." His chest swelled. "I knew you'd be proud of me."

Her eyes went from the welter in the suitcase to his face. "I certainly am," she said.

Most Sunday mornings finds five 'round the late breakfast table—Mom and Fred Pankey, her husband, Mick, Joe Yule and his wife. Much nonsense has been rumored about Mick's father. For their own good reasons, his parents separated fifteen years ago. They both remarried, happily. There was never any bitterness between them. Mick didn't see as much of his father as he might have, since the latter's vaudeville activities kept him moving. Since he's been under contract to M-G-M and living in Hollywood, the families have established a normal, pleasant relationship. They visit back and forth. Mick and his dad, both football fans, outyell each other at games. All five sat at the same table at Mick's birthday party.

Much nonsense has also been written about Mickey and girls. Sure he likes them. What normal twenty-one-year-old doesn't? But nothing sickens him more than stories dreamed up by purple-minded newshawks about how he flopped off the train into some girl's arms, and

MISS BONNER MOORE, Registered Nurse, took part in medically supervised tests of Vicks ABC Plan. Records show almost unbelievable results!

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—or sign of nasal irritation—put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril and feel this special medication go to work. It is designed to aid your natural defenses against colds and help prevent many colds from developing... IF YOU SHOULD HAVE A HEAD COLD, Va-tro-nol does three important things to relieve distress. (1) Shrinks swollen membranes. (2) Soothes irritation. (3) Helps clear out nasal passages. Makes breathing easier! Follow directions in folder.

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—slip by precautions—relieve misery the IMPROVED Vicks way. This 3 minute treatment makes reliable Vicks VapoRub give EVEN BETTER RESULTS THAN EVER BEFORE! . . . PENETRATES to upper bronchial tubes with soothing medicinal vapors . . . STIMULATES chest and back surfaces like a warming poultice . . . WORKS FOR HOURS to ease coughing and congestion in upper breathing passages, relieve muscular soreness or tightness. Rub VapoRub for 3 minutes on BACK, throat and chest—spread a thick layer on chest and cover up. Try it!

You'll Find Complete Details of Vicks ABC Plan in Your Package of Vicks

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There's *one* thing you probably know about tampons—and that's the wonderful freedom of *internal* sanitary protection. But are you really up to date about the latest improvements in tampons? Do you know why Meds—the Modess tampons—protect in a way no other tampons do?

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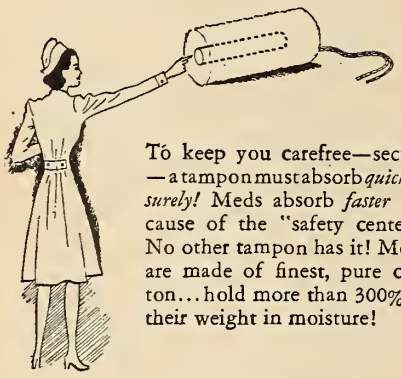

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Insert a Meds properly and you hardly know you're wearing it! For Meds are scientifically shaped to fit—designed by a famous gynecologist, a woman's doctor. Dance, work, have all the fun you please! No bulges! No pins! No odor! Easier to use, too—each Meds has a one-time-use applicator that ends old difficulties. And so convenient! You can even carry Meds in your purse.

What about price?

Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators. No more than leading napkins. Try Meds! Compare! You'll be glad you did!

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

Meds

The Modess Tampons

nothing is further than marriage from his mind. "I've got plenty of time. I'm just twenty-one. Life begins for Mickey Rooney."

Mom vows that if she were a girl, she wouldn't go out with him. "I wouldn't, and be left while he's up with some orchestra or talking to nine other fellows who know more about golf than I do." Mick says he doesn't. "Anyway, not till I see she's got some other guy to dance with while I might be busy for a minute."

There's no complaint from the girls. He dates several—Ava Gardiner, Mildred and Gloria Lloyd, Sheila Ryan, Linda Darnell, the Beaumont twins—Jerry and Ann. Like any kid, he enjoys going out with a girl who'll do him proud, who knows how to dress, who'll grace a dance floor. He doesn't drink, nor do the girls he squires. He doesn't smoke cigarettes, and that pipe you sometimes see between his teeth is stuffed with a special blend of molasses and licorice.

Above all, he hates daubs of make-up. "She doesn't have to use much powder, because her skin's nice." That's one of the highest compliments he can pay a girl. When he takes his best girl out—yes, that's his Mom—he supervises her make-up. No rouge, no mascara, no powder base. Just lipstick and the powder puff once over lightly. He wields the puff himself.

Once in a while he'll have a girl at the house for dinner and fusses like a biddy, driving Mom, Skates and Lena crazy over the table appointments, the flowers, the service. As host, he sits at the head of the table. Wherever Mom sits, she's got to be served first. She doesn't like it. She thinks it's ungracious. (Where she came from, she tells him, the guest was always served first.) Mick remains adamant. His Mom is served first—

An evening out, formal, means busywork for Mom. She phones the girl or her mother to find out the color of her dress. She orders the flowers. She used to rack her head for something novel, but no more. Mick would study the suggestion and come up with, "She'd better have orchids. Something for her hair, too. An orchid maybe, huh, Mom?"

She lays out his underwear and socks, sees that his shoes are burnished, puts studs in his shirt and suspenders on his pants, sticks a handkerchief in his pocket and, through the buttonhole of his jacket, a maroon boutonniere to match the maroon tie. He has a weakness for hair oil and toilet water. Regiments of toilet water march over his own dresser, but he goes to Mom's bedroom and takes hers. A final hair-smooth. Then he slips on the sapphire she gave him for his nineteenth birthday. That always comes last. It's a kind of period to his dressing.

"How do I look, Mom?"

"Handsome." He sticks his neck out. The tie may be perfect, but she has to twitch it. Then he's off. But not quite.

"Mom, can I borrow a neckerchief?" He's always afraid the girl won't have one to tie round her hair. Generally they don't come back.

If he finds he'll be out after twelve, he phones her. No matter what time he gets in, he'll head for the kitchen. If he's not hungry, he stirs himself up a small malted—two glasses of milk and a couple of raw eggs. Otherwise, the refrigerator's the limit. And mothers, he leaves the kitchen clean—even by Mom's standards.

If she's awake, he goes in to say goodnight. If not, he says it anyway, against the door. Then he crawls under his seven comforters, pushes the pillows around and snoozes off.

Asked how success has affected him, Mom tells this story. He was cast once in a picture called "Rendezvous" with Bill Powell and Roz Russell. Those were the days when he worked in twenty pictures a year. "Good part?" asked Mom.

"Nope."

"Any lines?"

"Nope."

"What do you do?"

"I just row a boat, but I'm tryin' to row it good."

The years passed, and he went to the head of the class. "You've reached the top, Mick," they told him that day. "You're No. 1, you're the cake."

It was a big moment, naturally. He thought it over, then looked up. "There's lots of tops I haven't reached," he said soberly, "and never will. I figure if you give it all you've got, that's the most a guy can do."

In other words, he'll go on rowing it good. Consequently he'll come out on top!

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that up-to-the-second chart of your favorite "westerns" you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start and studio addresses of over sixty of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse operas"! Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below and your new revised chart is as good as lassoed!

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 15)

total costume cost for Claudette's wardrobe was $305, as compared with the usual cost of $13,000 . . . One wily prop man, faced with the job of writing "I Beg Your Pardon" 200 times on the schoolroom blackboard, persuaded newcomer Douglas Croft to do it by explaining that it'd look more authentic if written by someone with a youthful handwriting.

THE SHANGHAI GESTURE AB-2*

If you're old enough to remember the original stage play on which this film was based, we don't have to remind you how wicked and how delightfully sophisticated and exotic it seemed, with Florence Reed spouting un-Confucian cynicisms like nobody's business in that infernal rasping voice of hers. Miss Reed was known in the play by the humorously distinguished name of Mother Goddam; in the picture this fabulous character (played by Ona Munson) after extensive conversational and professional alterations, rejoices in the sissy appellation of Mother Gin Sling. Artistically speaking, of course, these changes hardly matter, but they naturally have the effect of somewhat reducing the qualities of spiciness and dramatic punch.

On the other hand, the film appreciably gains over the play by the addition of such personalities as Walter Huston in the role of Sir Guy Charteris, the big shot from the Bund, Gene Tierney as Victoria, his trampish daughter, and Victor Mature as a chiseling no-good Levantine known as Dr. Omar. You know, of course, that this high-minded Sir Guy, who is so anxious to chase the Gin Sling influence out of Shanghai, is really a reformed rakehell who was married to little Ginny years ago, when she was young and impressionable. It makes a fine climax when Mother Gin Sling exposes the old boy's past at a state dinner, but her triumph backfires when she considers poor Victoria, whom she and the mischievous Mature have turned into a moral wreck. For Victoria, as she discovers too late, is her own daughter. —*UA.*

P. S.

26 different racial types were needed for the gambling scenes, but Central Casting was stymied on some of them. Finally let Producer Arnold Pressburger advertise in local newspapers for the rarer types . . . This is Gene Tierney's first picture in modern dress . . . Hubby Oleg Cassini designed every one of her outfits . . . Mother Goddam's name and profession went through the Hays office

SAYS LANA TURNER

(HONEY SKIN TYPE)

"I found a Glamour Secret"

AS TOLD TO LOUELLA PARSONS,
famous Movieland Commentator

"To get anywhere in Hollywood, you must dramatize your type. Well, not until I tried Woodbury Color Controlled Powder did I find my 'Skin Twin'. The new Rachel shade works miracles for me!"

It's true, Lana! Hollywood directors have classified all beauty into 5 skin types. Now Woodbury's Color Control process makes the dream of an ideal powder shade for each type come true!

You've never seen such exactness, such evenness of color!

Get your shade of new, finer, longer-clinging Woodbury Color Controlled Powder today. Only 50¢, $1.00. (Introductory sizes 25¢, 10¢.) In every fragrant box a chart shows you your type, your shade.

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FREE . . 6 NEW GLAMOUR SHADES & CHART

Paste this on penny postcard. We'll send you, fast, all 6 shades of Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. *And* a helpful little color chart so you can find your type. Address, John H. Woodbury, Inc., 8123 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)

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HALO GLORIFIES IT!

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Ask beauty experts! They'll tell you that old-fashioned soapy shampoos leave a dull soap-film on your hair, rob it of beauty.

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You see, Halo contains no soap . . . therefore can leave no soap-film!

Halo shampoos your hair with a new-type ingredient, leaves it aglow with all its natural color and luster.

What's more, Halo will remove dandruff from your scalp — first time you use it!

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Today—switch to modern Halo Shampoo, in generous 10¢ or larger sizes!

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H. KENDALL JEWELERS
Topeka, Kansas Dept. MM-242

wringer, came out Mother Gin Sling, owner of an ultra gambling den in Shanghai . . . Ona always wears a wig on the screen. Says she's like an ostrich, gains self-confidence when her own head is hidden . . . Director Joseph Von Sternberg called all his feminine players "Baby" with the exception of Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya, whom he called "Mme. Baby" . . . Von Sternberg had a huge blackboard erected on the set. Anyone wishing to speak to him wrote his name on the board and waited respectfully to one side 'til his turn came . . . Von knows every angle of set lighting, is famous for the portrait-like effect of his close-ups . . . One shot of a dinner table is a perfect example of off-set lighting. It took Von Sternberg hours to set it up just so, won't be on the screen for more than two seconds . . . Two pivotal characters were written into the script: Dr. Omar, a Levantine mystic, replaces Prince Oshima, the Japanese diplomat. Dixie Pomeroy, a chorus girl from Brooklyn stranded in Shanghai, offers contrast to Poppy . . . Interior Decorator Howard Bristol contends that the furnishings of Mother Gin Sling's dining room show a sensible use of the Chinese influence now coming into modern furnishings . . . Keye Luke, who used to be Warner Oland's Number One son in the original Charlie Chan series, painted every one of the 750 life-sized Chinese characters on the 3,000 square feet of mirrored walls . . . Ona Munson's five elaborate hairdos were created by Hazel Rogers, noted Hollywood hairdresser, who once worked in a Chinese hairdressing salon . . . Between scenes, Phyllis Brooks in a nude beige negligee, played gin rummy with Victor Mature and wrote answers to telegrams sent her by heart-interest William Saroyan.

BALL OF FIRE—AB-2*

Barbara Stanwyck apparently is the fireball referred to in the title. Miss Stanwyck plays a kind of strip-tease entertainer (we see her remove her wrist watch as the big feature of a night-club floor show, while the crowd leers) who is billed under the interesting name of Sugarpuss, and incidentally is mixed up in a perfectly innocent way, more or less, with a gang of killers who operate under the firm name of "Murder, Inc." Gary Cooper, it seems, is this absent-

minded, woman-shy professor who is out on the town gathering modern slang terms (or what the authors were able to pass off on Samuel Goldwyn, the producer, as modern slang terms) for an encyclopaedia. He's making this collection in collaboration with seven other equally absent-minded but not so woman-shy professors.

Gary is fascinated by Sugarpuss' slang, as he never heard anything like it before, so he invites her to join his discussion group in the East Eighties, and when Sugarpuss has to lam out "on account of and because," as she smartly puts it, the cops want her as a material witness, she calmly moves into the old house with the whole faculty. Well, it's a scream the way all those old goats try to sneak into her room the first night, all except Gary, who apparently never took physiology in school. Smitten by a holier urge, he proposes, buys her a $40 diamond ring, while Sugarpuss contemptuously humors him in this fatuous fancy.

Sugarpuss and her boy friend, who is known as Joe Lilac, plan to get married in order to disqualify her as a witness, and finally Joe hits on the scheme of bringing her over on an alleged wedding party composed of the innocuous-looking professors. Gary thinks it's to be *his* wedding, of course, and as a matter of fact, somewhere along the route, Sugarpuss decides that Lilas has bloomed for the last time around her dooryard. The action from then on goes almost as haywire as the dialogue has been from the beginning. We can't give you a sample of the action, but here's one of Cooper's speeches after he has just been kissed or "yummed" by Sugarpuss: "Miss Sugarpuss, before you go—would you—would you—yum me just once more?" We're glad to say the picture redeems itself after that by ending in a broken-up wedding and a fist fight.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Rustling their bustles through the kicks of La Conga, the seven elderly actors portraying professors danced for three days . . . Physical culture expert Terry Hunt was on hand to give them special muscle exercises . . . Only casualty was suffered by Richard Haydn, 35. He limped out of formation with a sprained ankle . . . The seventy-year-olds bounced through the routines like veteran jitterbugs . . . Director Hawks parked near Gary Cooper during one of Gary's naps and recorded the Cooper snores for use in the film . . . Gary's pal and stand-in for the past 16 years, Slim Talbot, left his job to take advantage of an offer to boss a ranch in Oregon . . . Only seven scripts were available to studio personnel. Sam Goldwyn wanted to guard the comedy lines from professional gag writers . . . Cooper sings two songs, "Guadeamus Igitur" and "Genevieve" . . . Slang experts Lester V. Verrey and "Muggsy" Meyers were called in to hype the script with terms from their "American Thesaurus of Slang." . . . Howard Hawks was given the complete set of a "motel" used in the picture, when Sam Goldwyn heard him admiring it . . . He'll use it for a tack room and guest houses at his Bel Air ranch . . . Gene Krupa does a miniature drum number with a match box and a couple of matches. Calls it the "Match Boogie" . . . Goldwyn purchased "Hi-ho, Hi-ho, It's Off To Work We Go" to serve as background music for scenes featuring the "professors" who resemble Disney's Seven Dwarfs . . . Kathleen Howard came away from Barbara Stanwyck's accidental punch with a fractured jaw . . . Only other accident was Gary Cooper's ill-timed step into a hornet's nest during a week-end hunting trip . . . Acting as technical expert, Gary substituted for a hired, crack rifle shot by shooting all the bulbs out of a chandelier himself . . . Prop man Irving Sindler, who has had his name displayed prominently in every Goldwyn picture for the past fifteen years, makes no exception and plants his monicker on a book in this one.

FASHION

(*Continued from page 58*)

FASHION MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGE 58

Skate or Swim

New Jantzen ski sweater, warm, dazzling and popular with skiers, skaters and gals who sit by the fire.

Wonderful wintry white in a corduroy skating dress. Under $10. Black velveteen skating skirt. Under $7. Black vest edged with red felt. Under $4. Red shirt, as good with suits as skating skirts. Under $4. Red wool gloves with white palms and fingers. $1.25. Gaily figured suspenders, $1.00. James McCreery, New York.

Two sleek and slim swim suits by Jantzen—a satiny coin dot design and striking floral pattern. Just the answer for all you perfect-figure winter-vacationers.

Sarong glamour in aqua blue and white. New crochet-effect bathing cap that insures dry locks, $1.25. Red, white and blue rope figured beach bag—it's big enough to hold everything! $1. Red and white striped beach shoes, $2.95. All from U. S. Rubber Co.

FASHION MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGE 59

Printed rayon crepe with long bodice and full skirt, $8.95. J. Taylor, Kansas City; C. A. Stevens, Chicago.

Two-piece twill dress (it comes in luscious colors), $8.95. J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh.

Black rayon crepe shirtwaist dress with white jacket, gold buttons, $8.95. Jordan Marsh, Boston; J. L. Hudson, Detroit.

For store nearest you, write Elizabeth Willguss, Fashion Editor.

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

The children of Hollywood live in an atmosphere of motion pictures, and to them that is the real world. They judge everything by what they see in the movies and hear about the movies and the studios. Jo Swerling, one of the better scenario writers, took his wife and son, Peter, age nine, to the football game between USC and Stanford. Swerling said to his wife, "I think Stanford's going to win. I'd like to get a little bet down." Mrs. Swerling said, "I'm telling you the Trojans can't be beaten. Don't be foolish." Jo Swerling answered, "I'm going to bet. I know Stanford will win." It was then that Peter turned to his father and asked innocently, "Daddy, did you write this game?"

Sidney Skolsky

★ Joan Blondell, starring in Republic's "Lady for a Night," with Ray Middleton. It's easy to have lovable soft hands, with Jergens Lotion.

"Men *ARE* that way— they love Soft HANDS" says *Joan Blondell*

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

YOU DANCED ALL EVENING WITH THAT ANNE LINN.
DO YOU BLAME ME, EVE? ANNE LINN HAS NICE SOFT HANDS.
NEXT DAY
OH—ANNE LINN WORKS HARD, EVE, BUT SHE USES JERGENS LOTION AND JERGENS FURNISHES SKIN-SOFTENING MOISTURE FOR YOUR HANDS.
OKAY! I'LL USE JERGENS LOTION, TOO. THEY SAY IT'S QUICK AND EASY.

Thrilling Hands for You—easy with this almost-professional Hand Care

Why ever have unromantic, rough, chapped hands? Regular care with Jergens Lotion helps *prevent* them. Many doctors help harsh, coarse skin to heavenly smoothness with a certain 2 ingredients—both in this famous Jergens Lotion. No sticky feeling! Jergens is by far the favorite Lotion!

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I want to have those soft hands Joan Blondell advises. Please send purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion—*free*.

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DAYS I REMEMBER IN 1941

(Continued from page 39)

Ever since we were married, I've been crazy to show it to her, but we couldn't get away. Even this time we weren't sure till the last minute that we'd be able to make it. But they finished the Mexican scenes a day early and gave me a few days leeway at the other end. So we dashed out for some camping equipment and hopped a plane from Mexico City to Mazatlan. They drove us out to the water front where we found this old fellow who owned a fishing smack with a broken-down gas engine. "Sure she can make it?" I asked him.

"Senor," he said, "she cough and she choke and she maybe lay down to sleep for little while, but she make."

She made. Next day the builder came over from Mazatlan, and we picked a spot for the shack—couple of rooms against rain, a porch toward the sunset and a little storehouse for fishing tackle. "This will be your fishing island?" the builder asked, very serious and polite. Fishing, loafing and inviting-the-soul island. Shangri-la, for short.

So long, island. We'll be back. What's a thousand miles between you and Hollywood? Just five flying hours.

Brentwood, February 17th.

Sometimes I've wondered why I bother trying to learn French. Now I know.

Meeting Annabella got me started. Seemed silly to be in love with a girl and not know her language. I reached the point where I could use words of one syllable and even get the tense right if you didn't mind hanging around till I doped it out. This led to occasional awkwardness. The general idea seems to be that if you're married to a Frenchwoman, you ought to be able to rattle it off. Words would be poured at me, and I'd come up with a feeble *oui, oui.*

I don't encourage Annabella to talk French to me. It's more important for her to perfect her English. But every once in a while I'd spout my piece. She used to look puzzled. "Ty, your teacher is French?—You have no grand-grand-grandmother from Spain? Then I will never understand how it comes you speak French with a Spanish accent."

That went on for a while, then one day she started to giggle.

"Now what's the matter? Still my Spanish accent?"

"Much worse. You talk now like a little boy of the streets. It's as if I should talk English with the accent of those Dead End Kids.

But I stuck it out, being careful not to air my Dead End accent in public. One day there were people in the room, and I wanted to tell her something private. So I said it in French. Comes in handy that way. "Darling," she said, "I don't know where you get your accents or where you leave them. But hold this one tight. It's pure Parisian."

Haven't been so puffed up since the gold star I got from my kindergarten teacher.

Hollywood, March 8th.

Had a painless interview with a fan mag writer.

Brentwood, April 5th.

Been thinking it was time little Anni owned her own horse. No human being has ever been crazier about anything than that child about horses. I realize that takes in a lot of ground, but let it stand. She owns every book about a horse that was ever written. She carves saddles and shoes out of cardboard for her toy horses and spends hours in her room turning old boxes into stables. She rides bareback, Western and probably upside down. I have no doubt she could take a horse apart and put it together again. Where she gets it nobody knows. Annabella thinks a horse is something you've got to be polite to so it won't bite you.

Anni's birthday was coming, so I asked Jimmy if he had something in his stables for her. We agreed on a white mare, really a beauty. I told Annabella, but not the youngster. We thought it would be fun to surprise her.

Today was the day. The René Clairs came to lunch, and Anni opened her presents at the table. I'd arranged with Jimmy to get the horse over at two and cooked up a signal with the maid to announce their arrival. The Clairs were in on it. I'd catch René squinting at his watch, I kept eyeing the door, Annabella eyed me, Bronya tapped her foot. A fine foursome of adults!

We were just about through eating when the signal came. I told Anni there was another present out front and we all trooped out. There sat Jimmy on the mare, and the mare prancing. Anni looked delighted and puzzled—delighted that the premises should be blessed with a visit from a horse, puzzled as to the whereabouts of the present. She must have thought Jimmy had it concealed on his person. Never seemed to enter her head it could be the horse. When I told her, she went white. I've never seen such a look as came over her face—like light breaking and flooding the place. Didn't say a word, just went over and touched the horse. By that time Jimmy was off and wanted her to get on. After hugging the breath out of me, she ran back, climbed up and sat there whispering to it. "My horse," she kept saying over and over again, "my dear little horse." Which made us laugh, considering their relative sizes, and broke a certain emotional strain. The kid's reaction must have affected us. She's such a quiet little kid, so controlled about her feelings as a rule—

She dubbed the mare Moonlight, washed her, curried her, spoon-fed her and put her to bed. When Annabella went up to tuck her in, she said: "Now I know how you feel about me. As I feel about Moonlight—"

Brentwood, April 8th.

One of those things happened today that, even after it's happened, you don't believe.

I'd gone down to that secondhand bookshop on Main Street where I've already dug up a couple of finds and was rummaging around in the theatre section. An old binding caught my eye—it was so obviously the original binding—and I pulled the book out, a little brown volume whose backbone read "Impressions of America," Vol. I. I asked the bookseller about the other half of the pair and while he was hunting it up, opened Vol. I to find the publication date. 1836 it said at the bottom of the title page, under the publisher's name. My eye traveled upward and stopped and popped. There was my own name staring up at me from the middle of the title page. "By Tyrone Power." From the whoop I let out the dealer must have thought I'd gone nuts. I suddenly realized it was the book my father had told me about—the one his grandfather wrote when he got back to England after his tour of the States in the early 1830's. The dealer's a sympathetic soul. He turned the place upside down till he found Volume II.

I've been spending the evening with great-grandfather Power. Queer, to read his impressions of Philadelphia, for instance, and compare them with my own. So many landmarks are still unchanged. He seems to have been a nice old guy. Old guy! He may have been younger than I am now when he wrote this. I'll have to find out. Wish I'd known him. Almost feel that I do. He liked this country. I think he'd be pleased to know that an offshoot of his was a citizen. Good night, sir. Glad to have you with us. Hope to keep you a long time.

New York, July 28th.

Went backstage to see the Lunts after the show. Asked Jack Wilson to come along with us to 21. Never thought of asking Lynn and Alfred, knowing them well enough to know they don't go out. Jack said, "Ask them anyway, all they can say is no." To our surprise and pleasure, they said yes.

We went on ahead to get a table. Clare Boothe and Noel Coward were at the next table, deep in war talk. Her "Europe in Spring" had just come out. Bob Sherwood, in from Washington, appeared after the Lunts got there, so we pushed our tables together and sat till dawn. I could have sat forever. I've never experienced such intense and varying emotions in a single evening—pity, horror, pride, humility, rage. I left drained but uplifted by their quiet conviction—a conviction never stressed, hardly expressed, yet implicit in all they said—that the human spirit would fight through this darkness and come out on top.

Long Shore Country Club, Westport, Conn., August 11th

Up early this morning for a final run-through of the play. Then Annabella went downtown to have her hair done, and I came back here to the bungalow. Wish there were some masculine equivalent for having one's hair done. Wish it were eight tonight. Wish it were twelve.

Funny. For five years I've dreamed of doing "Liliom" and for two years of doing it with Annabella. Tonight the dream's coming true, and here I sit in a lather, wondering what the devil I'm doing here. Nobody asked me to come. I could be home in the garden, nice and peaceful, laying bricks for the path. But no, I had to do "Liliom." It's six years since I played for an audience. Wonder if I'll remember my lines. Wonder if my legs'll hold up. Wonder how Annabella's feeling now. I know. Jittery. I won't see her again till we get to the theater. We both wanted to be alone, don't ask me why. Nothing to do when you're alone but listen to your pulse thump. Look, Power, at worst they won't stand you against a wall. They'll just say you stink.

Later

Went out to eat at six-thirty. Met some of the others and sat with them. Ordered chicken broth, sliced chicken and salad, which sounded light enough

to slip down a constricted gullet. It wasn't. Reached the theater at seven-thirty. Annabella had been there for hours. She hadn't eaten, so I sent out for a sandwich. Found it behind her make-up box after the show. Wires and flowers started coming. Made you realize people you hadn't thought were thinking about you were thinking about you. (Untangle that one). Gave you a nice warm feeling but keyed you up higher.

Our dressing rooms adjoined, so we talked back and forth between the wall and even went over a couple of short scenes. Don't know what good we thought that would do us. Out in the wings we held hands, must have looked like a couple of contenders in a shaking contest. Curtain cue. I kissed her and walked on. I was dying. They applauded the entrance which took me aback some more. My voice sounded the way jelly looks, but after a while I got it to go my way. The rest was a dream. I didn't wake up till after the final curtain, then we fell on each other's necks. The crowd was swell. Our friends were swell. The prettiest sight of all was Elsa Maxwell when she came back with Clifton Webb, her eyes red from crying. What more could a couple of actors ask?

Brentwood, September 9th.

Took Princess to the mutt show this morning. Figured she ought to rate somewhere in the half-cocker, half-Labrador retriever class. Anyway, a dog who goes round eating salad and oranges and picking persimmons off trees is entitled to her day. Anni spent hours dolling her up, a little impeded by the fact that no sooner was the dog's coat brushed than she'd roll over, stick up her paws and ogle. Invitation to a belly-scratch. She took the blue ribbon for best clown in the show, and loped back looking smug. "She thinks she got it for being beautiful," Anni whispered. "Don't tell her she got it for just being crazy."

Brentwood, September 24th.

Too stimulated to sleep. Read the script of "This Above All." The most adult script that's ever come my way. Thought I wanted to go to New York after "Son of Fury." Now I wish we could start this tomorrow.

Hollywood, October 3rd.

Beat the pants off Johnny Carradine at gin rummy.

Brentwood, December 4th.

I like the institution of maid's day out. I like my wife with a dab of flour on her nose. I like the way she cooks.

Tonight we had soup, roast, fresh green peas, browned potatoes, salad and a pastry. Anni shelled the peas and whipped the eggs for the pastry. They say the French can't brew good coffee. Exception. Annabella brews nectar. We ate in the patio. Anni carried the dishes back, Annabella washed, I dried. The lady looked charming in flowered apron and rubber gloves, the gentleman looked foolish in gingham tied under the armpits.

We'd planned to cut "Johnny Apollo" after dinner. I'm having all my films reduced to fit the sixteen millimeter projector Annabella gave me last Christmas. But just before we sat down, the bookshop sent "Blithe Spirit" over. So Johnny had to wait on Noel Coward. I read aloud, Annabella knitted, with time out for hysterics. Reading the play was like drinking champagne, so we took a sedative in the form of a couple of games of gin rummy. I won nine cents. A thoroughly satisfying evening.

December 31st.

The end of a year. May tomorrow start a better one for Annabella's France and the world and everybody in it.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

The first moving picture was invented by William Friese-Green of Bath at the cost of 150 pounds. The audience, suspecting a trick of some sort, poked their fingers through the movie screen to see who, or what, was behind it. When the inventor exhibited his moving picture to the Photographic Society, it was received coolly.

• • •

Hollywood has produced a deluge of Mr. and Mrs. comedies as a means of getting around the Hays office. Intimacies that spice the film would immediately be red-penciled by censors if hero and heroine were not properly married.

• • •

The old-fashioned peep shows (forerunners of the moving picture) tantalized the public with such spicy titles as "The Pretty Stenographer or Caught in the Act" and "How Bridget Served the Salad Undressed."

• • •

"The Great Train Robbery" cost 100 pounds . . . brought producers 20,000 pounds?

THEIR GOOD TASTE IS HOLLYWOOD'S GOOD LUCK
Academy Award winner Hal Mohr, cameraman, and Ace Director Tim Whelan, of "Twin Beds," an Edward Small Production, are tops in Hollywood because of the good taste and quality of their work.
Good taste and quality —that's Pepsi-Cola every time! That's why all Hollywood, from stars to extras, prefers Pepsi-Cola. They like, too, its grand flavor and big generous size. Enjoy 12 full ounces today . . . for a nickel.
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In Laxatives, too, there's a

HAPPY MEDIUM!

EX-LAX is
—not too strong!
—not too mild!
—it's just right!

WHAT kind of laxative do *you* take? One that's so strong it weakens and upsets you? Or one that's so mild it fails to give you real relief?

Then, switch to Ex-Lax—the *Happy Medium* laxative! Ex-Lax is as effective as any laxative you'd want to take. But it's *gentle*, too! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief.

Like all effective medicines, Ex-Lax should be taken only according to the directions on the label. It tastes like fine chocolate—and it's good for *every* member of the family... Only 10c or 25c at any drug store.

When you have a Cold—

If the doctor prescribes a laxative when you have a cold—take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet so gentle it won't weaken or upset you.

EX-LAX
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ACID INDIGESTION The makers of Ex-Lax invite you to try JESTS—the wonderful *new* antacid tablets that taste like mints! Give fast, *longer* relief from distress due to excess stomach acid. Contain no bicarbonate of soda.

10c A ROLL—3 for 25c

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LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 2318-L Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

THEY GOT ME COVERED

(*Continued from page 41*)

started a long discussion. My mother wanted me to go to Yale; my father wanted me to go to grammar school. All the schools in Cleveland drew straws for me and Fairmont lost and there I went. I was a brilliant student. After four years there, my forehead was voted the most likely to recede.

Butcher Boy to Boxer

After graduating from high school most kids go out and make a living—my father told me as he pointed to a door. But young Lester had an answer for that. I cried out in my youthful lisp, "Papa, I don't want to work and become famous. I don't want my life dramatized by Don Ameche."

The next day I went to work for my brother Fred in his butcher shop. I just had one bad habit while I was working. I liked to put my fingers in the cash register and feel dollar bills. One day my brother caught me carrying the feeling too far. Not that he suspected that I was slipping coins in my pocket from the cash register, but when we closed up that night he made me walk home from the store on my hands.

My dancing success with the local amateur theatricals and minstrel shows went to my head. No more would I be a lowly laborer in a butcher shop. I took my press notices in my hand and showed them and my act to the local booker for the Orpheum Vaudeville Circuit. He immediately get me a job in the Chandler automobile factory.

It was shortly after I started work at the Chandler plant that I found out my foreman was a tenor singer, and with two other workers we formed the Chandler Motor Co. Quartet, familiarly known as the "Crank Case Carusos." We were different. We were the only quartet in the country that leaned to the left in "Apple Blossom Time." One of us carried the melody while the rest of us tried to destroy it. I don't know how good we were, but General Motors offered us five thousand a week to go on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour.

By this time I was getting stronger and huskier and someone said to me, "Why don't you take up boxing and become a fighter?" It sounded like a very sensible suggestion, so I said to myself, "Why doesn't he shut up?" The Cleveland Plain Dealer was holding its annual Golden Gloves Tournament around this time and in one of my sillier moments I entered under the Nom de Ring of "Packey East." I didn't exactly have the build for a fighter. My shoulders sloped so much I had to glue my coats on. I would have made a pretty good fighter and might have gone on to become champion except for one thing. I had to fight men. I was very popular because I had a peculiar weaving, bobbing style the crowd loved to watch. I used to weave and bob around the ring for ten minutes after the other guy had won and gone home.

25c a Corn

When my prize fighting career folded up I was left with twenty-five cents and a knowledge of how to do the waltz. So I got a job as dancing instructor. Most of the people who came in for lessons had rumba ambitions and minuet bodies. But I had to live, so I taught them how to dance for a dollar-and-a-half an hour. That amounted to about twenty-five cents per corn.

My vaudeville career started when I entered an amateur night. I stood in the wing shaking all over. The manager said: "Okay, Hope—you are on." I walked out and faced the audience and opened my mouth wide. That was a mistake. It was the first time I ever swallowed a tomato without chewing it.

I gave up dancing and became a comedian. I really didn't intend to become a comedian, but that's the way it was after the seat of my pants wore through. I remember my first appearance as a comedian. I had them rolling in the aisles. Then the usher came and took away the dice.

From vaudeville it was only a short step to musical comedies, but I tripped anyway and fell right into a show called "Ballyhoo of 1932." I was shaking so hard they had to get an electrician with palsy to keep the spotlight on me.

Then Max Gordon and Jerome Kern looked my way and smiled. There was a little musical gathering called "Roberta." It was in this show that I met Fred MacMurray and George Murphy.

After "Roberta" closed I got the urge to travel out West—out West where men are men and women wear slacks, too. It was just a coincidence that Hollywood and the picture business were in that direction.

I thought there would be a job waiting for me out in California, but I was wrong. The first place I applied for work they told me the grapes weren't ready for picking yet.

One movie company heard that I didn't have to shave more than twice a week so they wanted me to replace their child star. They had to get rid of the kid because in his last picture the audience could hear his arteries hardening.

Then I heard that a certain studio wanted a cowboy star. I applied for the job, but Gene Autry was already there and I couldn't compete with him. He was three guitar lessons ahead of me.

But I kept on my toes. Nights I slept in a refrigerator in case I got a part in a Sonja Henie picture.

"Thanks For the Memory"

Back in New York I couldn't get over my lack of success in Hollywood. I said to myself: "Haven't I got looks?—Haven't I got brains?— Haven't I got talent?" The answer was so obvious I was glad to get back to Broadway.

I went into a few more musical comedies, namely: "Say When," with Harry Richman, the "Ziegfeld Follies," with Fanny Brice and "Red Hot and Blue," with Ethel Merman and Jimmy Durante. While I was playing in "Red Hot and Blue," a new phase of show business entered my life. I was asked to go on the radio.

Several chances followed such as the Bromo-Seltzer Hour, Atlantic Oil Program, The Woodbury Soap Hour. It was while I was on the Woodbury Soap with Shep Fields and Frank Parker that Paramount realized I was very stubborn and that I was going to stay in show business, regardless of my talents. So they decided to give me a chance in a picture called "The Big Broadcast of 1938." I was to play opposite Shirley Ross . . . and she requested that I play as far opposite

her as I possibly could manage it.

"Thanks for the Memory" really started me off, and at last I was climbing the ladder of success. I had stood in front of that ladder so long I was beginning to feel like a paper hanger's assistant. My roles grew bigger and bigger . . . and then finally in one picture you could see me.

I still remember the first dressing room Paramount assigned to me. It was so small the mice had to commute from Glendale. It was easy for me to remember that first dressing room . . . I'm still in it. It's the ambition of every actor to get a star on his dressing room door. I'm still trying to get the door.

The Pepsodent Company made me a proposition, but I decided to play hard to get. While they talked it over, they asked me to leave the room. An hour went by and then they came out and asked me to leave the building.

The Pepsodent Show, or How It Started

So for seven years I was unemployed listening to Amos and Andy. Then I heard that Amos and Andy were leaving, so one day just by chance I strolled into the Pepsodent office on my knees. Then we started to talk business.

I began looking for a cast for my radio program before the ink was hardly dry on my contract. How did I meet Skinnay Ennis? Well, he was a neighbor of mine, and every few days he came over to borrow a cup of blood. He's a nice guy, and besides he makes the rest of the cast look healthy.

One day when I was walking down the street, the ground gave way under me and I fell into a pit. When I opened my eyes two vultures were seated on my chest. One of them said, "Gee Brenda, if we'd had better bait we might have caught a man." That's how I met Brenda and Cobina. They were really debutantes. They had come out the year before, but public opinion forced them back in.

The search went on for more talent. In New York I was in the Rainbow Room one night when I saw a big, black mustache sitting in the orchestra tooting a trombone. Behind this beautiful foliage I discovered Professor Colonna.

Tuesday night! This is the evening of the Pepsodent program and everyone who is anyone in Hollywood is getting dressed—preparing to go to a movie. I start the program by telling a few jokes. Then Skinnay Ennis sings, and while he's singing the undertakers send in bids. Then Brenda and Cobina and Jerry Colonna do their spots. The producer stands in a little glass control room. When he moves his hand in a circle that means we are going too slow. When he puts his hand to his throat that means we haven't much time left. When he puts his hand to his nose—that means just what you think.

Up the Ladder, or What Happened to the Third Rung

After looking over my past performances very carefully, they decided to cast me in a mystery picture. After all, the purpose of a mystery picture is to confuse the people . . . and if my acting couldn't do that, nothing could. We scared the public pretty successfully in the "Cat and Canary," so Paramount cast me in another mystery picture called "The Ghost Breakers." I guess I'm good at mystery pictures. Over at Paramount they still look at me and shudder.

The first of The Road Series was "Road To Singapore," then "Road to Zanzibar." If I make one more road the Government will hang a red lantern on my nose.

In the picture "Nothing But the Truth" I'm a partner in a very up-to-date investment firm. The firm is really ahead of the times. It has a stock market ticker that prints its reports on thin aspirins.

In "Louisiana Purchase" I appeared in Technicolor. When I saw the tests I was shocked. I thought I had a peaches and cream complexion. Instead it looked like avocados and iodine. Zorina, the beautiful dancer, is in the picture and we had a lot of fun working together.

From Soup to Aw—Nuts

The high light of the movie industry every year is the Academy Award Dinner, at which time a committee, composed of none of my relatives, presents various acting awards.

The awards—called "Oscars" because the guy who first thought of them was named Sam—are little golden statuettes. They look like frozen Quiz Kids.

For the past three years they have appointed me to be master of ceremonies and tell my jokes at the dinner. While other actors are getting awards, I stand there like Pagliacci with a laugh on my face and a burning sensation in my heart. . . . I guess I shouldn't eat so fast.

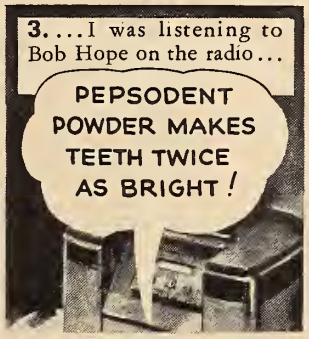
Well, my friends—and anyone who has read this far must be my friend—I hope you have enjoyed this scant resume of my life and career.

I'll never consider anything I do in show business as work, as long as you laugh. But, boy! . . . when you stop laughing—then it will be work!

HOW TO TELL TWINS APART
or Pepsodent to the Rescue

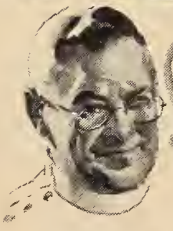
1. Twins are confusing enough. But when one of them deliberately tries to fool a fellow . . . well . . . I was all at sea . . .

2. I'd have popped the question to Joan weeks ago if I'd been sure she wasn't that mischievous twin of hers who never let me be quite sure. Then, one night...



4. So Joan and I decided to turn the tables on her twin sister. Joan switched to Pepsodent Powder. Her twin kept right on using her old brand.

5. It worked like a charm! One quick glance told me Joan's teeth were *far brighter!* They both use Pepsodent now, but...I can tell Joan every time... she's the one with my solitaire on her finger!



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FIRST LOVE

(*Continued from page 33*)

Jean was nineteen, son of an actor, himself a foundry worker who thought his father's profession sissy. Josette was twenty-two, a midinette, doubling at night as a café singer. He thought she was the loveliest thing he'd ever looked at—a brown-eyed madonna-face framed in pale gold hair. He'd known plenty of pretty girls, kissed them and left them. Surely as he stood there, he knew this was a girl he'd never want to leave. Her voice, like her face, had a haunting quality—with overtones that promised the answer to a man's dreams. Josette, he decided, before the evening ended, was his heart's desire, his hope of happiness, the woman he wanted to make his wife.

She'd let him take her home. They'd kissed on the doorstep. His ecstasy was shot through by a pang of foreboding. In two weeks he'd have to leave for three years of military service. Up to then he hadn't minded. How the three years loomed like a prison wall, parting him from his love.

She promised to wait. They spent every evening of his last two weeks together. The night before he left, he slipped a little ring on her finger.

"For always," he said.

"For always," she repeated after him.

At first her letters came regularly, then they didn't. He'd write three to her one, begging to know what was wrong. Nothing, she'd say in the answer that finally arrived. She wrote with difficulty, she loved him still. The tone of her letters was always tender. He couldn't be sure whether, lover-like, he was torturing himself by imagining a reserve that didn't exist.

Returning to Paris on his first furlough, he found her gone from the place where she'd lived. At the café they gave him an envelope, which held a little ring and a slip of paper. "I have married, Jean. In three years I would have been twenty-five, and you in love with another girl, perhaps. Forgive me."

He got over it, but his old haunts lost their attraction. Military service ended, he heeded his father's pleas and turned to the stage.

ANN SOTHERN

Ann was in seventh heaven. She had a part in a show—a real honest-to-goodness show, headed for Broadway.

It had all started in her home town, Minneapolis. She'd won two scholarships at the Conservatory. So when this company was organized, they'd asked her to play the ingenue. Of course it would have to be tried out on the road, but, of course, it would be a hit on the road—and then, Broadway! Of course they wouldn't be paid till they hit New York, but they were all pulling together for a great big beautiful ideal, and later there'd be lots of beautiful cash. Best of all, they had a Broadway star for the lead and Ann, at seventeen, would play opposite him.

The lead, once a minor luminary, was pretty well tarnished. But his hair was still curly, his eyes still liquid, his manner world-weary, and Ann was enchanted with him. The night he called her dear, she lay hugging her pillow for hours. The night he asked her to dinner, she thought she'd swoon.

"You have talent, child." Her hand trembled under his on the tablecloth. "Some day—who knows?—we may be doing big things together—you and I—"

She knew now what people meant when they talked about walking on air. How she got back to her room she doesn't know. She just found herself there, sort of floating. There was one fly in the ointment. People didn't seem to be crazy about the show. Rumors were abroad that they'd never get to New York. Well, what of it? *He'd* go back, he'd send for her, they'd play together—then maybe—some day— She was having dinner with him again tomorrow.

It was matinee day. She had to pass his dressing room to get to hers. The door was ajar. A woman was in his arms!

Five minutes later came a knock at her own door. "Are you there, dear?"

Lifting her head from her arms, she choked back the sobs. "My wife's arrived unexpectedly, so we'll have to cancel our date for tonight."

His wife! There ought to be a law, she decided bitterly. Why didn't they make men wear wedding rings, too?

Two days later they closed. Ann went home, firmly resolved to enter a convent. But a week later a terribly good-looking boy came to visit next door.

MADELEINE CARROLL

"Newspaper man for an interview, Miss Carroll."

Madeleine's mouth popped open. "Not with me!"

She was playing a maid, her first role, with a company touring the provinces. This was a mistake or somebody's idea of a bad joke. The press didn't know she existed.

Over the doorman's shoulder peered the dark head of a lean young man. "Yes, with you. D'you mind—?" He came in and sat down. "I want to interview you for three reasons. Because you're beautiful. Because you're going to be a success, and I can brag I discovered you. And because I think I'm in love with you."

She fell in love with him, too. They couldn't marry—yet. She was eighteen, he twenty-three. He hadn't much of a job, she wanted a career. But they made great plans. London was the goal of both. She'd be a hit on the stage, he'd be a drama critic of consequence and begin his reviews, "My wife captured the town last night!"

She got to London first. "I have a small part in a big production," she wrote. "Oh, Dick, can't you come?"

He popped up two days later. "Dick!" she squealed, hugging him.

"What liberties you take with a London journalist, ma'am."

"What do you mean, London journalist?"

"Got myself a job this morning."

So it all came true—or almost. Madeleine made a hit in her small part and went on to bigger ones. Dick gave her notices. So did the other reviewers. Bigger and better flowers stacked her dressing room.

He thought her career was parting them. It wasn't. She'd marry him tomorrow with his dear thin face and his crazy ways, but he had that silly masculine notion—she earned more than he did.

The end came in a little restaurant just before her new play opened. "I got a better job today, Mad. More money. Will you chuck it and marry me?"

"Chuck the stage?" She couldn't believe her ears. "Chuck the stage—"

She couldn't believe it was the end either, when he said good-by to her at the door. They'd batted the same old arguments back and forth—he wouldn't be Mr. Madeleine Carroll—she couldn't give up what she'd fought so hard to get. At last he said, "Face it, Mad. If right now you knew it was either me or the theatre, which would you take?"

Put that way, she knew. If she couldn't have both—"The theater," she said, wretched but firm.

On the morning after her opening, she read Dick's notice: "Madeleine Carroll captured the town last night."

ROBERT CUMMINGS

Bob knocked at the farmhouse door. It was opened by a vision so breath-taking that he all but forgot what he'd come for.

"Oh, I wonder, could I have some water. For the car, you know. For the radiator. We're all out of water in the radiator. Forgot to fill 'er up." He babbled feebly, eyes on her face.

The farmer's daughter smiled. "Is that your car down the road? I'll send someone right out."

Bob's father, a physician, had taken him on a trip through southwest Missouri. As Bob wandered back to the car, southwest Missouri had turned into Eden, and he shut out. By a farmhouse door. Was he, though? The door was opening again, and the girl coming out. With a bucket of water. "Don't carry that heavy thing," he shouted. "You'll kill yourself." From a distance, Dr. Cummings regarded him with mild wonder. He seemed to have a lot to say to a girl he'd just met.

Overhead a plane zoomed. The plane, the girl, the heavenly day, his own emotions all fused together in Bob's consciousness. Words tumbled out. "Look, before we get down there where my father is, could I come to see you?"

"Why—you don't live around here, do you?"

"No—in Joplin. But," came a burst of inspiration, "I could hire a plane."

He did, too, his father remaining in blissful ignorance. For six months, as often as he could gather the money together, he flew down to see Alice. The pilot, a friend and a push-over for love's young dream, allowed him a special rate.

Bob told her he wanted to be an actor. She didn't take it big. Feverishly he sketched the delight enjoyed by an actor's wife. A little hazy himself, he failed to impress her. It was all wonderful till the subject of the stage cropped up. Then she'd fall silent—

One day she said: "Bob, will you do me a favor?"

"Anything."

"Be a farmer."

He bolted upright. "Why, that's crazy. I couldn't be a farmer. I'm not trained for it Anyway, I hate cows."

"Well, I couldn't be an actor's wife. I'm not trained for it. Anyway, I hate hams. And I think you'd better not come here any more!" She burst into tears.

That was the beginning of the end. They parted friends. It was also the beginning of Bob's love for planes. He never takes off in his own nowadays

without a smiling salute to the memory of Alice.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

It was 1934. It was Olivia's first day in Hollywood. A friend took her to the Miramar. Suddenly Livvie gasped: "Look!" Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers were coming in. Livvie almost fainted on the spot.

In Saratoga, where they'd lived, she and Joan had been movie fans, and Livvie had developed three crushes—on Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, Lew Ayres—and the greatest of these was Ayres. Oh, he was wonderful! That gayety on the surface and the sort of brooding sadness you could feel underneath. Imagine actually seeing him! In a trance she watched him dine and dance and talk and move around just like anyone else.

Time passed. Lew and Ginger separated. Livvie was asked to her first cocktail party. About to refuse, since she didn't drink, she heard her host say Lew Ayres would be there. "Thanks, I'd love to come," carolled Livvie. Much good it did her. So shy she could only steal glances at him when he wasn't looking, she finally downed her first cocktail for courage, then placed herself in his path. "I'm so glad to meet you, Mr. Ayres. You're one of my screen heroes."

He looked down at the kid. Where was her nurse? "Very sweet of you, excuse me, my friends are leaving, so nice to have met you."

She saw him next at a friend's home, where some people gathered to hear a lecturer recently returned from Russia. Lew was passionately interested. It was he, she noted with pride, who asked all the intelligent questions. She'd show him she had brains, too. The only question she could think of drew howls of laughter. From everyone but Lew. He didn't even notice. He didn't even know she was there. His eyes and ears were all for the Russian. Crushed, Livvie went right home.

More time passed. Livvie still carried the torch. She had an extra ticket for an opera party she was giving. One of the party was a friend of Lew's. Did he think Lew would like to come? Lew would be charmed. He looked so gorgeous in top hat, white tie and tails that she could hardly bear to take her eyes off him. He thanked her, he'd had a lovely time, but he didn't ask for her phone number.

Livvie grew up. Lew became a tiny sore spot that she scarcely knew was there. Then the phone rang one night. Lew wanted to take her to dinner. Lew of all people! She flew. At dinner everything was wonderful till they hit a subject on which he held very firm views. She disagreed. They argued each other into a temper. He deposited her on her doorstep and never called again—

Till last summer when she was convalescing at Cape Cod after an operation. He phoned from New York. "I've always wanted to see the Cape, Livvie. Can't we see it together?" Laughing, she realized that now for the first time she could meet him on his own footing. The sore spot was gone.

They see each other often. He no longer gets cross when she disagrees with him. Her heart doesn't flutter when he phones. Sometime it's nice not to be in love, Livvie thinks. Friendship's more comfortable.

ROBERT YOUNG

To Bob, life was real, life was earnest. Its problems weighed on his soul, and he scorned people who took it lightly. That kid in his high school class, for instance—that Betty with the blue eyes and the snub nose—forever laughing, as if she had some secret joke with the world. He couldn't stand her.

One day they both went on a beach picnic with the gang. Bob was told off to help Betty roast wienies. "That giggler," he gloomed, but his feet hurried. Kneeling in the sand, she tossed back her hair and smiled up at him.

She went to college after graduation, he to work. They saw each other for a while, but new interests crept in and little by little their ways drew apart. Bob spent all his evening at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. He met a girl there. Betty heard he was engaged. She met a boy at college whom she liked.

Sitting at home one night, Bob answered the phone. It was Betty. After all this time! "Can you come over, Bob? There's something I'd like to talk to you about."

She told him of the boy at college, how she felt about him, how she didn't want to worry her mother over her own uncertainty.

Her eyes were the same warm blue. Looking into them, Bob's head spun. "Dope!" he addressed himself. "It's been Betty all along." Aloud, "If you're not sure, then you're not in love."

A month later they were dancing together. "Will you marry me, Betty?"

She, "D'you think I'm in love?"

"Do you want to ask the other fellow?" She shook her head.

So Bob married his first love.

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YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN

(*Continued from page 51*)

says Glenn, "but I still don't believe a word of it. Gosh, just three years ago I was broke.

HE was born broke as a matter of fact thirty-two years ago in Iowa. His dad was a farmer with three kids to support on an infinitesimal income. At seven, Glenn was doing odd jobs for the local butcher after school—in exchange, the family thought, for cold cash. It developed, however, that the poor butcher was having a fairly lean winter himself and in lieu of a salary, he paid Glenn off with an ancient trombone. His mother, whose musical knowledge ran to hymns, was not at all pleased; his father was incensed; but Glenn, who still believes that money's not everything, thought the deal magnificent. Especially when for further services rendered the butcher threw in a few music lessons. "That old sliphorn had one foot in trombone heaven," Glenn'll tell you, "but boy how I loved it. Slept with it right beside me every night, and when I went to school I hid it. God knows who would have stolen the thing." There were other jobs and eventually other trombones. "But there never was a horn like Oscar. Every other note a clinker, but what a honey of a personality." The Miller face is cold sober, but the eyebrows are misbehaving again. "That was my first love. When I was nineteen I met my second."

You don't hear much about Mrs. Miller, but you should. She's cute and tiny and all the boys in the band take turns having crushes on her. Glenn spied her at the University of Colorado, where for two years he had one eye on the books and one on extra-curricular barrelhouse at the Denver night spots. Music finally won, and he hitch-hiked to Chicago to join Ben Pollack's spectacular crew, which included B. Goodman as clarinetist.

Later, Glenn went on to New York where he did some work with the Bros. Dorsey and wrote arrangements for Ray Noble. It was at this point that he wrote his stupendous "Moonlight Serenade," now his theme-song. While Ray was breaking records at the New York Paramount, Glenn began to feel all set. He sent a wire to Dorothy Burger in Colorado—with whom he'd been hot heavying via the mails—"Marry me day after tomorrow." She trained to New York, and between shows they dashed out and got married. That was only ten years ago.

CONFIDENTIALLY, they're a love match like crazy. Romeo and Juliet and Wally and the Duke just aren't in it. Flowers on anniversaries and everything! She goes wherever he plays. Draws the line only at 600 mile road-trips for one night stands. Otherwise, you'll see her at a big round table a bit to the left of the bandstand, giving him the glad eye when he's in the groove; the dead pan when he's off. She plays no instrument, but knows music thoroughly from Bach to Bing. What's more, she has a sense of humor.

"Which came in handy back there a piece," grins Glenn. His first band, you may not have heard, was a floppola. The original unit was a wild mob with plenty of talent, but not a scruple among them. There was the night, for instance, that Glenn had wangled a college prom engagement. It was a terrific opportunity. On the big night, half the boys showed up drunk, the rest were "reefered" to the teeth. The date had to be cancelled, and Glenn's good name was mud with 500 heartbroken youngsters. "But it really wasn't those chaps' fault," Glenn alibis for them. "Those were the days when every kid musician thought you had to be high or "muggled" before you could really give, and boy—those marijuana jam sessions! I'll take Times Square on New Year's Eve. They've been some reefer addicts who made the big time for a while, but they're all just flashes in the pan. Take the Chesterfield smokers now—there are the lads who count." He's half-kidding, but it's a standing joke with Miller and Co. that they all smoked 'em long before Chesterfield was their sponsor.

THE current crew is three years old, and you never saw such a mutual admiration society. The Modernaires think the sax section is the world's hottest. Tex Beneke thinks Ray Eberle is too good to be true, and, of course, the whole gang is insane over Marion Hutton. She's the blonde honey with the figure and the voice who mows the lads down at every college prom—which is disgraceful under the circumstances. Marion's blissfully married to Jack Philbin, and the mama of a gorgeous fat baby boy, who *sings*—no less—at eight months.

The band is convinced that "the boss" is one with the immortals. They're crazy about him as a musician and as a man, and in three years not one of them has let him down an inch. No hamming at rehearsals—with the result that they can take a new song cold and in fifteen minutes sock it into the mike and onto the hit parade; no grandstand playing, and consequently Glenn can't spotlight each of them enough; no misbehaving during working hours—so that if Glenn sees one of them taking a drink during intermission he can relax. The guy isn't going to get plastered. It's really a very swell set-up.

Comes Christmas every year, and the warm feeling everyone has for everyone else sort of flares up and they all outdo themselves giving presents. The first year, things were a bit unpretentious on account of no dough, but in 1939—just three months after Glenn and the boys first hit pay dirt—the gang chipped in and gave the maestro a Buick convertible. One year they gave him a very fancy movie outfit that set them back $3,000. Last year they were racking their brains for something super-colossal. Marion was to pump Mrs. Miller very subtly on the subject. There was con-

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siderable espionage whenever Glenn mentioned going shopping. Then one day after a rehearsal he said: "Say kids —let's skip Christmas this year." "Hah? —no Christmas—no Santa Claus—no stuff?" "I've got a better idea. Let's get Trigger and Mr. Hill out of hock." "Saa-ay! That'd be great."

Trigger and Mr. Hill are the two members of the gang who got drafted. They were, respectively, bass and band boy. Mr. Hill's a kind of a character. He's a Mexican and his real name is Raoul Hidalgo. This would elude Glenn whenever he needed him in a hurry, so he pinned Mr Hill on him for no good reason, and it stuck. His official capacity was instrument-minder. But his real profession was looking out for Glenn. If he had a cold, nose drops and cough medicine appeared like magic. If he'd had a sleepless night on a train, Mr. Hill found time for him to nap the next day. When Uncle Sam caught up with him, Glenn was absolutely bereft.

He and Trigger are in camp in California, and they'd gotten Christmas furlough. Neither, ironically, had the funds to get home, so they'd planned to grab a turkey sandwich together on the great day. Instead they planed East in time for a gargantuan dinner at Glenn's house, and were subsequently wined and dined in New York for a solid week by the boys. When they stratolinered back again, two fat checks were stuffed into two khaki pockets. O. K. Santa, now you tell one.

GLENN'S kind of an angel, but he still maintains a human touch or two. He forgets things, for instance. Leaves lights on all night and never has a handkerchief with him. This last he invariably blames on his beloved fans—they love to steal them—even if he hasn't budged from the house all day. He also swears when angry—not often, but loud. He takes his terrier, "Pops," hunting in several feet of mud, then lets him track it all over his elegant chateau-style house in Tenafly, New Jersey. Furthermore, his poor wife is a golf widow. Glenn haunts the links and goes around in the 80's. He has very strong likes and dislikes, and shouts them from the housetop. He loves California and bought himself an orange ranch out there which he's christened "Tuxedo Junction," and where he plans to retire and write serious music in sixty or seventy years. Is crazy over movies—could live at them. Likes Gable, Crosby and Johnny Payne and thinks "Goddard ain't bad." Next to Thanksgiving, his favorite day is March 15th. For some obscure reason he adores filling out his income tax form. His ideal band would be a composite of Duke Ellington's, Jimmie Lunceford's and Count Basie's—with a dash of Miller. Favorite song is the Duke's recording of "I've Got It Bad and That Ain't Good." He can't stand "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire," or "Daddy." Hates tweeds, because they're scratchy. Doesn't like liquor or dessert. His worst habit is saying he wants one line of action followed, then when all the wheels are in motion to carry this out he takes a change of heart.

Then, too, there are those Saturday afternoon dances at the Pennsylvania's Café Rouge. Admission is twenty-five cents, and everyone and his brother is there. The proceeds—often as much as $1,000 a week—go to the USO. Anyone can come, and he needn't be gotten up like Lucius Beebe, but Glenn does insist on coats and ties—or did. Then he saw these two youngsters step up to the door. They had on immaculate shirts, but no ties and funny old windbreakers. Glenn's agent, a very swell chap called George Evans, could hardly stand it, but orders were orders. "Sorry boys. You can't come in." "What's the trouble here." Glenn had leaped off the bandstand, leaving the boys to shift for themselves (that's one of their tricks) and was glaring at George. "No ties or coats." Glenn herded the two chaps upstairs, whence they emerged ten minutes later resplendent in beige foulard ties (G.'s weakness) and coats he'd worn in "Sun Valley Serenade." "That team should be syndicated," says Glenn. "They've been back every week since, and each time they tear up to the orchestra with hordes of cronies yelling—'Hey, Glenn, tell these mugs we did so wear your coats and ties.'" God knows where they get the money, but at the last telling, Bill had acquired 57 Miller records; Butch had 65.

Fans is what Glenn has nothing but, as you've probably guessed. He's got 'em in schools, offices, prisons, army camps—in Omaha and Weehawken and Kalamazoo. They're all sizes and shapes, and he adores everyone of 'em. Yeah—even that screwball sailor in San Diego with the very close crew-cut who had Glenn autograph his head. Even the pixilated gal who wouldn't go home from the Yale Prom till Glenn had kissed her goodnight. Even the fellow who wrote begging for $24.00 bus fare so he could come from Chicago to one of the USO dances. He's nuts about them all, but especially the small fry. They respond the quickest to a sweet new tune. They don't clap politely if they think a number's lousy. They don't get drunk and try to sing into the mike. They call him Glenn, and he brags that he knows at least two thousand of them by their first names. They write him fan letters and call themselves "millerbugs." They go without lunches to buy his records. "I love the hell out of those kids," he says.

Stick around, jive guy. It's all terribly mutual.

The End.

If you've enjoyed this story, we think you'll also enjoy the biographies of songsters Marion Hutton and Ray Eberle in Good News, page 100, column 3.

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LOCATION BLUES

(Continued from page 48)

cola and figures in fist fights. Veronica Lake hops to March Field and gets married. Gary Cooper gets shot at for a deer making a woodsy epic. Virginia Bruce motors to the mountains, weds her director, and retires. Ann Sheridan visits the navy in San Diego and gets mobbed. Stars leave their lots to make a movie and get divorced, get religion, or, like Lucille Ball on "Valley of the Sun," get red ants—get almost anything.

OF course, Stirling Hayden didn't necessarily get salt-water in his handsome veins chasing from key to cay around the Caribbean shooting "Bahama Passage." The Gloucester glamor boy had enough of that to begin with. But he did get disgusted in a location publicity mix-up with Madeleine Carroll, which would never have happened if they'd kept Hayden safely home in Hollywood. Here's what happened:

Touchy Stirling stood "Bahama Passage" location stories about himself and Madeleine strolling hand in hand o'er coral reefs, splashing like pagans in the cobalt surf and bathing together in wind-swept tropic rains. But when a "scoop" flashed around the world "losing" the blond lovers overnight in a fictitious coral cave they had never explored where a phony tide trapped them as Paramount launched a framed frantic search—when that happened (and Stirling was snoozing safely in his boat bunk all the while) he decided movie fame just wasn't worth the riffle.

Not even a new $17,000 sloop and a check big enough to sail it on could keep Hayden in Hollywood after that. So Paramount up and lost the biggest star-to-be they ever had!

But Warner Brothers almost lost a whole picture via the same location hoodoo. "Navy Blues" wasn't called Navy Blues for nothing. Not after this episode which backfired from the very best intentions at the Naval Training Station in San Diego:

On that location, after Ann Sheridan, Martha Raye, Jack Oakie and company had been around the fleet for a while, they thought it would be nice to do something to entertain our boys in blue. So a show was staged at the base and everything went along swimmingly for 500 smiling sailors until another member of the cast, Bill Orr, was called on.

Bill is the clever chap whose impersonations in "Meet the People" scored a big hit in Hollywood. One take-off that wows everyone is Bill's impersonation of President Roosevelt. The crowd yelled for this when he got up, but Bill declined; he didn't think it appropriate. However, the coaxings grew so loud he finally launched into his burlesqued idea of the Head Man's mannerisms. It was funny, as usual, to everyone but a certain naval captain who took active offense. He thought any Hollywood actor lampooning the navy's commander-in-chief at a U. S. Naval base was off base—and said so. Furthermore, he set about kicking the whole company off the premises. Only some frantic and influential wire-pullings in official quarters saved "Navy Blues" from oblivion.

It's not only studios who get jinxed on locations, of course. Stars get it, too. Robert Taylor, remember, was *en route* to London for his "A Yank at Oxford" junket when all that damaging beautiful Bob and hair-on-the-chest publicity broke about his handsome head. Just the other day, too, William Holden and Brenda Marshall had their honeymoon loused up effectively by those same location blues.

Brenda's location call for "Captain of the Clouds" pulled her away from Bill's loving arms the day after their marriage in Las Vegas. The day Brenda got back from the Canadian wilds, Bill was ordered to Nevada with "The Remarkable Andrew." Brenda arrived home from Canada with an infected throat. The day Bill got back to Hollywood they shot him to the hospital with appendicitis. Then Brenda's two-year-old daughter, Ginger, took down with the measles. A gag? No, that's the way it happened—and you'll never convince Brenda or Bill that old location goblin wasn't in there pitching.

In spite of this obvious out of town eight-ball, a lot of Hollywood stars would rather go on location than spend a week of Sundays drinking champagne.

Big outdoor, hairy-chested males like Gary Cooper, Clark Gable and Joel McCrea, particularly, are happy as children on a picnic, as long as the location is near good hunting and fishing. Wally Beery gets so enamoured with the great outdoors he's exposed to making pictures, that today he owns scattered cabins, ranches and hideouts all over the West.

Wally's latest location real estate is a log cabin in the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming. It's right on Jackson Lake, choked with gamey Mackinaw trout. Wally lived there happily all last summer, making "Wyoming" as a sideline in between snagging fish. When the picture was over, he was so broken up about leaving that he bought the place and arranged for a landing field. Now he flies up and plays location all by himself whether he's really on one or not!

MOST normal stars, however, cordially despise locations—and for obvious reasons. Hollywood is the most comfortable place in the world. Locations are the most uncomfortable. They still kid Dorothy Lamour about her first location. She arrived at the God-awful desolation spot and unpacked—of all things—an evening dress! Where she went for "The Jungle Princess" had emphasis on the jungle and no princess to speak of. The only males at all bedazzleable by fine feathers were some lumberjacks at a camp a few miles away.

One good reason why stars are prone to go berserk making movies out in the sticks is that they leave their secure niches of Hollywood eminence and become—for the duration—Barnum-like curiosities, to the local yokels.

One of the most extended Hollywood locations ever to descend on the out country was imposed on Missouri Ozarkians when Henry Fonda and Tyrone Power made "Jesse James" in Noel, Missouri. A lot of times they actually had to call the county sheriff to yank Ty through the mob of drop-jawed natives who pressed around his cabin in order to get him to work of mornings. It wasn't the same admiration, either, which makes stars purr happily and beam on Hollywood autograph worshippers lined outside premiere palaces. It was just plain rank curiosity. They might just as well have been monkeys in a cage. As Henry Fonda was to find out later.

Hank was assailed one morning by a pop-eyed native who hopped the running board of his auto en route to the set. "Sure is an honor to have you folks here," began the Jasper. "Yep, a great thing for this country—famous people like you. Mind giving me your autograph to hand down to my grandchildren?" Hank was touched and obliged. Whereupon the billy squinted at it, frowned and said, "Can't make it out, stranger—which one of them Hollywood monkeys are you, anyway?"

Carole Lombard ran into the same curiosity complex as near home as Napa, California, where they make all those wines. Carole and Charles Laughton were on location there for "They Knew What They Wanted." Napa hasn't any Hotel Splendides lying around, so Mrs. Gable decided she'd be best off in a private residence. She unpacked her trunk in a very nice one and noted that the hospitable people had a maid on hand each morning to tidy up her room. But every morning the maid was a different, nervous, eager-eyed girl. Not until the picture was finished did one of them break down and explain the supervaried service. Napa belles had put the bee on the householder and divied up the privilege of maiding Carol in turns. By the time she returned to Hollywood, her innermost secrets were glamorous public property of the Napa younger set!

The hotel problem is no joke to a Hollywood star accustomed to a pampered existence in high-walled and carefully guarded Beverly Hills retreats. Most of the time, ye olde inns on remote location sites are of the Nineteenth Century plumbing type—when there are hotels. Always, too, they are packed with a motley picture crew bent on raising the roof far into the night. The problem of getting enough shut-eye to rise at five A. M. bright-eyed and captivating for the camera is something to be reckoned with.

Dennis Morgan solved that dilemma—he thought—recently on the wandering location of "Captains of the Clouds." Dennis didn't want to be a bum sport about things, but he's a chap who must have his eight hours in the hay to keep that famous smile beaming. So he hired two rooms in the local inn—one to hold forth in and another to duck out to when the Sandman called.

One night, when the usual crew of kibitzers gathered for a bull and bottle session, Dennis made merry for a limited time and then craftily took a powder to the hide-out when he was sure his guests were too busy with fun to miss him. He had just slipped under the covers when a loud bell rang in the hall. It turned out to be some hotel service signal, but Dennis thought it might be fire. He dashed out in the hall—and his door blew shut—and locked. As Dennis sleeps only in the top half of his pajamas, he was—er—caught. He had to creep like an Indian, in that undignified state, terrified, through the halls to the original room, where, they say, his entrance was a sensation—even if the roisterers were all strictly stag.

Episodes like this, some better, some worse, have built up definite location allergies which haunt a good many top stars to this day. Spencer Tracy is as he-mannish as they come in Hollywood but all through "Northwest Passage" the telephone rang nightly in the manager's office of Mr. Eddie Mannix of M-G-M. It was Spencer, off on location in Idaho, pleading to be taken off the picture. Of course, "Passage" was one of the best things he has ever done, and it wasn't the icy water he had to wallow in or the hardships that threw him. It was just the phobia Spence has built up about locations.

He does have hard luck with them—no doubt about that. M-G-M's ill-fated "Yearling" was Spencer's last location mess. M-G-M set up a vast movie company deep in the Florida swamps, dragged the reluctant Mr. Tracy a few thousand miles away from home—and then everything began happening.

First, the wind howled so loud microphones couldn't record; then Florida, getting even at a California troupe, staged some "unusual" weather. Seasons got mixed up. Skies that were supposed to be blue with fleecy clouds turned tattletale gray; foliage refused to adjust itself to color charts; even the deer, raccoons, alligators and what not that figured in the story high-tailed out of there. Swarms of bugs and mosquitoes buzzed around like Stukas—and all in all—Spencer Tracy and "The Yearling" location did a lot of maddening nothing for weeks, until the studio order arrived; "Come home and skip it." When Spencer arrived in Hollywood he was fit to be tied considering the months wasted and the gap in his screen career big enough to drive a tank through.

Next to Spencer Tracy, no Hollywood star can throw fits over location assignments more than Claudette Colbert—and with good enough reason. Claudette's first expedition, to Hawaii years ago with Cecil DeMille's "Four Frightened People," was double-jinxed from beginning to end. The bags were packed and the boat had steam up when Claudette found herself with appendix. Everybody trooped back while the troulbesome business was snipped out. Exactly one week later, Claudette got up, far too soon, and sailed. She was in the hospital off

How Marlene Dietrich Makes Love Scenes REAL!

PLAY your love scenes in the parlor or on a sound stage, the situation is the same. If love is an illusion (as they say) and every lover an actor, then make your acting good! Screen Guide shows this month how Marlene Dietrich makes a love scene seem sincere; what it is that makes a man think his woman means it. Here's really something to know!

Other Scoops in February Screen Guide

Money or Love—Which Do Hollywood Stars Really Want? Some have sacrificed careers and wealth for lasting love; others have ruined great romances in struggling for fame and fortune. Read these truly human facts!

Paulette Goddard Proclaims, "I'm No Home Girl"—and why!

Cary Grant—Hollywood's Wavering Bachelor! Will he wed?

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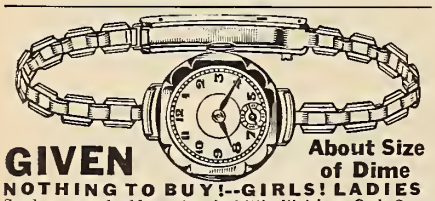

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and on throughout, dangerously ill most of the time, and on top of it all "Four Frightened People" was hardly worth the effort.

Since that early lesson Miss Claudette Colbert gets the hots and colds when you say "location." Every one has brought her nothing but misery. The Sun Valley fiasco of "They Met in Paris" broke up a long and profitable friendship with her ace director, Wesley Ruggles. And on "Drums Along the Mohawk" Claudette got burnt plenty—and that's no mere figure of speech.

It all came about because of a super de luxe, fur-lined tent cabin—which is probably the only reason Claudette ever let Darryl Zanuck talk her into that location trip in the first place. The site was way up in Utah, 11,000 feet high and 40 miles from the nearest gas station. To allay these terrors, Claudette had dangled before her eyes the cutest little location nest you ever saw.

ALL the rest of the "Drums" company dwelt in tiny tent-cabins, drab, bleak and drafty. Claudette's was gaily striped and de luxe. It had a shower and complete plumbing. It boasted a luxurious collapsible tub and a gorgeous oil stove with all the latest gadgets. It had cozy pictures, insulation, indirect lighting, and practically everything but a butler's pantry and a chromium bar.

Needless to state, while everyone else including actors and stars was living in shivery, unheated canvas and rolling up in rough blankets at night, Claudette's decadent location luxury caused more than one pang of envy. She won no popularity contest in her little striped heaven. When things started going wrong there were few tears shed. And they did go wrong.

First the bathtub lived up to its name and collapsed, full of water, flooding her cabin. Then, one icy morning the oil stove, left on all night, gave up and exploded, soaking Miss Claudette and all her dainties with grimy soot, which she had to clean up in blackface herself as all the company were already off shooting. By the time she got back to Hollywood she swore never again—and this time she means it. Colbert will write no contracts with a location clause.

But while locations have driven Claudette into a bitter shell, there have been times that they vice-versaed things. Jean Arthur, for instance, has long held an unchallenged reputation for disliking most everything. Miss Arthur is an All-American -Against on practically all subjects, including newspapermen, photographers, admirers, crowds, football games, night clubs, movie premieres, restaurants, and so on ad infinitum.

But when this negative lady departed for the biggest location Hollywood has seen in recent years, "Arizona," she blossomed like a rose as a tender-hearted Florence Nightingale of the animal world.

The desert, where Columbia erected a complete frontier town and sat around in 130-degree heat all summer, is credited with miraculous powers. But none so potent as transforming Jean's reputedly citrus heart into a lush watermelon.

One night a watchman stationed to guard a herd of nanny goats picketed among the greasewood, noticed a flash light bobbing in and out among his charges, accompanied by grateful whinnies. The goats had been collected for "Arizona" atmosphere by combing Mexican 'dobe establishments for miles around, and the watchman's first thought, as he ran shouting toward the funny business, was that the astute *paisanos* were reclaiming their private dairies in time for the morning milk. However, when he clashed flash lights with the marauder, he gasped and swallowed hard. The raider was the company's star, Miss Arthur, on a private little emancipation mission and wrought up about it, too.

"The poor things," stormed Jean, "standing around all day in the hot sun and getting tied up like this at night! How do you think they'll ever get any exercise?" Snip, snip, snip. "It's inhuman!" The goats agreed noisily, toddling off into the night.

Enough persuasion was finally put on Jean to let a few goats remain for the night. But the next day when attendants forked in their daily ration of cactus pads, they found Jean already there with trucks from Tucson loaded with 60 bales of hay, fresh for vitamins A, C, B, and Q. The goats sniffed it politely and kept on eating the cactus.

Such ingratitude, however, did not daunt Jean Arthur. On the contrary, her crusade had just begun.

"Arizona's" script called for crowds of barnyard supers, and each one found a sturdy champion in Jean. Ducks soon waddled with extra vigor and chickens grew fat and sassy on vita-fresh feed which Jean Arthur supplied. Flea-bitten ponies, rattle-boned cows and grunting swine each had their own separate Arthur-financed means and clinical care. One month alone the feed and veterinary bill ran to $750.

In addition, Jean made her dressing room a haven for heat prostrated pigs, ducks and dogs and so on. She adopted a frowsy Mexican burro and dolled him up resplendently with a red bow over his lean neck. When his day in the limelight was done, Jean traipsed through the streets of near-by Mexican villages to find him a home.

She learned with dismay that the Tucson dog pound had 60 derelict dogs drifting drearily towards a chloroform finis and quickly made a deal with the poundmaster which resulted in the first public appearance Jean Arthur has made in years. She actually ringmastered a dog before 2500 people to find them happy homes. This news, flashed back to Hollywood, made Arthur's frustrated press agents tear their hair and weep like babies.

THE gentle regeneration of Jean Arthur is one of the happiest denouements of a Hollywood location and a pleasure to report—but even it had its tragic side for Jean.

At the end of the picture, the Pioneer Society of Arizona staged a fancy full dress banquet and presented Jean with an honorary plaque. The Governor wound himself up with oratory about everybody in general and Jean in particular. Then he reached for the trophy and before the distinguished crowd assembled, said—

"And now, on behalf of the State of Arizona, may I present this plaque to a lovely lady and a great actress—*Miss Gene Autry!*"

A thing like that could only happen far away from Hollywood. But away from Hollywood, on location—it would!

REAL LIFE COLOR PORTRAITS!

Watch for them in our March issue. They'll be a luscious monthly feature of MODERN SCREEN. Perfect for framing or brightening up your album!

CO-ED

(Continued from page 66)

dependent on the male. Don't hesitate to offer to teach him the conga. He'll love it. Don't discuss other dates you've had; it annoys him. And don't be surprised if he begins to haunt your house. This one, once hooked, has a life-time guarantee!

What to do if your theme-song is "He's gotta be a Josher"

He's generally not too strong on looks but is a terrific ladies' man nonetheless, is frequently a cheerleader and invariably comic relief in all the plays, always has some new get-rich-quick scheme.

You'd do well to brush up the old repartee, but don't kill yourself looking glamorous for this boy, as being a good egg is more important to him. Go out for a couple of sports, the school paper and the dramatic club, for he's partial to the all-round good gal. Is impressed if you rate well with the female of the species. Remember—his sense of humor is his sole vanity, so use that as your bait. Some Wednesday ask him if he heard Bob Hope the night before. He'll say yes. You say, "stealing your stuff again." He'll grin, glow, think—"mmhm, a gal with a brain." He shines in a mob, so invite him to your next party. Get him to come a bit early to help you get organized. Let him choose the records and ask him to be kind of a floor committee of one and see that everyone has fun. During the evening, give him beautiful winks to let him know you appreciate him, and later *rave* over his efforts.

Don't be such a card yourself in an effort to amuse him that you turn the thing into a Burns and Allen combination. Don't ever utter a catty or unkind word in his presence. This type is essentially a boy scout and loathes meanness. Never pass him in the hall without a "hi, there."

Or maybe you're after A man with a Soul!

He's frequently on the lean and hungry side, has longish hair and big soft eyes, gets A's and is a lone wolf.

You've got to be a cross between Einstein and Miss America to please this lad. His standards are of Empire State building stature. Read Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Shelley, listen to Information, Please, and brush up on your operas. He's usually a madman on the subject of the aforementioned. Pique his interest by arguing a point with him in English class, dragging the debate out after the bell rings if possible. All very good-humoredly, of course, and don't pull this one on a day you're looking anything less than deevine. He's much happier in a small group, so have him over to Sunday night supper with one or two other couples. While the soulless ones listen to Jack Benny, flatter the very daylights out of dream prince by asking him if he'd please read one of your poems and tell you honestly what he thinks. Or ask him to read something to you, as you think he has such a wonderful voice and has he ever thought of the stage?

Don't ever let this perfectionist catch you with crooked stocking seams, a too-long slip or chipping nail polish. (Let our fashion chart show you how to be incredibly smooth.) Never "yes" him if you don't mean it. He's too smart for that stuff. Don't let him kiss you the first time he tries. Nothing disillusions him faster. And don't forget—he'd rather he flattered about his looks than his brains.

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A Very Swell Guy

He's generally average-looking, goes out for all sports but rarely makes a team, couldn't bluff his way through an exam, humbly worships the class glamour girl.

You can discard any notions you've cherished about hooking him via the my pal method. Unbelievably, this chap goes for a siren every time. He's susceptible to lovely hair and smooth skin, not to mention having a wicked eye for figures. But here's the thing. All similarity to you and Hedy Lamarr must end with your looks. Nothing paralyzes him like sophisticated conversation. Solution: Look simply four-star every minute (our fashion chart is your ticket for invaluable hints), then go on the eye for him. Next time he speaks in Assembly—he's always making sports' announcements or something—stop him in the hall and tell him he did an awfully swell job and you always envy people who can give talks without getting tongue-tied. He'll feel he was positively eloquent, and take a protective interest in poor speechless you.

Don't wait for him to make the first move. He's terrified of women till he's sure they like him. Don't forget a touch of perfume behind your ears before your dates with him. He's a complete fall-guy for every little feminine ruse.

If you won't settle for anything less than Gary Cooper or Boyer, then

Nothing will do but a super-man!

He personifies all that's wonderful in the male; is absolutely a stunner, couldn't be smarter, is a beautiful athlete.

You needn't be too much of a queen to take his eye. The real big-shot doesn't have to impress anybody, so if he happens to like a girl who's figure isn't too good or who wears a pair of horn-rims—but with an air—he'll date her seven nights a week if he likes. He can't resist a sense of humor, likes his gal to play a decent game of tennis or golf, drive a car and be a capable, intelligent person—not just a stooge. He's heard every line that was ever concocted, so this time just play it straight. Resist the temptation to ask him to your next party; that one's been overworked on him. But talk to him very casually next French class about something you're both interested in—it may be dogs or Glenn Miller or the Rose Bowl Game. Something as innocent as "They tell me you're a Glenn Miller addict too—what do you think of his 'Piano Concerto,'" may be all it takes.

Don't discuss achievements, it embarrasses him. Don't expect instant results as he never rushes a girl. But don't give up. He's worth the effort.

DRESS FOR HIM?

Then send for our chart on how to dress for all occasions and for all boys! Doesn't matter what your type is. The chart has your number!

Enclose 5c in coin or stamps and address: Co-Ed Chart No. 1, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

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AT2 gentle and safe for children.

AT12 keeps hair light and golden.

AT22 helps keep hair from darkening.

AT42 brightens faded blonde hair.

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Called Blondex, it gives hair attractive luster and highlights — keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair, Blondex is the largest selling blonde shampoo in the world. Get it today at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

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● Ask your doctor about breast feeding, especially during early weeks of infancy. Take his advice on supplementary feeding, particularly about cleanliness. Regular medical care and advice on nutrition can speed development and improve baby's health.

HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE
SAFER...because easier to clean

See Your Doctor Regularly

CHARM IS HAND MADE

(Continued from page 62)

offenders briskly. If they are very dry, discolored and scaly, use a firm-bristled nail brush or one of those new little rubber brushes. Dry them well, and then massage the richest lotion or cream into the joint. Take care of your arms, too. These appendages are entitled to lotion, cream and massage just as much as hands and face are, but they are most frequently forgotten because they go around hiding in long sleeves. Be sure you don't make that mistake!

Having hands you love to touch isn't the only important thing. Bette Davis, Rita Hayworth and Linda Darnell are just a few of the many stars who express emotion by their hands. Their hands must be beautiful and photogenic—what the cinema world calls camera-proof—but their behavior is every bit as important.

WE don't like to use the phrase "educated hands," and yet there are a few lessons for our palms and fingers to learn in order that they will live up to that dazzling new nail polish. Exercise is a most valuable thing. If you've ever watched a group of hula dancers, you have noticed that all their charm can't be attributed to gardenia leis and grass skirts. Over and above the sensuousness of the exotic dance, there is charm in the innate gracefulness of the motion of their hands.

If you are a pianist or a typist, your hands get plenty of valuable limbering activity. Here is a parallel exercise for making fingers graceful and nimble. Cup the hand as if to hold a ball, then rest it on a table in this position so that a chicken might perch on the hand's arched back. Lift each finger high and tap the table ten or twenty times. It is fun to exercise both hands at once in this manner and pretend they are conversing in code. Excellent also for suppling the hands is to place the palms together as in prayer, the fingers pointing up. Then move wrists apart slowly, pressing fingertips together, at the same time spreading fingers apart fanwise. Unless you are the girl who does the weekly washing, it will help your hands to wring an old towel for dear life. Following all these exercises, practice relaxation of wrists and hands by dropping your hands at your sides and shaking them vigorously as though to rid them of cobwebs. There is nothing so unattractive as tense, gripping fingers and stubborn hands; and relaxation makes for gracefulness and poise—that desirable light touch, as it were.

This exercise will improve poor circulation, too. That is the cause, you know, of forever cold or persistently hot hands, although the latter is frequently the result of nervousness. So like everything else, hand beauty is dependent upon general good health and common sense rules of diet and rest.

All of the above will give hands coordination, grace and added poise in gestures as well as in repose. It will give you the kind of hands you are proud to display. If the arm of a chair looks like a good background for your hand, rest it there, naturally and lightly. Folded hands are usually becoming, but don't always hold them in your lap like a school girl. Fold them to one side depending on your posture or just link the tip ends and relax them on the arm of a chair. This thinking about what to do with hands and where to put them is not affectation, but simply the intelligent way of preventing those self-conscious moments when for lack of a better place for two hands, you might be caught wringing them or stroking your hair or possibly keeping them tightly tucked away in your arms. These proposed habits refer just to "idle" moments, for at the bridge table or your knitting or your work, the display takes care of itself.

To carry this business of being your own hand-stylist a step further, practice action in front of a mirror and see what is alluring and what is not. See how much you can accomplish with direction, motion and position. Here are some examples of things you will notice: 1. It is twice as graceful to have your right hand on a different level from your left when you are seated. 2. When you are reaching for something, it is better to lead with your wrist than with your fingers. It looks not only graceful but also more polite. 3. Undoubtedly the second finger is just as efficient as the third, but there is a world of difference in the grace with which you can grasp things if you always take hold with the object between the thumb and third finger. 4. Keep your fingers quietly together in almost all gestures. You have all seen girls whose spread-eagle manner of holding or carrying things made them seem awkward and silly.

Literature has it that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, but our private conviction is that it is the hand which gets the daily care it deserves—the hand that wields beauty and charm—which rules your world.

LOVELY nails surrounded by neglected cuticle look as unattractive as a picture in a splintered frame. But it isn't necessary to put up with ugly, ragged tissue. All you need to do is to dip a cotton-tipped orange stick in a good cuticle remover—such as Cutex, Dura-Gloss or Trimal—and work it around the bases of your nails. Dead tissue will soften and can be easily whisked away—without the bother of cutting or snipping. Your cuticle will look beautifully neat and will do justice to smooth, lacquered nails.

Hair styles may go up and down, but fashion in hands is always the same—smooth, feminine, well-groomed. Chamberlain's Lotion provides a modern way of keeping yours up-to-the-minute in loveliness. You need to use only a few drops to realize its soothing, softening benefits. What's more it dries quickly and isn't sticky. Why not try Chamberlain's these wintry days to prevent wind-blown hands?

MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages, etc., of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

BEAUTY AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

(*Continued from page 65*)

nails are indications of some disturbance during formation. So if you want sound, healthy nails, be sure that you get enough rest, sleep and exercise every day and that you eat the food that is good for you—particularly, fresh fruits and vegetables and milk, an excellent source of calcium. Also drink at least eight glasses of water daily.

This everyday business of doing things—dipping hands in water, touching drying surfaces, etc.—robs nails of their natural lubricants, so treat them to supplementary oils. When manicuring, use oily preparations and also take advantage of the special nail conditioners that help to restore nails to health and resiliency. Before retiring, apply creams and oils around the cuticles and leave them on overnight. Then, several times a week, soak your nails in hot oil for about 10 minutes. You'll help the penetration of oils and keep bedcovers from straining if you wear cotton gloves overnight.

WHEN a nail does split or crack, don't give it up for lost and file it off. It takes about four months for an average nail to grow from moon to tip, and it will take weeks for the crippled one to regain its former good looks. Instead, patch it up with Scotch tape and file it smooth. Then, cover it over with polish and it will look as good as new.

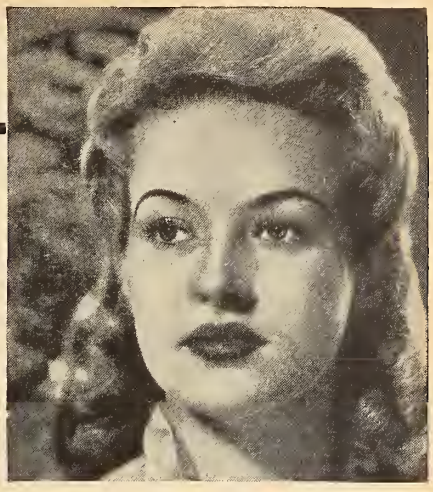
But you can save the wear and tear on fingernails if you keep them only for ornamentation. Protect them from needless injuries and always wear gloves when doing heavy work. The nails, you know, are made in layers, and a sharp blow on your finger near the nail-building cells may result in an air bubble or white spot that not only detracts from their beauty but weakens them. It's probably unnecessary to warn *you* about using your nails as household tools, but we have seen grown girls tackle barehanded such jobs as removing thumb tacks, opening boxes, etc.

Half the fun of having strong, healthy, well-shaped nails is in showing them off with bright polish that points up their loveliness. Whether you go for the softer, more conservative shades or prefer the deep exciting ones, key your polish to your complexion and to the fashion shades that you wear. If your skin is ivory, cream or tan, your fingertips will look their best in the orange-red shades of polish. If your skin has a faint pink or blue undertone, choose a tone with a blue-red cast. The clear red and rosy lacquers harmonize beautifully with either coloring. Our chart on page 61 will guide you in selecting polish tones to harmonize with fashion colors.

Winning hands, in beauty, are never a matter of chance. They belong every time to the girl who plays safe and keeps them soft and protected and who pays attention to ten points—her fingertips.

"An ounce of prevention" is an old proverb, but it has entered the hand lotion arena with brand new vigor. Toushay is the name of a new hand lotion which will help protect your hands from the harsh effects of everyday work. Before putting your hands in water, before dusting or other rigorous household jobs, smooth on this fragrant creamy lotion. Its thin silken film will help prevent chapping and roughness and keep hands soft. You can use Toushay also as a soothing all-over body rub.

Betty Grable, starring in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "*Song of the Islands,*" with make-up by Westmore. She says: "I use Westmore Foundation Cream, and it's really wonderful!"



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1942 Winter Issue
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FOR *wee* WALKERS

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

Good News About Good Grooming

With all Judy Garland's mom's girls too big for mothering, Mrs. Gilmore is crazy in love with the notion of taking MODERN SCREEN'S teen-agers under her wing. Keeps her in the groove—keeps her hair grey worrying about you kids.

It's her first mass-mother job, and she was worried sick by all the fan mail. We suggested charts. You know—those wonderful things that answer all your questions better even than a personal letter. Quick as a short-order cook, Mrs. G. whipped you up a chart that has *everything!*

It's the first of a series. There'll be others. This first one tells you what clothes to wear on all occasions—also *how* to wear 'em. You'll love the personal touch! Suggests different styles for every type girl—fat, thin, short, tall, flirtatious, and especially you quiet girls.

Give yourself a break. There's a coupon on page 97 just waiting to be clipped!

Galahad In Glamourtown

Jack Hopkins, the millionaire Ohioan who wires Linda Darnell a dozen orchids daily, and who planed all the way to New York to be near her when she last went East, is not the suave, dashing, man-of-the-world his deeds would lead you to believe. Actually, Hopkins (who's madly in love with Linda) is only 18 years old! Heir to an automobile fortune, he is more interested in Movietown glamour than in spark plugs and axles.

But let it not be said that one so young cannot be gallant. We have starlet Patti McCarthy's word for that. And Patti knows. Before he fell for Linda, it was she who held this Jack's heart.

Patti tells of the time Jack telephoned her from Cleveland. Their conversation ran something like this:

J. "How're you?"
P. "Fine. How're you?"
J. "Swell. Whatcha doing?"
P. "Eatin' chocolate cake."
J. "Like chocolate cake?"
P. "Uhuh."
J. "Well, good-by."
P. "Goo'by."

"I forgot all about the call," says Patti. "But the next morning a messenger boy rang my doorbell. He was carrying a tremendous triple-tiered chocolate layer cake. Jack had telegraphed a Los Angeles bake shop and had them deliver it to me!"

Such handsome gestures notwithstanding, it is our prediction that nothing will come of Hopkins' romance with Linda. She doesn't love him—and she doesn't even like orchids!

Beauty Bits:

Claudette Colbert mixes a little salt with her cold cream and applies it after she's thoroughly cleansed her face at night. She leaves it on for about ten minutes and says the purifying combination of salt and cream simply does wonders for her complexion! . . . Elyse Knox, Hal Roach starlet who used to be one of America's most famous photographic models, makes her eyes seem larger by using foundation and powder around them a shade or two darker than on the rest of her face . . . Whenever Annabella feels a little tired or punchy, she orders a special diet for lunch. Something about the combination picks her up and gives her new energy. Here 'tis: One boiled egg, two ripe olives, one little dish of noodles, one cup of black tea without sugar, but with a dash of lemon. Maybe it'll work for you and give you added zest!

Grace Notes On Marion Hutton

Calls for Dr. Kildare would be as nothing compared to ditto for Doctor Hutton, had Marion completed her original plans. The 22-year-old angel-puss, who looks as though she'd swoon at the sight of blood, was pre-medding at Cass Institute just three years ago. One vacation she trekked East to see what gave with city slicker sister, Betty Hutton—who jitterbugs for a very comfortable living. The bright lights were tempting, and when Marion heard that Glenn Miller was looking for a singer, she forgot the old Louis Pasteur stuff and went over to see him. One Song à la Hutton, and Glenn was sold. . . . The blonde and blue-eyed one has two extravagances, her wardrobe and her baby (to acquire whom she took six months maternity leave last year). Baby is eight months old and owns more animals than Bronx Zoo—all very large and very woolly. Husband Jack Philbin says just one more animal and the entire family will have to move out. As for clothes, she simply cannot resist them and is considered one of New York's best-dressed gals. . . . Her two prides are her dimples and her infinitesimal waist. Broods intermittently about getting so thin she'll lose the former and getting so fat she'll lose the latter. Stays just right via horseback riding and softball. Has a divine disposition and is worshipped by the entire band. No dopes, these Miller lads!

Grace Notes On Ray Eberle

For our dough, there will never be another Crosby, but mentionable in the same breath is Glenn Miller's vocalist, Ray Eberle. He has a lot of Bing's casual air and is not only darned easy to listen to but lovely to look at. Blue eyes, dark hair and a Smile! . . . At 22, his records are making a fortune for the Bluebird people, and Hollywood's been sweet-talking to the tune of a figure movie contract. His head seems to be nonturnable, however, for his bandmates report that he still gets excited when he's asked for his autograph and is stunned daily when he gets his fabulous fan mail. Considers himself Lucky Guy No. 1 to have landed with Glenn minus any professional experience. His dad was once in the opera, and the eight Eberle kids grew up loving to sing. Bob, the oldest, got a job with Jimmy Dorsey, while Ray stayed home in Hoosic Falls, N. Y., bartending in the local hotel which his father managed. On one of his visits to Bob in New York, he discovered that Glenn Miller was in the market for another Bob Eberle. Ray hot-footed it over to be auditioned, and he's still rubbing his eyes. . . . He's just about 5' 10" and weighs 170. Says singing keeps him thin in spite of a colossal appetite, but for good measure he exercises religiously. Golf, tennis, swimming —you name it, he likes it. Approves of women in general but doesn't feel quite ready to get specific about it. Is crazy about the country, picnics and dogs. Doesn't drink, but is rarely without a Chesterfield. Small wonder he satisfies!

Quiz, Kids?

Wanna be the life of the party? Wanna toss a quiz game and be the only smartie who knows the answers? Sure you do! So nuzzle up to this item, gather in your victims and start firing!

First, ask your quizees to name the five Hollywood movies that earned the most cold cash for the year 1940-41. The odds are that not one in a hundred will guess that the top money-maker was Abbott and Costello's

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE

You know that gray hair spells the end of romance . . . yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy **Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation.** It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friends won't guess. Pronounced harmless by medical authorities. It's so economical, so easy—if you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong!

Buy a bottle today on a money-back guarantee. Or, if you'd rather try it first, write for free sample to Mary T. Goldman Co., 8469 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

If Back Aches Flush Kidneys

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases CYSTEX (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee wrapped around each package assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't take chances on any Kidney medicine that is not guaranteed. Don't delay. Get Cystex. (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. **Only 35c.** The guarantee protects you.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

"Buck Privates"! Number two, and still going strong in its second year, was "Gone With The Wind." And bringing up the rear were "Men of Boys Town" (Tracy, Rooney); "Caught In The Draft" (Hope, Lamour), and "Northwest Mounted Police" (Cooper, Carroll, Goddard). You won't have to give away any encyclopaedias with that one!

Next have them name the five femme stars who drew the largest audiences of the year. If they rattle off 1. Bette Davis, 2. Dorothy Lamour, 3. Judy Garland, 4. Alice Faye and 5. Ginger Rogers, in that order, they'll hit 'em on the nose!

And finally, call for the five male stars who sold the greatest amount of tickets for 1940-41. The answer? 1. Mickey Rooney (the biggest box office draw in the history of flickers), 2. Spencer Tracy, 3. Gene Autry, 4. Clark Gable, 5. Bob Hope.

The above is not the opinion of snooty movie critics or snootier Oscar awarders. It's the result of a poll taken among more than 4,000 U. S. picture exhibitors. And you can believe them. They're the boys who stack up the chips—and they're the boys who know!

Didja Know

That Paulette Goddard is plotting to become a mother—via the adoption route . . . That Carole Landis' first husband, Irving Wheeler, is employed as a stand-in on her current opus, "Gentleman At Heart" . . . That the Andrews Sisters call their five cocker spaniels Yvonne, Ytwo, Ythree, Yfour and Yfive . . . That Jane Withers is keeping a Ginger Rogers scrapbook—for George Montgomery . . . That Jackie Coogan is living in Herbert Hoover's former mansion in Monterey—and that his wife will have her baby there?

That Bing Crosby's pet name for himself is "Fat" . . . And that he doesn't like anyone else using it . . . That a dinner guest at Lupe Velez', expecting a hot Mexican meal, is in for a letdown. Lupe serves Hungarian food . . . That Lyle Talbot was christened Lyle Hollywood . . . That British-born Roddy McDowall will be the next alien to make his vows to Uncle Sam . . . That Mary Beth Hughes, who has trouble with her weight, will hove a fully equipped gymnasium built in her new home . . . That bang-bang Westerns are the only movies that never lose a dime for producers . . . That Lewis Stone is molding the Hollywood station wagon set into the First Evacuation Regiment of the California State Guard . . . That Betty Grable's salary has jumped a $1,000 weekly to $2,500 per . . . That Jill Esmond, the first Mrs. Laurence Olivier, and son, five-year-old Simon Tarquin Olivier, are new Hollywood residents . . . That Ginger Rogers will make a picture for ex-boy friend Howard Hughes—and collect $175,000 for the sprint?

That Marjorie Weaver, divorced from Lieutenant Kenneth Schacht, wired him greetings on the recent anniversary of their wedding . . . That M-G-M hired five midgets to act as stand-ins for five children in "I Married An Angel" because midgets don't have to break up the day by going to school . . .

Why, Mick!

A friend of ours was over at Mickey Rooney's, waiting for Mick to dress and chatting with his ma, Mrs. Pankey. She was in a bad mood because of servant trouble.

"It's that new maid," she complained. "Here only two days, and already half my perfume is gone. My lovely 'L'Heure Bleu,' too. I hate to call her down, but I'm afraid I'll have to."

Our friend nodded sympathetically at her. "Maybe it evaporated," he offered, feebly.

Beautiful NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

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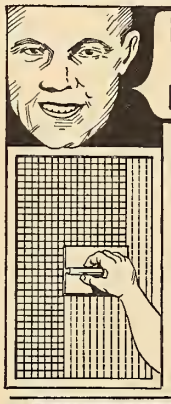

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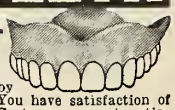
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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

The pair thereupon lapsed into a gloomy silence which remained unbroken until Mickey appeared at the head of the stairs several minutes later.

"Hiya, Mom! Hiya Pal!" he greeted, bouncing down the steps. "What's cookin'!" As he hit the last step, Mrs. P. issued a low moan. For Mickey, the Manly, her pride and joy, was enveloped from head to heel in a cloud of "L'Heure Bleu"!

"The new maid!" gasped Mrs. Pankey. "Mickey! I forgot he loved the stuff."

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Hey you, fans! Would you like to earn a dollar? Would you like to be MODERN SCREEN reporters? Would you like to see your first story in print and have your name and your town credited? It's easy! Here's all you have to do:

If you know any lively anecdote or tidbit about a star which we here in Hollywood have never heard, send it to us. F'r instance, if you were in Cape Cod when Olivia de Havilland and Lew Ayres were doing the district, tell us something about them—how they spent their time, whom they visited, how they looked, what you thought of them. If you dated Veronica Lake before she was a movie star or know Pat O'Brien's family in Milwaukee, *that's* Good News to us. If you met Bette Davis when she flew to her husband's bedside in Minneapolis, or Ronald Reagan when he returned to his birthplace, Dixon, Ill., or Lana Turner when she night-clubbed in Chicago with ex-spouse Artie Shaw, or any other star who visited your city at one time, send us some little story you think will interest MODERN SCREEN readers.

Every letter will be read immediately. So let us hear from you NOW. If your item's accepted, a dollar bill will be sent to you post haste! Just address Sylvia Kahn, c/o MODERN SCREEN, 9136 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., and perhaps *you* can make your writing debut in this magazine!

Hedy Hints To Loveliness

According to Hedy Lamarr, beauty is yours for the asking. She gives you a money-back guarantee on these nine rules:

The luscious Lamarr always: (1) avoids looking in a mirror except when absolutely necessary. Says it helps to avert a studied look that's death to beauty. (2) Uses plenty of warm water and mild soap before retiring, followed by generous cleansing with cream or mineral oil. (3) Splashes cold water on her face and neck in the morning and follows it with softening lotion. (4) Matches the tones of her skin for her face powder (Wears only lipstick during the day). (5) Forgets her comb and substitutes 100 brush strokes twice daily. (6) Washes her own hair herself once a week and dries it in the sun. (7) Spends quite a bit of time every day cleaning her hands and fingernails. (8) Does the same for neck and arms and uses lemon to bleach her elbows. (9) Gets in an hour of outdoor exercise every day.

Hedy thinks a woman's eyes are her most important feature. She herself never wears mascara, preferring to moisten her lashes with just enough vaseline to give her clear grey eyes a dewy look. She loves to see red fingernails on others, but lets her own nails go tintless. Every now and then she'll talk about dieting, but that's as far as it goes. No one knows how much weight her 5' 7" frame carries around—she won't tell, though she'll admit she's gained 15 pounds during the last year.

For "H. M. Pulham, Esq." she was made up to look like a woman of 40, and she has very definite views on the subject. She believes any woman just out of her 30's should wear her hair swept up at the sides and in front, with the grey hair, if any, showing. She says it softens the features, and gives an interesting look to the face. "Rouge is important, too," advises Hedy, "Pale cheeks are interesting in a girl of 20, but they suggest haggardness in a woman older than that."

Hedy is conscious of her beauty in only one way—she's studied and experimented until she knows what's best for her type in make-up, coiffure and clothes. She spends five minutes in the morning, getting her hair brushed and her lipstick applied. Then she forgets how she looks. Says Hedy, "Beauty is something that shows out of the eyes—it's in the tilt of the head, the curve of the lips. If the combination of your features happens to be good to look at, that's just an extra bonus for your friends. But it isn't essential to loveliness."

Street Scene

Things are seldom what they seem, and the course of true love never runs smooth. As we go to press, two of Hollywood's most in-love lovers are Gene Tierney and Count Oleg Cassini. But you'd never guess it from this incident.

Gene and her husband were driving in the direction of their home in Beverly Hills. The sun was beaming and the air was soft. Deftly Oleg steered his open roadster through the dappled streets. At his side sat his wife, humming quietly and scanning a letter. This, mused Oleg, was indeed peace on earth.

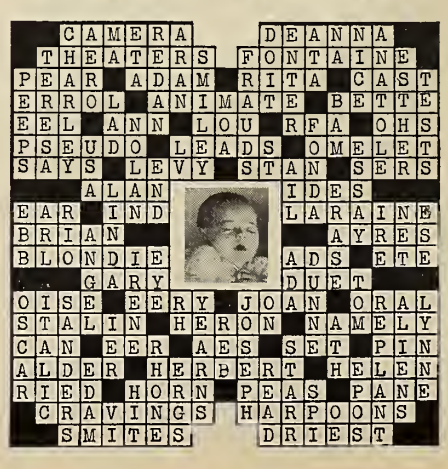
Suddenly, he felt Gene tense. Turning toward her he saw that her eyes were blazing. A question rose to his lips, but before he could mouth it, Gene spoke. "You!" she hissed. "You never told me!" And without warning she bopped Oleg on the head!

Oleg was stunned. Drawing his car to the curb, he demanded an explanation. And Gene let him have it—fast. Her letter was from a girl friend in New York. The girl had met Oleg years back, had dated him and liked him. She wanted to congratulate Gene on her fortunate marriage.

"What's wrong with that?" Oleg asked. Gene went white. But he had never told her he knew the girl! Surely, she argued, that meant he had something to conceal!

It took the Count fully five minutes to convince his bride that the only reason he hadn't mentioned the girl was because she meant nothing to him. Finally Gene was satisfied. Tossing back her head, she roared at her own jealousy. Oleg joined in and the pair continued on toward home, their happy laughter ringing like children's through the calm of peaceful Hollywood Hills.

Solution to Puzzle on page 14



GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Disa and Data

Hollywood finds it hard to believe the report that Maurice Chevalier, now in Paris, is preaching collaboration with Hitler . . . Reversing the old procedure, Patricia Morison's father will follow in *her* footsteps. Papa Morison will make his acting debut at the Pasadena Playhouse, one-time training ground for Bob Preston and Vic Mature . . . After producing 26 Charlie Chan movies in 10 years, Twentieth Century-Fox will discontinue the series. Death of the foreign market is the reason . . . Anne Shirley will put sugary roles behind her and play an ex-strip-tease dancer in "Mayor of 44th Street" . . . Around the "Roxie Hart" set, they're calling George Montgomery the "man with the most beautiful ears" . . . Fussy-eater Claudette Colbert is one of the few stars who won't lunch in the studio commissary. Just like a day laborer, Claudette brings her meal from home in a pail and munches in solitude . . . 235-pound Laird Cregar is being mentioned for the role of Jean Valjean in "Les Miserables"—the part formerly played by Fredric March!

Because her recent pictures have called for such elaborate make-up, Ona Munson refers to herself as "the female Lon Chaney" . . . Oleg Cassini, employed at the same studio as his bride, has a sign over his office door reading: "Miss Gene Tierney not allowed during working hours." . . . Stirling Hayden will be a pretty brave guy if he returns to Hollywood. The Movietown male population is threatening to chop him up into little pieces. Said Stirling on a "We, the People" broadcast: "Working for the movies isn't a man's job. You're not accomplishing much. You bring entertainment to lots of folks, sure, but I still say that's not a man's job!"

Keep 'Em Shining

On the "Louisiana Purchase" set Vera Zorina was sitting in her special chair, surrounded by a huddle of five men who were slowly being hypnotized by her beautiful, gleaming hair. "Gee," whispered one of 'em to me, "How I'd like to run through *that* in my bare feet." Later Zorina told me her hair had grown four inches in five months. As a result of constant brushing.

Good News About Billy Halop

He'll take spiked lemonade . . . violent ties . . . girls who look like Georgianna Young. "Yes . . . and I'll take it on the chin and give it back as good as I get it," says Billy Halop, dean of the Dead End kids. On the screen he's equal to anything from petty larceny to plain and fancy knifing. Off screen he's equal to Beethoven's Fifth. "I've always been nuts about the stuff," says Billy in reference to music. "Been practicing either drums, trombone, guitar or piano since I was ten. And when I'm 35," he's been known to say, "I'm going to retire with my instruments and run a law-abiding ranch like a law-abiding citizen." Meanwhile they're still telling how Billy and the gang had directors chewing aspirin by the carton while they let hell loose before the cameras. Ignoring the script, they whispered, whined and whinnied whatever came into their dishevelled heads, flipping it off with, "You told us 'Be natural,' didn't you? So we're being natural . . . like when we were back in Brooklyn, see? Just like you said." Their unbridled naturalness was mostly along the lines of traditional guerrilla warfare . . . sniping with pea-shooters and slingshots from behind studio camouflage. To which young Halop blandly remarks, "Sure, I let loose on the set and have fun. That's why I'm able to go in and give it all I've got. Fooling around keeps me from getting tight inside. But underneath that dirty smirk, you have a mighty Hamlet, crazy like anything about acting." Says he, "It's got so that I need rehearsals just like some guys need black coffee . . . to pep 'em up . . . keep 'em hep. Right now I'm busting to play juvenile lead in 'Big Show.'" Three years ago he was paving his private heaven with dreams of suave, sinister stuff . . . "like Muni." Before that he used to say, "I wish they'd let me wash behind the ears and play a Boy Scout or something. Just for a change. Nothing permanent, you understand. But I guess I kissed the goody-boys good-by when I waved s'long to New York and the network. I used to be Bobby Benson, you know. The hard-riding Western kid of H-Bar-O." How he ever got drafted into those young killer roles nobody knows exactly. Most people think he was picked off the sidewalk in front of the gas house . . . but t'ain't true. Matter of fact, his father is a well-to-do Long Island lawyer and his home life was normal as anything. "The first time I saw myself screened I was plain scared to death. You know how you get soaked to the skin and your stomach starts jumping? And darned if it isn't still that way." How Bill scores himself as an actor, he doesn't tell, but he does say, "I just finished a screen play that ought to knock 'em for loops. And baby, when I sell it . . . you'll know about it!" Back when Halop was first told that the kids would be dead-ending it in Hollywood, you'd think he'd have gone out and splurged his next week's coke money . . . or bought a new purple tie . . . or orchids for his gal. But did he? "Heck no," says Billy. "The way I felt was . . . what did Hollywood have that New York didn't have?" The answer: Georgianna Young. "She was the first girl I ever kissed . . . and I'm still kissing her. Of course, Judy Garland was plenty of a menace. And professionally, Bette Davis is a blond dynamo. But still . . . when it comes to a desert island . . . or a ride on top of a Fifth Avenue bus . . . Young's my woman!"

Hopalong Cassidy

With Hopalong Cassidy skipping and jumping into his 43rd picture, no movie fan can rate a passing grade in the Kollege of Hollywood Knowledge unless he can talk a good line about this popular series. Ready for your first lesson? Let's go!

Bill Boyd, star of the "Cassidys," answers requests for over 1,000 portraits each month . . . He's been Hopalong for so many years, he knows the character well enough to help write the screen plays . . . When he's not playing the cowboy hero, Bill sheds his Western regalia and dons the well-cut suits and carefully chosen accessories of the city slicker. It's his wife's idea. But she does allow him to retain his high-heeled boots for street wear . . . He thumbs down all suggestions that he sing in his films. He thinks music slows down the shootin'. Hear that, Gene Autry!

Each picture costs between $90,000 and $100,000. To give you an idea of what a drop in the movie-making bucket that is, a typical "A" picture—for example, "You'll Never Get Rich"—costs $1,000,000 to produce . . . If backgrounds for two pictures are going to be similar, they shoot both pictures at the same time! . . . Hopalong leading ladies take a two week "Western Heroine" training course before they step up to the camera. In that time they are taught to act like authentic daughters of the wide, open spaces . . . The original Hopalong Cassidy, created by Clarence E. Mulford, a Maine writer who has never been West, had a game leg from which he derived his name. Boyd hopped along for one picture, tired of it and returned to a normal gait.

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equine job in the business. He relaxes between scenes while his stand-in poses for lighting setups! . . . Only one thing makes Topper unhappy. He must submit to a daily dunking in a blueing rinse so he'll photograph whiter than he is!

Man of the Whirl

Don't flicker an eyelash when the word gets out that George Brent and Hedy Lamarr have become the town's newest roasting romantics. Remember we tipped you off.

George's love idyll with Annie Sheridan has been laid neatly in its grave, and George is not one to waste time. From an excellent source we learn he's trying to persuade a mutual woman friend to arrange a Lamarr introduction.

Since Hedy has always betrayed a weakness for older men, and since George's charm is notorious, you can prepare yourself for the news that the name of Lamarr will be tacked to the impressive list headed by Sheridan, Garbo, de Havilland and Davis.

Lupe the Loopy

Nothing is so warming on a chill winter evening as a chat with Lupe Velez. And when Larupping Lupe discusses men—brother, you can loosen your collar!

The night we talked with her, Lupe got on the subject of marriage. Quoth she:

"A wonderful business, yes, but not for yours truly. Why? Because I would need five husbands to make me happy! Boy, if I could have a harem! You know who goes in? For laughs I take Red Skelton. For dancing, Cesar Romero. For sports, Gene Tunney. For diplomacy—that is very important—I take Anthony Eden. And for moonlight and hot romance? Ahhh. Who could be sweeter than Charles Boyer!

"But maybe it is well I cannot marry five men. Four I pick have wives! Anyway, I know one fella who is special for me. He has a little of everything. His name—I don't tell you!"

Okay Lupe, we're not asking. We don't have to. If Erich Maria Remarque isn't the "fella," we'll eat that autographed copy of "Flotsam" you never let out of your sight!

From the Stars to You

You're passing up Hollywood's best bet if you're not wearing one of those cute new Star Skutcheons, put out by Anne Lehr's Hollywood Guild. The Skutcheons are attractive little buttons to be worn on your dress or in your hat and are made of material that has been part of a costume actually worn in a picture by some famous star.

Among the Filmtown favorites who have donated garments to be cut up for Skutcheons are Gene Autry, who turned in the "lucky" shirt he wore in his first picture, "Phantom Express;" Bette Davis, who gave a blue street frock from "The Great Lie;" Nelson Eddy, whose "Chocolate Soldier" dress uniform and personal dressing gown make stunning buttons; and Martha Scott whose "One Foot In Heaven" dress is particularly popular with fans.

Star Skutcheons sell for 25c each. And the nicest thing about owning them is that not only have you an intimate souvenir of the stars, but you are also contributing to a worthy cause. For the Hollywood Guild, one of the town's finest charitable organizations, will use all income from Star Skutcheon sales to buy milk for needy babies.

If you'd like a Skutcheon, mail your quarter to: Anne Lehr, Hollywood Guild, 1284 No. Crescent Heights Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Or send ten cents for the Guild's catalogue.

Short Shots

Paul Muni will step down from his starry heights to play second lead to Glenn Ford's "Chopin" . . . Ida Lupino doesn't know whether to be peeved or pleased. At their graduation dinner a class of British fliers voted June Duprez the "Sweetheart of the RAF" and Ida—the "Mother of the RAF" . . . Gloria Swanson is putting the final touches to a radio gossip program . . . The town is proud of Pat O'Brien for adding a third adopted child, two-months-old Terence Keven, to his brood . . . Lana Turner and Burgess Meredith were a surprise twosome, cocktailing at New York's St. Moritz bar . . . Apryl Shauer is a new starlet on the Hal Roach lot . . . Has it been printed that John Carroll and Dennis Morgan roomed together in Chicago before either married? . . . Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden's mother are neighbors in a Santa Monica apartment house!

Signs of the Times: Paramount has changed Director Andre Bundsman's name to Andre Mann . . . In "Arsenic and Old Lace" you'll see a movie gag that got itself screened. In a graveyard scene Cary Grant and Priscilla Lane embrace beside a tombstone. The tombstone bears the name Archibald Leach. It was placed there to rib a guy whose real name is Archie Leach—Mr. Cary Grant . . . The new Deanna Durbin-Vaughn Paul house will have a Capehart built into its walls with three speaker outlets in the house and one by the pool . . . Doodles Weaver calls his baby "Noodles" . . . Believe it or not, sneezing Billy Gilbert does exquisite needlepoint work! . . . Breaking precedent, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, has elected its first woman president—Bette Davis . . . Wallace Beery may soon be a blushing bridegroom. Wally's ex-wife, Mary Areta Gillman, is airing her second husband and her remarriage with Beery wouldn't surprise anyone . . . John Payne has a juke box in his home. Insert a nickel and you can hear recordings of Jane Withers playing the saxophone, Sonja Henie singing and Jack Oakie doing Hamlet straight . . .

Because she was a brave girl and made her first solo flight, Brian Aherne pinned a new lapel clip on Joan Fontaine's flying togs. It's fashioned of two gold and diamond wings . . . Hedy Lamarr and Reggie Gardiner still wear the companion rings Hedy brought from Vienna years ago. Hers is gold and his, silver.

Check and Double Check

If you hear it rumored that George Raft is a drinking man—that isn't true. If you hear it rumored that George Raft pays the biggest liquor bill in Ciro's—that *is* true. This is how it works:

George and best girl Betty Grable love night-clubbing. But they don't like to eat in the gay spots, and neither do they drink. When they step out it's because they want to dance and listen to music and watch the crowds go by.

In the old days, George and Betty used to spend evening after evening at Ciro's and come away with a check for the cover

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

charge only. But not any more. George is a funny guy: Small checks staring up at him make him feel like a thief! The idea that he, George Raft, could have the audacity to use Ciro's like a public park, drop a few peanuts and duck out, began to appall him!

The situation finally grew so embarrassing, George called Betty into conference. Together they worked out a scheme. Now when they visit Ciro's, George orders champagne for any friend or acquaintance he spots in the place, grabs the bill and marches out convinced he's a better man!

How to Keep Kissable

Do you have trouble applying lipstick so it'll stay? I watched Don Cash, Hollywood make-up expert, setting lipstick on Ruth Warrick for a scene in "The Corsican Brothers." First he brushed her lipstick on, then blotted that carefully. Next he applied a thin film of face powder to her lips and let it set a few minutes. Then he had her moisten her lips. Once more he blotted them, and they were ready for love scenes with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Make-up men are particularly careful about setting the lip goo, so take a tip and wait until it's really had a chance to color your lips before the final blotting.

Derr-ty Crack

Never say Derr to George Sanders. He shudders at the name. And who can blame him after what happened the other afternoon.

George was loafing contentedly on a set at 20th Century-Fox when a young publicity woman approached him, dragging in tow handsome Richard Derr, a studio white hope.

"I want you two to know each other," gushed the p. w. "We all think Richard is a *young* George Sanders!"

In the silence that followed, you could have heard three hearts drop. It was George who spoke first.

"You poor boy," he said frostily. And strolled away.

The Case of Deanna Durbin

If Deanna Durbin ends her studio battle and snuggles back into the Universal fold, Vaughn Paul ain't gonna like it. In Vaughn's opinion, Deanna has had her career as an actress. He thinks she ought to bounce the movies and concentrate on her career as a wife.

Deanna herself is inclined to agree with him. Never a gadabout, she is discovering that being a domestic pigeon is strictly her dish. She has gained weight, looks wonderful and has never been happier. She spends all her days planning the furnishings for her new home and all her nights being Mrs. Average Suburban Matron, reading, seeing a show or visiting her mother.

On Sundays, she and Vaughn usually visit their best friends, Anne Shirley and John Payne. The Paynes recently bought a cottage across the street from the Paul home site, and it is a Sunday ceremony for Deanna and Vaughn to drag Anne and John and their guests on a sight-seeing tour of their lot, completely ignoring the wails of dissenters who see no romance in a muddy excavation.

On Sunday evening, they sit around with the Paynes and Judy Garland and Dave Rose, listening to records. Sometimes Deanna brings a few of her own (she has over 4,000), and they have a good time, dancing a little, munching candy and talking the way married folk do. Incidentally, Deanna and Judy, never very friendly when their careers were all they had in common, have grown into close pals since they've married.

"Take a Tip" Dept.

Tough luck for that cute little star whose mother is making such a nuisance of herself at the studio. Mama, who was once content to be a simple homebody, can't take success in her stride. Ever since fame touched her child, she's been behaving as though she'd given the world another Messiah! The studio does its best to keep peace by meeting her most unreasonable demands. But her last one was just too much. Mama phoned the head office one sunny afternoon to tell them her daughter was going shopping at a downtown department store—and please would they send over a motorcycle escort!

We hope Mama reads this and recognizes herself. We'd like her to know that harassed studio heads take into consideration incidents like the above, as well as box office receipts, when dat ol' debbil option time rolls round.

Good News About Hattie McDaniel

"I just had a picture of what Mammy must have been. I had it deep in my heart." And that's how ample, mahogany-colored Hattie McDaniel copped the Oscar for her role in "Gone With. . . ." Straight from the heart is the way it's been from the time she wowed her grade school back in Denver. And the day she won the Temperance Union gold medal for her solemn recitation of "Convict Joe." Had the good ladies weeping in the aisles that time. Had whole towns weeping when she launched a one-woman vaudeville act with script, music and lyrics by McDaniel. Lord, what she could do with "Quittin' Ma Man." Had the sorrow of centuries in her voice. Yes, and there was that thin stretch when she was reduced to a maid's job in a Milwaukee nightspot. Warbled "Say-ent Loo-wee Woo-man" one night as a pinch-hitter . . . and stayed 2 years. That throaty, contralto of hers had them yipping like mad. "But two years in one place is a powerful long time," she tells you. Wandering out to Hollywood finally, she peddled her press book to all and sundry. "And if you think it's tough to say 'No work to-day,'" recounts a Warner Brothers' casting man, "you should have to say it to Hattie. She'd just stand there with that shining, moonface of hers, murmuring a quiet, 'Thank you.' And though you were telling God's truth, you'd feel like Public Heel No. 1." Hatty says, "Anyhow I could cook . . . and I did . . . until things started to break . . . and when it happened, brother, it was like a cloudburst." Asked her first reaction to success, she reminisces, "The truth is, I wasn't completely surprised. I'd made up my mind long before to hit the top . . . and I was willing to start at the bottom . . . as an extra . . . as *anything* . . . just so I could learn what made the flickers flicker." Adds, "The first time I saw myself screened I thought I was colossal . . . colossally terrible!" Apparently, film fans had a different reaction to that heart-warming monolith of a woman. "But what scene really launched your film career?" she's asked very often. "The time a guy named Jim punched his pal in the middle (according to script). I yelled, 'He hit him in the front and bulged him out the back. That Jim's all right'." And ever since, she's been ad-libbing so freely, she's practically co-authored her roles. "As for 'Gone With the Wind,' I just gave myself that part. I got the book, read it, lived it. When I was finally tested for the role, I just opened my heart and let the words flow. The Academy Award that followed was pretty won-

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

derful, of course, but when they cast me in my first picture with Will Rogers, it seemed I'd got everything I wanted. I can still remember how I gulped down the tears . . . they kept coming faster than I could swallow them." Asked what role she's dying to play, Hattie answers without hesitation, "Just any good, juicy part I can sink my teeth into." Which reminds one that anybody who's lucky enough to dig their teeth into Hattie's roast chicken experiences an unforgettable pleasure. "About all you need is plenty of butter and garlic. A sprinkling of flour won't hurt, either. Then chuck it in the oven and go out and get hungry," advises Hattie. She's also an authoritative laundress. "Heaven knows I've done plenty of it. I'll never forget the time a publicity man caught me over my washing machine and snapped the shot. The maker of the washer saw it and offered a tidy bundle of coin to use it for advertising purposes. I was about to turn it down when he said he'd send me one of their big shiny de luxe models free if I'd say yes. What else could I say?" About glamour Hattie is terse . . . and firm. With a grin that stretches like an elastic band she says, "As for those grapefruit and buttermilk diets . . . I'll take roast chicken and dumplings."

SCOREBOARD

(*Continued from page 16*)

One Foot In Heaven (Warners)	3½★
One Night in Lisbon (Paramount)	3★
Out of the Fog (Warners)	3½★
Parson of Panamint (Paramount)	3★
Passage From Hong Kong (Warners)	2★
Pittsburgh Kid, The (Republic)	2½★
*Playmates (RKO)	3★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount)	3★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal) C	2★
*Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Riders of the Purple Sage (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Rookies on Parade (Republic) C	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
Secrets of the Lone Wolf (Columbia)	2½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Scattergood Pulls the Strings (RKO)	2½★
Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M)	2½★
*Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists)	3½★
She Knew All the Answers (Columbia)	3★
Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount)	3½★
Shining Victory (Warners)	2½★
Sing Another Chorus (Universal)	2★
Skylark (Paramount)	3★
Smiling Ghost, The (Warners)	2½★
South of Tahiti (Universal)	2★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal) C	2½★
Spring Parade (Universal) C	3★
Stork Pays Off, The (Columbia)	2½★
Strange Alibi (Warners)	2½★
Sunset in Wyoming (Republic)	3½★
Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Suspicion (RKO)	3★
Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Sweetheart of the Campus (Columbia)	2★
Tanks a Million (United Artists)	3★
Texas (Columbia)	3½★
There's Magic in Music (Paramount)	2½★
They Dare Not Love (Columbia)	2★
They Died With Their Boots On (Warners)	3½★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
They Met in Bombay (M-G-M)	3★
Three Girls About Town (Columbia)	2½★
This Woman is Mine (Universal)	2½★
Those Were the Days (Paramount) C	2½★
Tight Shoes (Universal)	3★
Tillie the Toiler (Columbia)	2★
Time Out For Rhythm (Columbia)	2½★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO) C	3★
Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO)	4★
Too Many Blondes (Universal)	2★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners)	2½★
Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M)	3½★
Two in a Taxi (Columbia)	2½★
Underground (Warners)	3½★
Unexpected Uncle (RKO)	2½★
Unfinished Business (Universal)	3½★
Victory (Paramount)	3★
Washington Melodrama (M-G-M)	3★
Weekend for Three (RKO)	3★
Weekend in Havana (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Westerner, The (United Artists) C	3★
When Ladies Meet (M-G-M)	3★
Woman's Face, A (M-G-M)	3½★
You'll Never Get Rich (Columbia)	4★

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October and November issues, this department offered you readers 500 free autographed portraits. At the time, 500 sounded generous to us.

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories or features did you enjoy most in our February issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, 3rd choice.

My Son Mick (Rooney)	☐	*First Love*	☐
Million Dollar Cowboy (Autry)	☐	*Non-Stop Honeymoon (Reagan)*	☐
Location Blues	☐	*Days I Remember in 1941 (Power)*	☐
Young Man With a Horn (Miller)	☐	*"H. M. Pulham, Esq."*	☐
Lana Turner	☐	*Good News (Gossip)*	☐
They Got Me Covered (Bob Hope)	☐	*Co-Ed*	☐

Which one of the above stories did you like least? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read stories about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

.....

* Name the star whose autographed portrait you want .....

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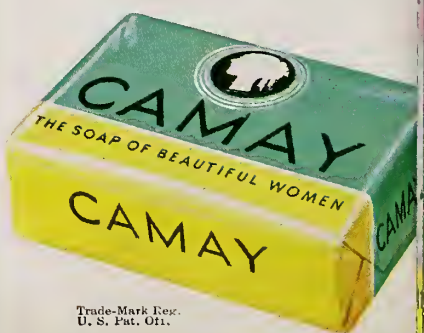

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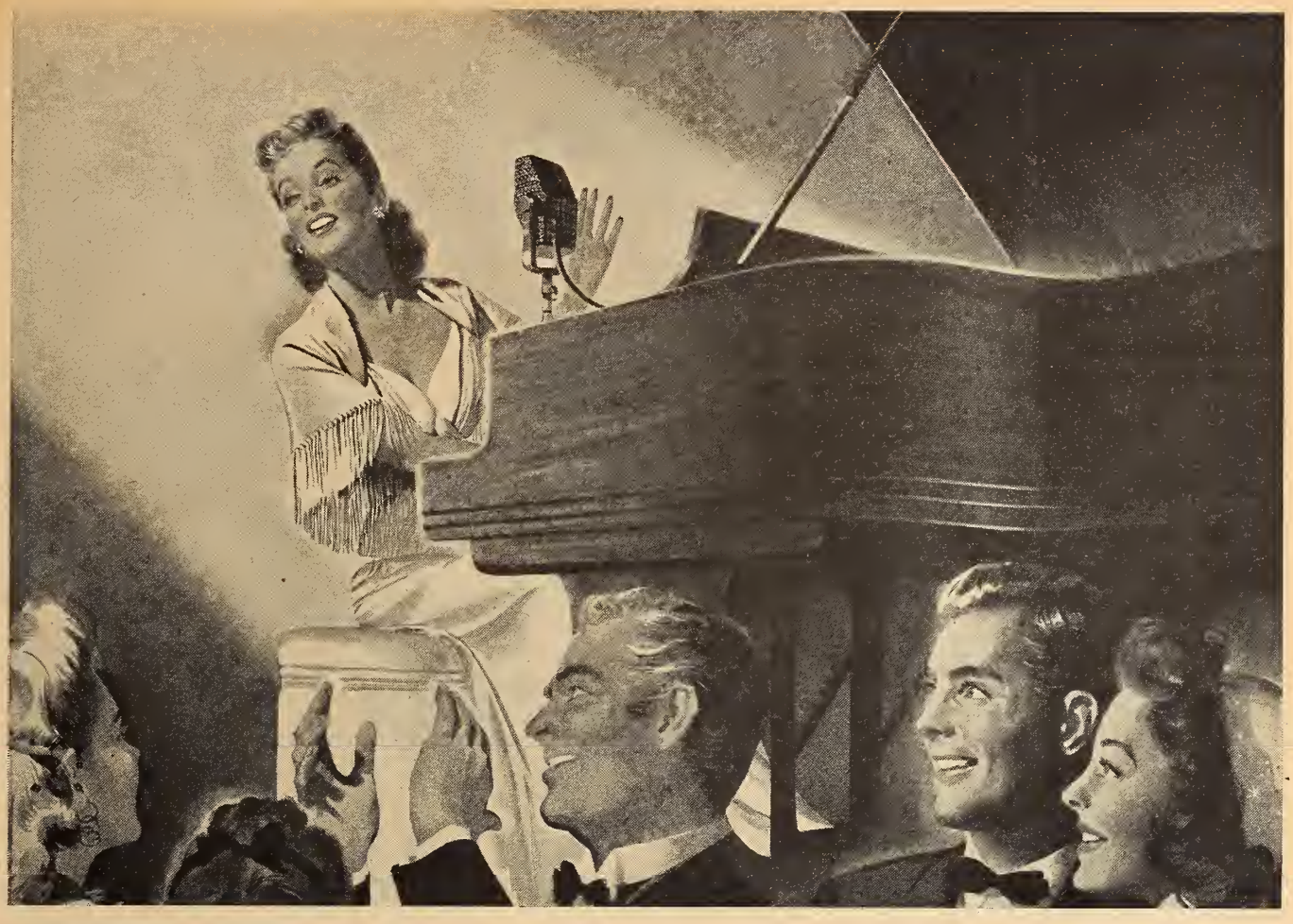
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Each in its way is a masterpiece.

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Now we should like to recommend "We Were Dancing", which is based in part on the Noel Coward playlets called "Tonight at 8:30"—starring Norma Shearer, Melvyn Douglas.

★ ★

"Mrs. Miniver", based on the novel by Jan Struther, starring Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon.

★ ★

This screen play is by James Hilton, author of "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and R. C. Sherriff, author of "Journey's End." An exciting collaboration.

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—Leo

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STORIES

Dream City 8
Idyll on Ice—*Sonja Henie* 26
Long Voyage Home—*Stirling Hayden* 28
What Would a Psychologist Say About You? 30
Delightful Delirium—*Ray Milland* 32
Ann Sheridan Marries George Brent! 36
Skippy's Toughest Role—*Jackie Cooper* 38
The Women Bob Has Loved—*Bob Taylor* 42
Swell Guy—*Clark Gable* 44
Both Feet in Heaven—*Betty Grable* 60
Heaven, Nevada 62

FEATURES

Party of the Month 34
"Woman of the Year" 40
Candidly Yours 56

BEAUTY

Hats Off to Hair-Do's 47
Beauty Goes to Your Head 48
Modern Screen's Hair Beauty Chart 50

FASHION

What Type Are You? 64
Hooray for Gabardine 65
Boots Boots Boots 66

DEPARTMENTS

Movie Reviews 6
Our Puzzle Page 12
Movie Scoreboard 14
Co-Ed 16
Portrait Gallery 19
Good News 52
Modern Hostess 74

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Cover:
Sonja Henie

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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
presents
THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR!
Spencer TRACY
Katharine HEPBURN
SPENCE PLAYS A HAIL FELLOW SPORTS WRITER NAMED SAM!
KATE PLAYS A HIGHBROW POLITICAL COLUMNIST NAMED TESS!
WOMAN OF THE YEAR
IT'S EITHER LOVE OR FIGHT 'TWIXT SAM AND TESS— AND THEY'RE GOOD AT BOTH!
A GEORGE STEVENS' Production

with FAY BAINTER · REGINALD OWEN · Directed by GEORGE STEVENS
Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ · Screen Play by Ring Lardner, Jr. and Michael Kanin

MOVIE REVIEWS

George Sonders ploys Sir Arthur Blake, sodistic nobleman, in TCF's "Son of Fury."

SON OF FURY

An epic, as such things go in Hollywood, usually contains a gloomy castle, a square-rigged schooner, a high-born lady, an exotic wench and Tyrone Power. "Son of Fury" contains them all in good measure. It's a tale of high adventure racing from London and the docks of Bristol to the South Seas and back to England again. It's swashbuckling romance done with sweep and all the resources Hollywood can command.

Benjamin Blake (Tyrone Power) is the ward of Sir Arthur Blake (George Sanders) who, out of fear that the boy may some day usurp the vast manorial estates of Breetholm, tries to break his spirit. But the boy rebels and at the first chance runs away. His escape carries him to the ship *Tropic Star* which is sailing for the Pacific. On board he befriends a seaman (John Carradine) and the

Benjamin Blake's (Tyrone Power) true love is Gene Tierney, the girl he found on a South Sea isle—the girl he couldn't forget.

two decide to jump ship for an island in the South Seas where they hope to make a fortune in pearls.

Ben finds peace, love and his fortune on the South Sea isle, and years later he returns to England for revenge and to take his rightful place as master of Breetholm. But he is betrayed by the high-born English lady he thought he loved and falls once again into the hands of Sir Arthur. He is brought to trial, charged with attempting to kill his master, and only at the last minute is he cleared. He has his revenge, and as heir to Breetholm, he seemingly has all he might want. But the vision of the peace he knew in the South Seas and the girl (Gene Tierney) he left there haunt him and finally he sails back.

Producer Darryl F. Zanuck spent unstintingly on the production. The South Seas backgrounds are authentic, photographed on the spot; the ocean sequences weren't faked. The castle, the South Sea Island village, the docks of Bristol were all minutely reproduced in the sets. Where the script calls for high, mullioned windows—the windows are high and, by heaven, they're mullioned to the Queen's taste.

It's a costume picture, of course, since the time of the action is around 1790. It was a colorful period, a time of violent contrasts, when the slums of Bristol huddled between vast manorial estates and proud square-riggers in the harbor. Tyrone Power always cuts a fine figure in tight pants and a jerkin, and in "Son of Fury" he gets to wear a variety of costumes including a (*Continued on page* 9)

P. S.

Tyrone Power shivered and sniffled his way through the island scenes in a pareu, the male version of a sarong . . . 20th Century-Fox spent more than $2,000,000 on this one during the 113 days it was being filmed . . . The "castle" took up four sound stages, cost $50,000 to build . . . 14,000 simoleons checked off as the cost of the South Sea Island village. (You can build the real thing in Tahiti for one-seventh of that sum) . . The water front of Bristol, England, circa 1800, took $40,000 out of the budget . . . George Sanders refused to read the script ahead of time, asked that his part be handed to him a page at a time every day. Says he likes suspense. Wears trousers so tight, it took four men to hoist him onto his horse . . . Gene Tierney danced the Pao'a for ten days straight, woke up the 11th morning with a "charlie horse" and a severe case of the flu . . . The ceremonial number was staged by Auggie Goupil, whose Tahitian recordings are considered tops by platter-collectors . . . Frances Farmer was the final choice for the jinx role, Isabel. Both Maureen O'Hara and Cobina Wright, Jr., were announced for the part, but both fell seriously ill before they had a chance to start work . . . Farmer's boy friend in the picture, Marten Lamont, edited the magazine Arts and Architecture before turning actor a few months ago . . . Composer Alfred Newman used two leitmotifs in the musical score —a fast tempo for the English scenes, and a slower, dreamy melody for the South Sea Island sequences . . . Technical adviser Maj. G. O. T. Bagley had the same job for "Mutiny on the Bounty" . . . Director John Cromwell's wife returned to pictures in one of the "Son of Fury" roles.. She's Kay Johnson, who used to star for Cecil B. deMille before she gave up the cinema for marriage. Takes one movie job a year and spends the rest of the time with her children . . . It's no unintentional error. Script writers deliberately went off the historical beam and let Ty Power kiss Gene Tierney, instead of rubbing noses, the correct style of Polynesian love-making.

Ty and John Carradine played cards between "Son of Fury" takes. John's boot is in government service.

Frances Farmer gets another fat role as the high-born English lady who betrays Blake on his return to England.

Underneath the glitter, the bounce, the razzle-dazzle, Hollywood's a 1942-model streamlined Shangri-La!

DREAM CITY . . .

BY HUGH ROBERTS

● There was a time, exactly eight years ago, when several million Americans would have given all their earthly possessions to live in a place called Shangri-La—and when exactly 650,000 people *did* live in that place and didn't know it!

Eight years ago was the time a quiet English author named James Hilton wrote a book called "Lost Horizon." Into the ink of his pages he poured out the story of a mythical city, Shangri-La—a refuge from the murderous madness of the world, a haven for intellect, beauty, peace, moderation, a storehouse for the best of books, music, painting, learning, science.

One day, just after the book had become a best-seller and just before it became a movie with Ronald Colman, I met James Hilton, and I asked him a question. I asked him—

"Is there, on this earth, really such a place as Shangri-La?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe there is. But, as yet, I haven't found it. That's why, in my book, I placed Shangri-La in unexplored Tibet. It's too utopian to be known by man. It's a dream city. And, if I ever find one like it, I'll leave London. I'll move to it."

Well, apparently Mr. Hilton *did* find his dream city. Because he finally left London—at a period when London was happy and peaceful—and moved to his Shangri-La.

In brief, James Hilton is now a resident of Hollywood, along with 650,000 other persons who dwell within its 24 square miles.

Now, this may come as a surprise to you. I mean, referring to Hollywood as a Shangri-La. You may still think of it in terms of a lot of sensational nonsense, mostly untrue and largely concerning illiterates, swimming pools, scandals—but, believe me, that picture of Hollywood is as old-fashioned as a (*Continued on page* 94)

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 7*)

pareu, which is a sort of male variant of the sarong.

In his day Benjamin Blake covered a good deal of territory, and his fortunes rose and fell. The camera follows his adventures faithfully from change of scene to change of scene, from fight to fight. It's a cut from the same cloth as "Anthony Adverse" and "Mutiny on the Bounty," and those provided thrills enough for armchair adventurers in movie houses through the country. There's something satisfying in watching a square-rigger plow through towering seas, wind-swept and lashed with rain.

Especially if the theater is steam heated.—*TCF.*

KINGS ROW

The Typical American Town, like the Average Man, is a convenient myth. No town is typical except of itself, and the town of Kings Row, at the turn of the century, was no exception. It had more than its rightful share of eccentrics. Insanity, perversion, fanaticism run a bright scarlet thread through the stodgy cloth.

On the surface Kings Row is typical enough, a thriving little town, advertising itself: "A good town. A good clean town. A good town to live in and a good place to raise your children." Kings Row has its good houses and its shantytown across the tracks; the grass grows green in its fields, and its pretty little lanes wind through pleasant scenery. But there's rottenness and horror, and the sun never reaches some of the dark corners.

For the story attempts to rip away the curtain and lay bare the twisted minds and hidden tragedies of the people of Kings Row. There's ugliness and evil under the surface that the placid day-to-day life in this small town cannot hide.

It's a chronicle story following the careers of a half dozen or so of Kings Row citizens. There's Parris Mitchell who leaves Kings Row for a while to become a doctor and returns to find his best friend, Drake McHugh, crippled and half-dead and married to Randy Monaghan, the girl from across the tracks. There's Louise Gordon, Drake's early love, whose life is almost twisted into wreckage by the ugly accident that befalls Drake. There's Cassandra Tower, Parris Mitchell's frightened, ill-fated sweetheart.

The plots cross and criss-cross, and Kings Row leaves none of them untouched. It's not a very pleasant story, but it's the strong, red meat of drama.

It's a story of blasted hopes and suffering, but through it runs the theme of human courage. It's the story of the young doctor, Parris Mitchell, who finds that medicine ". . . is a game in which man pits his brain against the forces of destruction and disease. . ." The char-

(*Continued on page 10*)

"I'm in the Dog-House— the Boss has 'Fire' in his Eye!"

Ada: And you can't guess *why* you're in the dog-house, Jane? Well my pet, you're decorative to the eye, and you're a speed demon for work. But, Jane, you're guilty of one careless, unforgivable little fault!

Jane: Now don't "underarm odor" me—or friendship ceases. You know I'd rather skip breakfast than miss my morning bath!

Ada: Foolish girl—why trust your bath to last all day! Use speedy Mum under each arm—if you want to *stay* flower-fresh!

Jane: So that's why the perfect secretary is withering on the job. I *am* ashamed!

Jane: (*later*) Mum's marvelous for my speedy morning routine! 30 seconds and I'm through. And business day or gala evening, I'm free from worry—safe from offending. And the boss is smiling these days!

Mum takes just half a minute—keeps underarms fresh for hours!
Mum prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration.
Mum won't irritate skin—won't harm clothes. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—*A gentle, dependable deodorant is a "must" for this purpose. Try Mum this way, too.*

MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

(Continued from page 9)

acters move through darkness and despair, but they reach the light. Even Drake McHugh, at the end of the picture, can say: "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul."

Warner's gambled in the production, for you'll find no big names in the cast. Robert Cummings and Ronald Reagan play Parris Mitchell and Drake McHugh; Ann Sheridan is Randy Monaghan. There are even a few new faces—Nancy Coleman and Kaaren Verne. They're backed up by old performers like Claude Rains, Charles Coburn, Judith Anderson and Maria Ouspenskaya. But Warner's is depending on the story to carry the picture.

"Kings Row" is off the beaten track of movie fare. It moves into a strange field, not very far perhaps, but far enough; you may not like it all, but the theme is moving and daring. There's life in "Kings Row," raw, red and angry.—*W. B.*

P. S.

Boner-spotters are going to waste 2 hours and 36 minutes watching "Kings Row." It's the most authentic picture ever made about the period of 1890-1904. . . . Dramatic license is responsible for the only error—the artist's collars worn by Bob Cummings. The fancy neckpieces actually didn't come into style until much later, but Director Sam Wood okayed them because they aided Bob in his characterization. . . . Actors and set workers had to be cautioned not to pick any of the 6,000 apples on the orchard set. The fruit was individually attached to the trees; every apple ruined for eating by the wire plugged through its core. . . . Annie Sheridan buckled down to business and burned the midnight oil studying her part—her most dramatic role to date. . . . To Be Read With Tongue-in-Cheek: "Ronald Reagan has always wanted to be a side show barker, and will spend his next two-week layoff doing just that at a county fair in Vermont." . . . Author Henry Bellamann made a special trip to Hollywood to confer with Composer Erich Wolfgang Korngold on the musical score for the picture. . . . The role of Cassandra, though small, was coveted by every actress in town. Bette Davis fought for it, Ida Lupino pleaded for it, Betty Field won it. . . . Mrs. P. N. Cheng, wife of an official of the Chungking Government, spent three months studying film technique. Watched every phase of the production of "King's Row" from the day it started until a rough cut of the film was run off just ten hours after the cameras caught the final scene. Mrs. Cheng will produce pictures herself as soon as she returns to China. . . . The sun shining on the artificial snow gave Ronald Reagan a severe case of snow-blindness. . . . Harry Davenport intrigued every set visitor with his weird-looking hair. His snow-white locks were bedaubed with cheek rouge so they'd photograph a softer shade. . . . Stage 7 was turned into a railroad yard with more than 1500 feet of track criss-crossed all over the place, a passenger station, freight depot, signal tower and old-fashioned crossing gate complete with flagman.

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

The Sullivan of "Sullivan's Travels" is a movie director who becomes fed up with making funny pictures. S. N. Behrman, you may recall, treated the same theme in "No Time For Comedy," but the similarity ends there. Preston Sturges, who wrote and directed "Sullivan's Travels," works with rowdy comedy, slapstick and a slight mixture of drama and sentiment. This is no drawing room comedy.

Sullivan's Odyssey in search of trouble as material for his epic of garbage pails, stark realism and human suffering with "just a little sex in it" makes for hilarious situations. Sullivan has a provoking way of ending up back in Hollywood, back at the gilt and gold swimming pool or back at the land yacht, filled with the publicity agent, chef, candid camera man and chauffeur, that the studio kindly provides for his travels. Sullivan gets to see the world—but it's all through the gold-flecked pupils of the Hollywood eye.

In the Sturges manner the film pokes some mild fun at Hollywood. The epic of misery Sullivan is intent on making is called "For Whom The Night Falls"; and as the producer says, "Go ahead and make it, at what you're getting, I can't afford to argue with you." The girl in the picture asks Sullivan: "Is Hitchcock as fat as they say he is?" Sullivan says:

FOR FIVE OUT OF SEVEN WOMEN . . .

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These days when beauty means so much, use *Matched Makeup*—color-coordinated Marvelous Powder, Rouge, Lipstick . . . by Richard Hudnut!

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A face powder, perfect for today's busy women!

Marvelous Face Powder is fine-textured—gives a delicate, *natural* finish. And it stays on smoothly up to *five full hours*, thanks to two special adhering ingredients . . . ingredients so pure they're often advised for sensitive skins.

Try Marvelous Face Powder . . . and for the added beauty of a matched makeup, try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too. In true-to-type shades—one just right for you! At your favorite cosmetic counter. Large sizes 55¢ each.

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*The color of my eyes is*_____ *hair*_____ *skin*_____

Name_____

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(Good only in U. S. A., except where legally prohibited.)

Hudnut MARVELOUS

Matching ROUGE, LIPSTICK AND THE POWDER THAT Stays on 5 Hours

"Fatter." And then again: "Do you think Orson Welles is crazy?" "In a very practical way," Sullivan answers. Among other things, "Sullivan's Travels" keeps you up to date on your Hollywood gossip.

Boiled down, "Sullivan's Travels" is a string of gags and situations in the best old-time Hollywood comedy manner. They're strung on the slim idea of Sullivan's attempts to find trouble; there's a glorified chase sequence and a mass dunking scene in Sullivan's Hollywood swimming pool. But it's all put together with a cunning and knowing hand. Preston Sturges knows what makes people laugh.

Towards the end, the picture falls into

a serious, dramatic complication, but that's only because the story must be wound up in some way. And Sturges handles the drama to point up his comedy. Don't worry about Sullivan. Sullivan belongs in Hollywood and that's where he ends up.

Joel McCrea plays Sullivan and Veronica Lake, the Bombshell of yesteryear, plays a slightly less explosive role. Some old familiar faces from previous Sturges pictures are on hand again, and the supporting cast is full of old, tried comedy characters; you'll find Raymond Walburn, William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, Porter Hall and Eric Blore up to their old tricks.

There's a dedication at the end of the picture that's worth quoting. Says Sullivan: "To the memory of those who made us laugh—the motley mountebanks, the clowns, the buffoons in all times and in all nations, whose efforts lightened our burden a little in this cockeyed caravan—this picture is affectionately dedicated."

Go to it, Sturges!—*Par.*

P. S.

Super-siren Veronica Lake's stream of blond hair stays tucked under a cap, and her pear-shaped chassis remains hidden beneath men's clothes during most of the picture—Director Preston Sturges' way of casting against type. . . . Joel McCrea always finds a fight scene in his scripts. This time it's a rock-throwing brawl. . . . One of the most important characters in the picture hasn't a word of dialogue. Georges Renavent plays the part of the Old Bum entirely in pantomime . . . Running him a very close second for taciturnity is Harry Rosenthal, who has only one word of dialogue—"Amateurs"—muttered while watching McCrea and Miss Lake pitch a little woo in a box car. . . . Harry owns one of Hollywood's most popular music shops, is one of the fleetest-fingered pianists in the country, and does bit parts in every one of friend Sturges' films. . . . Others in the Sturges Stock Company—the people Preston uses in most of his pictures—are: Robert Warwick, William Demarest, Robert Greig, Franklin Pangborn, Eric Blore, Torben Meyer, Victor Potel, Esther Howard, Jimmy Conlin. . . . Veronica's parents

(*Continued on page 13*)

New Loveliness Awaits You! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

***This lovely bride** is Mrs. E. C. Thuston, Jr., of Birmingham, Ala. who says: "I'm so proud of my complexion since I changed to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"*

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NEW LOVELINESS may await you in the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. For you may be blissfully unaware that you are cleansing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Everywhere you'll find charming brides like Mrs. Thuston who have trusted the care of their complexions to the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. All are visible proof that this thrilling beauty treatment really works for loveliness!

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not only *mild*—it's actually milder than the ten famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we urge you to "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

Be faithful! Use gentle Camay night and morning for *30 days*. With the very first treatment you'll feel your skin glow with new freshness. Then, as the days go by, thrilling new loveliness may be yours!

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

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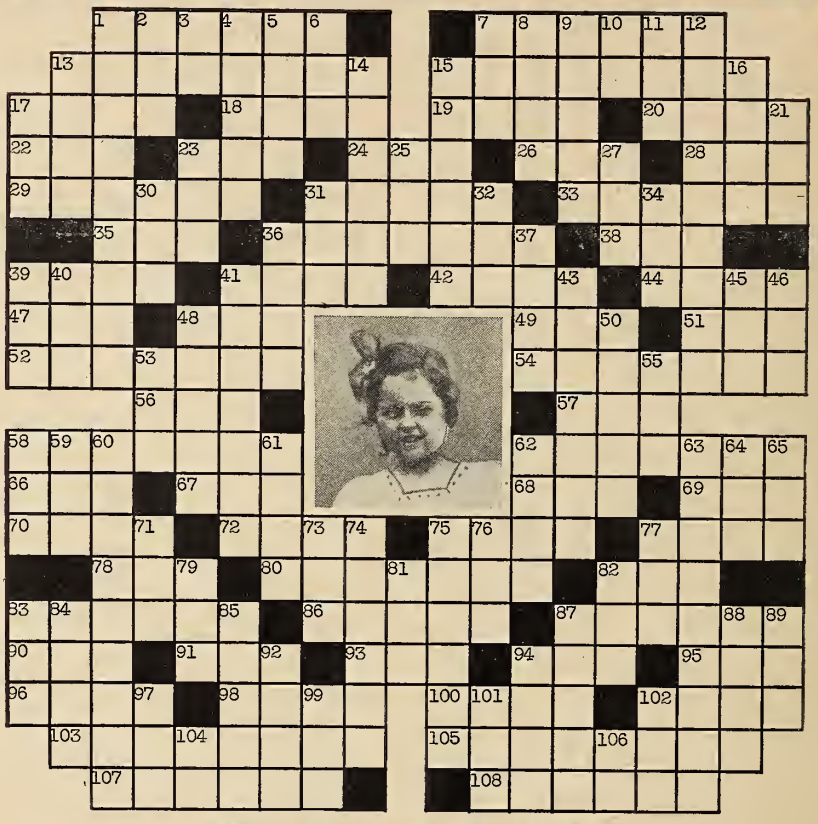
OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 112

ACROSS

1. Actress in "Honky Tonk"
7. Heroine in "They Died With Their Boots On"
13. The star pictured
15. Femme in "Doctors Don't Tell"
17. "Man of - - - -"
18. Leading lady of "Sullivan's Travels"
19. In "Arsenic And Old Lace"
20. One of "The Men In Her Life"
22. Comic in "Keep 'Em Flying"
23. A Merry Mac in "Melody Lane"
24. What Sonja does in "Sun Valley Serenade"
26. Life in the abstract
28. "Kings - - -"
29. Vipers
31. Male lead in "Go West, Young Lady"
33. Character actor in "The Male Animal"
35. Other woman in "Bedtime Story"
36. Miss Jones in "Bahes On Broadway"
38. Foot-like part
39. Glamorous actress
41. Nelson Eddy's new leading lady
42. A great film personality
44. Princely Italian family
47. Emote
48. Actor in "Moon Over Her Shoulder"
49. Affirmative vote
51. Female sheep
52. Emotion
54. Male lead in "Ice-Capades Of 1941"
56. Consume
57. An eternity
58. Republic of the U. S. S. R.
62. Has title role in "A Date With The Falcon"
66. Brazilian money unit
67. She sings in "Panama Hattie"
68. Employ
69. "The Great - - -"
70. Sums up
72. Bite off by degrees
75. On the sheltered side
77. First name of 13 Across
78. What Asta is
80. M-G-M's great tap dancer
82. Knock lightly
83. In "Go West, Young Lady"
86. She's great in "Blues In The Night"
87. Our star's married name
90. Peer Gynt's mother
91. Confronted
93. Dolores - - - Rio
94. Director of "Kings Row"
95. Extinct ostrich
96. "Our Gang's" dog
98. Great lake
100. Give forth
102. Actor in "Four Jacks And A Jill"
103. She's in "Design For Scandal"
105. Villain in "Paris Calling"
107. Singing star of "The Chocolate Soldier"
108. Be indignant at

DOWN

1. Star of "Remember The Day"
2. "The Wolf Man"
3. Article
4. Whiles away time
5. Ingenue, Barbara - - - -
6. Large deer
7. Gilbert R - - -nd
8. "The - - - - Ranger"
9. Femme lead in "Frisco Lil"
10. Lynne Car - - r
11. Daughter of Cadmus
12. Feminine film players
13. Helen Broderick's actor-son
14. Wife of "Sergeant York"
15. Extremely hard substances
16. English school
17. Wing
21. Is indebted for
23. Aviator-actor: John - - - nt
25. Comedian in "Fifty Million Nickels"
27. Dine
30. Miss LeGallienne
31. Elastic, air-like fluid
32. Trap
34. "Wild - - - se Calling"
36. Star of "Birth Of The Blues"
37. Opposite 22 Across
39. "A Yank In The - - -"
40. Frost
41. Raving
43. A feature film
45. Our star has - - - children
46. Even: poet.
48. Mrs. William Powell
50. Solitary
53. Bronwen in "How Green Was My Valley"
55. Where Vivien Leigh was born: abbr.
58. Constellation
59. Made a hit in "Whistling In The Dark"
60. Our star's hubby in "Lady For A Night"
61. - - - - Gwynne
62. Petitioner
63. Kathryn Grayson's means of marriage
64. Inlet
65. Young Chinese actor
71. Film producer
73. Eddie - - - ert
74. Eradicated
75. Horn
76. With Powell in "Shadow Of The Thin Man"
77. Lower part of the face
79. Jewel
81. Goddess of mischief
82. Young man in "Niagara Falls"
83. Chart
84. River in Bohemia
85. Staggers
87. Lanes
88. Miss
89. C - - - re Dodd
92. The Andrews sisters form this
94. Location
97. Compass point
99. "Jamaica - - -"
101. Disfigure
102. Newspaper man in "Confirm Or Deny"
104. A Ritz brother
106. Exist

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 11)

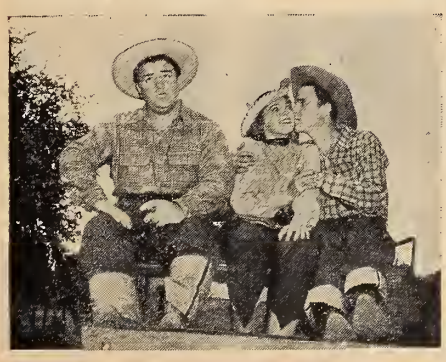
have dubbed her "Gertie Glamour"; studio pals call her "Ronnie.". . . The 100x40-foot swimming pool is a private one, rented by the studio. Fee of $500 a day goes to charity. . . . The swimming faces effect in the court room scene was accomplished by photographing through a 1000-watt electric light globe while it was being revolved slowly. . . . McCrea spent all his days off fishing at his favorite spot—a place in the High Sierras called Dinky Creek. . . . Veronica's favorite likeness of herself is a caricature done by Arthur Crouch, who uses pieces of cloth and bits of this'n'that to augment his paintings. Crouch, a friend of Vernica's artist-father, made it especially for her. Used heavy, vivid yellow yarn for her hair. . . . Chick Collins and Jimmie Dundee, veteran stunt men, get screen credit as actors for the first time in their lives. They're the rough-and-tumblers who stage a battle atop a fast-moving freight train. . . . For the scene requiring gallons of milk to be dumped on the ground, the studio manufactured its own. Whitewash. . . . The Academy Award Oscar standing on the desk of the producers' office is Sturges', won last year for "The Great McGinty.". . . Veronica's character in the picture has no name. From Reel One to Finis, she's known only as The Girl.

RIDE 'EM COWBOY

"Ride 'Em Cowboy," as you can tell easily enough from the title, gets Abbott and Costello on a horse. While a horse is a bit smaller than a battleship, the results are apt to be just as funny. And why not a horse? They've been practically everywhere else.

It doesn't really matter where they are; they have their own brand of fun, culled from 11 years of knockabout humor. They pull their routines as easily in the wild West as in a haunted house or a draftees' barracks.

There's a poker-playing sequence in this one (remember the dice-rolling scene in "Buck Privates"?), and Lou Costello becomes involved with a lasso and a wild horse. He also has some trouble with a high diving board and a buxom Indian maid called Moonbeam. It all makes sense; or at least the kind of sense that moon-faced Costello and hawk-nosed Abbott usually make.



Lou Costello, in his whirlwind series of pictures, has built a comic character for himself, and this picture plays his frailties and virtues to the utmost. He's still the same believing buffoon, getting into trouble for no reason at all except that trouble and Bud Abbott seem to pick on him. He still has those sudden flights of courage and alternate fear. If a fly-

(Continued on page 15)

Old-Fashioned Skin-Care

Once women had to use many creams and lotions to keep skin healthy and attractive.

Modern Skin-Care

Today all you need to help keep your skin fresh, young-looking, is *one* amazing cream!

Does Your one Face Cream do all these 4 Vital Things?

1. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream thoroughly cleanses the skin, removing every trace of clinging dirt.

2. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream relieves dryness and flaking—leaves the skin wonderfully soft.

3. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream helps nature refine the pores—leaves the skin delightfully fresh. No astringents are needed.

4. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream smooths the skin—prepares it beautifully for powder and for make-up.

WHAT DOES the face cream you use really do for your skin? Never mind what it claims to do for others—*what does it do for you?*

Why continue using a cream that does only a "half-way" job? Lady Esther Face Cream is scientifically designed to serve 4 vital needs of your skin. It's all you need—it asks no help of other creams or lotions. This one cream, by itself, helps keep your skin looking its youngest, smoothest and loveliest at all times!

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is different from any cream you've ever used. For it's based on an entirely new and different principle—*simplified skin-care. Try it!* See for yourself how much fresher, cleaner, smoother it leaves your skin after the very first application.

Send for Generous Tube

Mail coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more lovely women every day are turning to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!

Lady Esther **4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM**

LADY ESTHER, (76)
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 9 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

SHE'S Kissable

SHE'S Irresistible

SHE USES IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME AND LIPSTICK

There's a tantalizing 'come-hither' note . . . a bright promise of gay adventure in the fairy-like enchantment of Irresistible Perfume. Create a magic mood by touching the golden fire of Irresistible to your hair, throat, wrist. Now in adorable Valentine Box.

Only 10¢ at all 5 & 10¢ stores

USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer . . . smoother . . . . . 10¢

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
All That Money Can Buy (RKO)	3½★
Among The Living (Paramount)	3★
Apache Kid (Republic)	3★
Arizona Bound (Monogram)	C 2½★
Babes on Broadway (M-G-M)	4★
Bad Man of Deadwood (Republic)	2½★
Bahama Passage (Paramount)	3½★
Boll of Fire (RKO)	3½★
Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Birth of the Blues (Paramount)	3★
Blonde from Singapore, The (Columbia)	2★
Blues In the Night (Warners)	3★
Borrowed Hero (Monogram)	2★
Bowery Blitzkrieg (Monogram)	2★
Bride Came C. O. D., The (Warners)	3½★
Burma Convoy (Universal)	2½★
Buy Me That Town (Poramount)	3★
Cadet Girl (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Caught in the Droft (Paramount)	3★
Chorley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Charlie Chan in Rio (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbio)	2½★
Confirm or Deny (20th Century-Fox)	3★
County Fair (Republic)	2★
Cracked Nuts (Universal)	2½★
Dance Holl (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Death Volley Outlaws (Republic)	2½★
Doctor's Don't Tell (Republic)	2★
Dumbo (RKO)	C 3½★
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbia)	2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO)	2½★
Feminine Touch, The (M-G-M)	3★
Flying Cadets (Universal)	2★
Forbidden Trails (Monogram)	2★
Forgotten Village, The	3½★
Gay Falcon, The (RKO)	2½★
Go West, Young Lady (Columbia)	2★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Gunman from Bodie, The (Monogram)	2★
Harman of Michigan (Columbia)	2★
Hellzapoppin' (Universal)	3½★
Henry Aldrich for President (Paramount)	C 3★
Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Columbia)	4★
H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M)	3★
Hold Back the Dawn (Paramount)	3½★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Honky Tonk (M-G-M)	3★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Hulabaloo (M-G-M)	2★
Hurry, Charlie, Hurry (RKO)	2½★
Ice-Capades (Republic)	2½★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
I'll Wait For You (M-G-M)	2½★
In The Navy (Universal)	3½★
Internotional Lady (United Artists)	3★
International Squadron (Warners)	3½★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
Jesse James at Bay (Republic)	2½★
Johnny Eager (M-G-M)	3½★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists)	4★
Kathleen (M-G-M)	3★
Keep 'Em Flying (Universal)	3★
Kid From Kansas (Universal)	2★
Knockout (Worners)	2½★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)	C 3½★
Ladies in Retirement (Columbia)	3½★
Lady Be Good (M-G-M)	3★
Lady is Willing, The (Columbio)	2½★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M)	3★
Last of the Duanes (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Law of the Tropics (Warners)	2½★
Look Who's Laughing (RKO)	2½★
Louisiano Purchase (Paramount)	3½★
Lydia (United Artists)	3½★
Maltese Falcon, The (Warners)	3½★
Man ot Large (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Mon From Montana (Universol)	2½★
Man Who Came to Dinner, The (Poramount)	3½★
Manpower (Warners)	3★
Married Bachelor (M-G-M)	3★
Marry The Boss's Daughter (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Men in Her Life, The (Columbio)	3★
Mercy Island (Republic)	2½★
Million Dollor Boby (Warners)	3½★
Mob Town (Universal)	2★
Moon Over Burma (Paramount)	2½★
Moon Over Her Shoulder (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Moon Over Miami (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Moonlight in Hawoii (Universal)	2½★
My Life with Caroline (RKO)	3★
Novy Blues (Warners)	C 3★
Never Give A Sucker An Even Break (Universal)	3★
New York Town (Paramount)	2★
Night of January 16 (Paramount)	3★
Nine Lives Are Not Enough (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
No Honds on the Clock (Paromount)	2½★
Officer and the Lady, The (Columbia)	2½★
One Foot in Heaven (Worners)	3½★
Out of the Fog (Warners)	3½★
Parson of Panamint (Paramount)	3★
Pittsburgh Kid, The (Republic)	2½★
Playmates (RKO)	3★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount)	3★
Quiet Wedding (Universal)	3½★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal)	C 2★
Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Riders of the Purple Sage (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Royal Mounted Patrol, The (Columbia)	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Sailors on Leave (Republic)	2★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Secrets of the Lone Wolf (Columbia)	2½★
Sergeant York (Worners)	4★
Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M)	2½★
Shonghoi Gesture, The (United Artists)	3½★
Shepherd of the Hills (Poramount)	3½★
Sing Another Chorus (Universal)	2★
Sing for Your Supper (Columbia)	2★
Skylark (Paramount)	3★
Smiling Ghost, The (Warners)	2½★
Smilin' Through (M-G-M)	3★
South of Tohiti (Universal)	2★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Stork Pays Off, The (Columbia)	2½★
Sundown (United Artists)	2½★
Sunset in Wyoming (Republic)	3½★
Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Sweetheart of the Campus (Columbio)	2★
Tanks a Million (United Artists)	3★
Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M)	2½★
Texas (Columbia)	3½★
They Dare Not Love (Columbia)	2★
They Died With Their Boots On (Warners)	3½★
They Met in Bombay (M-G-M)	3★
Three Girls About Town (Colombio)	2½★
This Woman is Mine (Universol)	2½★
Those Were the Days (Paramount)	C 2½★
Tight Shoes (Universal)	3★
Tillie the Toiler (Columbia)	2★
Time Out For Rhythm (Columbio)	2½★
Tom, Dick and Harry RKO)	4★
Tonto Basin Outlaws (Monogram)	2★
Too Many Blondes (Universal)	2★
Two-Faced Womon (M-G-M)	3½★
Two in a Taxi (Columbia)	2½★
Underground (Warners)	3½★
Unholy Partners (M-G-M)	2½★
Victory (Paramount)	3★
Washington Melodrama (M-G-M)	3★
Weekend for Three (RKO)	3★
Weekend in Havana (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Westerner, The (United Artists)	C 3★
When Ladies Meet (M-G-M)	3★
Wolf Man, The (Universol)	2½★
Woman's Foce, A (M-G-M)	3½★
You Belong to Me (Columbia)	3★
You'll Never Get Rich (Columbia)	4★
You're In The Army Now (Warners)	2★

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

weight of a girl can go diving off the high board, well so can he—until he gets up there and looks down. And he still has his own brand of logic; when he finally does go off he doesn't come up again because no one told him to. Lou Costello can be very funny—and Bud Abbott is the man to make him.

Universal hasn't spared in the production or the supporting cast. The Andrews Sisters aren't in this one—but the Merry Macs are. Ella Fitzgerald fills a spot or two with song, including her old favorite, "A Tisket, A Tasket." There's plenty of singing on the sage in "Ride 'Em Cowboy."

The plot? It has to do with a writer of cowboy stories and cowboy songs (Dick Foran) who has never been west of the Hudson. For the love of a girl (Anne Gwynne) and to save his soul, he decides to stop being a phony and really learn to do all the things he writes about. There are complications and some heartbreak and a lot of misunderstanding all exploding finally in a big Wild West Rodeo where the hero redeems himself. Samuel S. Hinds, Johnny Mack Brown and Douglas Dumbrille are all involved in one way or another.

But as usual the plot is just an interlude between the Abbott and Costello gags and that's as it should be. A little singing, a little love interest, a little dancing never hurts. But the big news is that Abbott and Costello are wrestling with a horse.

The horse is the one with four legs.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Abbott and Costello's answer to the front office command to take riding lessons for this one: "We can be funnier without 'em.". . . When it came time to shoot the scene showing the boys riding bucking broncos, they were convinced they were doing another version of "Keep 'Em Flying." . . . Universal couldn't find an Indian with an Oxford accent, so Douglas Dumbrille was hired and sent to the beach to get a heavy tan. . . . A. and C. turned the tables on their Indian pals and made Redman Iron Eyes an honorary white man. Crowned him with a derby and presented him with a 12-inch cigar. . . . Top casting headache was finding enough musicians to play their instruments while riding horses in the rodeo parade. . . . 30 wild steers kept 20 experienced "wranglers" busy keeping them under control between takes. . . . Five different locations were used—places like the B-Bar-A Ranch near Newhall, Rancho Chihuahua in Solemint Canyon, and the Iverson Ranch. Players and crew stowed away 22 barrels of lemonade, 3,000 chickens and 7,000 sandwiches on these jaunts. . . . The Merry Macs are turned loose on "The Hut Sut Song" again, this time in a nightmare sequence. . . . Swing-singer Ella "I Want the Waiter With the Water" Fitzgerald faces the cameras for the first time, playing a cook on the dude ranch. . . . Bud and Lou used their identical two-bedroom trailers for the first time during location trips to Ravenna, where Universal had built a complete Indian village. . . . Samuel S. Hinds plays a dual role—portrays General Custer and an owner of an Arizona dude ranch. There's no chance of fans recognizing him in either part, though, because of the moustaches and make-up he wears for both characterizations.

(Continued on page 105)

"Baby" your face at bedtime to WAKE UP LOVELIER!

Doctors advise "baby-care" for your complexion

Each night give *your* face this gentle Ivory soap-and-water care advised by doctors for the World's Most Perfect Complexion—baby's own!

Bedtime beauty-care, now more than ever, means Ivory Soap. For the quick cream lather of New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory is *gentler* than ever to your skin. Actually, New Ivory is *milder* than 10 leading toilet soaps!

99 44/100 % PURE • IT FLOATS

IS YOUR SKIN DRY, sensitive? You should "baby" it with this gentle, New Ivory *night-time routine:* Cream *lukewarm* Ivory lather well into your skin with gentle fingertip massage. Warm rinses—pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream. Doctors advise gentle *Ivory* cleansing!

IS YOUR SKIN OILY? Then you'll want New Ivory's richer, creamier lather to remove excess oil. *Every night:* With a rough washcloth, lather up *lukewarm* Ivory velvet suds—¼-inch lather simply *creams* off your Ivory cake! Scrub upward and outward into every inch of your face. Rinse. Repeat. Warm rinse, then cold. Use this Ivory method 3 times daily for *safe* beauty-care!

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care . . . use

New Velvet-suds IVORY

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

Co-ed

BY JEAN KINKEAD

Nothing like a valentine to net you a grand slam in hearts! Be gay, sweet maid, and let who will be syrupy!

That Sentimental Saint is due for another birthday about now, and you're in the same old quandary over valentine-sending. To sign 'em or not to sign. . . . Do you dare send one to Him? . . . And what kind will it be, sweet or silly? I've drafted a few man-wise cronies into giving some really elegant advice. Cut yourself a hunk or two and—have a heart!

By all means, sign 'em. Faint heart never won blond Adonis. If you just can't put your name down in so many words, at least make yourself identifiable some way. Initials might do the trick, or a nickname, or a valentine that's so terrifically reminiscent of you he just couldn't miss. If he sits across from you in Chem. and invariably gets your paper to correct and has been struggling with your handwriting since September, probably no signature is necessary; the envelope will tell all.

Don't send one to some chap who doesn't know you're alive. He'll think you're crazy, and may spread the good word. But my advisory board says it's good tactics to send one to the lad who chats with you before French class daily and looks as if a speck of encouragement might get him to the "how-about-a-movie-this-Saturday" stage.

The consensus seems to be that silly valentines are far safer than the sticky variety. Of course, if you're in the throes of Something Huge, romantically speaking, let your conscience by your guide.

Do not send presents. We know a darling girl who terrified a shy swain out of her life forever via a big box of fudge all done up with hearts and things. If he wants to send you flowers or perfume, well all right—but your best bet is to give nothing in return but a great big smile.

This probably goes without saying, but never, never send those cruel, so-called comic valentines. You know the kind—caricatures of a very fat girl or a cross-eyed boy or dear teacher with colossal teeth and a mustache. They've made so many people horribly miserable that we can just skip the topic.

Slightly mercenary suggestion: A cute and lovely valentine for bachelor uncle Joe will make him feel very gay bladey and may even net you something splashy next birthday!

Superfine valentines for mom (plug) and dad are appreciated more than you know. Parents are complete nuts on this one subject. Oh and say! How about reminding your father of the Big Day a bit in advance so's he's not caught short. He'll adore you for it.

Looking over the situation now, how many valentines will you send—excluding the family and your dearest female buddies? Now's a very good time to take inventory of your masculine public. If you're blithely sending a half dozen wacky ones, you're on safe ground, but if you're dispatching a singleton—a big, drooly number, grim with amour and devoid of a sense of humor—lady, look out.

"Going steady" is usually a cowardly solution of the date problem. It's the age-old female yen for security cropping (*Continued on page* 110)

Thrilling New Way To More Glamorous Hair . . . SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

"Sweet Sophistication"... *charming, new young hair-do. Before styling, the hair was washed with Special Drene. See how silky and smooth it looks, how beautifully it lies in place*

Amazing new improvement in Special Drene Shampoo . . . wonderful hair conditioner now in it for new allure!

● Do you wish your hair had that silky, smooth, well-groomed look so smart these days? That it would fall into place beautifully and neatly, when you comb it?

Then you simply must try the new, improved Special Drene Shampoo—with a wonderful hair conditioner now in it! For that hair conditioner just makes the most amazing difference—leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage, right after shampooing! You'll be thrilled!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, as all *soaps* do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance . . . up to 33% more lustre!*

So to get these *extra* beauty benefits don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

Procter & Gamble, Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!

All Special Drene now at your dealer's in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing

HAIR CONDITIONER

and is for *every* type of hair... dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene —in the blue and yellow package!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos —which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% *more lustre!*

IT'S THE LOW-DOWN STORY OF A HIGH CLASS GAL!

Ginger ROGERS as ROXIE HART

The gal who could do no wrong
(but, brother, she tried!)

ADOLPHE MENJOU • GEORGE MONTGOMERY

LYNNE OVERMAN • NIGEL BRUCE • PHIL SILVERS
SARA ALLGOOD • WILLIAM FRAWLEY • SPRING BYINGTON • TED NORTH • HELENE REYNOLDS

Directed by William Wellman

Produced and Written for the screen by Nunnally Johnson • Based upon the Play "Chicago" written by Maurine Watkins and produced by Sam H. Harris

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

GEORGE MONTGOMERY
on his way to stardom!

YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH YOUR FAVORITE STAR ... AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE SOON!

Learn to say "I Love You" The South Sea Way!

BETTY GRABLE • VICTOR MATURE • JACK OAKIE

in

SONG OF THE ISLANDS

IN TECHNICOLOR

Stop! Look! Listen! It's Coming!

20th CENTURY FOX

Judy Garland

She was Frances Gumm once, and she could climb trees and write poetry and recite Shakespeare and turn cartwheels like anything! Then she became Judy Garland . . . with a smile like Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Adoring fans dubbed her the all-American vitamin kid. And certainly she was until she became Mrs. Dave Rose. Now, any resemblance to the former Judy is purely coincidental. She's so wrapped up in matrimony . . . in home and husband . . . you forget she was playing kid roles just the other day. And glamorous? Yep, even that, now her red hair is inked a shining ebony. But still she's the gal with wide brown eyes and all 10 fingers in various pies. There's that song she and Dave just had published and the tender volume of poetry under a pen name, and the national mag story she's just done, with Mickey Rooney as the fruity subject. Get her in a nostalgic mood, and she'll tell you, "I made my debut at two, singing 'Jingle Bells.' Poppa couldn't get me off the stage until I'd sung it four times." However, if there's any scene-snatching in M-G-M's "Babes on Broadway," it's strictly unintentional!

Cary Grant

They kept him in soupy, sad-eyed leads for five long years, while he kept telling them, "Look, Joe, I used to be Archibald Leach, tumbler in an acrobatic troupe. A guy with that name and vocation *had* to have a sense of humor. All I want is a chance to be funny." But one day when he got really mad, he said just what you think he said, and left them flat to free lance. Maybe it's those side-splitting faces he makes. Maybe it's a God-given sense of the ridiculous. Or just the fierce intensity with which he works. But he's come through from "Topper" to the current Warner's "Arsenic and Old Lace" with nary a dud. And not once has he stopped between pictures to refuel. Never needed to. About Grant, The Man, he's strictly of the "none-of-your-business" school. Even had the windows of his car smoked black when he jitneyed Babs Hutton about. Just the same, people did start saying it was a sure thing between him and the Countess . . . until the Landis popped up. And the news finally did dribble out about that terrific hunk of change he donated to the British Red Cross and U. S. O. . . . though he dismisses it lightly with a "Tsh! Tsh!"

Katharine Hepburn

Her voice would squeak and her skin blotch when she got nervous . . . which was always. Especially the day she confronted Edwin Knopf, stock company head! "That's what wants to be an actress," he sighed. "With that T-square body, yet!" But somehow she got the job . . . and others. Despite that golfer's stride . . . despite that panther temper . . . despite a severe and frightening independence and the kind of courage that scared a house-burglar away the time she yelled, "What the hell is coming off down there!" Her razor-edged tongue delivers blasphemy that would do Lippy Durocher proud . . . only it's not blasphemy when Kate Hepburn dishes it! She can dunk doughnuts and drive a rattle-trap and wear slacks under mink . . . but it's O.K. because she's got poise that's born of true abandon. And Lord! Can she drive a bargain! That new flicker of hers, for example. Single-handed, she sold the script of "Woman of the Year" (by two little-known authors) to M-G-M for $100,000. Snagged a role that fits her like a glove. And got Spencer Tracy besides . . . On screen, of course. Off-screen she's got Private Kanin tied up in bow-knots . . . and loving it!

CLARENCE BULL

Fred MacMurray

It was a love match from the very start—that Fred MacMurray-Lillian Lamont idyll! They met and swooned on sight during the Broadway production of "Roberta," in which he tooted a sax and she kicked in the chorus. Lil believes in boosting his ego, shopped all over town for weeks tracking down stills for a leather-bound volume of his picture career on his recent 33rd birthday! He loves to do card tricks at parties, and Lil's always the first one to gasp in admiration. She says, "When I think of Fred making love to girls like Dorothy Lamour, girls with curves of Madeleine Carroll and Hedy Lamarr, I try to be completely mental about it. It's just a profession. But sometimes I feel elemental and wish Fred didn't have to be subject to so much feminine charm." At his movies they hold hands to give him confidence. Fred's such a super cook, he taught his spouse the gentle art during maid's night out. He adores pot roast, sauerkraut and pork, but often has to dine on picayune fruit salads to check figure expansion. Isn't nervous or temperamental and is a charm to work with on the set of Columbia's "The Lady Is Willing"!

A. L. WHITEY SCHAFER

Michele Morgan

Most every budge Michele (pronounced Mish-ell) Morgan makes is diametrically opposed to publicity-wise Hollywood's rules and regulations! In a town where it's fashionable for a rising star to sport a broken accent, she babbles impeccably in English, embarks on a 100% Americanization campaign and refuses to speak or think in her native French! Further stumps agents on the trail of a suave sophisticated tidbit by candidly admitting she doesn't take to wines, naively weeps at tear-jerking flickers, plays a lousy game of ping pong. Eats two gigantic squares a day in an effort to add poundage to her 5'6", 105-lb. chassis! Born in the provinces, Feb. 29, 1920, she early in the game decided to be an actress, saved up her allowance and ran away to Paris at 15. Hot on her trail, her dad found her and yanked her back to the country. But he didn't have the heart to say no long and soon let her enter a Paris dramatic school from whence she became a raging success at the age of 17. She set sail for this country in 1940 and is rapidly reaping a new crop of laurels in America, currently in RKO's "Joan of Paris."

Robert Stack

There was a time when celluloid know-it-alls were humming, "Clap hands, here comes Bobby." But the song has ended 'cause Bobby has arrived. He's *in* . . . and it's all very solid, as you'll note from his current roles in Universal's "Wonder Boy" and U. A.'s "To Be or Not To Be." Stack himself has never questioned whether or not to be. Sports, music and the golden glitter of society reached out long fingers, but Bob was busy . . . up to his neck in the business of Hollywood, which isn't at all strange when you consider how deeply his family tree is rooted in the theater. He came to Hollywood smelling of the out-of-doors. A little green, maybe, but fresh as sea-spray. To American girlhood he was pure Harvard. Clean-cut and poised and very, very beautiful. But on the skeet range, he's the lad who broke world records in 1937. He's also a formidable polo player. Look closely, though, and you'll find a Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from his watch chain. And there are rumors of a $2,000,000 inheritance. All this, and bachelorhood, too. But quit shoving, girls, it looks as though he's going to maintain his status quo for quite some time!

YOU CAN'T FRAME ANDY WHEN A DAME'S AROUND!
"One side, son — let Handy Andy show you how to handle that gal!"
"By the etarnal, what's the matter with the men of 1942? In my prime, I'd have had her shoulders on the floor in two seconds.
"Jackson's the name...Andy Jackson. I guess you could call me 'The Remarkable Andrew.' There ain't many men could step across a hundred years to tame the wildest spitfire...and the purtiest...that ever needed rough handlin'.
"And she ain't the only one who needed rough handlin'. As if the boy hadn't enough trouble with his gal, crooked politicians and thievin' scalawags were tryin' to railroad him to jail.
"So I sent for a few of the boys. Mebbe you heard tell of them. General George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Chief Justice John Marshall, Jesse James for a little clean-up work, and a feller named Smith. They sure know a trick or two about handlin' a scrap...even in 1942 ...and what they didn't know—they invented!
"Jumpin' fish! I ain't had so much fun since the Battle of New Orleans!"

The most side-splitting, surprise-full adventure you'll see this year . . . a remarkable picture about a remarkable guy . . .

"THE REMARKABLE ANDREW"

with

BRIAN DONLEVY • WILLIAM HOLDEN • ELLEN DREW

MONTAGU LOVE • PORTER HALL

Directed by STUART HEISLER • Novel and Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo

A Paramount Picture

Coming! "REAP THE WILD WIND" Cecil B. DeMille's Greatest Triumph . . . in Technicolor.

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Idyll on ice

"Nice gal, my wife," says Dan Topping, who would rather lose a right arm than Sonja!

"Hey, Den! Listen to this. 'The Henie-Topping break up will make headlines any edition now.' " The small blonde one is curled up on the couch with a dozen papers, two infinitesimal black dogs and a box of crackerjacks. "Did you hear that, Den? Oh, and Jimmie Fidler has me in a condition again. In June, this time. Little honey, are you listening?" Little honey, who is huge and not the honey type at all, cocks an eye at her over the sports page.

"Yeah, yeah, got every word. Stop eating. You'll get fat."

"I'm theeen. I'm skeeeny. I will too eat." But when Dan's gone back to his golf scores, Sonja quietly hides the box of crackerjacks under a sofa cushion so she can't get at it.

They're a priceless pair, the Toppings. Completely mad about each other in spite of her temper and his weird sense of humor; in spite of a rather disrupted homelife; and in spite of all the tall tales the columnists dream up.

Long before Sonja met Dan, she gave an interview on her ideas about marriage. "It's best," she said, "that when I marry I don't see too much of my husband. I get tired of people." Fine talk, Mrs. Topping! You of the long-distance calls at all hours of the night. "Den, I'm lonely." And the squeals of joy

One of hubby Dan Topping's bang-up gifts to Sonja was a huge cat's-eye ring shown at the World's Fair.

Sonja cuts glitter to a minimum. Wears bright nails but hates involved hair-do's and too much jewelry.

BY JEAN KINKEAD

when he invariably says, "Darling, my plane ticket's in my pocket. I was going to surprise you at dinner tomorrow night." You of the long face when his crazy letters don't come in the first mail every morning. You who've practically become a legend for not lingering hours with the rest of the gals in night club powder rooms simply because you're having so much fun with your Daniel.

And speaking of night clubs. One used to hear pathetic stories about how Sonja, the ruddy-cheeked ice queen, was making herself go night-spotting to please her playboy hubby. T'ain't so! Sonja adores night clubs. She wakes up in the morning counting the hours till ten P. M. She's crazy about people and glitter and music. Adores sambas, waltzes, "jump" pieces indiscriminately, and could give Arthur Murray a rumba for his money, she's that divine on the dance floor. When Dan wants to rest a couple of minutes, fortify himself with a swallow or two of Scotch and a few drags on his cigarette, she's after him. "I thought we came to dance—not to sit around all night looking off in space and drinking." She doesn't smoke, drinks champagne or Pepsi-cola, both in moderation and loathes sitting still. Dan threatens intermittently to hire a relief man—"a ringer to get in there and fight when the going gets tough." (*Continued on page 68*)

LONG VOYAGE HOME

He wasn't in love with Madeleine Carroll; he didn't want money, fame. Stirling was just a sailor, marooned in a strange port!

Stirling doesn't swear, won't tell spicy stories or listen to swing music.

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

• Get an eyeful of Stirling Hayden in "Bahama Passage," girls, and wave the rave good-by. You won't be seeing him again. Unless you stow away on a boat. If it's any comfort though, your loss is his gain. For the first time in a year and a half, he's happy.

He's the one in a million, the fellow in the story books who tossed the fleshpots overboard and saved his soul. There's something piously sentimental about that phrase that curls your toes. Yet people like you and me lose their souls every day. When they love one person and marry another. When truth beckons down one road, and self-interest turns them down another. When they devote the only life they'll ever know to one kind of work, when every fibre and instinct clamors toward something different.

To be true to himself, Hayden had to give up the movies. There was nothing noble about his decision, except insofar as you call honesty noble. He did what he wanted to do, and for two simple reasons—because he loathed Hollywood and all its works, and because he had an insatiable love for the sea and ships.

Then why did he sign a contract in the first place? One, he thought it might be his quickest way to a boat. Two, he didn't know Hollywood. You can imagine the terror of battling a lion or the heartbreak of losing someone you care about, but until you've been through it, you're just using words.

Having sailed the ocean blue with more pleasure than profit from the age of 14, at 23 he conceived the notion of launching a passenger service between Honolulu and Tahiti. (He had a girl in Tahiti. Some say it was serious, some not; he told me she was the only girl he'd ever given a hang about.) For boats you've got to have cash. He found a backer who made a down payment on a sweet two-master, once the property of Wilhelm II. Round Cape Hatteras they barely outrode such a storm as moved the backer to consign not only Wilhelm but all boats to perdition. Stirling reached New York broke, his dream glimmering off into limbo.

At this point Edward Griffith, the director, offered him a job. A mutual friend (*Continued on page 83*)

"Bahama Passage" with Mad Carroll put Hayden on tap. But he can still remember washing dishes in a night club for $4 a week.

For sleeping, Stirling (above with Madeleine Carroll) wears a bright Tahitian pareu, midway between a kerchief and a sheet.

WHAT WOULD A PSYCHOLOGIST SAY ABOUT YOU?

Here's a wonderful test! Find out whether you're an extrovert, introvert, ambivert, a cycloid or an ascendant or descendant personality . . . and which star on this page you resemble!

By
Lester F. Miles, Ph.D.
and
Adele Whitely Fletcher

Do you sometimes identify yourself with a particular screen star . . . with Lana Turner, say, because your friends tell you that you look like her?

Here's a better game. . . . Here's a game in which, by checking your behaviorisms, actions, likes and dislikes, you can discover the star you resemble in real life.

a

1. Would you rather see a sporting event than hear it on the radio?
2. Do you like to entertain guests in your own home—and do you do this often?
3. Are you ready to go anywhere and do anything on the spur of the moment?
4. Do you follow your hunches?
5. Are you more curious than the average person?
6. Would you rather make a quick decision and take a chance on making an error than take a couple of days to think things over?
7. Are you usually sensitive to the feelings and moods of other people so that you guide your own speech and actions accordingly?

b

1. Do you feel yourself capable of doing almost anything anyone else can do?
2. Do you do a lot of daydreaming?
3. Are you a good loser at games?
4. Do you resent being asked to explain your actions, where you went, what you did, etc.?
5. Do you find yourself doing things over and over because you feel they are not quite perfect enough?
6. Do you like being with people who are important—people generally known as "Big Shots"?
7. Are you always courteous and thoughtful of people who are employed to wait on your demands—such as waiters, doormen, clerks, etc.?

C

1. Could you call on your family—without apprehension—to give witness to your good nature?
2. Would you go out of your way to avoid an argument?
3. Do you like spending time on picnics, camping trips, dude ranches or long auto tours?
4. Is it easy for you to ask people's advice and help any time you feel you could use it?
5. Is it difficult for you to say "No" when asked to contribute to charities, welfare campaigns, street urchins—not to forget salesmen?
6. Do you usually give your friends and acquaintances "build-ups" whenever their names are brought into conversation?
7. Do you like being asked to stir up a party or crowd and get them into the spirit of fun?

All right! To discover which star you most closely resemble count the number of "Yes" answers under each of the three groups and put the totals here:

A _____ **B** _____ **C** _____

If you have four or more "Yes" answers under a letter use that letter as one of your key-letters. For example: A-6 B-2 C-4 would give you the key-letter AC. If you have *less than 4* under all 3 letters your key-letter is X.

When you have determined upon your key-letter look on page 31 to learn which star is your type, to read her personality sketch, and to learn the psychological group in which you belong, and just why you're that-a-way!

EXTROVERTS

Extroverts rarely blush. They laugh readily. They're generous. They're fluent talkers. They're rapid in movement. They're careful of the feelings of others. And they like the spotlight.

INTROVERTS

Introverts are conscientious. They move and think slowly. They're moody. They're given to daydreams. They're also given to suspicions. They worry. They do not laugh readily. Their feelings are easily hurt. And they are self-conscious.

AMBIVERTS

Ambiverts sometimes act like introverts and they sometimes act like extroverts. It depends. It depends upon their associates and their surroundings. For they change, like chameleons, in order to adapt themselves to the moment.

CYCLOID PERSONALITIES

Those with a cycloid personality also change from introverted traits to extroverted troits. However, this change in cycloids is not induced by any outside influence; it is self-generated always, a matter of moods.

ASCENDANT PERSONALITIES

Ascendant personalities associate themselves with progress. They have respect ond admiration for people of importance and achievement. They enjoy being with people who are in the spotlight. All of this makes them good leaders.

DESCENDANT PERSONALITIES

Descendant personalities avoid the spotlight. They prefer to sit in a quiet corner. People of importance do not intrigue them. It doesn't matter to them whether they are with a modest man or woman or the President of the United States.

A. Betty Grable—Betty Grable has ideas and determination and ambition, but she isn't grim about these things. She insists you don't have to sit, head in hand, like Rodin's "Thinker" because you have an idea.

Betty made up her mind she was going into show business and be somebody in show business when she was a little girl. The never gave up.

It makes Betty nervous to sit around doing nothing.

She loves sport clothes and tailored things. She detests slinky gowns.

She'll read detective stories or biographies or novels.

She's very sensitive about the feelings of other people. And she has an amazing knowledge of the things about which other people are sensitive.

She has no urgent wish to give advice. It is only when she becomes furious about injustice that she gets in a temper and tells anyone off.

Betty is inclined to be the extroverted type even though some of the things she does are not true of a typical extrovert.

B. Pat Lane—Pat Lane probably comes closer to belonging to herself than any other girl in Hollywood.

She shies away from big parties and from anything that puts the spotlight on her personal life. There's no exhibitionism in her nature to prompt her to make a display. She cares nothing for jewels and gets excited about clothes only occasionally.

She has no small talk. She is indifferent to much that goes on. She isn't curious about people. She isn't a snob. She just stays by herself.

She has no temper. But she does have quiet determination. If she feels she is right she will fight—quietly. She has a strong sense of righteousness. Recently the studio wanted her to do "Dangerously They Live." She felt it wasn't right, said so nicely.

Pat exhibits more introverted than extroverted tendencies. However, she is not an *intense* introvert.

C. Judy Garland—Judy Garland, all her life, has been given to crushes. She is an ardent champion of those she likes and admires.

Almost always the men she has liked, romantically or otherwise, have been considerably older than she.

Her favorite books are about doctors, whether fiction or non-fiction.

Her crush on Dave Rose didn't wane—it grew and grew and grew. She married him in spite of opposition. And now the very people who said he was too old for her, that they were unsuited to each other, praise the marriage. However, their praise concerns Judy as little as their criticism did previously. Judy, upon occasion, can be quietly independent.

She has a strange quality of loyalty in anyone as young as she is.

She has a quick sense of humor and is funny without being malicious.

She knows a thing or two about human beings. More than once, before she was married, she disillusioned her mother about boys with good manners, boys who *seemed* very nice indeed. She is the ascendant type.

AB. Bette Davis—Bette is a born leader. She hates people who are afraid to fight for their rights. She also is too impulsive sometimes.

Fair-minded and sensible, she realizes other people have lives to live and livings to earn and she cooperates to the limit with co-workers.

If you want Bette to hit the ceiling, tax her with having a different opinion about something than she expressed previously.

"If you think and feel the same way about things year in, year out," she'll scream, "I feel sorry for you. You haven't grown a bit!"

Bette is a booster for those she admires. And she loves to help people.

She's a home girl. No decorator has been near her charming place.

Her devotion to her family is history. Her devotion to her mother surpasses any other love in her life; and she says it will always.

She isn't extravagant. She doesn't indulge in movie-star gestures. She has a New England conscience. She also has a New England loyalty.

Bette is an ambivert. She also has an ascendant personality.

AC. Hedy Lamarr—Hedy is very changeable. She is happy one minute and low the next. The least thing affects her. If someone she likes fails her, even in a trifle, she is plunged in gloom. But a funny letter or a compliment from an electrician on her set can restore her good spirits.

She has a memory like an elephant but she never remembers names.

She is domestic. She enjoys decorating her home. She economizes in help because she likes to do things herself. She has no personal maid.

She is intensely maternal. She has a way with babies.

She likes to drive. Driving gives her something to do. She can't bear to be idle. She has a good business head.

Comparatively speaking, she spends little on herself. She has an extravagant heart. She likes to give things to those she likes.

She hates large crowds. She loathes to be "on display."

She isn't quick-tempered but she has strong likes and dislikes and respects them. Hedy has a cycloid personality.

delightful delirium

That's life with pound-foolish, penny-wise Ray Milland! Take it from wife Mal, who lives with him and loves it!

Ray became a crackerjack marksman in the British Cavalry.

■ The way Mal Milland tells it, life with Ray is something out of the Oz books. It's loony but wonderful.

"You could call it a perennial honeymoon," she said between sips of oolong at Manor Milland, "but that's not it. You could call it a carnival, but that wouldn't be it either. You could call it a mirage, but that again isn't it."

Mrs. Milland, tall, blond and handsome, made one more try.

"Perhaps you could call it a delightful delirium," she ventured finally. "But whatever it is, I hope, with the aid of Providence, to be able to endure it for a century or two without complaint."

Would Mrs. Milland go into detail?

Certainly. And it would be a pleasure.

If it was a pleasure to Mal Milland, that went double for her caller, for reasons about to be unfolded:

Mal Milland, then Muriel Weber and a student at U. S. C., was munching some breakfast toast when her girl friend Janet burst into the room.

"Room for two more?" she wanted to know.

"Of course."

"Mal, this is Ray Milland—an actor."

"Won't you both sit down?"

The first tip-off on the handsome, sleek-haired, veddy British bucko came immediately after breakfast. He sidled up to her, smiled and demanded:

"Do you have a boy friend?"

"Why, no . . ." Mal said, a little tentatively.

"Good!" said the handsome one. "That being the case, we'll take in the cinema together tonight."

Mal Weber thanked him very much. He was kind to think of her. But she was terribly unworthy.

"Well, call me little Goldilocks!" Janet said, as Ray chauffeured her home..

"Goldilocks!" said Ray obligingly. And he cut loose with another of his inexhaustible anecdotes, the kind that made a pride-hurt lady forget and forgive.

Mal Weber didn't dust off Ray that easily.

That very night she picked up the telephone and heard the familiar, confident voice.

"I'm ready to throw in dinner," he was saying this time.

Mal thanked him again. He was kind—very kind.

One month later—meaning 31 calls later—she capitulated simply out of self-defense. She said he could take her to the movies. She said it with a twinkle in her voice, a twinkle which the persistent one blandly overlooked.

He arrived on time, beaming. He wasn't beaming when they left for the movies. (*Continued on page 86*)

In the boxing ring, Ray gustily proves no brown is lost puttering around the house!

Milland uses the iron-handed technique on Paulette Goddard in "The Lady Has Plans"!

It's rumored that the Millands are adopting another baby to keep li'l Daniel company.

The Milland's menage is unbutlered. Roy mows the lawn himself. Bors showy decor, chokes corners with native Welsh mementos.

BY JOHN FRANCHEY

PARTY OF THE MONTH

Hollywood's stars and a handful of great musicians combine to bring balm to the valiant defenders of Russia's "scorched earth."

At the Concert for Medical Aid to Russia, John Garfield (with wife) looked better for the 75c recently sent him by a fan. 25c for photog, 50c for haircut!

Claire Trevor was brought by husband Clark Andrews to the glitter-filled concert in Los Angeles. Claire is up to her neck in work on "The Adventures of Martin Eden."

Mrs. Douglas vied with Barbirolli for Melvyn's attention, and it looked like she won. Lots of tickets were bought by people who gave them to U. S. service men and students of music.

Orson Welles has gained 40 lbs! Now tips scale at 240. He and Dolores Del Rio will be married when her divorce decree becomes final, some time this month.

Judy Garlond ond Dave Rose looked for weeks for o house with o big enough ploy room to house his electric troins. Dave's proud of the depot Judy gove him.

Joan Fontoine ond husbond Brion Aherne ore old hands at fund-raising. Recently sold autogrophs at 10c each, totaled $1500 for British Wor Relief.

Behind Allan Jones ond his dimpled wife sat Louis B. Mayer, pres. of M-G-M. Burgess Meredith and Fronk Capra were at the Russian aid benefit, too.

Joel McCrea ond wite Fronces Dee come with the Taylors. When Joel storted forming, everyone laughed. Now he nets a 20% profit on his produce!

Ginger Rogers (with ex-husband Lew Ayres) is pleosed as Punch obout her 115 lbs! Says it took her six long yrs. to regain weight she lost ofter coming to H'wood.

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

ANN SHERIDAN MARRIES GEORGE BRENT!

The surprise tie-up of 1942 caught Hollywood with its prognosticating pants down.

Like a bombshell it was—the news that exploded across country one morning last month.

The Hollywood smart boys gasped loudest. Ann Sheridan and George Brent taking the vows? They couldn't believe it. Sure there had been a romance—a long one—a romance that seemed to be lit underneath by a strong, steady flame.

But pin down George. Corner Annie. Marriage? They chuckled in unison. Annie hadn't time. George liked his comfortable bachelor quarters. That tremendous sparkler on her finger? Sure George had given it to her. But it didn't mean a thing. They were good friends. A little more than that, no doubt. Whenever a candid camera picked Ann out of a corner of Ciro's or the Mocambo, there was George grinning companionably by her side. Their tastes and ideas were at opposite poles. They had a lot to talk about, wit clashing on wit—their table mates always laughing.

They'd never get along, said Hollywood. They'd never do it. But they did. At a quiet ceremony before Judge Richard P. Robbins of the County Court at Palm Beach, Florida. No advance publicity. They'd planned a week earlier to plane East, but the weather was bad. They took a train instead. Only a few close friends gathered at the home of George's sister, Mrs. Sam H. Harris, to watch the ceremony: William Cain, a lawyer, Constance Talmadge, Pat Watson, George's nephew.

Hollywood was wrong on one count. How about the other? *Can* these two high-voltage personalities blend? George's answer to that one is a confident grin. No doubt in his mind. But before we do any predicting, let's take a good look at the real question mark—Annie herself, and the kind of a challenge she represents to a husband.

During the filming of "Juke Girl," Ann worked all night long for 29 nights without intermission. She slept in the daytime, and her secretary, Gwenn Woodford, muffled the telephone and almost stopped traffic to insure quiet. What chance would a husband have in a set-up like that?

How well could the average man hold his temper in the face of two minor incidents that have recently tested the mettle of Ann's escorts? Ann and her friend were in a Drive-In one night when a carload of slightly tipsy gentlemen parked beside them. One of the men recognized Ann and spread the glad tidings by yelling to the world in general, "Hey, I want an oomph sandwich. I'll pay a buck for a sandwich made by Sheridan's own hands. Come on, Red, show us a little oomph!"

Or how would you like to have been with Ann the night she had a party (*Continued on page 72*)

The Brent-Sheridan nuptials caught Hollywood flat-footed! Despite a sparkler, they had denied marriage plans.

Ann's the girl one sub crew "would most like to be submerged with!"

Ann dropped everything an "Juke Girl" ta go over plans far her new Encina home with architect Stane.

Ronnie Reagan needled Annie an the "Juke Girl" set about the 165 cowboys wha want jobs an her tiny ranch!

Skippy's

Jack grew a mustache for Bun Granville for Christmas! Above, Bob Stack hears about their radio program.

Bonita cheers as Jackie's newly formed band runs over "Maliblues," composed by Cooper!

IT TOOK AN ACTOR'S TALENT, A TROUPER'S COURAGE, FOR JACKIE COOPER TO KEEP A SECRET FROM HIS MOM—THE SECRET THAT HER ILLNESS WAS FATAL!

toughest role . . .

By Kaaren Pieck

With his mother's death, Jackie Cooper finished his finest performance. And the hardest he'll ever be called on to play.

He was just 18 a year and a half ago when the blow struck. There was a scene at the hospital which the doctor, inured as doctors must be to such scenes, won't soon forget. "Your mother will seem to recover to some extent," he told the boy. "But in six months she'll begin to wane—I'm sorry," he added gently, cursing the lameness of words.

The lips in the rigid young face moved with an effort. "It's not your fault." He turned to the window and, when he turned back, had himself under control. "There's one thing you've got to promise me. She mustn't know. Whatever else happens, she mustn't know."

Some people feel that the young should be protected as long as possible from tragic knowledge. That the truth wasn't kept from Jack—to drop the diminutive, which has grown inept—is a commentary on his mother's training.

To Mrs. Bigelow her son was a person from childhood, a person who would have to live his life and meet its problems, independent of her. Her job was to train him to meet them well. She loved, without coddling or clinging to him, and suppressed her maternal terrors to foster his strength.

When he learned Western trick riding and clamored for her to watch, she'd dig her nails into her palms to keep from crying out as he took spill after spill. In a weak moment, she exacted from him a promise not to fly, then spent a sleepless night, reproaching herself for a ninny. Soon after, Jack was invited to San Francisco.

"Don't you want to fly?"

"But I thought—"

"Oh, that was just foolishness," she interrupted airily. "Why shouldn't you fly? Everybody else does," and found compensation in his whoop of joy.

She taught him early the meaning of responsibility. When, with "Skippy," the limelight hit him, she bent every effort to keep it from (*Continued on page 89*)

Susonno Foster, Jock Cooper ond Jockie Seorl gove their oll respectively in "Glomour Boy."

Jackie's mom, who looks on, left a trust fund that gives her son lifelong independence. Jackie has sold his Beverly Hills home.

Sam: "I'd like to talk to you . . . Tess . . ."
Tess: "Anything in particular?"

Tess: ". . . but I don't suppose you speak Slovenian, either."
Sam: "Nope . . . only broken English."

Sam: (mock politeness) "I don't like to intrude . . ."

Woman of the Year

BY JEAN FRANCIS WEBB AND KAY HARDY

STORY . . . Sam hadn't expected her to be beautiful. Clever, yes. Capable and dangerous and exciting, yes. But not beautiful.

They worked for the same great Metropolitan daily. But they'd never met until the morning the boss called them to reconcile the feud which had started between their columns (Sam Craig on sports, Tess Harding on world events), the morning after she suggested on "Information Please" that games be shelved for the duration of the war.

A woman saying a thing like that needed her ears pinned back, of course. So Sam had pinned them, in print. And Tess had answered. And he had answered the answer. And—here they were, both on the carpet!

"You'll kiss and make up?" the boss demanded.

Sam considered that one. "We-ll. I'll kiss, anyway."

Outside in the corridor, after the (*Continued on page 76*)

MED. SHOT—STAGE:
featuring Ellen and Sam. Sam's a trifle relaxed now and is listening intently.

Tess: (into phone) "Hold on a minute, Gerald . . ."

Tess: (into the phone, excitedly) "Ellen. Tess! The most wonderful thing just happened . . ."

Chairlady: ". . . our distinguished guest . . . Tess Harding."

FADE IN:
Tess's bedroom—next morning—close shot.

PRODUCTION . . . "I wanted to do this picture with Spencer," says Katie Hepburn, "because he's the most economical actor I've ever known. I'm the most uneconomical; I throw myself into every scene. The real beauty of Tracy's underplaying is that no matter what type of scene—comedy or drama—his work seems spontaneous.". . . A Story Is Born: The day Garson Kanin was packing his comb and toothbrush to leave for the army, Ring Lardner, Jr., wandered in to say "good-by." Ring mentioned a story he'd been turning over in his mind, asked Kanin what he thought of it. Gar thought the idea was swell and suggested Lardner get together with brother Michael Kanin and work it out on paper as a possible picture for Katharine Hepburn.

Two months later, a 90-page original about a sports editor who falls in love with a brilliant woman columnist was airmailed to Kate in Connecticut. Two (*Continued on page 78*)

the Women Bob has loved . . .

By Dugal O'Liam

Bob did "Comille" first in college, loter with Gorbo. Left school with film contract.

Toylor loves to trovel: by steomer, motor, oir! Babs finolly O.K.'d flying, gove him snozzy flying togs.

Luscious Lomorr with Toylor in "Lody of the Tropics."

TAYLOR KISSES AND TELLS ON HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR GALS, ALL THE WAY FROM LANA TO LAMARR!

● "Are you kiddin'?" Mr. Robert Taylor dropped the "g", I didn't, and it rattled across the floor of the M-G-M commissary.

The answer was "Certainly not." The palpitant public wanted to know about the women in his life. Particularly about the way the Myrna Loys, Vivien Leighs, Greta Garbos, Hedy Lamarrs and Lana Turners kissed, et cetera. On the screen of course.

"Listen, I'm married," Mr. Taylor protested. "I want to keep on being married. Of course my wife trusts me and understands, but a statement on how half a dozen different females kiss . . . take it easy, pal."

The idea was that he treat the question as a technical one. His answer could be in the form of a clinical report. If anyone was qualified to make such a report, certainly he was. If he wanted to keep it impersonal, that was all right. Excellent, in fact.

"My friend," he said, in that Upper-Classman-From-the-Fraternity-House-Next-Door way he has, "you're asking me to be technical as a punch in the nose. (*Continued on page 96*)

"Hollywood wives need the wisdom of Solomon," soys Bobs, who storred with Bob in "This Is My Affoir."

The new "Johnny Eoger" with Lono Turner gives Bob o bed with built-in rodio, bor, running woter, phone.

"SWELL GUY"

One of Clark Gable's best friends is his purp Bob.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

ONE day, around a dozen years ago, a Hollywood extra named Billy Gable needed a new shirt. He stopped in at Clark's Dollar Store on the Boulevard. He laid down a precious buck. He picked up the shirt, which he tucked under his arm—also the store's front name, which he tacked onto his own last tag.

The deal was a bargain—any way you look at it. Billy Gable became Glark Gable and Clark Gable became the greatest box office star the screen has ever known. He became the man who has stayed in the top ten for ten straight years. Who rose to a salary of $7000 a week. Who caused riots when he visited big cities. Who eventually married movieland's great glamour beauty, Carole Lombard, in a Hollywood king-and-queen match.

Clark Gable did all right. But at heart he remained pretty much Billy Gable, the ex-Ohio farm boy. He still preferred the dank, sweet smell of barns to the dead air of night clubs. He still would trade back slaps and mob huzzas for the jolt of a shotgun or the zing of a reel. He could take the jostles of fame, but personally he could leave them anytime for outdoor elbow room.

So when he could call his shots, he did leave them a little. He bought a ranch fifteen minutes from Hollywood. He took his bride there. For three years Clark and Carole have tried out the country life. They both like it. Now they're planning on stretching the distance. They're searching all over the West—Oregon, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico. They're hunting hard for a cattle ranch that's a thousand acres at least and when they find the ideal spot they'll move there, build a house and never come into town except to make a picture. Then at last Clark Gable will be happy. After all these years he'll be back on the farm.

He'll be Billy Gable again and darn glad of it!

At forty-one, Clark Gable is amazingly unchanged by this fantastic cycle in his life. Fame, fortune, three marriages and a decade of adulation have left him with simple tastes, habits and ambitions. Nor have they conjured up a demi-god of heroic proportions. Clark is good at some things, terrible in others. He has his strong points and his weak ones, too. He's no saint, but certainly no lost sinner. He's no great brain, but he isn't exactly dumb. He's a sucker for some things, but he packs around his pet peeves, too. He's canny, and he's crude, vain and humble, extravagant and sensible, energetic and lazy, brave and scared. In short, beneath his celluloid halo, Clark Gable is just an average guy in his private life.

No one knows this better than Clark himself.

And nothing points this more plainly than where he lives and how.

To reach Clark Gable at home, you drive from Hollywood out Highway 101 and turn left when a sign says "Encino." You travel up a road until you come to a thousand orange trees. The drive goes through these and what you find at the end is Clark Gable's only piece of property, excluding a North California duck hunting shack worth possibly $500.

The Gable ranch house rests on twenty-two acres in San Fernando Valley, mostly citrus and alfalfa. It cost Clark $50,000, and it's for sale now to apply on the bigger and better homestead. Clark bought it in March, 1939, from Raoul Walsh, the director. He immediately planted fifty new orange trees, put up a new barn, remodeled the house and stocked the ranches. This modest domain claims practically all Clark Gable's off-set time, except when he's hunting. Gable's private life is as simple as that.

His castle is a fifteen-year-old white frame ranch house of no particular architectural design. A veranda runs around most of its seven rooms, which do not include a guest room.

Clark's immediate household consists of himself, Carole, Fred, the ranch hand, Jessie, the cook, Florence, the maid, a flock of ring-neck pheasants, a few hundred chickens, two cows, eight horses, three dogs and one alley cat.

The Gable animal population has a varied and interesting history. It started with one cow, which became two when a ranch hand's wife had a baby and milk became important. Chickens came next and Clark's poultry pride reached its zenith when he groomed a certain flock for the Los Angeles County

Clark's in seventh heaven on hunting treks, in old togs. Carole despises beards. Soys, "They're not romantic, women don't like 'em!"

Nothing infuriates Carole quite os much as those divorce rumors! Soys there's nothing ta it; they're blissful!

There isn't a telephone or telegroph station within miles of the Goble ronch. Only communicotion with the outside world is via R.F.D.!

After their morriage in '39 he ond Carole honeymooned on his San Fernando ranch!

"SWELL GUY"

continued

Fair. Visions of blue ribbons at Pomona danced in the country squire's head. Then rudely, they vanished. On the eve of the big event, wife Carole discovered some poor people down the road who didn't have enough to eat. She had a batch of ranch chickens killed and sent over. They turned out to be Clark's pet contenders.

His canine crew consists of two dogs, "Bob," his pointer and hunting companion, and "Commissioner," a dachshund, named after Clark's friend, a Santa Monica fire commissioner.

There are eight horses on the Gable ranch today, including Clark's two saddle favorites, "Buck," a sorrel, "Comanche," a grey. Carole's is a Tennessee Walker. Clark has always been a great horse lover and constant rider although, except for his late and inglorious bangtail, Beverly Hills (who cost Clark a pretty penny and cured him of racing), none of them are prize-winners. A while back Clark invested in a wild, spirited steed, a bad actor. He thought it would be exciting to train and tame him. One day, with Clark in the saddle, the stallion dashed out of control, clattering across a road under repair. There he stumbled, tossing Gable smack in a puddle of newly ladled asphalt. Clark yanked himself up from the sticky stuff, looking like a tar baby, led the horse home and put him up for sale that day. He figured there was no use asking for a broken neck.

Probably the most annoying but beloved member of the Gable menage is a nameless cat. Clark and Carole ran on to the derelict puss one night before they were married. They'd been out on a date and heard the kitten mewing dismally from a barrel in an alley. They promptly adopted him as an advance member of the family. The cat repays by climbing nightly up the house and scratching on the screen of Clark's bedroom window. He doesn't do this until after midnight, so it's always a cause for nocturnal cursing as Clark rouses himself out of the hay and lets tabby inside.

Clark is a light sleeper by nature, anyway. If the cat doesn't wake him, the mocking birds do. These midnight yodelers perch in profusion among the ranch house trees and start their chorals about 4:30 in the morning. Time and again grumpy Gable has paced the floor at false dawn swearing vengeance via a shotgun on the mockers; of course, he never does the deed.

Midnight is the usual retiring hour at the Gables. But Clark's light snoozing habit makes him a confirmed bed reader. His room is usually stacked high with books and magazines. He prefers the adventure type with plenty of action. His most serious reading bent is for history, especially military history. He has studied every American war and its campaigns thoroughly. He's keenly interested in the present blitz and counter-blitz particularly from a tactics standpoint.

Clark's bedroom is designed for masculine comfort. His bed is leather upholstered, and the large chairs match it. The room is plain. Besides the book shelves and old boxing prints on the wall, there's nothing decorative about it—no trophies, no mementos strewn around. A large fireplace in (*Continued on page 101*)

Clark thinks simpering, starry-eyed women admirers are silly. Give him a steak any time!

Night club sprees such as this at Mocambo are rare. Rarer even is the formal gear worn here and also briefly in "Honky Tonk."

HATS OFF TO HAIR-DO'S

BY CAROL CARTER

Olivia de Havilland, stor of Worner's "The Male Animol"

Judy Garland, featured in M-G-M's "Babes on Broadway"

"My Gal Sal" is Carole Landis' latest film for 20th Century

Brenda Marshall is the girl in "Captains of the Clouds"

● Our title, "Hats Off to Hair-Do's," is purely a figure of speech—our salute to the season's lovely coiffures. Actually, hats are *on* to hair-do's, for never before have the two gotten along so amiably. Bonnet brims allow for side rolls, pomps and bangs, while hair styles, in return, follow borders, and the ever-popular rolled bob curls around the "little hats." Some of the little feathery and flowery chapeaux seem almost part of the coiffures, so subtly do they team up with curls and waves.

The debate over the long and short of new hair styles has been waxing hot in and out of Hollywood, and so far the most convincing argument is the increasing number of short feather cuts and three- to five-inch bobs worn by filmdom's beauties. Judy Garland is only one of the many who have gone in for a variation of the feather cut, while Carole Landis has effected a far more exotic version of the short-short bob. She individualizes the style by wearing a cluster of curls on one side as though they were bangs.

Meanwhile, Brenda Marshall and Olivia de Havilland wear their dark locks short in front, but cling to long back hair. Just one look at Brenda Marshall shows why schoolgirls still think eight inches isn't a bit too long for their hair. And the low bun and decorative gardenias add glamour to relieve the simplicity of Olivia de Havilland's formal coiffure.

If you haven't already done so, you'll love designing your own version of one of these smart new styles to suit your personality and the tilt of your nose. Experiment in front of the mirror to see how you look in crisp bangs, long ones, all-around rolls and both high and low pompadours—all making fashion and beauty news this spring. You might look to Margaret Sullavan, Bette Davis, Joan Fontaine, Margaret Hayes or Penny Singleton for inspiration, for each has adopted a becoming version of shorter hair. Not all of them have followed the three-inch dictum to the fraction, but rather have chosen the length best suited to their features.

When you have decided on a hair-do, have it shaped by a good hair stylist, and you'll find it easy to set and arrange for evening sophistication as well as smart for daytime grooming. With bob pins, tuck combs, brilliantine, hair lacquer, and as little time as it takes to dry, you can (*Continued on page 109*)

Beauty goes to your head . . .

Every film queen wears a crown of radiant hair. Here's how the stars keep their locks lustrous and entrancing!

Before shampooing, brush your locks vigorously.

After moistening them thoroughly, opply your fovorite shompoo.

Mossoge the lother well into your scolp ond press through lengths of hoir.

Rinse locks repeotedly in cleor woter to remove every vestige of soop.

Get a head start on beauty, girls, by taking care of your locks, for there is nothing more beguiling than hair that is fresh-washed and fragrant—when every strand is brushed to polished beauty. A becoming, up-to-date coiffure is important, too, in making features lovelier, but, remember it is only as flattering as your locks are radiant and healthy.

There's no magic formula for beautiful hair. It simply responds to good treatment. Give yours the stimulation, nourishment and gentle cleansing it needs, and it will thrive and flourish. Neglect it, and it soon languishes and fades, becoming generally dull and unattractive. Virginia Grey and other acclaimed beauties learned long ago how important locks are to beauty, so follow their example and give your hair daily attention.

That old-time advice to give tresses one-hundred strokes a day is just as timely as it ever was, so get in the habit of brushing yours nightly until your scalp feels warm and tingly and each little hair gleams and shines. This exercise not only gives lazy scalps a good workout and promotes hair growth, but it removes dulling dust and distributes natural oils over the lengths, bringing out hidden luster. If you don't already own a good brush with long, firm, flexible bristles, it's good economy to buy one, for if it is used regularly and correctly, you'll be repaid by soft, manageable tresses. Hold it at a 45-degree angle to your head and wield it in long upward and outward strokes, polishing each strand from root to tip.

Hair grows best, you know, in a scalp that is healthy, loose and invigorated so massage your head thoroughly several times a week. Begin at the base of your neck, and pressing with the pads of your fingers, work upward, kneading and moving your scalp as you go. This extra stimulation encourages the thousands of little hair cells that are busy manufacturing new hairs and also keeps oil glands functioning as they should. If your hair is either too dry or too oily, it's a sign these erratic ducts need normalizing, so discipline them with regular exercise. Also, if hair is dry, or needs revitalizing before a permanent wave, apply a special lubricant—pomade, tonic or special dry hair conditioner—to your

BY CAROL CARTER

Comb or brush tresses to full length. Then, set curls with wave lotion.

Press out moisture with a thick Turkish towel.

Virginia Grey keeps her casual hair-do always sunny and lovely. You'll see her in "Mr. and Mrs. North."

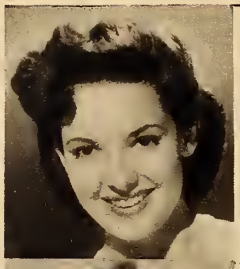
scalp every night, separating hair into sections and working the oils in at the roots with your fingertips. Before your regular shampoo, massage hot oil into your scalp with tufts of cotton or a special sponge, then cover your hair with a steaming towel to help the penetration of oils. When hair is to be washed the following day, apply oil and tie your head up in an attractive bandanna. You'll look nice in the interim. If, on the other hand, your hair is too oily, apply a drying tonic to your scalp every night with liberal doses of massage.

But don't forget that your health has much to do with the lustrous quality of your hair. The productive cells, as you know, are nourished by the bloodstream, so keep your system in good working order by getting plenty of fresh air and outdoor exercise, by sleeping at least eight to ten hours each night and by eating well-balanced meals daily. Be sure to eat those foods rich in valuable vitamin B_1, especially beneficial to hair—leafy green vegetables, milk, beef, liver, eggs, yeast, lima beans, green peas, whole-grained cereals, etc. In addition drink at least eight glasses of water each day.

Just a word about dandruff! Those harmless-looking flecks are not only beauty stealers; they can impair hair health, so if you're troubled by these annoying particles, get rid of them at once. Apply a special dandruff tonic to your scalp nightly, and whenever you wash your hair, use a special dandruff remover shampoo. It will penetrate clogged pores and dissolve dandruff leaving the scalp clean to function properly.

To hold top honors, hair needs to be always clean and fragrant—so never allow yours to become the least bit dull or dingy. Wash it thoroughly once a week—oftener if your hair is oily or if you live in a locality where there is much dirt or soot in the air. Begin by brushing briskly to remove all dust and dead tissue, then moisten your head and locks thoroughly with lukewarm water and apply your shampoo generously. There are many excellent kinds available for dry, normal or oily hair—in liquid or cake form. You may want to use a liquid soapless shampoo with special conditioner added as the model above is doing. It leaves hair sparkling clean and gleaming. (*Continued on page 109*)

MODERN SCREEN'S

IF YOUR FACE IS		WEAR YOUR HAIR THIS WAY	APPLY MAKE-UP THIS WAY
OVAL Lindo Dornell 20th Century-Fox		*For daytime,* brush hoir from temples ond sides into soft curls behind your eors to occent ovol contours. Both the short feather and the modified long bob ore becoming. *For evening,* brush front hair into soft bangs or o smooth pompodour roll ond curl the side sections into smooth reverse rolls.	Ploce rouge in center of cheek, blending it smoothly over cheekbone. Wear cleor lipstick, not-too-bright, ond moke up mouth full, following its noturol outline.
ROUND Lynn Bori 20th Century-Fox		*For daytime,* port hoir on side, dressing top with smoll soft curls or rolls to odd length to your foce or sweep hoir from temples into side pomps. Avoid heovy waves or curls below the ears. *For evening,* brush top ond side hoir into smooth curls ond rolls to odd height. Brush bock section up from neck in soft, smooth woves and accent with light ornoment. Avoid bulky coiffure ot neckline.	Weor rouge lightly on outer portion of cheek, blending it softly toword eor then down to jowline. Moke up mouth wide following noturol outline.
SQUARE Gene Tierney 20th Century-Fox		*For daytime,* concentrote oll fullness on upper holf of heod. Weor o low side port to moke forehead oppeor brooder. Weor hoir low behind eors in soft loose woves to soften the ongles of foce. *For evening,* sweep sides up in pompodour style. Brush hoir back of eors into loose woves or curls, or ornoment with pretty ribbon or borrette if you like.	Ploce rouge in center of cheek under eye ond blend softly olong cheekbone toword temple, then downword. Moke up mouth wide with upword tilt to corners.
HEART SHAPED Mory Mortin Poramount		*For daytime,* keep front locks soft, with bongs or woves dipping inword from temples. Weor sides smooth with fullness below eors to give chin width. *For evening,* brush hoir softly up from brow in reverse bongs or with top curls forming portiol bong on right side. Keep bock curls loose or adorn sides of hoir with flowers.	Apply rouge high on cheek, blending softly toword temple. Follow noturol outline of lips but curve top one slightly ot center.
LONG Dorothy Lomour Poromount		*For daytime,* brush hair soft ond fluffy ot sides, maintoining fullness below the eors to give foce odded width. Also weor fluffy bangs to shorten opporent length of foce. *For evening,* part hoir in center, hove two reverse rolls going from each eor to center part. Bock hoir moy be combed into one low roll below eors or moy be fluffed out.	Ploce rouge in center of cheeks, blending in toword nose. Accent natural outline of lips, moking lower lip slightly full ot corners.
DIAMOND SHAPED Claudette Colbert Paramount		*For daytime,* weor hoir soft ond full obove and below eors, but dressed snugly ot cheekline to give more oval contours. *For evening,* encircle heod in smooth reverse roll, with soft wove breoking into ringlets or bongs at the brow.	Rouge highest point of cheekbone, blending gently outward in all directions. Curve lips slightly, following noturol outlines, but ovoid moking them look too wide.

HAIR BEAUTY CHART

TO	DO THIS	USE THESE
Shampoo Hair Properly	Brush hair and massage scalp vigorously ta stimulate circulation. Then, moisten lacks thoroughly with lukewarm water and apply your favorite shampao. Massage well inta hair and scalp, then rinse and apply shampaa ance mare. After rinsing well, apply flattering vegetable rinse. Spray hair, when dry, with brilliantine.	Cleon hair brush Shampoa Cammercial rinse Brilliantine
Correct Dry Hair	Stimulate sluggish ail glonds by brushing hair nightly. Part locks inta sectians and massage aily tanic, pamade ar hair canditianer inta scalp. Before shampoaing, apply hat ail to scalp with cattan and leove on for half haur at least. Wash hair with special dry hair shampao. Use brilliontine ond pamade regulorly to make hair safter and more plioble.	Hair brush Oily tanic, pamade ar hair conditianer Special hair conditioning oil ar alive oil Shampoo far dry hair Catton Brilliontine
Correct Oily Hair	Part hair in sectians abaut ½ inch aport and apply drying, stimulating tanic ta scalp nightly. Then, mossage gently to invigarate circulation and brush hoir regularly each night. Shompaa yaur hair weekly or oftener with a special shampoa far aily hair.	Drying, stimulating tonic Hair brush Special shampaa far oily hair
Rout Dandruff	Part hoir in sections and massage dandruff-corrective tanic inta scalp nightly. Use special dandruff-remover shampao when washing hair. If hair is dry, give scalp hat ail treatment befare shampoaing. After drying, apply pomade ar aily tanic to scalp and brilliantine to hair stronds. Use creom wove set. If hair is aily, avaid extra lubricatian.	Carrective tonic Dandruff-remaver shampaa Hat canditianing oil ar alive ail Pamade ar aily tonic Brilliantine Cream wave set
Check Falling Hair	Keep scalp invigarated by nightly mossaging with stimuloting tanic or pomade and brush hair vigarausly daily. If hair has tendency taward dryness, protect it fram tao much sunlight and avaid aver-use af water. If hair is oily, use only drying, stimulating preparatians.	Stimulating tonic or pomade Hoir brush
Recondition Hair for Permanent Waving	Stimulote natural flaw af oil by vigoraus brushing and massaging and apply aily lubricant—pomade, aily tanic ar hair conditianer—several times a week. Keep lacks saft and elastic with pamade and brilliantine. Befare every shampaa, give hair a hat ail massage, and leave lubricant on avernight. After yaur permanent, cantinue the lubricating and stimulating treatment faithfully.	Hair brush Pamade Oily tanic Hoir conditianer Brilliantine Hot conditioning oil ar alive ail

GOOD NEWS

70,000 fans sardined into Los Angeles' Shrine auditorium when Bette Davis and Monte Blue entertained for the Shrine benefit.

At the Shriners' show, Cesar muffed a line and brought down the house. Ty Power and John Carradine kidded him for days after!

Merle Oberon and Norma Shearer grace the head table at the Los Angeles Community Chest luncheon in the huge Biltmore Bowl.

Jimmy Durante, Betty Hutton, No. 1 jitterbug, and Bob Hope were the screwy crew whose gags kept the Shriners panting for breath!

IF IT'S A WORTHY CAUSE, HOLLYWOOD COMES THROUGH WITH A BIG HEART, AN OPEN PURSE!

"Dear Diary:"

Fri., Jan. 2nd . . . Lunched with Dottie Lamour at the Vine Street Derby. What a looker that gal is! Wow! We were busy trading gossip when all of a sudden, between the sandwich and dessert, Dottie's voice went dead. I thought it was something she swallowed and waved for a waiter. But I needn't have bothered because Dottie grabbed my arm and nodded toward a table at the opposite side of the room. Greg Bautzer was seated there with another man and looking mighty, mighty gloomy. Dottie says their split is permanent. They don't even speak, which is a darn shame. It's a shame, too, that their social and business contacts bring them face to face so often. It makes the forgetting harder on both sides.

Attended my first blackout party this P. M. The Mocambo, having dubbed itself "Hollywood's Classiest Blackout Hangout," sponsored the affair. An amusing idea, but a little scary when you consider the implications. When I walked in, the club was totally dark, and it stayed that way for long stretches throughout the evening. Dancing with the lights out was swell (the orchestra played "Dancing In The Dark" at least a dozen times!), and I got a bang out of the trick party favor at my place—a jet black compact containing a tiny light that flashed on every time the lid was lifted.

Charlie Morison, the Mocambo boss, took me aside to whisper that he was afraid some perverse female would try to crash in a jazzy, bright-colored dress. No one did. Charlie reminded me of the time, six or seven years ago, when Carole Lombard hostess-ed a party at which every woman including herself was to wear white. Everyone obliged except Norma Shearer who arrived in the middle of the evening, togged in shining scarlet! And how Carole raged! That feud still isn't settled!

Tues., Jan. 6th . . . Spent the morning at Fox watching Ida Lupino give out for "Moontide." I've seen Ida in some awful rigs, but this one was the topper! A shabby out-at-the-elbows sweater and a skirt I'd swear was vintage 1904! Ida admits depressing outfits have a bad effect on her—make her feel low-down. So just before "Moontide" began, she went out and bought herself a luscious new wardrobe to help her shake her gloom after a day at the studio. Then came the war, and all her glamour clothes were tucked into a trunk. For the duration, she'll wear her Women's Ambulance Corps uniform, exclusively.

Snatched a quick drive-in lunch and then scrambled over to Betty Grable's where Ida Zeitlin's interview (see page 61) was already in progress. I wish I could have taken some of Betty's critics with me. They'd

Judy Garland opened the Community Chest luncheon with "The Star Spangled Banner." Anne Shirley and Roy Rogers, above.

Dennis Morgan, Marjorie Woodworth and Alan Marshall gave their bit to Hollywood's total $475,826 Community Chest donation.

soon enough have gotten over the impression that Grable's a hot-cha, gum-chewing moll who lives in a nest of sleazy satin furbelows. Betty's home is a modest little cottage set behind a white picket fence, and the interior is chintzy and cheerful. Betty herself is a revelation. She wore a demure (that's the right word!) blue quilted hostess gown and very little make-up, and her manner and speech were exceedingly quiet. Her hair was fixed simply, and I noticed that not once in the three hours we were with her did she get up to look in the mirror. Which is more than I can say for a lot of glamour pusses I know! Her poise is remarkable, and the only time she lost it was when we commented on the large portrait of Betty her mother insists on keeping over her chair. Betty actually seemed embarrassed by this obvious demonstration of maternal pride!

Thurs., Jan. 8th . . . Jane Russell stopped by the office this morning on her way to a "Bundles for Bluejackets" blowout. Gosh, how I'd like to be in that babe's shoes! It's been months since she finished her chores as leading lady in "The Outlaw," yet she still collects her weekly pay check from boss Howard Hughes. And that's not all. Every time she makes a personal appearance at an important function, Hughes shells out his dough for the fancy clothes she's expected to wear. She's his star, and he wants her looking as smooth as any competition the other studios have to offer. To date, she's gathered in about 15 complete outfits.

Apparently this generosity isn't confined to producers. Later in the day I met Louise La Planche, one of the "Louisiana Purchase" showgirls who accompanied Bob Hope to San Francisco, where Bob put on a show a while back. Louise told me Bob paid the travelling expenses for all the girls and gave them spending money besides. To top the thing off, he presented each of them with a small piece of jewelry, in appreciation of their swell cooperation. Louise drew a ball-shaped watch.

Mon., Jan. 12th . . . I've always been a Charlie Laughton fan, but, my, oh, my, Laughton as I saw him this morning was sure a tough dose to swallow! It was on the "Tuttles of Tahiti" set, and he was dressed in a dirty, long-sleeved undershirt and an even dirtier sarong. Bare feet and grimy toes didn't add to his appeal, either! He says he and Elsa always walk around their house that way. Barefoot, I mean—not grimy-toed! Stayed to lunch with him in his dressing room, the only dressing room I know of that's furnished with a refrigerator. Elsa packs him off each morning with sandwiches and a bottle of milk because he doesn't like to eat in the studio commissary.

Wed., Jan. 14th . . . Tagged along with John Franchey when he went out to Beverly Hills to see Mrs. Ray Milland. She met us at the door wearing a white blouse trimmed with old-fashioned petticoat lace and a broomstick peasant skirt bound at the waist by a broad yellow belt. It's amazing how such a typically American girl has adapted herself to the Britishness that is Ray's. Her house is English farm style, copied after the home Ray bought for his mother in a London suburb, and Mrs. M. told us practically all her furniture and accessories were sent from England. In fact, the boat that brought the last shipment, just a few months ago, has since been sunk. The only thing really American in the house is the lumber used in the beams and doorways. Ray was wandering around Los Angeles one day when he came upon a ship being scuttled. The beautiful old wood took his fancy, and he bought it! Ray poked his head out of his shortwave radio room just long enough to say "hello" and "good-by." Mrs. M. says that since the war began, she can't drag him away from his receiving set.

Thurs., Jan. 15th . . . Had a most wonderful 55c dinner at Schwab's, the favorite corner drugstore of the stars. While I was there, Regis Toomey telephoned and, in his best lifted-pinky manner, asked that two seats be reserved at the counter for him and his wife. The boy who took his call listened gravely, and when he hung up, proceeded to set out a reserved sign, two little place cards and pair of bud vases. Regis and his wife swept in a few minutes later, handed their coats to the cashier and saunted to their counter stools with all the élan of Dietrich and Gabin at Ciro's.

Fri., Jan. 16th . . . This was a set-going day. Made the rounds at Warner's, stopping first at "Yankee Doodle Dandy" where Jimmy Cagney was going through a jig. Cagney showed me a half dozen new records he just bought. I did a double-take when I noticed they were all alike. But Jimmy says his record player goes on a tear once a week and smashes half his platters. In order to keep his favorite tunes on hand all the time, he has to buy them in half dozen lots.

Over on "In This Our Life," Bette Davis was delivering some heavy histrionics with Frank Craven. She fluffed a line on the word "daddy" and broke into a snappy chorus of "Oh, Daddy." Said hello to Walter Huston who was on the set visiting his director son, John. Met George Brent in the Green Room. He recalled that a year and a half ago, in a MODERN SCREEN interview, he had almost prophesied Pearl Harbor. I went back to the office to check on him, and sure enough, he was right. In our September, 1940 issue, he said: "Hawaii is in a bad geographical position in the event of extended warfare. Lately, many of the isles have become ammunition dumps, and, under the worst circumstances, this base could become another Belgium."

Tues., Jan. 20th . . . Dropped in on "Tortilla Flat" in time to see Director Victor Fleming put on a long face and Spencer Tracy put on his hat. Fleming had just finished setting a scene and had his cameras ready to grind. But Spence is a five o'clock man, and he bounces off the set on the hour.

Gabbed a bit with Allen Jenkins who plays Porty'gee Joe. The producers thought Allen was built too small for the role, but Tracy insisted on it. The producers finally yielded, but they're making him wear four sweaters, double-lift shoes, and other make-up camouflages which literally give him a build-up.

Sat., Jan. 24th . . . It won't be long now before Bob Cummings quits Hollywood. Talked to him on "The Saboteur" set and learned he has received his orders to stand by. He'll take over his duties as Captain in the Army Air Corps as soon as the Hitchcock film is completed. Meanwhile, he's doing air-raid warden duty, locally.

Had dinner at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. Saw Dolores Del Rio (with Orson, of course) looking perfectly stunning in a black turban that entirely covered her hair. It was ornamented with a gold and diamond clip that must have set her back plenty. Phyllis Brooks was there with Reginald Gardiner and so were Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger and Veronica Lake and her

GOOD NEWS continued

husband. Don't know where the Lake gal was coming from, but she wandered in in ski clothes.

Holly Noble of CBS sat down with us for a few moments and told an amusing story about Jimmy Stewart and the "Bill of Rights" broadcast. Seems that Jimmy, after exhausting himself giving a great performance, forgot that he was to introduce the President of the United States. He started to stagger away from the microphone and had to be pushed back!

Hollywood Shoulders Arms

At the first word that war had come to our country, Maria Montez offered to enlist as a U. S. Mata Hari. She speaks four languages; thinks she can do a bang-up espionage job . . . Designer Eddie Stevenson brought out an all-suede suit to take the place of tweed numbers no longer available from abroad . . . Shirley Temple wept because she hadn't heard from her brother, George, stationed in Hawaii . . . Brenda Marshall revealed she'd had no word from her father who owns a plantation in the Philippines where she was born . . . Many stars worried about the war clause in their contracts which states that in the event a national emergency forces studios to shut down, contracts may be washed up . . . Twentieth Century-Fox decided to eliminate Surrealist Artist Savador Dali's nightmare sequence from "Moontide" because it's "too scary for these times" . . . Joan Bennett joined the Women's Volunteers of the Air Raid Wardens and appeared on the street in a grey-blue uniform with white shirt, blue tie, overseas cap and Sam Browne belt . . . Local movie houses were ordered to remain open during blackouts.

Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul moved into their new home —the only one in Hollywood known to have a bombproof shelter . . . Studios laid plans for the production of educational films, designed to instruct the public in air raid precautions, blackouts, etc. . . . Allen Jenkins volunteered as air raid warden; drew the dog-watch—one to four in the morning. . . . The government revoked permits of all studios to possess machine guns and gathered them up along with trucks, rifles and other armament formerly employed in Movietown make-believe wars . . . Jackie Cooper flew in from Catalina Island, but was detained at Terminal Island an entire day before gaining permission to return to Hollywood . . . It was rumored that studio sound stages might be drafted to act as aircraft hangars . . . And that the Disney plant, built with the aid of government money, would be converted into a base hospital.

M-G-M dropped the title of their latest Eleanor Powell musical, "I'll Take Manila" feeling the pun would be unappreciated at this time . . . A government ruling grounding private planes affected Robert Cummings, Jean Parker, Wally Beery, Roger Pryor and Richard Arlen.

On the Brighter Side

Hollywood tried to be cheerful, too. Announced Rochester: "On Central Avenue (Los Angeles' colored section) we're gonna have a white-out!" . . . To Lionel Barrymore came a wire from Fiorello La Guardia, national civilian defense chief, reading: "Am appointing you and Lew Ayres in charge of all medical effort on the coast." . . . Milton Berle claimed he found a Hollywood cop questioning a Japanese beetle . . . Peter Lorre admitted he was listening to records and failed to hear blackout warnings. His Japanese houseboy had to tell him to douse the lights!

Victor's Record

They laughed when we sat down and wrote that Victor Mature was married before he ever hit Hollywood.

We first published the report, received from one of our agents, in the Feb. 1940 issue of MODERN SCREEN, and were rewarded for our sleuthing with a barrage of lifted eyebrows and complaints that we were spreading false rumors.

But now it's out. A few weeks ago, Frances Charles, a 23-year-old redhead, applied at the L. A. Marriage License Bureau, for permission to wed Corporal Roy Smith. Miss Charles listed her occupation as actress-writer and then revealed that her real name was Frances Evans Mature! In answer to queries, she admitted that she and the "gorgeous hunk" were united in Yuma in 1938 and, after a stormy life together, called it quits in Pasadena in 1940!

Gene Tierney, Martha Kemp (Mrs. Vic Mature) and Mrs. Les Stefen (wife of tennis champ) glitter at Westside Tennis Club party.

What startled the reporters at the Bureau, however, was not the revelation that Vic had been married previously. Even more surprising was the sight of the ex-Mrs. Mature. She looked so much like the present Mrs. Mature, the newshawks say it was uncanny!

The Last Word

And while we're probing Vic's past, has the story ever been told of his first meeting with Frank Ross, Jean Arthur's husband?

It occurred back in the days when Vic was a struggling student at the Pasadena Playhouse. One morning he received a call from his Hollywood agent, instructing him to report to Producer Ross at the Hal Roach Studios for an interview. Vic was tickled silly—till he remembered he didn't have enough dough in his pants to afford the 20 mile trip to the studio and would have to hitchhike all the way.

As luck would have it, it was a miserably hot day. Drivers were irritable and didn't stop when he thumbed them. Those few who did stop would take him only a short distance. His clothes began to wilt and his feet grew raw. But a job was waiting and he kept on going.

Vic will never forget that day. It took him five hours to make what is ordinarily less than an hour's trip. When he finally limped into Ross's office, he was exhausted, discouraged and ready to drop in a heap.

Added to his misery, was the sight of Ross, himself. Cool and relaxed behind a huge desk, the producer sat smoking a cigarette and basking in the breezes blown against his face by the wings of a giant electric fan. For a few moments Vic stood, embarrassedly, before him.

Ross spoke first. "You don't look much like a leading man to me," he said.

Vic choked. That was the last straw. He forgot he was tired. He forgot he needed a job.

"And you don't look much like a producer to me!" he snapped. And stomped out of the office.

Every movie fan knows the story doesn't end there. Stories like this never do. The following day, Ross revealed he was a man of either great forgiveness or great humor. He sent for Vic again and offered him a contract. Vic grabbed it and two weeks later was making sizzling movie love to that other Roach newcomer—Miss Carole Landis!

Didja Know

That the term "fan," to describe movie enthusiasts, is derived from the word "fanatic" . . . That Rosemary Lane may hop off any day for Iceland? She'll spend two weeks there, putting on shows for the soldiers . . . That Maureen O'Hara has had her pup, Fion, nose-printed because schnozzle markings are the only things that positively identify dogs . . . That Evelyn Keyes turned down $25,000 offered her by an 87-year-old uncle? He told her she could have the dough if she quit pictures and returned to Texas . . . That Jack Benny, the old stogie fiend, smoked his first cigar at the age of 36? . . . And that Gary Cooper smokes denicotinized cigarettes . . . That Tommy

On the way home from her Ciro date with Ed Stauffer (Europe's B. Goodman), Maria Montez met with near tragedy. Was badly bruised when she fell out the car door!

It's a rare occasion when Jon Hall succeeds in dragging bookish spouse Frances Langford away from her tomes for a p.m. at Mocambo! They've been wed twice "to make sure."

When Rita's working on a picture, she and spouse Ed Judson don't stir outside the house except on Sat. night, when they draw a free breath at Ciro's. Rita doesn't touch liquor.

One of Rog Pryor's last civilian jobs was the strictly pleasant one of directing Betty Grable on a Gulf Screen Guild Theater broadcast! He's volunteered for U. S. air dept.

Ginny Simms returned to the Kay Kyser Band fold 'cause she missed 'em too much! Kay's one of the wealthiest maestros in the land—averages over a million smackers annually!

More than 200 top names turned out in response to Edw. Arnold's call to attend a defense meeting at the Beverly Wilshire. Doing their bit were Clark and Carole Gable!

At Ciro's book party, Dottie Lamour, Randy Scott and other guests came laden with autographed books for army camp libraries. Admission prices went to the same fund!

Brightening up the defense meeting were Ann Miller and Linda Darnell. Ann's been divvying her time between Dick Paxton (Rooney's stand-in) and Blake Gardner!

Pat O'Brien and Geo. Burns took an active part in the meeting. Rumors are that Geo.'s going to be called into active navy duty. Has shipped his wife and kids to Wash.

Those who know, say Loretta Young wants to retire and raise a family. She's already turned down two pics to go to N. Y. with hubby Tom Lewis. Above, at Ciro's book party.

Jack Benny, Kay Francis and Alan Curtis hopped on the band wagon by attending the defense meeting. Kay's suitor Hugh Fenwick clippered to England a few months ago.

VIRGINIA MASTERSON—lovely young daughter of one of Chicago's old families

Another Pond's Bride-to-be

SPORTS LOVERS—"Gini" and her fiancé, Donald A. Wildauer. Whenever Don can get a few hours off from his defense job, they go skiing. Gini says: "After I've been out skiing or skating, I slather on Pond's Cold Cream, and my face looks nice and soft again." *It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!*

She's ENGAGED! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

See what "Gini's" SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Care will do for your skin

1. She SLATHERS Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream *thick* on her face and throat.

She says, "Then I pat like anything with quick little pats—up from my chin, over nose, cheeks, forehead, till my face feels all fresh and glowy. This helps soften and take off dirt and stale make-up. Then I tissue the cream off."

2. She "RINSES" with *lots more* Pond's Cold Cream. Tissues it off again.

"It's simply grand," she says, "the way my face feels—so baby-soft and so *clean*, every last little smitch of dirt wipes right off."

Do this yourself! You'll *love* how *your* skin feels—so sweet and clean! Use Pond's Cold Cream "Gini's" way *every* night—for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll know then why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical, the lovely big jars.

GINI'S RING is as lovely as her almond-blossom complexion. It is a brilliant-cut diamond with 3 smaller diamonds each side, exquisitely set in platinum.

Pond's Girls Belong to Cupid

Send for **5 POND'S BEAUTY AIDS!**

1. **Pond's SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Cold Cream**
2. **Vanishing Cream**
3. **New Dry Skin Cream**
4. **New Dreamflower Face Powder (6 shades)**
5. **Pond's "Lips" (5 shades)**

POND'S, Dept. 9 MS-CC, Clinton, Conn.

Send me samples of 5 Pond's Beauty Aids listed at left used by lovely engaged girls and society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover your distribution expenses, including postage and packing.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

(Offer good in U. S. only)

Groble hulo-ed so strenuously in "Song of the Islonds," she hod to weor o non-stretchable lining to keep her gowns in shope. That's Vic in the lei!

Both Feet in Heaven

The way suitor Roft tells it, the first and foremost rule in dating Betty is not to tolk. It's best to just sit bock ond drink in the Groble gorgeousness!

By Ida Zeitlin

That Grable gal's danced her way straight into fortune and George Raft's heart!

Betty's a contradiction. Playing hey-hey girls on the screen, she's herself on the quiet side. Tops in her field, she's got an inferiority complex about her dancing, thinks it's over-rated. Limelighted professionally, she hates being conspicuous any other way. Grable and Raft are two of the best glamorized names in the colony, yet they spend ten evenings at gin rummy to one at a night club. Never stage-struck and not overly ambitious, she became the toast of New York and the darling of Twentieth Century-Fox. And she almost lost out on her big break in "DuBarry" because the producer didn't know she could dance and she wouldn't tell him.

She didn't pick on dancing as a career. Neither did her mother. She and her sister were sent to dancing school in the interests of grace and poise. From the time she started lessons at five to the time she quit at 13, Mrs. Grable had to battle to get her to go, and she'd never practise. This, mother and daughter agree, is because she was lazy. How she could be lazy and manage what she did is another inconsistency we won't go into. *They* say she was lazy—still is—and they ought to know.

Once on the floor, conscience and talent got the better of laziness. She couldn't help putting her heart into the work and she couldn't help being a stand-out. Mrs. Grable and the girls spent three summers in California, where Betty studied with Belcher and Albertina Rasch. The year she was 12 they had their trunks packed, all ready to go back to St. Louis for the opening of school. Betty went down for her final dancing lesson. "I'm going over to Fox to try out for a musical," said one of the girls. "Why don't you take Betty?"

"We're all packed to go home, and besides she's too young." Then came an afterthought. "What say we go? Just to see what a studio looks like?" When the studio saw what Betty danced like, they offered her a specialty number and a contract. Mrs. Grable wired her husband for permission to stay, unpacked the trunks, added two years to Betty's age and settled down to what she didn't know at the time would be permanent residence.

A year at Fox, a year at United Artists, singing with bands, dancing in vaudeville and musicals, then a contract at Paramount. But nobody got excited over Grable. Nice kid, so what? It was partly her own fault. At 13 she stopped studying. People lost sight of the fact, if they'd ever known it, that she was a dream dancing. She was temperamentally incapable of saying, "Look, I'm a dancer, give me a dancing part." Once or twice her mother said it for her, but pushing isn't the best thing Mrs. Grable does either.

So Buddy De Sylva took her to New York for "DuBarry," and as opening night approached, she turned silent and mopey. The show wasn't giving her the chance she'd hoped for. (*Continued on page 92*)

HEAVEN-NEVADA

Las Vegas, America's topnotch Groom Town—where Movieland romances are welded and rushed off on a marital assembly line!

BY IRVING WALLACE

High on a hot desert—its scenery consisting largely of air-cooling systems, slot machines, busy clergymen and a busier Justice of the Peace, wedding chapels, roulette wheels —stands little Las Vegas, Nevada.

Eleven hours by train, six and a half by auto, one and a half by plane, it is only a short trip for romantic Hollywood couples like John Shelton and Kathryn Grayson, Dave Rose and Judy Garland, Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall. And in 1941, they and 15,000 other couples all made the hop.

Marriages may be performed at any hour of any day at any place (one couple was recently married before a roulette wheel in a gambling joint). Las Vegas' radio station's call letters are KENO—which adds up to the name of a popular gambling game. Las Vegas suffers no sales tax, because there is enough income from gambling, which is legalized. The gambling is terrific. Don Ameche recently flew in on a Friday night and lost $1,800. The next night he returned by air and won $2,400! There are all kinds of unique services tied up with Las Vegas. For example, Western Air has a special trip from Hollywood to Las Vegas which includes (1) a round trip flight, (2) honeymoon room at El Rancho Vegas, (3) three meals, (4) taxi to and from airport, (5) wedding cake. All for $27.75! Every street sports a wedding chapel wherein for about $12 the average person or the movie star may be married with license and preacher thrown in.

The first character I spoke to was District Judge George E. Marshall, a big, dark-haired, sunburned character with the movement and manner of a frontiersman. We sat on the edge of the dance floor in that beautiful oasis, El Rancho Vegas, and talked about the (*Continued on page 98*)

Gene Tierney and Count Oleg Cassini picked Las Vegas for their startling elapement last year. After the ceremany, pair sojourned at El Rancha Vegas, haneymoon hastel.

Las Vegas marriages are practically a Hollywoad traditian nawadays! Amang its praponents are Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden who sped there ta have the knat tied in 1941!

WHAT TYPE ARE YOU?

Former Powers lovely, Elyse Knox, now in Hal Roach's "Hayfoot."

Heads up and face this weary world with a bright new lid, but make it really yours! Take time to match your personality. And think twice before you say, "I'm not the type." Somewhere among these five, there's just the one for you. . . . *Are* you conservative? Do you like what's new but not bizarre? Look to the grey twisted wool turban with red jersey crown. The color combination will make you both seen and admired. . . . *Do* you go for the frankly different? Then poke your locks into a gay striped jersey stocking cap. You'll create a sensation and prove you're in the fashion know. . . . *Have* you a perfect profile? Take "Robin Hood," the sporting, emerald green brimmed straw, for yours. . . . *Pert*, petite and partial to dirndls? Top it off with a white felt Dutch cap, green 'n' red hearts and flowers. . . . *A* borrower at heart, are you? Buy yourself a beige gabardine cap, complete with visor, in little-boy fashion.

FOR FURTHER FASHION INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 91

HOORAY FOR GABARDINE

Along about this time of year you begin to get awfully fed up with what's in your closet and don't know just where to begin doing something about it. You want a little shove, a little push toward spring, but it's still cold and you have to consider your winter coat. Your black dress looks drab and your bright ones too harsh. You want to be light and giddy and tailored, too, all in one outfit. The answer, the perfect answer, is gabardine in a slim, sleek-fitting suit of luscious rose pink or flattering pale blue. It will slip under your coat with the greatest of ease and will take its place, later on, in the smartest Easter parade you could possibly name. What more can you ask?

Sparkling Evelyn Keyes, Columbia Starlet, in "The Adventures of Martin Eden"

NEW! Pond's Dreamflower Powder

Radiant new Dreamflower shades don't simply *match* your skin—but tinge it with alluring dream-girl color magic!

Tender new Dreamflower smoothness suffuses your face with an angelic, clinging "soft-focus" finish . . .

Dainty new Dreamflower box—all garlanded with miniature dream blossoms!

"Pond's new Dreamflower Powder is ideal! I haven't found a powder with more luxurious texture—or lovelier shades—at any price. And the box is adorable!"
WHITNEY BOURNE

2 BIG sizes! Unusual values

New Pond's "LIPS"
—stays on longer!

Shatter his heart with your stay-lush new Pond's "Lips"! 5 wicked Stagline shades. Try "*Heart Throb*"—its magenta hue is foshion's dorling!

***Free*—All 6 new Dreamflower Powder shades**

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-PC, Clinton, Conn.

I want to see how the new Dreamflower shades and smoothness make my skin look lovelier. Will you please send me FREE samples of all 6 Dreamflower shades?

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*City*_____ *State*_____
(This offer good in U. S. only)

BOOTS BOOTS BOOTS . . .

by Elizabeth Willguss

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOB BEERMAN

Come snow or slush or just driving rain, we bet you'll take to rubber boots this year! You won't be able to resist their smart newness, a far cry from the poor, tired old galoshes you've been dragging out year after year. High and handsome, they will make you want to swagger out into the wet and splash right through mud puddles. What will you have? Shiny black boots like those Lynn Merrick is busily zippering or the swashbuckling, ride-'em-cowboy style sported by starlet Evelyn Keyes? Maybe you'll prefer the sporty brown riding boot type or perhaps bright red ones with scalloped tops. Make your own choice, but make it boots. . . . This rainy-day business gets to be a lark and not a headache when you're dressed for it. You don't have to wear your last year's clothes and look dreary as the weather. Slip into one of these fitted raincoats, plain or umbrella-printed (note the wide dolman sleeves) and you're all set.

Lynn Merrick, Republic studios starlet, now in "Arizona Terrors."

Carole Lombard

Life in Hollywood's not the same since Carole went away. The twinkle's gone from Clark Gable's eye, and Jack Benny's jokes fall flat on his own ears! The whole nation mourns her as one of its greatest actresses and the first civilian casualty of World War II. Returning from a personal appearance for the sale of defense bonds, her death hinged on the fatal tossing of a coin. Her mother and publicity man Otto Winkler, hesitated to fly back to Hollywood from Indianapolis, but she insisted and won heads up. Just out of Las Vegas over the treacherous Potosi Mts., the plane was suddenly, mysteriously, forced down and exploded into the side of a peak, falling into a flaming mass to the bottom of a gully. Clark Gable rushed from the Glendale Airport, grief stricken and desperate. But neither his prayers nor the prayers of a nation could save lovable, happy-go-lucky Carole, who had given her life to her country!

Try Halo Shampoo, and Reveal Your Hair's True, Lustrous Color!

Too bad that old-fashioned soapy shampoos are making your hair dull, lifeless-looking! That's because they leave a lack-luster soap-film on it!

Just try one shampoo with Halo, and see the difference! Halo contains no soap ... therefore can leave no dull soap-film!

Halo makes a billowy lather in hardest water ... with a new-type ingredient that leaves hair *naturally* lustrous.

And Halo rids your scalp of dandruff the first time you use it ... leaves your hair so clean there's no need for even a lemon or vinegar after-rinse!

Switch to Halo Shampoo today, in generous 10c or larger sizes, at all toilet goods counters.

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REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

BEAUTIFUL EYES *are an asset!*

easy to apply

NO ONE WILL KNOW YOU'RE WEARING 'EM

EY-TEB *individual* LASHES

Frame your eyes softly, luxuriantly, give them irresistible depth with Ey-Teb lashes. Impossible to detect, not affected by make-up, water or tears. Will last weeks.

ORDER YOURS TODAY

Smartly packaged in kit with adhesive, *remover* and sufficient lashes for from 6 to 12 applications. Brown or black. *also strip eyelashes: complete set $1.*

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Please send me for enclosed ☐ *cash,* ☐ *money order Ey-Teb individual eyelash kits @ $1. brown* ☐ *black* ☐

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*EY-TEB MASCARA at "5-and-10's"

IDYLL ON ICE

(*Continued from page 27*)

Actually, he glowers when Sonja dances with anyone else.

His favorite name for her is "Skatey." For a while it was "Precious Instrument." That one was hung on her by an enthusiastic sports writer, and it tickled Dan in view of the fact that, off the ice, she's anything but. Can't work a cigarette lighter to save her soul and couldn't be more helpless in an emergency. The "air raid rehearsals," for instance, floor her. She thinks every ambulance siren is significant, and her daily walks are a succession of runs for cover. Another thing that completely shatters her is a cough or wheeze from one of her miniature French poodles.

canine capers . . .

She bought the pair of them this fall when she was down at their new beach house at Amagansett, L. I., and no sooner got them home when one of them developed a hack. "Oh my goodness, Den. Quick to the dog doctor." The coughless one was rushed off with his wife, just in case he'd acquired any germs, and they remained away two months. "Might as well have them housebroken while we're at it," said Dan. "A pipe dream," he'll tell you now. "Two months later they're sent home with special diets and permanent waves and everything but a college diploma, but they're not house-broken. Still aren't. They've cost us a fortune in rugs, and we're the bane of hotel peoples' lives from coast to coast. *She,* however, adores them, and that's that."

Ever since she got them, Sonja's been trying to light on two extra-special names for them. First they were Scarlett and Rhett; then that combination palled, and they had unpronounceable Norwegian names for a while. Now one is Skatey—which makes for all kinds of confusion, that being Sonja's nickname—and the other remains anonymous. The name-changing has completely demoralized them, and nothing can induce them to come when called.

"Skatey's dogs may be dopes, but she's really quite bright," Dan confides when she's not around. It's not his technique to "sweet talk" her in her presence—thinks that's "soupy." Both of them, by the way, make a point of not wearing their hearts on their sleeves. Their love is something kind of personal, and they want to keep it that way. "Damn bright, you might quote me as saying." It seems she's a whiz of an interior decorator. This summer she did their rambling white L. I. house; bamboo living room, wrought iron dining room, plastic bedroom—every one of the eight rooms is her creation!

She also did their scrumptious New York apartment, and it's beautiful. Soft blue-grey walls, marvelous modern furniture—strictly sans chromium—and mouth-watering pastels everywhere. It has dozens of windows and lots of flowers and plants to bring her beloved outdoors inside. She shows you around like a small child. "Here will be the buffet if it ever comes. And, oh, see my lucite chairs. The very last lucite not used for defense." Then she'll open the front door and show you the doormat. It's quite an average looking mat with a red Indian design. "This," she says reverently, "I got at Bloomingdale's." If you don't rave over it, she's crushed. She is wild about Bloomingdale's and everything that comes out of it. Shops there gleefully for hours, until someone recognizes her and attracts a crowd.

Now that's a silly thing about her. 16,000 fans watching her at Madison Square Garden thrill her to death, but 25 of them eyeing her as she invests in a pair of nylons panic her. She blushes like a 15-year-old. She'll sign autographs by the hour, but heaven deliver her from the fan who only stands and stares.

But to get back to Dan and his praise-singing. It develops she can also cook—"anything in the world from fancy canapés to steaks. Furthermore, and this is one of the best things about her, she knows when to forget glamour. You ought to see her at the beach. Sand in her hair, a little cotton play dress, no phoney fuss—adorable. Goes in the water without a cap, lets me bury her in the sand and never mentions the word lipstick. Nice gal, my wife."

In town, she's a fashion plate. She wears lots of brown by day, isn't too keen about black and at night is almost always in white. She has a gorgeous white fox wrap and dozens of white gowns and will take a single gardenia to a slew of orchids any day. Lately she's sporting quite a bit of red, white and blue. "Of course Sonja," her friends will tell you, "is more American than George Washington. She even got married on the Fourth of July. Why, when she became a citizen last September, you'd of thought she'd written the Declaration of Independence single-handed she was so pleased with herself." No one quite knows how she ever passed that final examination. She studied like a mad thing for weeks before and was marvelous on the important dates. Could rattle off 1492 and 1776 like nothing. Even had the presidents' names down cold. But what utterly killed her were the three branches of the government. When she remembered executive, she couldn't think of judicial—and legislative was rarely in the picture at all. On the day of the examination though, she had them on the tip of her tongue. Dan was away on the big day, but when he came home there was much downing of champagne and calling each other "damyankee."

about town . . .

They love to celebrate things. Christmas Eve and wedding anniversaries they reserve for themselves, but other big events—a smashing victory for Dan's football Dodgers or a world premiere of Sonja's latest picture—call for their cronies. In Hollywood, that means Errol Flynn, Bruce Cabot, the Ty Powers, among others; in New York, there's Tom Deglin, publicity man at Madison Square Garden, Shipwreck Kelly and Mrs. Shipwreck (Brenda Frazier) and various socialites and sports people. To hear them tell it, there just is no pair in the world like Sonja and Dan. Dan can order a dinner like no one else on earth, and he always has some new *boîte* up his sleeve to whip them to afterwards. Sonja's contribution is the most incredible line of talk you ever listened to. The next day they all kill themselves trying to remember, but she gets off her pearls so fast, they're usually gone forever.

This, however, is typical. One night, she was describing a new tortoise shell compact she'd bought for Annabella Power. She couldn't remember the word "tortoise shell," but that didn't stop her. "It is made," she said, "from the skin of that very small animal—the friend of the rabbit." All harking back to Aesop's old fable, "The Tortoise and the Hare."

Her accent is practically gone now to everyone's horror. It used to be such

(*Continued on next page*)

fun. However, she still says "Den" for "Dan," and "svithot" for sweetheart and "sweeming" for swimming.

The business of being able to laugh at each other is only part of what makes their marriage so swell. They have understanding and camaraderie, millions of big and little things in common like their love of sports, of the theater, the ocean, planes (they have one of their own), Glenn Miller and cottage cheese at two in the morning. They haven't the usual things to quarrel about. Money, for instance. They chip in on certain big items such as the new house. Sonja buys her own clothes. Dan pays the rent. They have it all worked out, and it's a closed book. Then, there aren't any in-law troubles. When Sonja's on tour, Mrs. Henie accompanies her. The rest of the time she lives out West and in no way complicates their lives. Dan's far-flung family is no problem at all.

Lest it all sound too nauseatingly idyllic, be it known that they tiff long and loud when the occasion calls for it. To dress or not to dress is one sore point. So are the dogs, slightly. And so's Sonja's habit of getting into a food rut and repeating one menu for weeks on end. "Den's a dope. I'm thinking of leaving him," is Sonja's stock announcement when irked. "Skatey's a goon girl. I may trade her in." That's Dan's line.

Yeah? You lie, Mr. and Mrs. T. See you on your golden wedding anniversary!

Take this way to a Man's Heart

Pamper His Taste For Delicious

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

WHETHER it's a twosome or a turnout, a man's choice is always for swell-tasting Wrigley's Spearmint Gum . . . That delicious, clean-as-a-whistle, spearmint flavor freshens up your mouth quick as a wink and helps sweeten your breath.

YOU seem to feel keener when you're chewing Wrigley's Spearmint, for the smooth even chewing helps spruce you up. What's more—it aids your digestion and helps keep your teeth clean for a bright, winning smile.

SO, just take this way to a man's heart —have plenty of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum handy to offer him.

THE FLAVOR LASTS

W-54

In Laxatives, too, there's a

HAPPY MEDIUM!

EX-LAX is
—not too strong!
—not too mild!
—it's just right!

WHAT kind of a laxative do you give *your* children? One that's so strong it weakens and upsets them? Or one that's so mild it fails to give them real relief?

Then switch to Ex-Lax—the *Happy Medium* laxative! Ex-Lax is as effective as any laxative you'd ever want to give your children. But it's kind and *gentle*, too! It won't upset them. It won't make them feel bad afterwards. What's more, Ex-Lax *tastes good*—just like fine chocolate!

Ex-Lax is as good for grown-ups as it is for children. Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only according to the directions on the label... Only 10c or 25c at any drug store.

IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE—

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold *not* to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

EX-LAX
The Chocolated Laxative

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SOUR STOMACH Try JESTS, the new and different way to get fast, *longer* relief from distress due to excess stomach acid. Pleasant, mint-flavored tablets. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.

10c A ROLL—3 for 25c

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RINGS $1.50 up
PINS 30¢ up

Knit your group closer together, enhance pride of membership. Bastian's big selection, low prices, traditional quality have led the field for 46 years. Write for new Free catalog today.

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Candidly Yours

CONTINUED

Our snooping smootheroo, Bob Beerman, congratulates Rita Hayworth and Bob Hope on press photographers' awards for being the most "photogenerous" stars!

Margaret Hayes (Jeff Lynn's ex-crush) Ciro-ed with Adrian Samish, insurance broker. Jeff and brother share Arrowhead Springs hide-out; built it together.

Walter Kane, actors' agent, spreed at Ciro's with cute wife, Lynn Bari. Note that wopperoo of a diamond on her fourth finger, a belated engagement ring!

"Girls with *Romance Complexions* win out!"

LORETTA YOUNG

LUX SOAP HAS SUCH WONDERFUL CREAMY LATHER. I PAT IT LIGHTLY INTO MY SKIN—
RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL
THEN I PAT MY FACE GENTLY TO DRY. THIS ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL LEAVES SKIN FEELING BEAUTIFULLY SMOOTH AND SOFT!
LUX
TOILET SOAP

Get 3 cakes of Lux Toilet Soap and begin now a month's trial of this gentle care that helps protect million-dollar complexions, the care screen stars depend on! See for yourself what a wonderful aid it is in keeping *your* skin smoother, lovelier—more attractive!

Star of Columbia Pictures' "Bedtime Story"

"This ACTIVE-lather care is a wonderful beauty aid. *Try it for 30 days.*"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

"Tain't Funny McGee!"

WHEN HUBBY BROUGHT HOME "ORDINARY TISSUES" INSTEAD OF KLEENEX, I MADE HIM MARCH RIGHT BACK. WHEN I SEND HIM FOR KLEENEX, I MEAN KLEENEX!

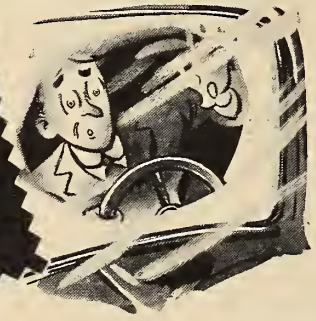
(from a letter by J. W., Coffeyville, Kans.)

NO WASTE!

OTHER BRANDS HAVEN'T THAT KLEENEX "PULL-OUT" BOX THAT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!

(from a letter by W. P. S., Chicago, Ill.)

GRIME DOES NOT PAY!



I ALWAYS KEEP KLEENEX IN MY CAR TO WIPE THE CHILDREN'S STICKY FINGERS, CLEAN THE WINDSHIELD, AND SHINE THE TRIM!

(from a letter by O. C. G., Springfield, Mass.)

"TELL ME ANOTHER" AND WIN $5.00 says KLEENEX*

WE PAY $5.00 FOR EVERY "TRUE CONFESSION" WE PUBLISH ON KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES. MAIL YOURS TO KLEENEX, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

ANN SHERIDAN MARRIES GEORGE BRENT

(Continued from page 37)

stopped at a highway inn to dance and a woman, noticing Ann's superlative rumba, called, "You think you're smart. You think you look like Ann Sheridan. I'll bet people tell her she looks like Ann Sheridan so she tries to act like her. Hey, where's George Brent, smarty?"

The behavior of these fans was unusual, of course, but episodes like that would work like bombs in the smoke stack of the average man's composure. He'd blow up and make matters worse.

Which brings us automatically to Sheridan, the gal, better known as "Loudy," pronounced to rhyme with moody, which she certainly is NOT.

Her favorite activities are sleeping, dancing, horseback riding and reading—in that order. She sleeps raw and collects perfume—the score stands around 400 bottles at present. She owns a new house that she is decorating without the help of a professional color-and-furniture schemer. She doesn't like ice cream or bitter chocolate candy. She is That Way about dime stores, shops them avidly and is seldom recognized because she is taller (5'6") than the screen reveals, and quite a bit more slender (120 lbs.).

She seldom loses her temper, never rearranges furniture, refuses to argue about politics or religion. She has trouble remembering names, calls everyone "Honey." First thing she notices about a man are hands, general neatness and eyes. She thinks Madison Lacey, Warner photographer, has the most beautiful male hands she has ever seen. George's are nice too.

The things that men, in general, like about her are pa-lenty; the things they don't like are few, so we can get them off the list pronto. First among the demerits is her habit of wearing her fingernails 'way out to here. She has grown sick of red polish, so nowadays she wears two coats of platinum lacquer over the portion of nail that extends beyond her fingertips and one coat of sealer over the entire nail. This gives a pink-and-pearl effect that would be pretty if one liked long nails, which most men don't.

Second demerit is her complete lack of coquetry. She has a handshake like a man's, and her manner of looking at a person is level and direct, without flirtatiousness. As one man, nameless here at his request, said, "I'd be embarrassed at paying her a flowery compliment—the kind you feel you have to pay most girls. When you see Annie looking like a million, you just barge up and opine, 'You look okay today, Red, how come?' Maybe the reason she doesn't use wiles is because she's always packed such a visual wallop that she can make blood pressures go geyser simply by walking past."

And now for the merits. Hold on to your hats, because this is going to be a fast trip and a merry one. One of the swellest things about General Phil Sheridan's grandniece is her sense of humor. To wit: while she was working on "Juke Girl," the nights were so bitterly cold that the wardrobe department outfitted the men in woollen longies. For Ann, they secured a pair of acrobat's tights—a pale pink wool, but just enough too long to congeal around Ann's ankles in folds.

When Ann returned to the set, decked out like a delirium tremen, she pulled up the legs of her slacks and remarked, "Look, everybody—sex takes a holiday."

Another splendid feature of the Loudy personality is the fact that she's a GOOD woman driver. She wheels her Cadillac over the Hollywood highways with the aplomb of a Brooklyn cab driver. Although she has been known to do a motorized Seabiscuit on occasion, she's a safe operator. She never chatters while driving, she never window-shops. Her stops and starts at boulevard markers or signals are masterpieces of smoothness, and you can say that again. She oozed into the studio one morning, only to be greeted by a pop-eyed gateman. "Hold everything, Miss Sheridan, you've got a stowaway," he told her, lifting a two-months-old kitten down from the car top. It was one of nine Ann has at her new ranch house out in San Fernando, and it had made the trip safely on a surface as slick as a salesman's speech.

"Must have had the help of a lot of centripetal force," observed Ann.

This coolness—sang froid, the French call it—is another of her estimable qualities.

Mexican is a language Ann brought from a childhood in Texas, but she is now learning proper Spanish and French. Her instructor insists that she speaks French with a Russian accent.

A book entitled "One Of Us Is A Murderer" so impressed her that she remembered it for five years, finally traced it down to the publisher so she could secure a copy to give a friend. Second best mystery she ever read was named "Last Act In Bermuda."

In addition to murder mysteries, Ann reads Life, Liberty and the pursuit of The New Yorker. Also the Reader's Digest. She reads fast—skims, really, but she remembers what she reads. She has a remarkable memory for poetry, too. Can still recite Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and William Wordsworth's "Daffodils" that begins, "I wander'd lonely as a cloud." Don Blanding, however, gets her vote as her favorite poet, and her favorite

book to date is "The American Dream."

She reads funnies. "Flash Gordon," "Prince Valiant" and "Blondie" are daily musts. "You tell me where you can find a man built like Flash Gordon," she grins. "Superman" gives her a pain because it is so impossible, and she disapproves of "Bringing Up Father" because it is based on defeatism. She thinks the Katzenjammer Kids should be given a Texas trimming. "I like kids a lot. I think they should be up and coming—brats, maybe—but brats in a sweet way," is the verdict of the school teacher that Texas missed.

Perhaps one of the reasons she gave up the three R racket is the fact (attention, men) that she *doesn't* like to talk. A Hollywood man-about-town, having seen Ann on the screen, went to plenty of trouble for plenty of weeks to wangle an introduction, then a date. Afterward he admitted that he had taken Ann out because he thought she'd be the life of the party. "All she did was sit in a big chair and listen to the men talk about their travels. She's the most flattering listener I've ever seen."

She doesn't like to talk on the telephone either. If someone calls Ann, she wants the person to state his business and hang up—just like that. Even she and George—completely flouting Hollywood tradition—never carried on protracted telephone fests.

Whereas other women spend their husband's money in beauty factories, getting permanent waves, Ann has to have her hair straightened. Too much natural curl. The color, too, has to be movieized. Normally, the Sheridan mane would be a good rich chestnut-auburn, but this color would photograph too dark, so the studio keeps Ann's hair sorrel.

Her greatest extravagance consists in buying unnecessary quantities of shoes. Occasionally she goes on an evening-gown spree and buys half a dozen fancy dresses, although she seldom wears formal attire in private life. She lives in nine pairs of slacks with matching accessories.

The only make-up she wears on the street consists of lipstick and a bit of eyebrow pencil. She never buys either of these—just hops into the make-up department and says, "Toss me a lipstick, Wally, and some eye goo—I'm out." The make-up department gives her what it thinks she should have.

"I guess I have quite a few masculine traits," Ann says of herself, musingly. "I never keep a diary—think it's a lot of rot. As a letter writer, I stink. I don't even write to my mother—I simply send long, newsy wires frequently. As for cooking—I'm like most men, I have a specialty. I can turn out larrupin' Mexican dishes, and I could live on tortillas, tacos and tostados. I like cold showers, ice water to brush my teeth, and extra-hard toothbrush. Oh, I'm rugged."

Which brings up Ann Sothern's comment about Annie. The Sheridan name came up for discussion at a party at George Murphy's one night. "I think Ann's one of the swellest girls I've ever known," La Sothern said. "She's such a straight-shooter, such a good guy. There's no nonsense about her. She's just the dish if you're out for laughs. Sometimes she's so regular, she reminds me of a man."

The very male mouths of Jimmy Cagney, Bob Montgomery, George Murphy and Cesar Romero dropped open like quadruplet caves. "She reminds you of a what?" they demanded.

"A man. A fine, honest, four-square man," insisted Sothern.

"That isn't the effect she has on *us*," they whooped as one voice.

ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR PRESENT PERSPIRATION-CHECK? TEST IT! PUT IT UNDER THIS ARM.
PUT FRESH #2, THE NEW PERSPIRATION-CHECK, UNDER THIS ARM. SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION BETTER.

Original gown by Nanty, Inc., New York

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.
4. See how *convenient* FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

Make your own test at our expense. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration check. Just print your name and address on postcard and mail to FRESH, Dept. MS-3, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not *stop* perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.

Let's dine out with

By Helen Holmes

Robert reserves for himself the rite of carving the Epicurean roasts which are so popular with the Derby's star patrons

After hours spent at the studios and donated to programs for war charities, Hollywood's film notables enjoy the good food and gay atmosphere of the famous Brown Derby!

● We're going to take you on a tour of Hollywood's famous restaurants where the film notables meet—and eat! Stars and executives are as busy as busy can be, these days. For, in addition to their regular schedules at the studios, they've plunged full tilt into defense activities and are taking part in recreational programs for army camps and training centers besides contributing their talents to raising money for war relief. With such a tremendously increased pace of work, there is little time for parties and entertainments at home that were a part of Hollywood social life. But you'll still find them gathered around tables in their favorite restaurants enjoying much-needed relaxation and the sustenance of good food.

As the first of our series of restaurant stories, we are taking you to the Brown Derby which continues—through the years—high on the list of popular places where Hollywood luminaries dine and wine. And, although guests these days enter through a foyer draped in heavy black curtains—so that not a gleam of light gets through to the street—and the prevalence of uniforms gives a military atmosphere to the animated gatherings, the enjoyment of good food is still a star feature at the Derby.

Robert, the famous chef who has been at the Derby for so many years, enjoys catering to the stars' likes and dislikes and now more than ever is striving to have his dishes the most delicious served in Hollywood so that his famous patrons may be well rewarded for their hours of arduous extra-curricular activities.

W. C. Fields is his special favorite because Bill never forgets, no matter how busy he is, to come back to the kitchen to express his appreciation of the food he has enjoyed. Eating is a rite with Bill! He goes over the menu like a scientist searching for a new vitamin. He holds long consultations with the head waiter before deciding on just which dish he desires and—when presented with a tray of French pastries—sometimes takes 15 minutes to make his choice. His day-in, day-out favorites are the Derby's special "Chef's Salad" and a delicious Rice Pudding. Recipes for both of these appear in these pages, so be sure to try them!

When we talked with Robert he told us the favorite dishes of many of his well known patrons. As you might expect, Charles Boyer likes frog's legs, prepared in true French fashion. Marlene Dietrich adores Lobster Thermidor and her daughter Maria invariably orders Robert's Weiner Schnitzel.

However, you will be interested to know that Robert assured us that most of the stars for whom he caters, order just simple foods—just such foods as you and I would serve in our own homes. For instance, Joan Bennett's favorite combination is the famous Brown Derby Spaghetti, served with a green salad. Sister Connie likes scrambled eggs and thin bacon broiled very, very crisp. Dorothy Lamour likes a health-giving vegetable plate with icebox cake for dessert and Hedy Lamarr always orders salads.

Ida Lupino comes to the Derby just for their Barbecued Spare Ribs which she doesn't hesitate to pick up in her fingers. While Orson Welles is an eater in the grand tradition—never orders a steak of less than three pounds, has three orders of everything to go with it, vegetables, potatoes and even milk!

Hamburgers de Luxe are all-around favorites with those who drop in for a snack. Extra special, yet easy to prepare they are, too. This recipe and all the other recipes which we are printing this month, have been tested and changed ever so slightly so that the ingredients called for will be on your pantry shelves. Try them all, with Robert's compliments. Make your mealtimes as enjoyable for good food as those served in the Brown Derby. Then next month you'll surely want to join us as we take you to another of the cinema capital's famous eateries. There's good eating—yet no cover charge—in store for readers of MODERN SCREEN!

Brown Derby Recipes are given opposite and on pages 80 and 81.

the STARS

George Raft and Betty Groble ore o twosome often seen ot the Vine Street Brown Derby.

Phil Harris and Alice Faye olways ask for their own favorite dishes to be prepored for them.

BROWN DERBY ICE BOX CAKE

1 cup milk
½ cup granulated sugar
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup cream, whipped
1 store sponge cake, or
2 dozen lady fingers
additional cream
¼ cup macaroon crumbs

Add sugar to milk and bring to a boil. Add a little of mixture to egg yolks. Then add egg yolk mixture slowly to milk. Cook in top of double boiler until mixture coats the spoon, stirring constantly. Strain. Add gelatin which has softened in cold water; stir, add vanilla. Cool until it begins to set, stirring frequently, then fold in the cream, whipped stiff. Line loaf pan with waxed paper. Cover bottom and sides with thin slices of sponge cake or split lady fingers. Pour in half of gelatin mixture, cover with more sponge cake or lady fingers. Add remaining gelatin mixture and top with cake. Chill in refrigerator several hours or overnight. Turn out onto platter, remove paper, spread with sweetened whipped cream, sprinkle with macaroon crumbs.

(*Continued on page 80*)

Next Stop—TAHITI!

HERE, DEAR READER, we give you an intimate close-up of The Outraged Husband . . . A rip-roaring, fire-breathing Male . . . *sans* shirt, *sans* temper—*sans* just about everything except a swell case of Righteous Indignation.

And what is the Ultimatum he delivers? Something like this, perhaps: 'This does it! I'm through looking like a ghost in a gray shroud. If I can't have a white shirt, I'll go where the only shirt a man *has* to wear is the one he gets with his birthday suit. Goodbye!' (*with appropriate gestures*)

And how does his Lady respond? Elementary, Mrs. Watson. She tiptoes to the telephone and in quavering tones tells her grocer, 'Please send me some of that Fels-Naptha Soap right away. Send a *lot.* And *hurry!*'

[ASIDE TO THE LADIES] *This isn't all kidding. Better take a peek at Papa's shirts. He may not be as tame as you think. You never know.*

Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA *banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"*

Why Let Winter "Jinx" your Feminine Freshness

You may not know it, but winter is no time to neglect your Cashmere Bouquet Talcum pick-up. Now—more than ever—you need its fragrant, dainty protection.

DID you pack your Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder away with your summer frills, thinking: "I won't need it in winter!"

But you do need it now, more than ever! Even though it's cold and crisp outside, stuffy, heated rooms imperil your daintiness.

So play safe! Take one minute before you dress to sprinkle Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder over yourself. Delicate and fragrant as the breeze from a summer garden . . . this luxurious talcum leaves you fresh, dainty, delightfully feminine . . . your whole person sweetly adorned with "the fragrance men love."

In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet

TALCUM POWDER

Another member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of beauty preparations.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—STORY

(Continued from page 40)

dressing-down was over, he managed to be going her way. He managed to ask her to go to a baseball game with him; just because no pretty girl should be as ignorant about important things as this one was. And Tess said yes.

That was the way it started.

orange blossoms . . .

He never could be alone with her. Her flat always was crowded with the international monkeys who flocked in after her newscasts. Her office was a tingling nerve center, where she worked at fever pitch to keep the world at her fingertips. Books and maps and documents and cables and telephones and a secretary named Gerald—those made a bad atmosphere for love to bloom in. Yet love went right on blooming.

He was crazy about her by the night she took off for Washington; right after a woman's rally to honor her famous aunt, Ellen Whitcomb, who'd been the youngest leader of the feminist movement.

Kissing her good-by at the airport, Sam knew quite suddenly that life from here on in wouldn't be very important if he couldn't have her. He even confessed as much to Ellen later, driving home.

"Sam—" Ellen grinned at him, "I'd say, marry the girl."

It was an eternity before Tess came back. It was three days. But they ended, finally. And there he was at Pinky's Place, in a booth with Tess, alone at last. They drank a fabulous number of Scotches and told each other a fabulous number of things about themselves.

Tess! Freckled and lovely Tess, who'd never seen a baseball game yet had visited every country in the world with her father during his duties as a government trouble shooter! Adorable Tess, who wrote the most important commentaries in the country yet could look so young and defenseless and heartbreaking across a little table!

"I *like* knowing more than most people about what goes on, Sam! I was in Madrid when all that started. I wrote about it. Then—"

They were floating on a rosy cloud by the time Sam took her home. She asked him in for a glass of milk, but it turned into kisses. Dangerous kisses. She was warm and human in his arms. No goddess at all. It was his doing that he bolted and ran before it was too late.

Next morning, he got to his office early. But when he went up to hers, to ask her to marry him, Gerald said she was down in the wire room. A Dr. Lubbeck she'd known in Yugoslavia had escaped from a concentration camp. She was checking every incoming bulletin for news.

Sam went down to the wire room, that noisy cubicle where teletypes yammered and copy boys rushed. It was the best Fate offered. So he asked her there, and she said she would, and the tickers clattered.

They were married by a Justice of the Peace in South Carolina. Her father arrived with exactly 12 minutes to spare. Aunt Ellen managed to appear between lectures. Gerald kept long distance ringing with reports on Lubbeck. But it was as legal as a church and organ music.

And they lived happily forever after. . . . If Sam had expected it to end like a fairy tale, he had counted without Tess. For her column was her first love, and her column kept right on. So many words a day no matter what happened!

They went back over Sam's protest to her old apartment. ("Because it's so established, dear, and everyone knows where to find me.") They went back to a wedding night shared suddenly by Dr. Lubbeck and an entourage of diplomats and bodyguards; for the doctor had arrived incognito and headed straight for Tess. She was a figure, not a wife.

But such an adorable figure that, for the first few months, Sam didn't quite realize what was missing from their marriage. Irritation boiled up because Gerald always was under foot or the private teletype in her study never was still. But Tess knew how to kiss away each scene, the moment it threatened to get out of hand. Tess knew—plenty.

Maybe the months could have stretched out into years, if it hadn't been for Chris. Chris, the little Greek orphan she brought home one day, because as prominent young chairwoman of the Relief Society, she really *had* to set an example by taking the first one herself.

From the first moment Sam saw him, his heart bled for the kid. Those eyes, big and dark and sad, held all the tragedy in the world. At six, Chris must have seen horrors no man should behold at 60. And the lad spoke not a word of English in Tess's swift, confusing home.

Sam wished with all his puzzled heart that he could get through to the boy. But he knew no Greek, and it was impossible to be a good companion by sign language. He still was pondering on ways and means, when their home was hit by another tornado.

"woman of the year" . . .

The National Association of Women's Organizations had named Tess Harding America's Outstanding Woman of the Year!

Headlines blazoned it. Radios boomed it. Telephones shrilled. Telegrams poured in by the barrel. Even Gerald took on a hunted look.

And the Great Evening arrived. The

DO YOU KNOW THAT

With the new "pin buttons" devised by Paramount designer Edith Head, you can change your dress buttons as often and as quickly as you change your mind? For example, the simple black dress worn by Ellen Drew in "The Remarkable Andrew" was used in four scenes with four very distinct effects. It was done by sets of buttons, antique silver, jewelled, white pearl and hand-carved wood, which were pinned, instead of sewed to the dress for quick change.

Wallace Beery, fresh from his job as elephant-keeper in a circus, appeared at the old Essanay Studios as a female impersonator? Convincing the studio of his abilities, he was cast in a series of comedies called "Sweedie, the Housemaid." Wallace Beery was Sweedie.

When Walter Abel showed up fresh and bright-eyed to do the drunk scene in "Skylark," the studio rewarded him with a menthol treatment? Blew the menthol dust right into his eyes so he'd look realistically bleary.

evening of the formal banquet at which the honor was to be officially bestowed. It was when he discovered at the very last moment that their maid had gone to watch the ceremonies, and Chris was to be left alone, that Sam rebelled.

"But Chris is six, Sam! And we'll be home before midnight!"

"A kid can do plenty of crying in four hours," Sam answered.

He refused to go to the banquet. She could tell them work had detained him, anything at all. But someone had to stay with Chris.

He saw her off, glittering in her fabulous new gown. And as her angry, beautiful figure vanished from sight, Sam made a jarring discovery. It turned in his heart like a knife blade. America's vibrant new Woman-of-the-Year wasn't a woman at all!

He left little Chris at the welfare center; his throat going tight as he watched the lonely youngster dash happily to greet his young friends, jabbering excitedly for the first time in weeks.

Then he got drunk. Good and drunk.

The swirling mists subsided two days later. He found himself at the language school of one Madame Sylvia. It seemed he'd called up Pinky to have sandwiches sent in. Wouldn't even stop to eat. Language, that was it! Get to be a famous foreign correspondent! Learn Russian, French, Spanish! Be important, be a big shot, never mind humanity!

Even Pinky, reminding him a championship was being fought for over at the Garden, couldn't snap him out of it.

It was Pinky, at last, who thrust under his nose the column his paper had run that morning under Sam Craig's by-line. It read like a Valentine. All about how Al Dunbar, that moth-eaten wreck, would win the big fight on account of the blessings of a good woman's love!

Sam read it through a second time in his taxi. *Who had written that drivel?* He raged down the aisle to his press seat just as the last preliminary finished. *Who had done this to him?* He scarcely heard the jibes and jeers of his compatriots. *Who had signed his name to—?*

Darned, though, if the opening punches didn't go Dunlap's way. The boys were beginning to lay off a little, when Tess slipped into the place beside him. Tess, all dewy-eyed and little-womanish, confessing that *she* had turned out the column! Mrs. Sam Craig, standing by in the dark hour of her missing husband's need! Tess, gone sentimental!

It seemed she had gone to Dunlap's training quarters for a story and met up with Mrs. Dunlap. Her mood had been chastened anyhow, for the first time in her glamorous life, because she had talked with Chris at the Refugee Office, and he'd wept at the notion of going home with her. Well, Mrs. Dunlap had been rooting for her man with such earnest simplicity that— Sam groaned. Tess was like a reformed drunk.

Midway of her ecstatic pictures of a bungalow somewhere in the country, of herself in frilly aprons doing the dishes and cooking his meals, he interrupted with a common sense reminded that leopards don't change their spots over night. And then he saw the pain, the real yearning, in her lifted eyes; and something melted inside him.

She'd been only Tess Harding so long? Now she wanted to be only Mrs. Sam Craig? But he knew his Tess! If he could help her combine the two, now— well, what would be wrong with Tess Harding Craig?

Nothing, Sam felt, as he folded her close to his heart.

"Awaken to New Glamour... try my Beauty Nightcap"

MARLENE DIETRICH, NOW STARRING IN "THE LADY IS WILLING", A COLUMBIA PICTURE

says Marlene Dietrich:

"I've found the one cream to help my skin--fragrant, silky-soft Woodbury Cold Cream. It's the 'makings' of my Beauty Nightcap, the ritual I follow nightly."

First, Marlene cleanses with Woodbury, whose special beauty oils help relieve the dryness that may lead to tiny lines. Then she removes this cream and dabs on fresh Woodbury for all night. She trusts her skin to Woodbury, for an exclusive ingredient is constantly acting to purify the cream right in the jar. Says Marlene:

"Do this nightly--for skin to make men look twice!"

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars

Try Marlene Dietrich's Nightcap. Today get Woodbury Cold Cream. Large jars are 50¢ to $1.25. Introductory sizes 10¢, 25¢.

For special skins—special creams. If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need. If oily, cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream. If dry, use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream at night. For any skin use new Woodbury Foundation Cream for a powder base.

Have you ever used Internal Protection?

Tampons are no mystery these days. Every month more and more women discover the wonderful freedom of *internal* sanitary protection. But in choosing a tampon, make sure it's truly modern, scientifically correct. Only Meds—the new and improved Modess tampons—have the "safety center."

"Safety Center"? What's that?

The "safety center" is an exclusive Meds' feature that nearly doubles the area of absorption. This means Meds absorb faster—and so surely—you can forget needless fears. Meds are made of the finest, pure cotton—they hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

A woman's doctor did it?

Yes, a leading gynecologist—a woman's doctor—designed Meds. They are scientifically shaped to fit. As for comfort, you feel as free as any other day! Nothing to pin! Nothing to bulge or show! No odor worries! Easier to use, too—each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator that ends old difficulties.

But don't these special features make Meds cost more?

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Meds

The Modess Tampons

WOMAN OF THE YEAR

PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 41)

hours after it arrived, Hepburn was on the phone, calling Lardner, calling Kanin, calling Producer Joe Mankiewicz at M-G-M. "I'll do it," Katie told them, "if I can get Tracy for the sports editor." She flew to Hollywood the very next day.

a bargain . . .

The studio had been looking for a story for Spencer. Here they had a shooting script, ready to go, with a tailor-made part for Tracy and Katharine Hepburn to co-star. The total price—personally agented by Hepburn, and a bargain for Metro at $211,000—included Kate's services, the story itself and the use of the young co-authors to polish the final script. . . . When Katharine was introduced to Tracy for the first time, she took a good, long look at him and remarked: "Don't you think I'm a little too tall for you, Spencer?" Tracy smiled, gave her look for look and answered, "Don't worry, Miss Hepburn, it won't take me long to cut you down to my size." Kate loved that. Her pet phobia is people who "yes" her. "Be honest and tell me the truth," she'll say, "even if I hate it." . . . Director George Stevens and Hepburn first met when he directed her in "Alice Adams." They fought for weeks about how she should play Alice. She finally admitted he was right and likes that picture better than any she's done—so far. . . . Stevens is a great believer in keeping the light touch in love scenes. Says a laugh keeps a love scene from going overboard. He thinks that young people are more natural and unaffected than ever before. They don't beat around the bush. Not that they're unromantic—they just come to the point more quickly, and screen love scenes do the same. . . . Spencer, Katharine and Stevens, who used to be a crack second baseman in prep school, took in several local baseball games to get themselves in the mood for the scenes in which Tracy brings Katie into the press box to watch a big league game—an action, incidentally, in direct violation of unwritten laws of sports reporting.

Newspapermen won't have any beefs coming about Tracy's portrayal of them. Ring Lardner, Jr., learned plenty about the Fourth Estaters from his dad, who was one of the greatest of them all. There's not a phony piece of dialogue or business in the entire script. . . . Hepburn is a young tornado on the set. Academy Award-winning photographer Joseph Ruttenberg lights her a special way that doesn't require her to stay still a minute. Says she changes expression so quickly, he's counted as many as 12 different "faces" in just a few feet of film. Every Hollywood camera-grinder who's ever worked with Katie will confirm that.

Mr. T. bobs his hair . . .

She's the first gal to have her dressing room in the male stars' building. Assigned to Bob Montgomery's quarters, she left everything as was, except for the famous barber chair Bob always kept there. That went out. Bob Taylor was her next-door neighbor; Clark Gable had the room directly underneath. . . . Tracy hasn't had a close haircut since he played in "Murder Man" with Myrna Loy in 1935. The studio barber thought he was being ribbed when Spence called to make the appointment. For years he's had standing orders from the front office never to give Mr. T. more than a trim. Spencer was delighted about the reprieve from long-hair parts, said he was lucky he wasn't cast as a drama critic or book reviewer.

Katharine had to learn to chatter in Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, Hindu and Russian for some of her scenes. She was well-equipped to handle her role as a militant spokesman for equal rights. Her mother, Mrs. Thomas Norval Hepburn, is an ardent crusader and once picketed the White House on behalf of woman suffrage. All the Hepburns are

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that up-ta-the-second chart af yaur favarite "Westerns" yau've been begging far! Imagine having at yaur fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they gat their start and studia addresses af aver 60 af thase raugh-riding heraes, leering villains and wide-eyed heraines af yaur pet "horse apries"! Made up in a mast attractive farm, it will make yaur album praud as anything. Just send five cents in cain or stamps with the caupan belaw and yaur new revised chart is as goad as lassaed!

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York City

I am enclasing five cents in stamps or coin far which kindly send me your chart af the Western Stars.

Name.....

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Please print name and address plainly

New England intellectuals.

For one scene Tracy had to report for work made up as a man who'd been up all night. No grease-paint was needed, though. His son Johnny had been rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy the day before, and he'd spent the entire night watching anxiously at the boy's bedside.

Largest set constructed for the picture was a reproduction of a gymnasium where boxers train for fights. Half a sound stage was rigged up with two boxing rings, punching bags, with a dozen or more fighters racing around, shadow boxing, exercising on the rings and generally playing around with other gym paraphernalia.

During production, Fay Bainter presented Katharine with a beautiful bracelet, set with 15 semi-precious stones. Her way of saying "thanks" for the help she'd received from Kate exactly 15 pictures before, when she was summoned from her New York stage show to make her picture debut in "Quality Street." "It's little enough," Fay told Hepburn, "for all the hints and helps you gave me when I was trying to adapt myself to a new medium."

no stockings . . .

Hepburn never wears stockings. Used body make-up on her legs during the picture. . . . Sara Haden and her husband own a thriving auto court on one of the leading highways into Los Angeles. . . . Reginald Owen writes as well as he acts. Wrote the entire script for one of his pictures and was collaborator on "Stablemates," one of Metro's most successful pictures.

Fay Bainter used to hate everything about the theater but the acting part. Snapped out of it when she recalled the motto her mother used to repeat to her: "Happiness comes not in doing what you like, but in liking what you have to do." Keeps a copy of it on her desk so she won't miss seeing it every day.

Jimmy Stewart visited the set, talked to Katharine for the first time since they finished "Philadelphia Story." When he told them he had to leave at 5 o'clock, they tried every trick in the book to make him stay. "Listen," he told them, "saying I was late because I couldn't get away from Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy won't keep me from having to peel all those spuds!" Jimmy's in the army now!

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

Shirley Temple is movie-wise. One day while she was making "The Littlest Rebel," producer Buddy DeSylva had a good idea for an important scene near the close of the picture. "Shirley," said DeSylva, "goes to see Lincoln. She sits on Abe Lincoln's lap and asks him to pardon her father. Terrific, eh?" Shirley, who had been listening, said, "Of course the pardon has to be granted. We can't make a heavy out of Lincoln."

Sidney Skolsky

Charlie Chaplin's youngsters, Charlie, Jr., and Sidney, were having lunch with him at the Brown Derby one Saturday. I stopped at the booth, chatted with Chaplin for a while and was greatly amused when Charlie, Jr., said to his father, "Please take us to Warner's this afternoon. Joe E. Brown's new picture is there. He's our idea of a funny man." Chaplin, it seems, since being taken up by the smart grown-ups, has outgrown the kiddies.

Sidney Skolsky

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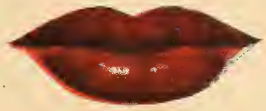

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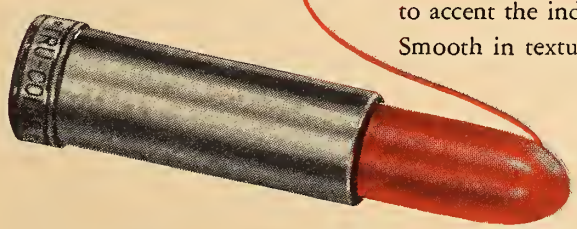

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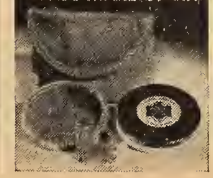

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Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Make-Up"*..... FREE. 24-3-70

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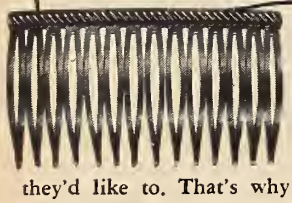
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BRDWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	



Hollywood stars can't stop to fix their hair whenever they'd like to. That's why so many of them depend on Grip-Tuth. Grip-Tuth looks like a comb—but isn't. It's a tiny hair-prop that slides into your hair in a jiffy—and stays there until *you* take it out! Try one to hold your wave. Try one to keep your hair high on the sides. Try one to anchor bows or flowers just where you want them! Two on a card (or one extra-length) for only 25¢. **NOTE:** if notion counter or beauty shop can't supply you, send 25¢ for card. State hair color.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 40

Nu-Hesive Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated company, are one of our contributions to National Defense

SPECIAL BROWN DERBY RECIPES

Tested by The Home Service Department of Modern Screen

BROWN DERBY CHEF'S SALAD

Tear hearts of lettuce into small pieces. Chop the center stalks and leaves from a large bunch of celery. Cut up a small bunch of watercress and part of a head of chicory. Rub a large salad bowl with garlic and place these salad ingredients in it. Add about 1 cup of diced cooked ham and 3 peeled tomatoes cut in wedge shaped pieces. Pour over all the following French dressing and toss with a salad fork and spoon until the ingredients are well coated with the dressing. Garnish with chopped hard boiled eggs and parsley. Serve immediately.

FRENCH DRESSING

3 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup olive oil
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon sugar
⅛ teaspoon celery salt

Place all ingredients in a bowl and beat, until slightly thickened, with a rotary egg beater.

BROWN DERBY SPAGHETTI

Sauce:

2 chopped onions
3 tablespoons salad oil
½ lb. ground round steak
1 #2½ can tomatoes
2 fresh tomatoes, peeled
1 small can mushrooms, drained
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 small clove garlic
grated Parmesan cheese

Brown the onion in hot salad oil in a large skillet. Add the round steak and brown that also. Add the canned and the fresh tomatoes, and the mushrooms. Crush the garlic with the salt and pepper and add. Simmer all together for about 2 hours.

Spaghetti:

Bring a large kettle of salted water to a rapid boil. Add a package of spaghetti and boil for 15 or 20 minutes, or until tender. Turn into a large colander and rinse quickly with cold water. Heap onto a large platter, pour the sauce over it and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese.

HAMBURGERS DE LUXE

1 lb. ground beef
1 egg, beaten
1 cup condensed chicken soup, strained
½ teaspoon English mustard
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon black pepper
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon melted butter

Mix meat, egg and chicken broth. Add the seasonings and melted butter and blend thoroughly. Form into large cakes and brown quickly on both sides in hot fat. Serve between slices of hot buttered toast or buns with fried onion rings. This will make about 8 good sized hamburgers.

BROWN DERBY RICE PUDDING

1 quart rich milk (or part milk and cream)
1 small piece of stick cinnamon
4 tablespoons rice
½ cup raisins
1 egg
5 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
dash of grated cinnamon

Cook milk, cinnamon and rice in double boiler top over hot water for 30 minutes. Remove cinnamon and add raisins, cook for 10 minutes longer. Beat together the egg, sugar and vanilla. Add some of the hot mixture and blend together. Return all to the double boiler and cook and stir for 2 minutes longer. Pour out into a shallow Pyrex casserole and sprinkle with just a little grated cinnamon. Place under a broiler flame and brown lightly. Serve either warm or chilled with cream.

LOBSTER THERMIDOR MARLENE

1 pound lobster meat
or
2 1-pound lobsters
6 tablespoons butter
½ pound mushrooms
5 tablespoons flour
2½ cups rich milk
1½ teaspoon salt
dash of paprika
⅛ teaspoon dry mustard
½ cup sherry wine
¾ cup bread crumbs
⅓ cup melted butter
grated Parmesan cheese

Purchase quick-frozen lobster meat or 2 freshly boiled lobsters. If lobsters are whole, cut in half lengthwise and remove the meat. Cut lobster meat in small pieces. Sauté in the butter for about 2 minutes. Remove and add mushrooms which have been peeled and sliced. Sauté these for 5 minutes and remove. Add the flour to the butter in the pan and stir to a smooth paste. Add the milk and stir and cook until smooth and thick. Add the seasonings and the sherry wine. Mix in the lobster and the mushrooms carefully. Fill buttered individual ramikins or the lobster shells with this and sprinkle with bread crumbs to which the melted butter has been added. Sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese over all and place under a broiler flame until a beautiful golden brown. Serve immediately. This makes 4 generous servings.

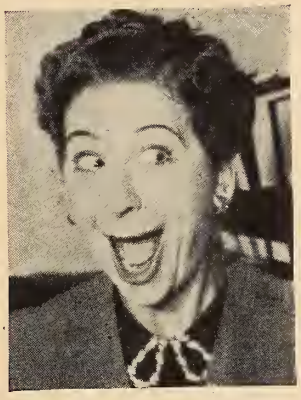
MACAROON PIE

1¼ cups stale macaroon crumbs
4 tablespoons butter (softened)
6 or 8 whole macaroons
1 envelope plain gelatin
¼ cup cold milk
1½ cups scalded milk
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
4 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons sherry
apricot preserves

Mix the macaroon crumbs with the butter and press this mixture into the bottom of an 8-inch pie plate. Stand the whole macaroons around the edge. Place in the refrigerator to chill. Soak the gelatin in the ¼ cup of milk. Scald the 1½ cups of milk, add the sugar, salt and the egg yolks which have been beaten together. Cook over boiling water in a double boiler until the mixture coats a spoon. Remove from range and add the gelatin. Add the sherry and cool until mixture just begins to thicken. Line the macaroon crust with the apricot preserves. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into the custard. Pour this over the apricots and chill for several hours. Top with slightly sweetened whipped cream if desired.

WHAT RADIO STAR . . . .

once learned the hard way that a haymaker is no farming gadget?



fed eggs to the Prince of Wales; got started in East Side poolrooms?

dotes on cold asparagus and mustard; thinks George Burns is radio's funniest?

WHAT MAGAZINE . . . .

answers all these questions and a thousand others?

RADIO ALBUM

gives you full information on radio's favorite comedians, bandleaders, stars?

RADIO ALBUM

gives you a whole magazine full of fascinating candid photographs?

RADIO ALBUM

is just out, at magazine dealers everywhere?

RADIO ALBUM NOW ON SALE 10¢

(If your dealer cannot supply you, send 10c to Dell Publishing Co., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

Beau-catcher Bow

Try this flatteringly youthful Coiffure . . . a divided Pompadour with wide Ribbon Bow fastened on top of head (*with DeLong Bob Pins that just won't slip out*). Back Hair in soft Curls to frame lower part of the Face.

All Bob Pins Are Not Alike

You don't have to be annoyed by loose, falling pins that do not keep their shape. Look your *best* with DeLong's . . . they have a strong, lasting grip . . . *they won't slip out.*

DeLong

BOB PINS
WON'T SLIP OUT

WHAT WOULD A PSYCHOLOGIST SAY ABOUT YOU?

(*Continued from page 31*)

ABC. Linda Darnell—

Linda is a realist. She tackles without fear problems that would defeat the majority of people. She is satisfied if she does her best she will succeed, to some extent anyway.

She is discriminating and understanding beyond her years.

She has a natural instinct for progress and improvement. She would know instinctively if a dress was not smart and in good taste, if a person was a pretender, if a book was worthless.

She has a great ability to analyze things. She sees beyond her nose. When she was brought to Hollywood, one of the final contestants in the "Gateway to Hollywood" contest, she asked the judges to eliminate her. She felt RKO, with whom she would be put under contract, wasn't good for training young talent.

She is thoughtful of others in her home and at the studio. But she likes to go off by herself week-ends. There is in her a deep desire for solitude.

She will not be hurried if she is making-up, dressing or dining.

She has had the courage to do what she believed right in spite of opposition.

She has a temper, but she is very able at controlling it.

She has a fertile imagination and great general curiosity.

Linda is a realist—a romanticist.

Linda is colorful and glamorous and charming. Linda is stable.

Linda is an ambivert of the first water. She also has a balanced temperament.

BC. Ginger Rogers—

Ginger is apt to do the thing least expected. Try to anticipate what she will do, and you will be constantly surprised and annoyed. She fits no pattern.

She is quiet, introspective and reticent. She has no knack for small talk. It doesn't bother her to sit in complete silence while everyone else is talking. If she has something worth saying she says it. If she's not versed on the subject of a conversation, she listens.

She walks away from anything that looks like an argument. She remains poised and calm when everyone else is tearing their hair out.

She listens to everyone's advice, then makes up her mind. And you get the feeling she knew what she was going to do all the time.

She is positively frugal. She hates to "go shopping" and usually saves shopping sprees for once-a-year in N. Y.

She's inclined to go a little froufrou in her personal wardrobe. There's something about her that recalls John Held, Jr., and College Humor. She loves dark bronze or gun metal hosiery—one thread. She loves opera pumps cut down to the sole on both sides. Her rare night club "binges" are separated by long periods of wearing slacks and sweaters, no make-up but lipstick, no nail polish, and getting freckled.

When Ginger isn't busy at the studios, she's usually in the throes of some hobby. When this happens, she practically has to be spoon-fed. She forgets everything, and somebody had better be around to remember it is mealtime—she won't.

She has an insatiable desire for perfection. In spite of an Academy award, she has never been completely satisfied with any performance.

Ginger exhibits mostly introverted tendencies. However, her penchant for doing the thing least expected of her is a sign of extroversion.

X. Alice Faye—

There are many people who insist Alice Faye is high hat. She often acts high hat. Because, shy and self-conscious always, she is uncomfortable with those she doesn't know. There was a time when she had to choose a chair in a restaurant that faced the wall, otherwise, distressed by even the casual glances of other diners, she was unable to eat.

Now she is afraid people will expect her to act like a movie star and that she will disappoint them. It would never occur to her to put on a movie star act. Affectation she detests. In fact she's the rebel type. She refuses absolutely to court those who are in a position to help her. She spends much of her leisure with her family. Helene Smith, her stand-in, is her best friend. And

Zella, her maid, frequently wears new gloves or a new watch or a new something or other which is a gift from "Miss Alice." She looks for excuses to send flowers to those she likes.

She is likely to be late for appointments unless she is in production.

She loves jokes and gags and goes to great lengths for them.

She loves to dance.

She gets quiet if anyone hurts her.

She usually has a radio or phonograph playing. Enjoys symphonies, reading.

She is surprisingly athletic.

She hates to go to sleep, and to get up.

She's a strange combination of hard-boiled sophistication and naivete.

Alice can be categorized as a descendant personality. She also exhibits many more introverted than extroverted traits.

LONG VOYAGE HOME

(*Continued from page 29*)

had sent Griffith some photographs. If he took it, Hayden figured, maybe he'd last long enough to save money enough to make his own down payment. His personal expenses were practically nil. Clothes he didn't need, night clubs he abhorred. A modest sum to keep his mother comfortable, and the rest was velvet. He was binding himself for seven years, but Paramount wasn't, and they'd never keep him that long, don't make him laugh. But suppose, just for argument's sake, he clicked. Well then, he'd have money to buy a boat and sail it between pictures, and still have forty years of the sea ahead when he got out of hock. But that was all hooey. He was no actor. Come option time, and they'd throw him out on his ear.

So you know what happened. But not what went on behind the scenes, with Stirling chafing at the bit till he finally grabbed it and got the hell out.

initiation . . .

It wasn't so bad at first. As an unimportant contract player, he was left to go pretty much in his own way. He and his mother took a $50 house in the hills—and stayed there, incidentally, for the duration. They kept no help. Stirling liked his mother's cooking. He spent his spare time at the water front, his regulation costume a pair of dungarees, an open shirt, dilapidated canvas sneakers over bare feet.

Then came "Virginia," and the currying process started. He was told to lose weight. Six foot four and all muscle, he couldn't see the point. The first danger spark glinted. "It makes me nervous not to eat." That was okay, the screen was peculiar that way, it didn't show up nervousness, only weight.

What lay at the root of the whole thing was his inability to reconcile himself to pretense. Acting is making believe you're something you're not. He was convinced he'd never make an actor, but let that ride. At least on the screen he wasn't fooling anyone. What he couldn't stomach were the minor pretenses demanded of him—harmless enough, routine stuff to the initiated, but they irked him like a neck boil. He winced at the bare necessities of make-up and posing. "Man into monkey," he was heard muttering once.

Romance is part of the star build-up. Hayden, being normal, likes pretty girls but wants to pick his own. The first time they told him to take so-and-so out, he thought they were kidding.

"Why? I don't know her."

"We'll see that you're introduced."

"Suppose I don't like her."

"Look, we're not asking you to marry the girl. If you're seen with her at a couple of night spots, your name goes in the paper. That's all we want, your name in the paper."

"I'll buy you an ad," said Stirling and stalked out.

If they could make publicity capital of his sailing days, that was all right because it was true. But one day they took him down to San Pedro for stills and handed him a fish.

"What's that for?"

"You caught it."

"But I didn't catch it, you bought it."

"Listen, do you have to be literal, you *could* have caught it."

"When I do, I'll pose with it."

They thought that was straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel. Ac-

SOME DAYS I'M HAPPY!

. . . Some days I'm blue . . . like today, for instance.

Even this portable doesn't help. I've played stacks of old favorites, new swings and late boogie-woogies and still the glooms hang on!

So I ask you . . . what's a girl to do? Go out wearing a face full of frowns? Try to grin from ear to ear? Or call things off and stay home?

What I can't figure is how those pals of mine manage to keep going—no matter what day of the month it is.

What have others got that I haven't?

They must have something . . . and I'm the gal who's going to find out! How? . . . well, I'll hide my pride and ask 'em. Want to listen in?...

Jane called it comfort! The kind Kotex sanitary napkins give.

She explained that Kotex is different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch. For Kotex is made in soft folds that are less bulky—more comfortable—made to stay soft while wearing!

And, oh, what a pal was Carrie! She put it this way . . . for confidence and poise there's nothing like the flat, pressed ends of Kotex. They don't show even when you go without a girdle!

Nancy simply said . . . Safety first! And thank heavens for Kotex with the moisture-resistant "safety shield" that gives extra protection!

So now I'm singing "So-long Blues!" Now I know why more women choose Kotex than all other brands put together! The best proof that Kotex stays soft!

BE CONFIDENT . . . COMFORTABLE . . . CAREFREE
—WITH KOTEX*

Don't forget

TIPS FOR 'TEENS! Send today for this handbook of Do's and Don't's . . . "As One Girl To Another." It answers a girl's intimate questions . . . tells all about "difficult days." Mail your name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-3, Chicago, Illinois, and get a copy postpaid and FREE!

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

CHAPPED HANDS HEAL FASTER...

ACCORDING TO ACTUAL TESTS WITH NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM

These unretouched photos (Case 34) show results of Noxzema Left shows chapped hands before treatment Right shows wonderful improvement after using Noxzema

With Noxzema, definite improvement is often seen *overnight!* That's because this famous *medicated* cream helps often dry, rough skin; aids in healing tiny skin "cuts."

SAVE ON STOCKINGS. Guard against snagging precious stockings. Help keep your hands *and feet* soft, smooth, with Noxzema!

Let Noxzema help you all these ways this winter

WINDBURN, CHAPPED LIPS. Noxzema brings quick, soothing relief to red, rough, painfully windburned skin and ugly chapped lips. *Mary Richardson of St. Paul, Minn., says:* "I use Noxzema on my face to help protect my skin against winter winds and to soothe it *after* exposure."

FROST BITE, CHILBLAINS, PAINFULLY CHAFED SKIN. Noxzema brings grand relief! *Mrs. Harriette Eddy, of Minneapolis writes:* "Every winter I suffered from Chilblains. After one application of Noxzema I felt a cool, soothing comfort I'd never known before!"

POOR COMPLEXION. Try medicated Noxzema for externally-caused blemishes; for skin reddened, roughened and "dried out" from winter winds. See for yourself how quickly this soothing cream helps improve your complexion!

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tually it was a straw in the wind which eventually blew up to be a hurricane.

He liked Madeline Carroll, she had intelligence, he could talk to her. But he wasn't in love with her, nor she with him, and he resented softly-planted implications to the contrary. They called him difficult. "And I'll go on being difficult," he retorted, "so long as you lie and play up things that aren't true."

He was accustomed to the plain dealing of seafarers, to men who accepted you at your worth and, if they were your friends today, were also your friends tomorrow. He was first bewildered, then suspicious, then scornful of his sudden social popularity after "Virginia." Not for a moment was he fooled or flattered when the Hollywood hostesses gave tongue. He knew if he'd flopped, he'd have been non-existent. They never got to first base with him. He doesn't drink, and he has no fund of small talk. "Why go round with a damn old cup of tea or a cocktail in your fingers and smirk, smirk, smirk!"

landlubber days . . .

He continued to hunger for the sea. At night he'd drive the twenty-five miles to San Pedro, hang around the docks, hobnob with the fisherfolk who talked his language while his eyes devoured sailboats. "God, what lines!" Somebody said, when a girl could get Hayden to look at her as he looked at a boat, she'd have him cinched.

He agreed to go with a friend one night to the home of some people who owned a yawl. There were four or five other guests. Stirling cornered the host, whose passion for boats was second only to his, and they spent the evening adoring blueprints and photos. The yawl-owner's wife sent him to the doghouse. Stirling's friend bawled him out. He dragged a hand across his be-mused eyes. "I didn't even know the others were there."

To consolidate his triumph in "Virginia," he was sent on a personal appearance tour. The publicity man assigned to the job didn't have a good time. Before each appearance he had to watch Hayden sweat, listen to his maledictions, practically shove him out on the stage. "I don't jig, I don't warble, I can't entertain them, why do I have to make an ass of myself?"

Cronies of his Gloucester days came to see him in Boston. He fell on their necks, huddled with them in the dressing room and could hardly be pried loose in time for his stint. "Wait, boys, I'll be right back." They waited. He was due at a ball that night to judge some contest and rebelled at climbing into tails. Not his, he wouldn't be found dead owning a pair. Taking pity on the monitor, his pals finally crammed him into the dress suit, and Judge Hayden picked the winner with finger-smudges trailing down his shirtfront.

By the time he got back, he was wondering how long he could take it. At the studio, it was full speed ahead for this phenomenon, whom the fans were whoop-de-dooing after one picture. "Bahama Passage" first, then maybe even Robert Jordan in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." To Hayden these plans were the bars of a cage, fast threatening to enclose him. He took to prowling the hills at night with his old collie. He talked to Bill Holden, his only confidant. Bill's another whom Hollywood hasn't absorbed.

He decided to wait till after "Bahama Passage." Down in Nassau, away from the impact of Hollywood, maybe he could think things out. As he might have foreseen, Hollywood went down to Nassau with him. The same publicity, the same supervision, the same sense that he didn't belong to himself. His wardrobe consisted of his only suit, a sweater and a couple of shirts. When a meeting was arranged between the company and the Duke of Windsor, he was told that his clothes were inadequate to the occasion. He shrugged. "What's wrong with a decent suit and a clean shirt?" Eventually they borrowed flannels and a white jacket from Tommy Goodwin, the golfer.

decisions . . .

He fought the battle out down there. For himself the choice was clear. But there was his mother. Being the tight-mouthed kind, who considers that his problems are his own to solve, he'd never told her just how he felt. She knew he was oppressed by certain aspects of the business, but not how deeply. He knew she'd taken comfort from their first prospect of financial security. At four one morning a late reveler caught sight of a yogi-like figure, pacing the cement roof of the Prince George Hotel. It was Hayden, barefooted, a pareu round his waist. "What you doing up there?"

"Thinking."

The day he got back to Hollywood, he talked to his mother. Frances Hayden is tall, patrician-looking, self-contained. Her son gets more than his looks from her. She makes no bones about admitting that she was staggered and dismayed by Stirling's first revelation of his state of mind. His proposal to quit, to throw over a heaven-sent future of freedom from money worries, came as a shock. But as he went on, drawing the picture of what this life he hated was doing to him, the balance shifted. In the end she said: "If it's going to ruin your spirit, not to mention your disposition, nothing is worth it. In the final analysis, you know that I'm for whatever makes you happy."

That was enough. He went to the studio and told them he was quitting.

"You can't do that—"

"I can do anything I like. This business is making me sick, and I'm getting out."

"You'll never be able to come back."

"I don't want to come back."

"There's another angle. 'Bahama Passage' isn't finished. You've a moral obligation to go through with it."

"Oh, I'll finish the picture all right. But when it's in the can, I'm through."

They didn't know just how seriously to take him. This was the kind of talk players gave out with when they wanted more money or better parts. He wanted neither. They decided a boat might turn the tide, so they went out and bought one for seventeen thousand bucks and gathered hopefully round to watch it work magic. Touched by the gesture in spite of himself, Hayden couldn't help grinning. This was child's play. He wanted the sea, not three miles of coastal waters, he wanted freedom

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

Even Shirley Temple has pulled a nifty or two. This happened after Shirley had visited President Roosevelt at the White House. When Shirley returned to Hollywood, I spoke to her about her meeting with the President. Merely to get the conversation going, I said; "President Roosevelt has a nice smile, hasn't he?" Shirley answered, "Yes," and then quickly said, "I wonder if he gets as tired of smiling as I do."

Sidney Skolsky

to be his own man. He sailed the boat a couple of times because it was a boat, and he couldn't keep his hands off the damn thing, then returned it with thanks.

I saw him during that period, before his plans had become public knowledge. He was quiet, pleasant, told his story without reference to his personal problems, but could no more suppress the undercurrent of his feeling for the life he had left than he could help breathing. It made me curious. "Feeling as you do, how could you bear to give it up?"

"I have plans. But I can't talk about them yet."

"Plans to go back?"

He nodded.

I called myself a fool for believing him. The same kind of talk from other players had never turned out to be anything but talk. So I felt a thrill of exultation when the thing happened. It was none of my business, and I should have saved my sympathy for Paramount, which has done me no harm.

But then Paramount showed plenty of sympathy for the nonconformist, once they faced the fact that he meant what he said. Hayden thought the best way to convince them would be to go. So, with "Bahama Passage" finished, he went. Would he come back for a conference? they wired. He came back, not for a conference, but to give them a full explanation of his viewpoint, which he felt he owed them if they wanted to hear it. The gist of it was: "I don't belong here. It's not my life. To stay here would be like draining the blood out of my veins, killing whatever's inside that makes a man himself."

Would he stay long enough to do "For Whom the Bell Tolls"? "No. There's no sense in it. I'd just be getting myself and you in deeper. More money out of your pocket, more snarls for me to break through. Now I can go with a clear conscience."

They offered to call it an unfinished, rather than a broken, contract and to give him a settlement on it, in return for the promise that if he ever came back, it would be to them. "I can't picture myself coming back," he said, "but I suppose you can't tell what the future may hold, and I don't mind making that promise." He turned the settlement and his savings over to his mother—enough to take care of her for the next several years.

Being over-height, he was rejected for duty in the naval service. After one voyage on a cargo boat with dynamite for Portugal, his application to join the Canadian Ambulance Service was accepted. At this writing, he's waiting for the order that will take his unit to Egypt.

That's all there is, girls. With "Bahama Passage," the sailor sails out of your lives. Don't shut him out of your hearts. Where he's going, your good wishes may help. They can't hurt anyway.

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

Samuel Goldwyn's boy, Sammy, Jr., is a character in his own right. Sam is very proud of Junior, and one night at a large party, Goldwyn, to show how smart his young son was, said, "Sammy, I'm going to give you a problem. Think carefully before you answer. If you had twelve pennies and you lost four pennies, how many pennies would you have left?" Sammy, Jr., thought carefully. Then he answered, "But why should I lose four pennies?"

Sidney Skolsky

"My husband's kisses were cold as ice"

HOW A WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT THREATENED HER MARRIAGE

1. I never dreamed I would ever play the rôle of a neglected wife. We were so madly in love, at first—then, little by little, Jack's ardor waned until it seemed as though he actually disliked to be near me. I was utterly miserable.

2. I hid my unhappiness from everyone. Until one day at luncheon with Jane, my closest chum—I broke down and told her *everything*. She said, "Darling, don't be offended, but perhaps it's *your* fault. There's nothing that chills a husband's love more than carelessness about feminine hygiene.

3. "Early in my marriage," she said, "a woman doctor set me straight forever about this one neglect. I've followed her advice ever since and used Lysol disinfectant for intimate personal care. Because Lysol cleanses, deodorizes . . . and a single douche kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues."

4. I went immediately to the nearest drug store, bought a bottle of Lysol, and followed the simple feminine hygiene directions on the label. I've used it ever since, with 100% effective results. My marriage, I might add, has become a happy honeymoon once more!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

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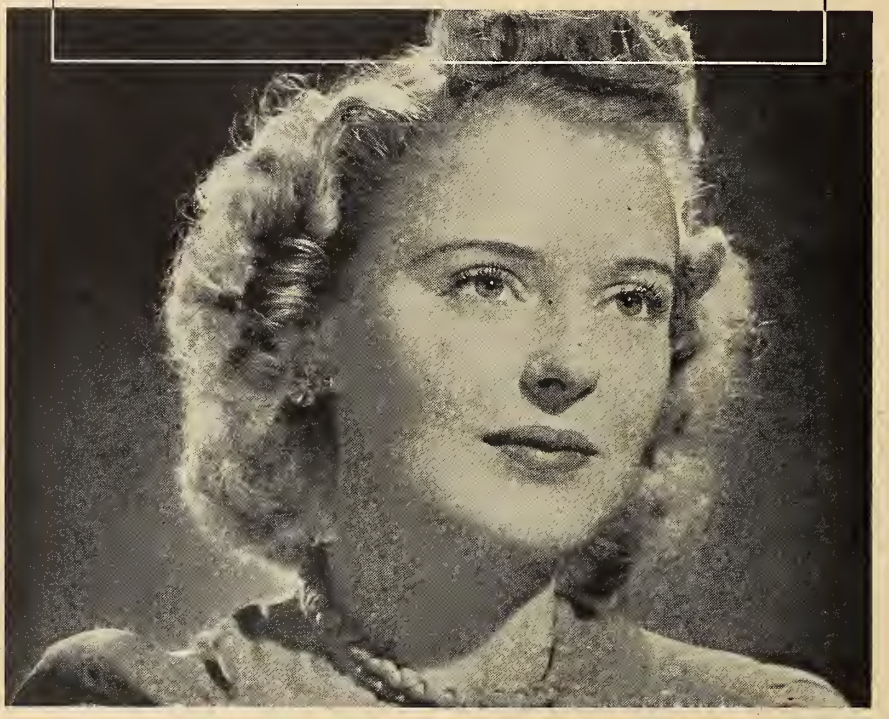
For FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene and other Lysol uses, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. M. S. - 342, Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

"What creams does she use?"

....women wonder when they see a skin like hers



"What does she do that I don't do? What creams does she use? How does she escape flaws that most of us have to struggle with—enlarged pore openings, oily shine, blackheads, or excessive dryness?"

These are the questions women always wish they could ask the fortunate possessor of a fair, lovely skin. Answers by the hundred would be simply: "I use two creams which are *different*—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams."

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM (FORMERLY TEXTURE CREAM)
Get the full benefit of this unique cream by using it as a night treatment. It softens and neutralizes accumulations often acid in nature in the external pore openings. And because it contains cholesterol it holds moisture in the skin and so helps to keep it supple and pliant, and to relieve excessive dryness.

A smooth, lasting foundation. Phillips' Skin Cream seems to have a special affinity for make-up. It prepares the skin by removing excess oiliness and softening rough dryness so that powder and rouge go on evenly, and *last.*

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM
This special cream offers a method of cleansing that is *different!* It not only absorbs the surface dirt but penetrates the outer pore openings and floats away the accumulations which may lodge there. Profit by the experience of women who have tried them—put Phillips' Creams to work on *your* skin!

Skin Cream 10c, 30c *and* 60c • **Cleansing Cream** 10c, 30c, 60c *and* $1.00

DELIGHTFUL DELIRIUM

(*Continued from page 33*)

Her brother and her brother's chum went along with them.

It was two months before he graduated into taking Mal Weber to the movies alone, and another month before he got around to taking her to the Cocoanut Grove for dancing.

There was one drawback to dancing with Mal, he told her later. In high heels she was so tall that he couldn't look over her shoulders and lord it over the other men on the floor, all because he was dancing with Mal, and they weren't.

All this time, of course, Mal Weber was seeing other cavaliers besides Ray Milland, the dashing young British actor under contract to M-G-M.

Ray had nothing but scorn for his competitors, scorn and a feeling that they were taking an unfair advantage. Gentlemen of leisure for the most part, they let no grass grow under their feet.

"This place looks like Grand Hotel!" Ray used to tell Mal with unconcealed indignation, whenever he would sprint from the studio to the Weber home and find a posse of rivals on hand.

courtship days . . .

There were times, of course, when suitor Milland behaved dreadfully. Such as the time he arrived one evening to find her playing bridge with three nice young men. He hung around for two hours kibitzing like mad. And left in a huff. Which was all right with Mal—for a while. The next morning she received a poem in the mail. He was always sending her poems. They were more potent than orchids.

New Year's Eve, 1932, is a red-letter day in Mal's life. New Year's Day happens to be her birthday. But that isn't it.

The date is important because of something Ray did that night. They were over at the Cocoanut Grove, welcoming the New Year, welcoming it with champagne. It must have been two in the morning when Ray asked her if she didn't think it was hot and how would she like to take a small walk through the arcades of the Ambassador Hotel, in which the Cocoanut Grove, as you know, is located. These arcades are lined with shop windows—florists, tobacconists, etc.

She remembers wanting to stop and look at a gown displayed in one of the shop windows and how Ray wouldn't hear of it. He led her by the hand to another window, one belonging to a jewelry store.

With a wave of the hand he swept over the entire contents of the window, tiaras, bracelets, clips, rings, brooches, earrings, etc.

"One day I will buy all of these for you," he said.

Mal laughed, a tra-la-la-la-la sort of laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" Ray came back. "Here is a very nice young man offering to sacrifice his whole life for you and you laugh."

She kept on laughing—tra-la-la-la-la.

"Look here," Ray said. "Please pay attention. Let's be serious about this. I am asking you to marry me. Do let us keep this on a serious plane."

Mal looked at him a little amused.

"You are somewhat intoxicated, and furthermore I don't love you."

And with that she flounced out of the place.

Ray Milland, rebuffed for the first (but not the last) time went home and sat up for hours writing another sad poem.

He saw her the next day briefly. He arrived late in the afternoon, chatted with her brother, gave her a casual, "Oh, hello, there!" and left the room.

The courtship those next three months was strange and stormy. One of the two was always walking out, slamming a door or hanging up. Nonetheless, there were two more proposals, both futile.

There was a time when Ray put her out of his mind for good and started going steady—not with one girl but two.

For weeks there was no word from him. Finally he called and asked if she would go to a show with him. Mal remembers that invitation very well. She said yes. Ray never showed up. Absentmindedly he had gone to the circus with one, or both, of his two girl friends.

He didn't call the next day: he was too ashamed. Nor the next. Nor the one after that.

orange blossoms . . .

They met next quite unexpectedly at a buffet supper given by a mutual friend. Ray sneaked off, too ashamed to speak to her. Finally she walked over to where he was nursing a Martini. He didn't say anything. He just looked at her. She looked at him.

"It must have been that way for an interminable and awful minute," Mal says.

She was about to walk away when Ray spoke up.

"Look. Will you marry me?"

"Yes," Mal said.

"Are you sure you want to?" He seemed flabbergasted.

"The other night when you didn't come I felt awful. I said to myself that I wouldn't feel that way about someone I didn't love."

He didn't have enough money to buy her an engagement ring, so he bought her a diamond wrist watch. It cost $175, but a ring would have cost $500. At least the ring Ray had in mind.

They planned the honeymoon together. They would spend a couple of weeks stopping off at various West Coast watering places. And in good hotels, too, Ray told her. Then came the surprise.

"Darling," Ray announced, "I can't have my wife going on her honeymoon in the jalopy I'm now driving. We're getting a new car."

Ray got the new car, all right. It took a little fast talking with a finance company representative he knew fairly well. (You know how finance companies feel toward actors—especially unimportant young actors.)

On the eve of the wedding the groom-to-be (not until months later did Mal Milland ever find this out) made an interesting discovery. With everything shipshape for the wedding and the honeymoon—new car and all—he had overlooked a fairly important detail: the wedding ring. And his bank balance read $44.17!

Frantic for a moment, but only for a moment, he solved the impasse by hocking his valuable stud set, a present from his father, for $300 and acquiring a honey of a ring.

The wedding ceremony Mal Milland will never forget.

Ray arrived at the Riverside Mission while a rehearsal was going on, a stand-in serving in Ray's stead. Someone spotted Ray and asked him to go through the rehearsal once. He went through the ceremony, and then someone else piped up with "Let's go through it again."

Well, everything went smoothly until they got to the part where the minister asked him if he had the ring. Mechanically, Ray handed it to the parson. He was standing there thinking of the moment a few minutes hence when he would be doing the final take when all of a sudden he heard his sister-in-law sobbing. His wife nudged him. Then . . .

"This isn't a rehearsal. This is the real thing. You're supposed to kiss me."

Which explains how come Mal Weber married a man who wasn't even aware it was happening.

"I remember that my first wifely thought was to get to understand this husband of mine perfectly," Mal confides with an amused smile. "That was nine years ago, and the project is far from being completed. Come to think of it, I hope it never is."

one in a million . . .

You understand what the lady means when you get an action picture of Milland the practicing husband. He has no counterpart anywhere.

"Consider, please," Mal suggests, "how it happens that our house stands on this particular spot and not somewhere over in Pasadena or Encino or where have you. We are bivouacked here thanks to a cocker spaniel, Mister Pinkerton.

"Don't laugh," Mrs. M. said wryly, "because it's true—true like a corn on your toe."

It all happened because Mister Pinkerton went and got himself lost. It also happened because Ray was very much attached to Mister Pinkerton and put an ad in the paper explaining that Mr. P. was a.w.o.l. and if anyone wanted a reward, let him call such and such a telephone number.

That same night a lady telephoned and said she was entertaining the growling canine on her premises, and when was the owner planning to pick him up.

Her Fitch Shampoo and hairstyle by Charmode Beauty Salon, Palmer House, Chicago

I Bought His Love

"Not for love or money!" I heard him say. No—Joe would never take a girl with dandruff to the party, and I had the worst case of dandruff in town. Yet, the very next day, he actually begged me to go with him! My white-flecked hair was transformed into a silken glory overnight. Joe saw me as a new and radiantly lovely person, all because I purchased a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at my favorite toilet goods counter.

I discovered that Fitch's Shampoo removes dandruff with the very first application. Its rich lather rinses out completely, leaving my hair shining clean. Actually, it penetrates tiny hair openings, helping to keep my scalp in normal, trouble-free condition. At the beauty shop or at home, I now insist on *my weekly Fitch shampoo* to keep my hair lovely and free of dandruff, the way Joe likes it. When I bought Fitch Shampoo, I bought his love!

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

Fitch's is the only shampoo whose money-back guarantee to remove dandruff is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. Use Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. It reconditions as it cleanses — economical, too!

Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dondruff scottered, but not removed, by ordinary soop shompaa.

Soap Shampoo

3. Microphato shaws hoir shompooed with ordinory soop ond rinsed twice. Note dondruff and curd deposit left by soop to mar noturol luster af hoir.

Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dondruff and other foreign motter completely destroyed ond removed by Fitch Shompoo.

Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphota after Fitch Shampoo and hoir rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampaa removes all dondruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the naturol luster of the hair.

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FRANK BAIRD, internationally famous hairstylist of New York and Hollywood says, *"Any product that will not remove dandruff in one application won't remove it at all. To remove dandruff in a single application, and for best results in hair styling, I insist on Fitch Shampoo."*

Fitch's TRADE MARK DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Las Angeles, Calif.

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant ... try a jar today

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS

(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

Specially made for blondes. Helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking.

Called Blondex, it gives hair attractive lustre and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair, Blondex is the world's largest selling blonde shampoo. For extra lustre and radiance, top off shampoo with Blondex Golden Rinse. Can be used on all shades of blonde hair. Both cost little to use. Get Blondex Shampoo and Golden Rinse at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

"Immediately," Ray said, taking down the address.

The next thing Mal knew Ray was on the telephone, that it was really Mister Pinkerton and would she come over right away.

"But why?"

"I'll tell you later."

Within an hour of her arrival on the scene, the Briarcrest Valley section of Coldwater Canyon, Ray had bought a lot, once owned by Robert Taylor, from the woman who had found the dog.

The house, too, shows the Milland whimsey.

It is built from the mellowed wood of a scuttled ship. And Mrs. Milland has a gold key to the front door, presented to her on the day that ground was first broken, a key reading, "Come up and see me sometime."

incurable romantic . . .

Milland the spouse is an incurable romantic who calls his wife twice a day and always lets her know, as so few Hollywood husbands do, at what time, almost to the minute, she can expect him for dinner. He's always bringing home things he's heard Mal talk about at dinner table three weeks back, things at the mention of which he either winced, grumbled or looked sore.

That part of him is easy to figure out. Not all sides are.

For instance, Milland the wacky economist, the penny-wise pound-foolish citizen who sends Mal, willy-nilly, into hysterical laughter.

He yips about lights and is always leaving them on himself.

"We've got to economize, darling," he says. "This job of mine isn't going to last forever."

Mal tells him she's sorry.

The next day he will telephone her from a jewelry store to ask her if she doesn't want a topaz bracelet. When she says no he is apt to get indignant and say:

"I want my wife to enjoy the luxuries of life, and cost is no object."

Not so long ago he talked for ten minutes pleading with her for permission to bring her home an aquamarine ring. But the topper to that is the time he went to Magnin's and brought her home a half dozen Paris originals. Let her go buy one, and he is sure to hit the ceiling and notify her they're certainly going bankrupt.

problem husband . . .

As a man around the house, Mrs. Milland is quick to confess that he probably has betters by the dozen in the same block. She can get up to mix a drink and he will let her. On the other hand, if she says: "Ray, darling, will you mix the drinks?" he'll do it. You sort of have to remind him.

Making or accepting engagements used to frighten Mrs. Mal Milland until she hit upon the scheme of saying, "provided Ray is feeling all right." That works beautifully.

She will remind him as he is leaving for the studio that they're going to the Mr. and Mrs. Nonesuches for dinner and he'll say: "I'm looking forward to it, Mal. I like the Nonesuches."

All he has to do is step into the foyer that night, and she can guess his first seven words.

"Mal, darling, I've got an awful headache."

Mal telephones and explains. Long practice has made her good at it.

These "headaches" come in very handy. On Tuesdays and Fridays, nights which he devotes to a couple of local fight cards, he is certain to return home from the matches with a headache if he notices a line of cars out front. The cars mean that Mal and the girls are playing bridge. Ray holds his head, begs off and goes right upstairs to bed. Stays there too, he does.

Milland the fickle—ah, there's a Milland whose neck Mal probably has wanted to wring many a time. Wanted to—but never has!

He will come one night and give her a terrific spiel to the effect that the minute the picture is over they're leaving for New York and a long vacation. Mal will get all excited, will write to friends, get her winter wardrobe ready, etc. Then, a day or so before the picture is over, Ray will come home and tell her that anyone who goes to New York is a dope. Catalina or Palm Springs—that's the place for the Millands. But Mal takes it like a trouper.

father Milland . . .

Milland the father is one for the books. He was in Sun Valley when Daniel, now going on two, arrived prematurely. He telephoned the hospital, got the nurse on the wire and was startled by the sound of a child's voice.

"Your son has just been born," the nurse said. "Your wife's all right. The child—well, we can't tell."

He drove some 200 miles in an open car through a snowstorm to catch a plane at Boise, arrived in time to give his blood for a transfusion and stayed at the hospital until Daniel, five transfusions later, was out of danger. He brought the baby home himself, found the house filled with friends, Cesar Romero, Ann Sothern, Roger Pryor, etc., who made it a more than memorable homecoming.

A couple of months later George Murphy called up to say he wanted to present a perambulator to Daniel if Ray would come over and get it. Ray, with his scion in his arms, hustled right over, wheeled little Daniel back in the bassinet-on-wheels.

Milland the proud papa has a habit of getting superfluous. There was the time he came home one night, raced upstairs, found a welt of red across the baby's face and telephoned the doctor frantically. When the medicine man arrived, Ray's face was redder than little Daniel's. Mal's friends had planted a lipsticked kiss on Dan's cherubic face. Hence the welt of red. Some day Daniel will be bragging about the ladies who used to kiss him. Some of the notoriously glamerous bussers are Hedy Lamarr, Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, Barbara Stanwyck, etc.

This you-never-can-tell quality about Ray Mal wouldn't change for the Taj Mahal. It is perfectly true that she has answered a doorbell to find a man about to deliver a horse Ray has ordered (and the Millands not even owning a stable), but it is also true that at least once a week he suggests out of a clear blue sky, right after dinner, that they dress up and go do the town up big. It is true that he couldn't wait more than six months before taking the baby down to the studio barbershop to get a haircut (what hair?), but it is likewise true that he is constantly building something which he hopes will please her, even if he does leave his tools scattered all over the place. And so on.

"Remember that 'delightful delirium' I mentioned when this monologue began?" Mal inquired, as she sped the parting guest. "Well, I hope you get the general idea."

Well, vaguely.

SKIPPY'S TOUGHEST ROLE

(*Continued from page 39*)

hurting him, explaining to him as to an adult the obligations laid on him to his studio, his fans, his co-workers. Her teaching dropped on such fertile soil that it boomeranged now and then. It was he who nagged her about getting places on time. "Mother thinks, if you have to be at the studio by nine, you can make it by leaving the house at nine." Invited to a seven o'clock dinner, he's sure to be ringing the doorbell at five minutes of—on the principle that it's better to come early and embarrass the hostess than come late and spoil the food. At 15, he prevailed on Mrs. Bigelow and his publicity manager to let him meet the press unattended. "If you want, you can give me the pointers beforehand. But I'm getting much too big to be trailed by dames."

There was no question, then, as to whether Jack should be told of the nature of his mother's illness. It was assumed that he had the right to know and the strength to bear his heavy knowledge. That assumption was justified. "Never," said the doctor, "have I had finer co-operation from anyone, young or old, than I had from Jack during those 14 months. I watched him grow from boyhood to manhood, and I admired him as I have admired few people whom I've met in my work."

Aided and abetted by those around him—his mother's mother, her sisters, his uncle Norman Taurog, the doctor, the nurse—Jack began playing his part. They all worked together like a team, their watchword: everything as usual, where possible—knowing that any deviation from the norm would be most likely to awaken suspicion.

There was a problem involved in the fact that, as a movie actor, Jack was news; and Mrs. Bigelow followed the news in fan mags, newspaper columns and on the air. It was decided that their best course would be to give the press the truth and ask them to refrain from mentioning it. The pact was made and, with one inadvertent exception, scrupulously kept. As good fortune would have it, Mrs. Bigelow happened not to be listening in that night.

temporary respite . . .

She was well enough that year to spend a happy Christmas. She wrapped her own packages, as she'd always done, with Jack helping. "I stick my big thumb in," he jeered, "when she ties a bow and she calls it helping." She was well enough to plan with him a surprise party

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

While the Frank McHughs were in Europe, their son Peter stayed with relatives in Hartford. There Peter played with a small boy whose father is a professor at Harvard. After several weeks of playing with Peter, the little boy went to his father, the professor, and said, "Why don't we have famous people come to visit us at our house?" "But famous people do come here," the professor said. "The President of Harvard has been here. Nicholas Murray Butler has been here. Even Professor Einstein was here." "I know," replied the boy, "but I mean really famous—like Jimmy Cagney."

Sidney Skolsky

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for Bonita's 18th birthday in February and to smile down from the gallery above the living room when the kids trooped in, and Jack whisked a blindfold from his girl friend's eyes.

As time went on and she took to bed, the game grew harder, but he adjusted himself to its demands. So long as she was free from pain, they kept the sick-room gay. There was no tiptoeing about, no hushing of voices, no exaggerated demonstrations of affection, no mother-darling-I-love-you stuff, however great his yearning may have been. It was more likely to be, "Hi, Mabel, what you been up to?" as he breezed in, heart thumping with anxiety, face cleared of any expression of concern.

Then there'd be a powwow, with Mabel as eager interlocutor and Jack describing the details of his day, having stored up gags, anecdotes and general clowning material for just this purpose. "Zoot?" he'd say, which in jive language means, "Get it?" Or, "Now, mom, this is solid"—meaning this is the goods, the absolute low-down. She picked it up from him. "I've had a swell day. That's solid, kid."

Since she couldn't go out for it, he brought life and color to her. Buddy Pepper and Junior Coghlan, his pals, would come pounding in, taking their cue from Jack, acting as they'd always acted with Mabel, cavorting, making her laugh. Once, when the nurse had braided her hair and tied the pigtails with ribbons, they stood in the doorway, rapt with admiration, telling her she looked like a chicken, telling her all the girls wore their hair that way, that it was the latest style.

Bun and her mother would bring their knitting, so Mabel could see how Jack's sweater was progressing and help decide the crucial question as to whether it should be crew neck or V. Jack had a projection machine installed in her room, so she could see movies. He got his band together, made recordings and played them to her. "Any good or does it stink? Solid now, Mom."

He spent most of his allowance on her, tumbling bright packages over her bed. She had to open them herself—perfumes, scented soaps, silk pillows, negligees, bedjackets, blanket covers with pillow slips to match. "Jackie, you shouldn't—"

"A mere bagatelle, my good woman—"

While he was making "Syncopation," he brought her a daily offering of carnations, purchases from a crippled vendor at the studio gate. "Gee, Mom, you're no expense to me. They only cost 35c. And the little guy needs the business."

He kidded her into letting him take over this or that business responsibility, which her failing strength could no longer cope with. "I'm 18 now, Mom. Time I learned how to be man of the family." He was forever presenting plans for the future, knowing there would be no future for them together. "Look, Mom, I got an idea—" was his theme song.

looking ahead . . .

"Look, Mom, I got an idea. How's about a ranch where we could keep horses? You'll be riding in two or three months, what do you say? Maybe if we could get one near enough town, huh? Else it might be lonely—. Gee, Mom. I'd like a ranch, wouldn't you? With lots of room to spread out and the kids up for week-ends?" After which elaborate build-up, he'd be found in the hall, crying his heart out.

But there was no hysteria and very little breaking down. Each was strong for the other and each was sustained by deep religious faith. No matter how Mabel was feeling, she'd pretend to feel better when Jack barged in. And if, after the long months in bed, she would now and then grow despondent, it was Jack who soothed her with explanations, having cooked up some plausible story with the doctor beforehand.

Only once, and briefly, did he turn rebellious—after his mother had fought her first battle with pain. "She never hurt anyone," he sobbed. "She was always good. All the tough times we had together—how hard she worked—and now when I can buy her stuff, all I can buy her is stuff to be sick in—"

He wasn't cooped up with her. For one thing, Mabel wouldn't have it. For another, its psychological effect on her would have been damaging. Often, when he was in no mood for going out, he'd go anyway, heeding the doctor's orders: "So far as you can, live your life as you've always lived it." But his life *was* governed during the last six months, by the fact that she was endlessly cooped up.

the Cooper courage . . .

He abandoned the jam sessions which had been his delight. He gave up his fishing trips. He refused business engagements which would keep him away overnight. He wouldn't ride because the trails took him too far from telephones. When he was out, either at the studio or elsewhere, he'd phone every couple of hours. When he came in, he'd head for her room before hanging his hat up, and paid his first morning visit in pajamas and tousled hair. They had a standing date, which even she couldn't talk him out of, on maid's night out. Every Thursday, he had dinner with her and the nurse on a card table in her room.

She liked to be carried from bed to the couch at the window and, when Jack was there, no matter how many willing pairs of arms offered, it was to him she turned. For months he slept with an ear open, so that if she were restless, he'd be there to move her. Once she said drowsily: "Funny. You're carrying me just the way I carried you when you were a baby. Such a big thing," she jibed, "to've grown from something so little."

People unaware of his mother's illness wanted to know what was the matter with Jack. He'd always been so reliable, now he broke dates. He'd always been so cooperative, now he refused to appear at benefits. He didn't tell them it was because his mother had had a bad night, or because he wouldn't go where he couldn't be reached by phone. He shrank from mentioning his trouble to comparative strangers. Anyway, the more people who knew it, the more likely it was to leak out and somehow reach her. So he kept his mouth shut and let criticism fall where it would.

He got his grit from her. Until two days before the end, she fought a valiant, if losing battle. Her son found solace in the certainty that, through his efforts and those of the others who loved her, she didn't know she was losing it. Never by word or sign did she admit any outcome but recovery to her illness, and her rare moments of depression came only because recovery took so long.

When she said at last, "I can't stand the pain any longer," the doctor knew that the end was in sight. It came one Thursday morning, just after midnight. She seemed tired, but no worse than usual, so the doctor advised the family to leave. Jack stayed with the nurse. His mother dozed for a while, then woke and called his name. "Talk to me," she whispered, as he sat down beside her and took her hand. So, as he'd been doing for months, he dug up material for her diversion. And since she was

most readily diverted by his own doings, he told her about a sketch he thought of writing, talked steadily but watched for the first signs of fatigue which he'd grown expert in recognizing.

She kept her eyes fixed on his. "Zoot?" the nurse heard him say and detected in his voice an undercurrent of anxiety. She went over to the bed. "Cute," Mabel was saying to Jack. "Cute," she repeated, smiling. Reassured, Jack grinned back. But the nurse went to the phone outside and softly summoned doctor and family.

Half an hour later, his mother died in Jack's arms. Someone moved toward him with words of comfort. "I'm all right," he said quietly. "Thank God, her pain's over."

A simple requiem mass was held at the Church of the Good Shepherd. Buddy and Junior, the friends who'd stood shoulder to shoulder with him through his ordeal, were among the pallbearers. Bun walked down the aisle with him, but he walked back alone. His head was up, yet he looked as if he were straining against a weight.

A few days later the three boys packed their camping equipment and went off to the woods. Jack said: "I'll be back in time to keep my date to ride down Santa Claus Lane." His trouper's creed —that professional obligations were made to be kept—had been suspended only to meet a closer obligation.

He's given up the big house where he lived with his mother and taken small bachelor quarters where he'll live alone. He goes about his business, doesn't flaunt his heart on his sleeve. For Jack, Mabel isn't gone. So long as he lives, she'll live beside him. In the heritage of character and integrity she gave him. In her love and pride and trust.

It's a heritage Skippy will always keep faith with all of his life. That's solid.

FASHION MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGE 64

WHAT TYPE ARE YOU? PAGE 64

Grey and red turban. $2.95. Lord & Taylor, New York.

Striped jersey stocking cap. $2.50. Marshall Field, Chicago.

"Robin Hood" brimmed sport hat. Lord & Taylor, New York.

White felt Dutch cap. $1.95. Lindner Co., Cleveland.

Little boy cap of gabardine. $1.95. James McCreery, New York.

All hats from Madcaps, Inc.

HOORAY FOR GABARDINE PAGE 65

Pink or blue gabardine suit with pleated skirt, under $10 in Marshall Field basement store, Chicago.

BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS. PAGE 66

All boots and rainwear from U. S. Rubber Co. Don't be too disappointed if you don't see these exact styles at your local store, for rubber is on the priority list and the favorites will be quickly sold. Boots range from $3 to $5.

"Your Man, too, loves Soft Hands," says RITA HAYWORTH*
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WELL, YOU CAN HAVE LOVELY SOFT HANDS, LINDA, BY USING JERGENS LOTION. JERGENS FURNISHES SOFTENING MOISTURE OUR HAND SKIN NEEDS.
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* Rita Hayworth and Charles Boyer, starring in 20th Century-Fox' "Tales of Manhattan". It's easy to have alluring hands—with Jergens Lotion!

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BOTH FEET IN HEAVEN

(*Continued from page 61*)

Having kept away from rehearsals like a wise mother, Mrs. Grable didn't know just what went on, but past performances gave her a fair idea. "Does Buddy De Sylva know you can dance?"

"Yes—I guess so."

"Did you ever tell him?"

"He never asked."

"Why don't you talk to him, Betty?"

"I can't."

Knowing that was that, Mrs. Grable betook herself to the theatre, with no campaign planned beyond the idea that something ought to be done. Louis Shurr, the agent, happened to sit down beside her. "What's wrong with Betty? Seems kind of listless."

"She thinks she's not doing enough."

"What does she want to do?"

"More dancing."

Shurr spoke to De Sylva, De Sylva spoke to Bob Alton, the dancing director. They tried Betty out on a couple of more elaborate routines, with electrifying results. Her part was extended, new scenes worked out, new costumes ordered, new dances arranged. They got Chuck Walters, who'd danced with Zorina, as her partner. They rehearsed while they road-showed, and lazy Betty worked herself into such a dazed bundle of aches and sore spots and nerves that she didn't even hear the applause on opening night as she whirled in hoopskirts over chairs and brought the house down.

shop talk . . .

That was the big moment of her dancing career. Paradoxically, it was also the moment that gave birth to her doubts. As a dancer in the line she'd always been sure of herself—so sure that she once walked out on Buzz Berkeley when he snapped at her for some minor breach of discipline. Now if somebody says boo, Betty says, yes sir. It's easier, she explains, to be sure of yourself in the line than in the limelight.

Her most embarrassing moment came at a vaudeville audition when her halter strap broke. She didn't miss a step—just grabbed, held and went on kicking—but a look of hurt astonishment crossed her face, as if the mouth she'd fed had bitten her. Of all the tributes paid her professional skill, she got the biggest lift from Fred Astaire's. Hermes Pan told her that Fred would like to do a film with her.

For the screen she enjoys doing dances new to her, like the hula in "Song of the Islands," which she'd never tried before. She doesn't like to tap dance, thinks all the tap dancing in the world should be left to wonder-workers like Astaire, Eleanor Powell and Ann Miller whom she could watch forever. For the dance floor, her preferences are the rumba, the tango and any American ballroom dance, and she thinks the rumba's prettier danced close together, American style, than when partners stand apart and wriggle. Jitterbugging's okay by her, but except professionally, she hates the conga, considers it too exhibitionistic for the ballroom. For the stage, she says, you don't mind dancing it up, but in a café, it would make her feel foolish.

When she and George, two-stepping smootheroos, began going out together, people were inclined to stop their own dancing and watch. Which made them uncomfortable, since they're both self-conscious and wince at any suggestion of showing off. Now they won't get up unless the floor is well-filled. Mrs. Grable, looking forward to seeing them dance together, was a disappointed woman the first time they took her to a night club. The crowd was so small that they stuck in their chairs all evening.

For smooth perfection, give Betty Artie Shaw, Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey to dance to, Davy Rose and Kostelanetz with their sweet violins to listen to. And in a class by himself for the rumba, Xavier Cugat. She gets all the popular records, and her favorite is "Clair de Lune." Since they discovered each other, she's danced with no one but George.

A foursome of experts on the feminine figure—Paul Hesse, photographer; Dr. Mary Halton, gynecologist; Billy Rose, producer; and Irene, fashion designer—picked Betty's as the most beautiful figure in Hollywood. Measurements: height, 5′ 4″; weight, 112; bust, 34½; waist, 24; hips, 36; thighs, 20; ankle 7½; head, 22½; neck, 13½; wrist, 6; glove, 6; shoe, 4C. Compare them with your own, girls.

confidentially speaking . . .

She's heard it rumored that dancing overdevelops the leg muscles, but since hers didn't overdevelop, she never bothered her head about how to prevent it. She recalls hearing one of her teachers say that the only sure preventive was proper teaching. Anyway, she thinks all this talk about her legs is pretty silly, and he who avoids the subject is her friend. What she likes best about them herself is that they look stockinged even when they're not. She hates to wear stockings. She hates to wear hats. And she'd had gloves on just twice in her life.

She keeps her figure by eating what she pleases and takes care of her skin mostly with soap and water, scrubbing it morning and evening and using cream to remove studio make-up. Her street and evening make-up are identical—powder, light lipstick and, because her brows and lashes are fair, mascara and eyebrow pencil. The only variation is a slightly deeper shade of lipstick at night, if her dress is vivid—which it rarely is.

For formals she sticks mostly to black or white—for daytime wear, tailored suits in gray and beige. Beige is her favorite color for suits, yellow for summer dresses. She loathes green and loves red, but not to wear. Her bedroom is red and white, and she writes with red ink. All her clothes are built for simplicity of line, and she'll run a mile from ruffles. By the same token, she was crazy about her uniform in "A Yank in the RAF."

At the beauty parlor she's practically her own hairdresser, feeling she can control the natural wave in her hair better than strangers who overwave it and give it kinks. She does the whole front herself, pulling it back tight and sticking it down, and never goes near the drier but takes her wet head home and combs it out herself later. She hates trick hair-do's, and the studio has never yet forced one on her. Off the screen she wears it in a low pompadour, parted in the center, sides hanging loose. She'd go crazy, she says, if she couldn't run a comb through it every hour or so without having to stick a lot of pins back in.

Owning the real stuff, she doesn't go in for costume jewelry, nor does she care for shining like a Christmas tree. She likes rings and bracelets, prefers heavy gold to platinum, and her favorite ring is the star sapphire George gave her. She can't stand heavy stuff around her neck, uses only a small string of pearls or a tiny cross or heart on a thin gold chain. Her pet daytime ornament is a good-looking initialled clip, and she avoids lapel gadgets. "I like to see them on other people," she explains, "but I feel so busy when I wear them myself."

Her sales resistance is almost 100 per cent, and she's irked by salesgirls who swoon with ecstasy. She knows exactly what she wants, can't be talked into something just as good, and when she spots what she wants, buys it without shilly-shallying. Once, having set her heart on a blond cocker spaniel, she drove up and down Ventura Boulevard for three days till she found one, steeling herself against the charms of blacks and browns—and it wasn't easy—because she knew she'd still be hankering after a blond and she couldn't have two. When, once in a blue moon, she buys against her better judgment, she wears the thing once and discards it.

Without dramatic training, her screen work thus far has presented no problems. For these reasons, she thinks she's been directed by men who were kind and patient. She pays little attention to reviews, good, bad or indifferent. She tries to be natural. A quick learner, she doesn't memorize her lines till the day of shooting. That way she keeps them from going stale on her, and the girl in the picture sounds like herself.

On working days the alarm is set for 5:15. Mrs. Grable gets up at the same time to fix her tray. Betty protested at first, till her mother said: "Look at it my way, honey. I wouldn't feel right about staying in bed while you go to work. If you can get up that early, the least I can do is give you your breakfast and see you off." After which, Betty felt free to admit that she liked it, too. Herself, she's not the domestic type. She doesn't fuss around the house. Put to it, she might go so far as to brew herself a cup of coffee, though she'd be more likely to snatch it at the nearest drive-in.

fan fare . . .

She's not one for girlish intimacies, and her only close friend is Paula Stone. Most of her fan mail comes from boys in the army, navy and air corps. She's never received a romantic proposal from a romantic stranger. "That only happens in the movies," she comments dryly. "In real life, they never write: 'Fly with me.' They write: 'If you'll send me $5,000 I'll be glad to marry you.' "

Her most constant and sensible fan is Matt Heilrich, a young Philadelphia newspaper man. He's followed her career from the days when she danced in the line, studies her performances, tells her what he likes and doesn't about them, sees her when she goes East and approves of George. "A couple of times," says Betty, "he didn't approve of the men I went out with."

There haven't been many men in Betty's life. Dates were never all-important to her. "I'd rather not go out at all," she'd tell her mother, "than with just anybody." There was a drummer in Ted Fiorito's band when she was 16. She went with him till she met Jackie Coogan. After her divorce, there was a man in New York, but that was never serious. Then there was George. Period.

He took her to the six-day bike races when she was 15. Mrs. Grable gave her consent on condition that her sister Marjorie, seven years older, went along. That was fine with George. A friend of his made it a foursome. As per instruc-

tions, the adults got the child home by 12 before proceeding themselves to a night club. Betty was thrilled, not because she had anything like a crush on George, but he was a big star, and she was a kid. She was, in fact, thrilled speechless. She didn't know what to say or how to act and gratefully left the talking to her sister.

What Betty thinks of George is obvious. What Mrs. Grable thinks of George is that the world doesn't hold his equal for kindness. Hollywood hopes that circumstances will permit him and Betty to marry. Before meeting him, Betty'd always gone with kids. Through marriage and divorce, she didn't have too easy a time. His even disposition has a calming influence on her nerves. He's the kind of man on whose strength you can lean, knowing it won't fail you.

Their tastes are similar. They enjoy baseball, football, the fights, the races. They won't go to big parties. Neither drinks. When Betty sang with bands, she was sickened by seeing lovely young girls carried out tight. As occasion arose, she tried wine and beer, found their taste and after-effects unpleasant and called the whole thing off. George's strongest beverage is a chocolate ice cream soda. He's been known to send night club waiters out for one. They differ only on the entertainment value of movies. Betty likes them. George doesn't, but goes now and then to please her.

romantic Raft . . .

He calls her only to make dates, doesn't believe in wasting time and energy on aimless telephone talks. When she's working, he picks her up at the studio or meets her at the Brown Derby for dinner. He insists that her family—mother, sister, brother-in-law, nephew—dine with them on maid's night out. It used to embarrass Mrs. Grable, but George seemed so hurt by refusal that she agreed, in her own words, to make him happy by imposing on him. Last Thanksgiving he included Mr. Grable, knowing that Betty's parents, though divorced, were friends. "I don't like to see him left out on Thanksgiving when everyone else is having a good time."

Betty calls him a stick-in-the-mud, says he watches over her like an old hen. Bedtime is nine when she works, so he takes her home after dinner. If it's foggy, they stop to phone Mrs. Grable that they're all right and taking it easy. Their favorite shopping center is the drugstore at Hollywood and Vine, and they're likely to arrive laden with soap and bubble bath, fan mags, half a dozen shower caps and other foolishness. Then it's gin rummy till eight-thirty. For high stakes. Betty owes George $700 on paper. When she loses, she gets mad. "You held all the cards, jerk." When she wins, she gets mad. "You let me win on purpose, jerk."

His fabulous generosity has grown to be a Hollywood legend. Generosity's a lovable attribute, but it's not because he gives her things that Betty loves him. Most of what he gives her she could afford to buy for herself. It's the warmth of his giving, its undemanding quality that moves her, reflecting as it does a more important generosity of spirit. Take, and he's happy. Thank him, and he's miserable. "That's okay," he says. "How're you betting on the fights?"

If he squirms as a giver, he's impossible as a taker. Betty'd bring him something, and he'd be too embarrassed to unwrap it. Now she unwraps it herself. He finds it on the table. "What's that?"

"Oh, something you might like."

But he'd probably part from a finger sooner than the cat's-eye ring she stuck on it for his birthday. For Christmas she gave him cuff links to match.

Of his gifts to her, she loves Clinker best. He's a member of that most absurd and delectable tribe of dogs—the French poodle. Someone brought him to the studio—six weeks old, coal black, with the paws of a baby bear. Betty went mad about him. Someone told George. Next day, a Western Union messenger in tow, the pooch appeared on her doorstep, sporting a tag "Clinker Grable."

His most extravagant gift was a mink coat for her birthday. Ordinarily, wild horses couldn't drag from him, either in advance or retrospect, any reference to the trifles he bestows. But he asked Mrs. Grable's permission to present the coat. She was opposed at first. They weren't even engaged—through no fault of their own, to be sure—but this was too much. He pleaded his cause. He told her for once in words how he felt about Betty, he told her what it would mean to him to be allowed to give her this thing.

He wore Betty's mother down. "She's my girl," Mrs. Grable said at last, not knowing whether to laugh or cry, "and I think she's wonderful. But you treat her as if she were some kind of goddess."

"That's what she is to me," said George.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Theda Bara's first name was arrived at by juggling the letters of the word "death," the significance being that the voluptuous siren was a deadly threat to helpless wife and children once the man of the family fell beneath her enchantment?

Adds good taste to any scene
Lon Chaney, Jr., Evelyn Ankers and Brod Crawford between scenes of Universal's "North of the Klondike."
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DREAM CITY

(Continued from page 8)

tin-type, and it should have disappeared with "East Lynne."

Today, Hollywood stands as the cultural center of the entire civilized world.

Nowhere, on the face of the globe, certainly not in Paris or Moscow or London or Tokyo or even New York, are there so many good minds, so many beautiful faces, so many high-standard institutions of worship, learning, invention or entertainment as in California.

Understand this: Hollywood *has* to be terrific. In the first place, one-fifth of the population of the United States goes to the movies each day, and so, with such widespread influence, every phase of motion pictures must be handled by experts. In the second place, when all these experts, the best of every field of endeavor, gather in one small village, it seems logical that the standard of living should be intelligent rather than vapid.

forgetful fad . . .

But back to that first point. The influence of the cinema. Some years ago, when Gloria Swanson was a ranking star, the Norma Shearer of her heyday, she rushed into her studio one afternoon to pose for a series of important stills. In her hurry, she forgot one of her expensive earrings, and now, at the last minute, there wasn't time to send for it.

Gloria Swanson was worried. But her publicity boss wasn't. He said, "Forget the other earring, dear. Just wear the one you have. We'll announce that as the latest fashion trend!"

It was all a gag. Gloria Swanson posed with the one earring. And, believe it or not, one month later females throughout the United States, plus women in Greenland, Chile, Indo-China, were all sporting one lonesome earring!

I repeat, this anecdote is only to show you the widespread influence of an industry that now turns out 600 feature pictures a year, which is 75 per cent of the world's total production. The main point is that any site containing such power must have citizens with more on the ball than the talent to play practical jokes and the horses, wear ermines and Malibu sun-tans and indulge in gossip. Such a place must have culture—and genius. It must be, at its core, solid, serious, earnest and progressive.

Today, motion pictures, representing the fourth largest industry in America, are a bulwark in the international battle for freedom and democracy. Today, Hollywood has become aware of its two-fold duty—to entertain, to enlighten, Thus, within the walls of its studios, in its Beverly Hills homes, its San Fernando Valley ranches, its rolling estates on the Pacific Palisades, Hollywood has brought great men and women to amuse a saddened world and to remind Americans that there are still things to cherish like freedom of assembly, of religion, of speech and of press.

To prove to you that Hollywood has become the hub of world culture and talent—and not the lazy insanity fair publicists would have you believe—let's take a candid look at Hollywood's inhabitants and their activities.

Consider the important business of clothing the human being. Once, the world center in apparel was Paris. In Paris such giants as Schiaparelli, Molyneux, Chanel and Lucien Lelong supplied the world with new and original attire. When Sam Goldwyn, in Hollywood, wanted a first-rate designer, he sent to France for Chanel. And she, on her first day in Hollywood, complained of American pins, that they did not feel right in her hands. And Goldwyn, the obliging, sent all the way to Paris for French manufactured pins that would feel right!

Today, Hollywood need send for no one. Today, Hollywood dictates fashions. It possesses designers better than Europe has ever known, and glamour girls more gorgeous than any continental mannequins. Hollywood designers and their models have made femininity throughout America the best-dressed on earth. Remember, for example, that women everywhere once lacked comfortable sport clothes—until Hollywood invented slacks, and Dietrich made them smart!

But the designers—the most, the best, the genius of the crop! At Paramount, tiny, dark-haired Edith Head, ex-schoolmarm who came to the celluloid village in 1923. Edith's head is a smart one, full of learning from California University, Stanford and two art schools. She remembers that Madeleine Carroll's clothes must contain blue, Claudette Colbert's attire must be severely tailored, and Paulette Goddard's things must be youngish and boyish. At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Gilbert Adrian, Janet Gaynor's brilliant hubby. He was discovered for Broadway by Irving Berlin and brought to Hollywood by Mrs. Rudolph Valentino. He designed clothes for that celluloid fashion show, "The Women." And over at Warners, Milo Anderson, only 28 years old, with ten years of designing for the glamour girls behind him though he can't sew a stitch. It was Milo who introduced the wimple, that zany piece of headgear, in "Robin Hood," and who placed the first pair of short slacks or culottes on Bette Davis in "The Petrified Forest."

But fashion is only one of the hundred items in which Hollywood activity dominates the world scene. Certainly, the movie town has outstripped both New York and London in literature and the gathering of literary talent. Living in or near Hollywood today are Theodore Dreiser, great author and greater humanist, Upton Sinclair, the crusader, Aldous Huxley, myopic intellectual, Dorothy Parker, with her barbed-wire wit. And toiling in Hollywood, grinding out words for talkies to relax or stimulate human minds, such a galaxy as Donald Ogden Stewart, Dalton Trumbo, Jim Tully, Gene Fowler, Ben Hecht, J. P. McEvoy, Clifford Odets, Robert Sherwood, Vicki Baum, Anita Loos, Bella and Sam Spewack, Rachel Fields, Louis Bromfield, Eric Remarque and—but, do you want me to write an encyclopedia?

Naturally, a town with such mentalities, such idea-machines, such wits must be the most stimulating and exciting community in existence.

And the artists! the painters! the cartoonists! John Dekker, in his red robe, touching up a canvas while his best friends, John Barrymore and Roland Young, relax on the sofa behind him and bright-crack. John Dekker, with his oil paintings of Charlie McCarthy as "The Laughing Cavalier" and W. C. Fields as "Queen Victoria"!

And the other great brush-wielders in Hollywood—Henry Clive, the former magician who now does famous magazine covers, Hilair Hiler, who did the murals on the San Francisco library walls, George Biddle, Henry McFee and even Man Ray, who toiled with the legendary Picasso in what was once gay Paree.

The influence of these artists even infected the movie colony. Intelligent stars invested in works of art. Thomas Mitchell bought a Rembrandt. Edward G. Robinson a Gauguin and a Van Gogh. And so on. Other stars took to oil painting and sketching as hobbies. At one exhibit, Reggie Gardiner displayed his oil of Hedy Lamarr, and Ginger Rogers submitted a sketch of Madame Ouspenskaya, and Lionel Barrymore was represented with a beautiful landscape.

But Hollywood artistry runs the gamut—from George MacManus, who whips out Jiggs and Maggie for the Sunday comics, to John Hix, whose "Strange As It Seems" spins such pictorial oddities as the fact that Hollywood still possesses a blue law forbidding the pitching of a tent in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard!

Then there's music. The masterpiece, "Fantasia," was but the first product of Hollywood's unpublicized culture. Just ten minutes, by streetcar, from the center of Hollywood is that theatrical colossus of the world—Hollywood Bowl, a natural amphitheater sponsored some two decades ago by a group of music-minded Californians whose number included Charles Chaplin and Edna May Oliver.

Lily Pons, singing on a "Symphonies Under The Stars" program before 32,000 Hollywoodites, may project her voice 600 feet from the stage she is standing on to the farthest seat in the Bowl; may, in fact, be heard clearly throughout its 66 acres without the aid of a microphone!

Just as great singers like Galli-Curci, Maria Jeritza, Geraldine Farrar, Paul Robeson have come to dwell in Hollywood, and great composers like Jerome Kern, Ira Gershwin, Sidney Romberg, Irving Berlin and Carrie Jacobs Bond, have come to create in Hollywood—so, too, the world's leading conductors, a Stokowski, a Kostelanetz, have led orchestras from the shell of Hollywood Bowl and voices belonging to Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett and Gladys Swarthout have wafted from its stage.

generous stars . . .

The movie colony itself—those personalities you never realized could be interested in anything cultural—have supplied generous support. Jeanette MacDonald has contributed to the upkeep of the Bowl. Basil Rathbone and Brian Aherne have headed committees to entertain visiting artists. Melvyn Douglas and Edward Arnold have joined the Board of Trustees.

Thus, the million and a half dollar Bowl has become the magnet to attract the living musical greats to Hollywood—furnishing, also, to the general population, in a democratic way, entertainment for as low as 55c that the Metropolitan Opera of New York could never dream of supplying.

But now it would take a volume to continue displaying the unpublicized items that make Hollywood a paradise.

There are other things, too, that haven't been ballyhooed, that prove the village is different from what columnists and candid cameramen would have you believe. There are the schools. Now every American city has schools, but somehow, there are those who actually think Hollywood is empty of educational halls and that young actors and actresses grow up to be brattish morons. Yet, within its 24 square miles, Hollywood has 18 grade schools, three junior high schools and three senior high schools holding some 21,000 students. Also, for those working daytime, there's an evening high catering to 3,400 students.

That, however, is only the beginning. Los Angeles City College, a short drive from Paramount Studios, free of charge to residents, has 6,200 students on its gorgeous green campus, where many collegiate movies are shot. Across the street is Chapman College, under the auspices of the Christian Church. Toward downtown Los Angeles is the University of Southern California—and toward the Pacific Ocean, set up on a hill, the tuition-free University of California at Los Angeles, which harbored Brenda Marshall, Vaughn Paul and others.

And, too, there's another phase of Hollywood, scattered over its 130 miles of paved streets, that's never been much talked about. I refer to the 69 churches, of all imaginable denominations, and some of these churches with memberships running into the thousands. Any Sunday morning, at the Church of the Good Shepherd, you can see Spencer Tracy entering quietly and sitting down in the last row, because he doesn't want to draw attention to himself. You can see movie celebrities serving as ushers.

Hollywood has a heart, too. Not the kind that blaringly helps others for the publicity payoffs involved. But the 17 service clubs you rarely hear about, investing time, money, energy to aid others. And the Motion Picture Relief Fund, putting on its series of radio programs with all the biggest like Jim Cagney, Orson Welles, Robert Taylor—actors working during playtime to raise money for a home to be built in the Valley, a huge comfortable home for the aged and needy of their profession, a refuge to give them shelter, food, sports, hobbies.

Maybe you hear only of the Hollywood that spends $15,000 on a single evening's premiere or gambles at Del Mar or lives amid servants in mausoleum-styled residences—but hear, also, of the Women's Club of Hollywood, whose nine hundred members sponsor debates and lectures by the best minds so that the city of influence and affluence may think straight; hear of the Hollywood Athletic Club and its two thousand members, where stars like Jeffrey Lynn keep in physical condition, and where groups like the Author's League listen to Irvin Cobb.

And, if you still want to know more about "wild" Hollywood, take yourself down to Dave Chasen's place on Beverly Boulevard one night. Four years ago Dave Chasen, who used to be a stooge for comedian Joe Cook, opened his restaurant, which featured chili and barbecued ribs at 65 cents and delicious steaks at $3.00. The other night I visited Chasen's. The place was jammed—Dolores Del Rio, Oscar Levant, Alfred Vanderbilt, Jack Holt, everyone. What did I find? A steamroom off the restaurant, where Errol Flynn and others enter for a rubdown before eating. An open icebox where stars may select their own choice meats.

Yet, you persist and persist, Hollywood, with all its beautiful women, handsome men, varieties of genius, must be erratic and shady and topsy-turvy—and, well, er, scandalous. Sister, you ain't been brought up right! The facts are plain. Hollywood is a nine o'clock town, too busy, then too tired to indulge in any gossip fodder half as bad as that which goes on in the average American city.

Strip Hollywood of its blarney, unveil its trumped-up naughtiness—and you find a community that must be up and out of bed, pretty of face and alert of mind, by seven-thirty in the morning! In fact, when Orson Welles was slaving on "Citizen Kane," he had to be up at four-thirty in the morning to get on his make-up! And, after work, after late dinner, there's time maybe for a dance, a conversation gathering, a legit play, a lecture, a concert—and straight home to sleep!

There's so much to do every morning. Bette Davis must rehearse herself and then smear herself with make-up for her newest picture. F. Thomas Thompson, of the RKO miniature department, must build a Taj Mahal five feet square in size. Ray Moore, of Twentieth Century-Fox, must find scenery resembling China or Coney Island in California. Natalie Bucknall, of M-G-M's research department, must learn the amount of silver in a Roman coin and what kind of breeches George Washington wore.

Hollywood at work!

And, at night, no time for scandal, for orgies, for fictitious daffiness. A lecture by Thomas Mann at the Philharmonic. A reception for Eleanor Roosevelt. A benefit at Ciro's by the English actors for battling England. A concert by Fritz Kreisler.

Hollywood at play!

But, though this Shangri-La on the Pacific is packed with common sense, sanity, intelligence, its inhabitants still speak a familiar language. Colossal! Gigantic! Stupendous! Tremendous! That will never change. It's this spirit, this buoyancy, this super-super that infects everyone from the highest to the lowest.

Yesterday, I went out to the corner to buy some groceries.

"How's business?" I asked the shopkeeper.

"Terrific! Magnificent!" he exclaimed. "But," he concluded with a sigh, "I'm pretty sure it'll get better."

When people talk like that—why, Mr. Hilton's absolutely right—it must be Shangri-La!

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THE WOMEN BOB HAS LOVED

(*Continued from page 43*)

Did anybody ask Max Schmeling to give him a technical description of Joe Louis' sock on the beard?"

Let's get one thing settled right now. There was nothing of the wisecracker in Taylor's attitude. The man is a surprise package, make no mistake about it. You won't find a more natural personality anywhere in any business. If it is possible for a male endowed with his physical charm to be utterly unaware of it, Bob Taylor is.

This may be old hat in movie magazine copy, but it's amazingly true. You will hunt up and down this spinning planet until you can lace your shoes with your whiskers and never find an individual who has so completely lived down the obvious handicap of good looks as he has.

So it was that he spoke, not superciliously, but with an earnestness that somewhat baffled the interviewer, of the women in his screen life. Had an awarding committee asked him to help select the most cooperative female star in movies, said committee would have been in a fine dither. To Taylor, they're all cooperative, which probably is true, too. It would be hard for a woman not to cooperate with him. It's difficult for sneering and suspicious males not to.

A man who has made love, professionally or otherwise, to Hedy Lamarr, Greta Garbo, etc., not to mention his choice as the tops of them all as an actress and siren, Mrs. Robert Taylor, nee Barbara Stanwyck, must, by the very plethora of delight, have trouble deciding which was the most enchanting, the most cooperative, the most inspiring. He did.

"Let's talk about Barbara first," he suggested. "That ought to take care of a lot of things. I'd been going with Barbara for six months when I made my first picture with her. It was called 'His Brother's Wife,' and was I scared? Why? Well, suppose I acted natural in the love scene? She might say to herself, 'So he's been acting all the time, has he? Fine thing!'

"And if I overdid it a bit, she might say 'Oh, ho, so he's got a change of pace? He's been underplaying his romantic scenes. And he wants me to think he's in love with me? I wonder if that Georgian prince still wants to take me to the Troc tonight?' You get an idea of what I thought I was up against. You see, I didn't know Barbara then as I know her now or I wouldn't have been so worried."

Viennese Venus . . .

About Hedy Lamarr? It would be difficult to imagine a romantic world of males or females indifferent to anyone's reactions to the Viennese Venus. He filled his lungs like a water polo player who's in arrears on his insurance premiums. Then he exploded in a guffaw.

"You don't ask any easy ones, do you?" He went for another cigarette. "I wouldn't know whether that girl is naturally smart or naturally natural. I played with her in 'Lady Of The Tropics,' when she was absolutely new to pictures. I spent most of my time trying to keep from laughing at her infectious laugh. She spent all her leisure minutes talking to people who amused her and when she laughs, everyone has to laugh.

"Many women spend a lot of time combing their hair . . . but not Hedy. She likes to toss her head and shake her loose raven locks about her face. There's something elemental about her beauty that comes out . . . and does it come out . . . when her hair is unkempt and she has kicked off her shoes and is sitting on a prop trunk wiggling her toes. She seems to know that she has an elemental force, but maybe she doesn't."

In the midst of this Taylor remembered a coincidence. He thought it worth repeating.

"In the picture 'Lady Of The Tropics' I married Hedy," he said. "She was all dressed up in a white costume. I'm not stealing anybody's line when I say she was breathlessly beautiful. Some bride. As I said, I married her, and then I took her in my arms.

"Well, the very next day after that marriage to a woman in the most elegant, virgin white costume you ever laid an eye on, what happens? I eloped with Barbara, was married in a little, out-of-the-way spot, and Barbara wore a very severe suit and practically no artificial glamour at all. And in the picture wedding, I was nervous as a cat in a dog pound, but when I really got married, I was calm as an oyster. You figure that one out."

Nobody wanted to figure that one out. It looked too tough. There was the personality of Myrna Loy to get on with. Myrna had been one of his first leading women, one of the first to whom he poured out his Thespian soul. How about Myrna, the perfect movie wife?

"Well, for one thing, I always knew what time it was when Myrna arrived on the set," he said. "It was ten minutes after nine. She never got there any earlier, and she never got there any later. You sort of want to depend on Myrna. She gives you that feeling. For all her upturned nose and freckles, she has a stability about her that registers with her fellow players as well as the public. You feel that if you fluff anything with Myrna, she'll take care of it somehow or other." He was reminded that this wasn't necessarily glamour, this technical business of ad libbing through fluffs.

dog days . . .

"You get an idea of the sort of gal she is by this," he said. "When we made 'Lucky Night' together, she brought a miniature dog house onto the set. A little thing, about two inches square, with a long, looped chain on it. Whenever anybody went up in his lines or spilled a scene, she promptly looped it around his or her neck, and it stayed there until someone else blew up. It was Norman Taurog's idea for her to bring it on, but when Taurog pied up the script on a scene, he got it around his neck, too. As a matter of fact, he wore it more than anyone on the show."

He spoke of Vivien Leigh. Bob was the first American player to make a picture with the ball of fire who became Scarlett O'Hara. She had the secondary feminine lead in his "Yank at Oxford," which he made in England. Did he see stardom for her when they made that picture together?

"You don't have to be a talent scout to pick 'em like Vivien Leigh," he said. "It would have taken a blind man with two busted ear drums and a pair of adult cataracts to miss her. Even then, he could have done all right in Braille. I won't try to describe my reaction to her. I'm not that well equipped with the mother tongue. She's electric. When

you say that, you've said everything.

"When I played with her, she was in love with Laurence Olivier, but desperately. He was in the studio with her and every minute away from work, they were together. Either she went to his set or he came to ours. Yet she played her love scenes with an amazing conviction."

"What about your social relations with Vivien on that trip to England?" the reporter interrupted. "What's she like personally?"

"Just what you'd expect of a woman with her fire and vitality," he said. "She was wonderful to me and so was Olivier. I was at his country place one night, and a bit of a rain came up. He invited me to stay over, but I didn't."

It will be recalled that he played with Garbo in "Camille," one of the finest pictures she ever made and one that stamped him an actor of merit. You asked him what it was like to make the sort of love Armand makes to the Lady of the Camillias.

"Whew!" He mopped his brow lugubriously. "This doesn't get any easier as it goes along, does it?"

"Garbo is probably one of the most misunderstood women anywhere. I met her for the first time when I walked on to the set to make 'Camille.' She said 'How-do-you-do?' Then she went to work. She wasn't rude or condescending or even upstage. She's naturally shy, and I'll battle anyone . . . if he isn't TOO big . . . who says anything else.

"As a matter of fact, Garbo loves a laugh as much as anyone I ever knew. She has a funny laugh. Just explodes all of a sudden, and then, before anyone else can readjust his features, she's all business again. Five minutes later she may have snooped around and found another laugh, exploded with it and

Bob's an ardent fisherman.

clammed up again. She actually goes around looking for laughs, gets them out of her system and then goes back to her business routine, in a split second.

"There's something about Garbo's silence and her concentration that gets you, way down inside. The woman is one of the most powerful personalities in the world. She wears a sort of flat, colorless make-up that gives her a suggestion of something out of this world, and that's just what she is. There's a radiation from her when you're playing an intense scene that makes you play up to it, whether you have the stuff in you or not. She simply makes you find it and give."

He was asked if the taciturn Swede mixed with the other players on the set.

"No, she doesn't," he said, readily, "unless she sees a laugh coming. She'll always wait around for that. But usually she goes to her dressing room as soon as a take is completed and stays there until time for her next scene. But that isn't to say she upstages her fellow players. She asks for no favors. Why, on location she eats box lunches along with everyone else."

Taylor had just finished "Johnny Eager" with Lana Turner, and his experiences with her were fresh in his mind.

"The first thing, and the last, I can say about her is that she's one sweet kid," he said. "That isn't all I can say. She's much more intelligent than the world seems to suspect. I'm talking about her playing now. She's learning, and she knows it, and she makes a job of her acting. I don't believe the kid has ever yet been satisfied with a line she spoke or a scene she made. She'll make retakes all night long if need be, and she'll go at the 15th one just as eagerly as the first.

"There's one thing that surprised me, and that is that she always knew her lines. She studies them harder than any player I know. She doesn't come on the set to learn them. She knows them when she shows up. In addition, she has a naturally exciting way of talking that gets you. You see, she's a lot softer and more tender than she looks on the screen."

He had to have another cigarette. He

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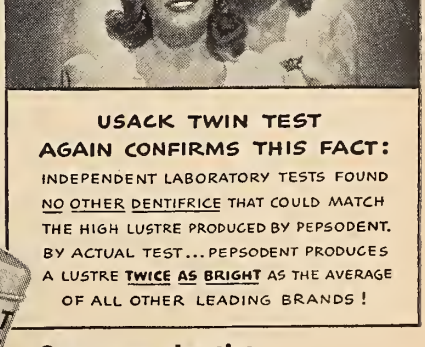

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took out his wallet, opened it and peered rapturously at a photograph therein, then returned, confidently, to the business at hand. It was a photograph of a prominent young actress named Stanwyck.

"I've heard a lot of people say Lana's another Jean Harlow," he went on, "but I wouldn't say that. Lana is a distinct personality. There was only one Harlow. Whenever she made a scene or read a line, Jean gave it everything. She fairly crackled. She was dynamite in every sense of the word. You get the idea that if Lana fluffs a line, she is liable to cry, whereas Jean was more likely to punch herself on the jaw and turn right back into the thing, harder than ever."

He looked at his watch. "If we don't hurry," he said, "we won't have time to talk about Barbara Stanwyck any more."

"Let's hear about Lana on the set," the reporter coaxed. "What's she like between scenes?"

"She's like a kid with a new doll," he said. "She got her first star dressing room for 'Johnny Eager.' You'd have thought it was something out of 'Citizen Kane.' She filled it with warm cushions and flowers . . . and plenty of chocolate candy."

He thought that one over a moment, then amended it.

"There is nothing Lana likes better than an honest tip on playing a scene," he said. "She listens to everything that's told her, she has a darned orderly mind. I mean that she's selective. She can sift the wheat from the chaff as well as anyone in the business. That's a natural asset you're either born with or get through years of experience. She was born with it, and it is making her a great star."

Someone wanted to know if the sweater ban would affect the curvaceous Miss Turner adversely.

"Affect her? Listen, that kid could play a love scene in a pair of overalls!"

He ought to know!

HEAVEN, NEVADA

(*Continued from page 62*)

serious business of converting two highly nervous romantics into husband and wife.

Judge Marshall didn't pull any punches.

"I have never married off a drunken movie star," he began. "And only because no movie actor or actress has ever come to me in a drunken state. Movie stars, coming here for a wedding, are sober, sensible and the finest people you've ever seen."

Judge Marshall's memory was vivid when it came to exciting moments.

"I'll never forget," he said, "four o'clock one morning, when I was sound asleep after a hard day, the phone rang. 'Get dressed and marry Lana Turner and Artie Shaw.' I practically sleepwalked to the city hall. There they were. You'd know that Lana Turner was a movie actress—so attractive! Calm, too. Maybe because she'd been up here a short time before. Sure, she came up with that Bautzer fellow, to act as bridesmaid at the wedding of Billy Wilkerson, the fellow who discovered her. Lana was calm through the ceremony, but not Shaw. Especially afterward, he wasn't. The two had eloped in such a rush he was almost dead broke."

memories . . .

Judge Marshall recalled with a grin the day he married Mary Martin to Richard Halliday. He didn't know who Mary Martin was because he rarely went to movies. Fifteen minutes after he pronounced Mary Martin Mrs. Halliday, a reporter called from New York.

"Marshall!" screamed the reporter. "Did you just wed Mary Martin?"

"I don't know," drawled the Judge. "Who is she?"

There was no answer from the other end. Marshall repeated his words. Still no answer. The reporter had fainted.

The Judge remembered marrying Richard Carlson. And Maxie Rosenbloom to "an awfully nice girl." Maxie came in with his hat on, never took it off and ate all the ba[illegible] in the fruit bowl.

"Then," said Judge Marshall, "there was Martha Raye, when she came up recently to wed Neal Lang. Martha brought Ann Sheridan for her best lady. Martha also brought her mother. Oh, a marvelous mother—talented, a mimic, the entire show. As for Martha herself, she was very sincere, wanted no hullabaloo, dressed plain. Also, when liquor was offered her, she refused. She didn't want to drink before the ceremony."

Judge Marshall mentioned marrying Carole Landis, before she was a big star, to Willis Hunt.

"Carole Landis was really attractive," admitted the Judge, "but plainly dressed in a wrinkled print dress. She was quiet and well-mannered, and I really liked her. I felt very sad when I heard she was being divorced."

Judge Marshall insisted that gamblers, bartenders and salesmen were all more liberal with money than Hollywood stars. The biggest sum he ever got for a ceremony was from Gregory LaCava, the producer-director, who wanted his marriage kept a secret and paid Judge Marshall $50, of which, after fees were deducted, the Judge netted $32.

"There's your fabulous sums for you," drawled the Judge. "Why, once when I was out of town, my substitute was called to visit a ranch and wed Diana Lewis and Bill Powell. It took two hours of his time and Powell gave him $20. Meantime, he missed five marriages in town that would have netted him at least $25. So, he actually lost money knotting Bill Powell."

Leaving Judge Marshall, I went to the city hall itself to find the man who succeeded him. I found young, handsome, blunt-featured Judge B. Mahlon Brown in his cool basement room of the city hall. He had been on the job only eight months, and from rumors I'd picked up I heard he was set to make $20,000 for 1941 just marrying out-of-towners.

I asked Judge Brown about his most exciting marriage.

"I received a phone call at 1:15 in the morning," explained Judge Brown. "I was told that a couple from Hollywood—David D. Rose, 31, and Frances Garland, 19, were being issued a license and would I rush down and marry them. What impressed me most was their sincerity and their obvious devotion. I could see it was a solid match. Judy was extremely nervous. And she was upset because she had no corsage. I pointed to the flowers in my office vase, and Judy made herself a hasty amateur corsage. The ceremony took 4½ minutes."

"After the ceremony I turned to her and said from the bottom of my heart:

" 'May I congratulate you, Mrs. Rose.'
"And she shrieked, 'Mrs. Rose? Why—that's right!' "

Cassini-Tierney nuptials . . .

"Then there was the time Count Cassini and Gene Tierney flew in alone," said Judge Brown. "My wife acted as one witness. And Bob Woodruff, who brought them from the plane, acted as the other. Gene acted cultured so that you knew she came from a good family. Count Cassini was more than ordinarily uncommunicative.

"You probably didn't know that Gene's father wrote a steaming letter to me, asking if there was any possible way the marriage could be annulled."

The young Judge recalled other high-ups he'd cemented. There was Greta Nissen. She rushed in at night with Stuart D. Eckert and begged to be married before the clock struck midnight, because she wanted to be a wife on this particular day and not the next. And Will Rogers, Jr., who came to marry and was so excited he forgot to pay Judge Brown and later remembered and mailed the fee from a hotel. And the famous Grace Hayes, of the Grace Hayes Lodge, who chartered two planes, brought 12 relatives and friends for a hurried ceremony.

Brown still chuckles about one actress who objected to repeating the line "until death do us part" in the ceremony, and when Judge Brown read the line, well, instead of repeating it, she changed it to, "as long as our love shall last!"

Leaving Judge Brown, I drove across Highway 91 until I reached a pleasant looking corner bungalow of the Reverend Albert C. Melton who handles by far the greatest share of film personality marriages.

I inquired of Reverend Melton about one of his more exciting front-page ceremonies, the Grayson-Shelton elopement last year.

"It was at night," revealed the clergyman. "Earlier a couple came down from Los Angeles. They were both very drunk. They wanted to be married, and I turned them down. Then another couple appeared. They wanted me to wed them in a near-by bar of a saloon, and I refused. Finally, Miss Grayson, a good-looking young lady, and Mr. Shelton, a very handsome young man, came in. Such a pleasant contrast, the two of them, to the couples that had appeared earlier. The ceremony took less than five minutes."

Reverend Melton thought the most enjoyable ceremony he ever performed was the one, four years ago Decoration Day, that united Bob Burns with his attractive wife.

According to the Reverend, Bob wanted an unpublicized ceremony. But a Hollywood reporter tipped off the Las Vegas AP man, and when Burns got off the plane, the press was waiting with pencils ready.

forgot the ring . . .

"I'll never forget the event," admitted Reverend Melton. "When we got to the part where Bob Burns was to put the ring on his bride's finger, he dug into all his pockets, looked red and frantic, then gulped, 'Dawgone, I forgot the ring!' And he *had* forgotten it. As soon as I pronounced the pair man and wife, Burns kissed her and exclaimed: 'Now, honey, you won't have to laugh at my jokes!' "

Reverend Melton said that most marriages he performed were informal. The one line that flustered most Thespians

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was, "With this ring I thee wed." In fact, Reverend Melton told of one actress who, in repeating it, said, "With this wing I thee fled!"

The good Reverend required no set fee. If the couple could pay $5.00, then fine and dandy. Most stars paid a good bit more.

After bidding Reverend Melton adieu, I decided to visit one of the typical wedding chapels wherein runaway couples were often wed. I went into The Hitching Post and chatted with the proprietor, Halley Stewart, an energetic and enterprising young gentleman.

He explained his fee, $12. This entitled the couple to a license, a minister, a comfortable living room setting. For just $1.50 more, Mr. Stewart would have the ceremony recorded for history on a special machine. Outdoors was a Wishing Well. After the ceremony most couples deposited sums ranging from a dime to a half dollar and made their optimistic and heartfelt wishes.

wishing well fund . . .

"This Well collects from three to five dollars a week," admitted Stewart. "We save the money, and when poor kids show up from California, and they haven't too much, we help them out of our Wishing Well fund.

"One day the doorbell rang," said Stewart, "and when I opened it there was Robert Preston stealing a kiss from Catherine Craig. Robert Preston was nervous as hell. Jumpy. My wife and I put him at his ease. He turned out to be one swell person, sweet and sincere. The wedding ring used in the ceremony was 80 years old and had been handed down to Catherine Craig. Since that ceremony I heard from them once. Preston wrote me a note on his 'first anniversary'—that is, the end of their first week married!"

I learned the inside story of how Stan Laurel decided to remarry his ex-wife, Virginia Ruth. One night in Hollywood, he was home alone eating tripe and onions. Stan hadn't had the dish since he split with Virginia, and he felt lonely. He went to a phone and called her.

"I'm eating tripe and onions, honey. How would you like to have some of it with me?"

"I'd love to!"

Over the onions he breathed the magic word—Las Vegas. She breathed—Yes. They jumped into his car and drove through the dark and straight across the border.

Asked Laurel, timidly, "Can you cash a check?"

Replied Stewart, "For how much?"

"For just enough to get married on!"

And thus, citizens, the true-to-fact story of the marrying men of Las Vegas.

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Long Voyage Home (Hayden) ☐
"Woman of the Year" ☐
Skippy's Toughest Role (Cooper) ☐
Delightful Delirium (Milland) ☐
Swell Guy (Gable) ☐
Both Feet in Heaven (Grable) ☐
Heaven, Nevada ☐
Dream City ☐
Women Bob Has Loved (Taylor) ☐
Idyll on Ice (Henie) ☐
Wanted: One Ideal Husband (Sheridan) ☐
What Would a Psychologist Say about You? ☐
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SWELL GUY

(Continued from page 46)

the corner is balanced by a big and unpopular desk. The desk is Clark's business office, but he hates business matters. The very worst correspondent in all Hollywood, writing letters is torture to Clark. Not long ago a secretary, going through his dressing room, found a stack of unopened personal mail postmarked 1937. The only letter Clark is certain of scribbling at the desk is the letter he writes Carole each year on their anniversary.

This worries him so that he gets up early in the morning and attacks it laboriously, sweating out an anniversary *billet doux* with a tortured pen. Clark is an early riser anyway, rolling out of the hay most mornings at six, a hangover from his early farm training and his many hunting junkets. Clark likes a big country breakfast when he's ranching, almost none when he's acting. He seldom loads up for lunch, but for dinner he wants man fodder—steaks, potatoes, roasts and lots of 'em. Usually there's game in the big icebox. Nothing tempts Clark more than cold fowl, chicken, duck, turkey. But he isn't fussy about what the daily menu offers. In fact, he asks not to be told. Carole plans all meals at the ranch, and when the Gables are on safari she does all the cooking. Clark brags about it, so you can bet it must be good.

Dinner is at eight at the Gables. Clark likes a drink or two before dinner—always Scotch and soda. He hates nothing worse than cocktails, unless it's people who drop in to visit without phoning.

For that reason, the Gables spend most evenings by themselves, unless some dinner party or planned evening is on with their few close friends, such as the Walter Langs—she was "Fieldsie," Carole's former secretary and chum—the Fred MacMurrays, the "Tuffy" Goffs, Clark's hunting pals, Jack Conway and Harry Fleischman, or Carole's immediate family, the Peters clan. In any case, there's never any question about dressing or not. Clark won't—that's all. The last time he wore soup and fish was for the "Gone With the Wind" opening in Atlanta. And when they had to have a dinner jacket shot of him for "Honky-Tonk," the set was camphorated until even Lana Turner complained.

hates dancing . . .

Carole and Clark pass most after-dinner hours playing games, reading or driving out to movies they've missed. Clark hates dancing; he's an awkward dancer still. So there's little night-spotting. Clark still likes movies, his most recent favorite being "Here Comes Mr. Jordan." Backgammon is the Gable table sport, but sometimes they sit up all night playing showdown poker. One night recently they wasted electricity until four A. M. with Clark heavy winner by twenty-five cents. Gable isn't a serious gambler, doesn't play the horses any more. But when he did (as everyone in Hollywood did when Santa Anita first opened) he was phenomenally lucky, hitting them regularly on the nose. The only time he shows up now is at the famous racetrack's annual Handicap.

The Encino ranch living room is after-dinner headquarters. Like the bedrooms, it features a large fireplace. The divans and chairs are huge, low and soft. The Gable pets have the run of the house as well as the ranch. Of evenings they always arrive inside and plant themselves happily at Clark's feet while he smokes a cigar. Gable smokes everything—cigarettes during the day, a cigar after dinner and pipes later on.

A famous ranch pastime for these long winter evenings is movie projection. Carole gave Clark a complete 16-mm. set-up last Christmas, complete with sound and everything except pretty usherettes. He collects clips of his own films, reels taken on hunting trips and favorite scenes from newsreels. They're all reduced for home showing. When he isn't playing movie theatre, a major attraction for Gable is to "go over" his hunting and fishing equipment. This is a solitary job; in fact, Gable's gun cabinet is a sacred place. No one touches his fancy shooting irons—not even Carole. The den has been transformed into his gun room.

Clark started collecting guns the minute he had any part of his check to spend on foolishness. The most extensive shooting item in the Gable collection is a $1200 gun. It's one of his two great weaknesses in the spending department. In almost every other personal want he's thrifty and sparing. In fact, since the day he arrived in Hollywood he has been saving. Just the other day, a local bank

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manager uncovered a savings pass book of Billy-Clark Gable's. It showed a dollar-a-week deposit, whether Clark was working or not—and quite often he was not.

The only collection that matches his sporting arsenal is his expensive custom-made fishing tackle. Lake Mead, the inland sea backed up by the Colorado River behind Boulder Dam, is a currently favored spot. Like all fishermen, Clark can invent tall tales, but when pressed will admit that trout, as a rule, have him well baffled.

dead-eye Carole . . .

This side of Gable's life—the most important in his off-studio hours (so important that his contract calls for three months off for trips) has been wisely shared from the nuptial start by Carole. No wife ever struggled to adapt herself to a husband's play interests more than the strictly urban Miss Lombard, used to silks, satins and fancy city living. They'd been married hardly a month before she was traveling grimly out daily to a skeet range. In typical Lombard thoroughness, she not only mastered shotgun shooting, but occasionally outshot Clark. Carole still spends an hour every leisure day on the front lawn of their ranch whipping a trout line all over the place. Expert casting takes even longer than good shooting.

"Mrs. G" (as Clark calls her) has palled with "Pappy" (as she calls Clark) on so many hunting trips that when illness kept her from Clark's last pheasant hunting junket the other week in Arizona, those old (and silly) divorce rumors popped up again.

The major mark against Carole is that when she goes hunting she takes along so much comfort duffle the car can hardly clear the bumps. The last time they set out, Clark had a mammoth moving van backed up to the ranch door. Draped across the top was a banner, "Mrs. Gable's Hunting Wagon."

Clark has recently done the best he can about this feminine foible by purchasing what is currently his pride and joy. It's officially a hunting wagon, but the Gables call it "the Jeep." The Jeep has a four-wheel drive, separate axles and practically everything the army's blitz buggies have except cannon and flame throwers. It can amble over sand and fields, ford streams and almost climb pine trees. It's hefty enough to stand the strain of all Mrs. G's outing gear.

The hunting wagon neatly combines the two major masculine loves of Clark Gable's life—sports and automobiles. It is hard to say which he woos more ardently. Both are his major money extravagances. Both give him more of a kick than anything yet invented by man.

Clark has had a mechanical mind since he was a kid. He developed it in the oil fields and a dozen other jobs before he saw a camera. He has probably owned more deep breathing motors than any other star in Hollywood. Certainly he has puttered, fussed and remodelled cars more, driven them farther and traded them oftener than anyone else in town.

His latest personal heap is just about the best looking automobile in the screen colony, although it's far from the most expensive. Clark took a Cadillac coupe, just like Carole's, had the top cut down four inches, the body streamlined here and there and all the "Hollywood" chromium trim removed. He had the hard top covered with canvas and a Gable innovation added here and there. The resulting gray job is sleek, sporty and safe. Clark loves the country look of a soft-top car, but he balks at the risk to life and limb. He's a speedy driver, and if he turns over he wants a chance. The entire Cadillac operation cost $500.

When the rebuilt new car was finally delivered, Clark was in bed with the flu. The day was cold and rainy, and there ensued a vigorous wrestling match for a few minutes between Clark and Carole to keep him in bed. Pneumonia or not, he hiked out to the garage to pet and purr over his new car, like a kid with a Christmas toy.

cross-country on $100 . . .

Clark has constantly scoffed at having a chauffeur. He likes to drive too much himself. When he and Carole wound up a pheasant-hunting trip in South Dakota recently, they couldn't find a convenient plane or train to take home. Clark walked into a small town agency and bought a Ford. He sold it when he reached Hollywood, losing $100, less than plane or train tickets.

When Clark isn't behind the wheel he loves to tinker with cars. One Saturday not long ago, his station wagon was wheezing badly as he left the studio. He left, saying he was going home and fix it. He fixed it. He worked all weekend. Monday a garage had to call and haul it away and fix Clark's fixing. He's been more successful, however, with his farm tractor. The first day the tractor arrived Clark hopped in the seat and happily set about cultivating his orange grove. The tractor promptly ran away and mowed down five trees. Bloody but unbowed, Gable peered into every part of its mechanism and mastered it. Now it's his mechanical pet, and he'd rather clank it across his alfalfa field than win an Academy award.

Outside of farm chores and sporting trips, Gable takes practically no exercise. When he got a little puffy around the gills a while back he tried mild morning calisthenics, but soon gave them up. He doesn't golf much and seldom treads a tennis court these days.

Yet his weight remains fairly constant, around 190, and his health is sound. The only thing that troubles him is a "shoulder point," a kind of a nerve and bone condition of the shoulder, common to football players. Clark got his shooting. That's what he entered Johns Hopkins Hospital for last time he was East.

But he still reads without glasses, eats and drinks anything he pleases, owns all his own temple-graying black hair and shows no signs of falling apart under the strain of being the nation's number-one heart throb.

The only concession Clark makes to this romantic status is his personal appearance. For an outdoor man, Clark Cable is inordinately neat, clean and well groomed. He sprouts daily a beard as black as the shades of Hell and as wicked to shave. But no one in Hollywood has

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ever seen him with a stubble unless it was for a spike-faced role. Clark shaves every morning, trims his moustache and totes along an electric razor which he's likely to plug in any convenient socket. He's a twice-a-day showerer and fussy about white nail rims, although he seldom gets a manicure in the M-G-M barber shop where his thick locks are trimmed heavy-sided, long movie style of necessity. He can't stand scented lotions or perfumes. The myth of an ear-pinning-back job is just that, Clark has never had any beautifying facial operation.

The only jewelry he ever wears besides cuff links and studs are a plain gold ruby mounted ring, a birthday present from Carole two years ago, a gold cigarette case, Christmas loot also from Carole, and a wrist watch he bought himself years ago. With clothes he's more extravagant. Clark both likes and knows good clothes and he has plenty of them.

That's not to say he's a dude. Something cured Clark of fancy feathers a good many years ago. It was in his Broadway days and he'd just clicked modestly in a small part. Clark invested his roll in a morning coat, striped trousers, spats and topper. With a gardenia in his lapel and twirling a stick, he strolled down the avenue like a real actor. The next day the show folded, he was broke, out of a job and desperate—with all his fine rags to mock him. Gable has few superstitions, but that has steered him since from elegant get-ups.

Clark's wardrobe bears down heavily on brown handspun tweeds, shetlands and other sports clothes. He owns about 25 tailored business outfits, very few hats, but scores of custom made English boots and shoes, size 11-C. Naturally enough, he has a vast closet jammed with riding clothes and outing gear. Carole never dares tag along to buy anything even as small as a tie (he likes red ones). Adolphe Menjou's tailor, Eddie Schmidt, makes most of the Gable suits. Clark tried another bushelman, but discovered he was out to gyp him. The tailor had picked the wrong movie star. Clark will spend plenty for what he wants, but he's a close buyer and resents being fast-talked out of a dime.

Gable, the business man . . .

Automobile dealers discovered long ago that to keep the Gable account they had to talk turkey on trade-ins. Clark is cagey about his money because he has a goal. The goal is to gain a lifetime income of $1000 a month. That will keep up all the living standard he'll ever acquire. But he wants his security gilt-edged.

The ranch is the only property investment he has ever made. The rest of his salary (he keeps 20 per cent of his check, and the government takes 80) goes into annuities and bonds and stocks as sound as such can be. Actually, Clark has been in the big money only about five years. He is not poor, but he is not rich, like William Powell or Wallace Beery or any veteran star who got up there where it counted, before income taxes came along!

Clark's M-G-M contract has five more years to run. The present agreement calls for three pictures a year, no more. It's most unique in that the options are Clark's, not M-G-M's. He can stop any time he wants. But whenever he's queried now on this point, Gable just grins and says, "As long as they like me, I can stand it!" (He once said he'd quit in 1940.) The best guess is that Gable will quit when and only when he figures he has a lifetime supply of pocket money.

Clark usually carries $50 in his pants

Betty Grable, starring in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "*Song of the Islands,*" with make-up by Westmore. She says: "I use Westmore Foundation Cream, and it's really wonderful!"

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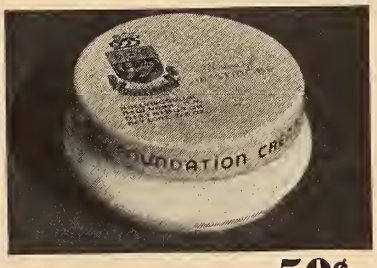

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pocket, by the way, secured by a gold clip. It's likely to last him a couple of weeks. He doesn't overtip or toss change around lavishly. But in the big things, Gable is generous. He is always a sure bet for any worthwhile charity—with a check, that is. He hates benefits and it's almost impossible to persuade him to go unless it's especially worthy.

Besides Carole (who naturally is wealthy in her own right), Clark supports only his father, now aged 76. Gable, *pere*, dwells in a Hollywood bungalow. Just the other day Clark presented him with a new Chevrolet coupe. Papa Gable has seen his famous son act just three times and then briefly. He isn't too interested. He thinks Clark is just lucky in a rather foolish life's work. The last visit was on "Honky-Tonk." Jack Conway said, "Well, you've got quite a boy here," meaning Clark. "He's all right," observed the old man. "He's never been spoiled, anyway."

a natural . . .

That, as his dad knows, is the most amazing thing about the metamorphosis of Billy Gable. He's stayed himself underneath through as choice a selection of superficialities as a man's man ever faced.

That is evident in every direction. But maybe it can be pointed by an episode which took place at the very zenith of Clark Gable's movie glory—at the Atlanta premiere of "Gone With the Wind."

As Clark sat on the platform, surrounded by 300,000 frog-eyed worshipers on Atlanta's streets, a message came to him. "Your Uncle Charley is out in the crowd," it said, "and he'd like to see you." Clark grinned. His Uncle Charley owns a movie theatre somewhere in rural Florida. He won't play Clark's pictures. He says very frankly they're too expensive and nuts to them.

A message went out over the loud speaker. "Clark Gable," the announcer said, "would like to see his Uncle Charley at the reception after the show. Will he please come?"

Uncle Charley came. M-G-M photographers poised their cameras to record the family meeting. Then they lowered their lenses and shook their heads. One approached Clark and whispered, "Look at Uncle Charley's ears!"

"What's the matter with 'em?" asked Clark.

"Well—" began the photographer "—er—the shot might look funny." Like his nephew, Uncle C. had indeed a generous helping of ears. Like Clark's they spread to the wind like spinnakers.

Clark caught on. He leaned back and roared. "Don't worry about that! There's nothing wrong with the Gable ears. Boy—they've sure done all right for me!"

Which nobody can deny.

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1942—WINTER ISSUE

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 15*)

WE WERE DANCING

Then there's the one about the penniless Princess and the bankrupt Baron. Back in 1936 Noel Coward whipped up several one-acters, threw them together and presented them as a night's entertainment. One of the pieces was "We Were Dancing," and M-G-M picked it up and fashioned a picture from the brittle, little sketch.

It's the kind of story where the heroine is called Vicki and the hero Nicki. It's about the International Set on horse, on foot and on tick most of the time. Vicki and Nicki, the International Kids, make a good thing out of being house guests from South Carolina to Joplin, Mo.

That is, they make a good thing out

of it until they get married. A single Princess or a bachelor Baron commands a fairly good price; married—they're just extra people. The house-guest market drops sharply, and Vicki and Nicki find themselves selling glamour to the newly rich in the Middle West in return for room and board.

The plot is concerned with Vicki's attempts to get Nicki to work. They argue. They are divorced. Vicki returns to her rich American suitor. Nicki, thereupon, actually goes to work. They meet again. They dance again. They kiss again. They get married again. End of picture.

But the plot isn't important in a picture of this type. It's the tinsel and glitter; the wit of a well-turned phrase, the sheen of a well-groomed head of hair. You won't find anything of "We Were Dancing" in the news columns of this morning's paper, but maybe that's a virtue. It's a fairy tale of the never-never land a long, long time ago.

Hollywood always has had a soft spot in its heart for the International Kids. They've stolen jewels in old Vienna, they've recreated old Russia in old Paris, they've bucked the gaming tables at Monte Carlo and watched the surf at Biarritz. They've tried to reform and sometimes they did; and some of them were just charming fakes.

But always charming. They're old friends out Hollywood way, tried and true. It's poetic justice that in "We Were Dancing" Vicki and Nicki should find success and happiness just outside of Beverly Hills. That's where they always belonged.

Norma Shearer and Melvyn Douglas play the International Kids. Lee Bowman and Gail Patrick are the other angles in the romantic quadrangle. Denis Hoey, Sig Ruman and Alan Mowbray play variants of run-down nobility. There are plenty of lovely lush gowns in the picture, stunning sets with fascinating modern decor and a startling hair style or two.

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So they're back again, shined up and dressed their best, drinking champagne and being witty and gallant on their last dollar, or maybe it's their host's last dollar. Okay, Vicki! Okay, Nicki! Be seeing you at the Glotzes. On with the dance.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Norma Shearer and Melvyn Douglas danced eight hours a day for five days straight before their waltzing scenes got an official okay. . . . Melvyn Douglas was gifted with a new portable dressing room during production. Main features are knotty pine walls, brown upholstered furniture. . . . Lee Bowman spent his spare moments between takes writing a play. Outlined the plot to William Saroyan one night, and Saroyan liked it so well, he told Lee he'd like to turn actor and play one of the parts. . . . Gail Patrick had to discard the dozen gardenias sent to her daily by an admirer, 'cause the posies give her hay fever. . . . Ten-second interview with Miss Shearer: "There is one stratum of society that has been neglected in definition. It's country-club, horsey, wealthy, neither very old nor very young. It's all bound up in its own interests, and if anyone should ask me briefly what 'We Were Dancing' is about, I'd say—'House-party Society.'" . . . Norma showed up for work one day with her nose skinned from bridge to tip. Her swimming pool, she discovered, is too shallow for a ten-foot dive. . . . Mickey Rooney's Ava Gardiner turned down a featured role in another picture to do a small bit in this. Said Ava: "This way I'll get the chance to watch Miss Shearer's technique. I know there's a lot to be learned from her.". . . The clothes in the picture were designed by Adrian, his last chore at Metro. . . . Norma wears 24 gowns, predicts black and white will be the most popular shades of 1942. . . . Melvyn Douglas's stand-in spent every moment of his free time campaigning for votes. He's been studying politics under Melvyn's tutelage for the past five years and is running for the office of Commissioner of Public Works in Santa Monica.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR

This is the picture that Katharine Hepburn, they say, personally sold to M-G-M for $111,000; $100,000 for the authors, $10,000 for agent fees, and $1,000 for incidentals, telephone calls and aspirin for the producers. For their money M-G-M got a picture which allows Miss Hepburn to be wise, modern and fliply profound; and gets co-star Spencer Tracy out of his everlasting costumes and funny faces.

"Woman of the Year" is the story of Tess Harding, a political international columnist, and her attempts to juggle sports-writing husband Sam Craig (Spencer Tracy) and the world situation with her left hand. In one of her columns Tess suggests offhandly that baseball ought to be abolished for the duration. Sports writer Sam Craig promptly calls her the "Calamity Jane of the International Set."

And so they get married.

Just as promptly, the marriage is fouled by Serbian leaders, international refugees and assorted Balkan complications who flock to Tess; and broken down ex-prize fighters who just as naturally gravitate to Sam. Life with Katharine, as you might suspect, is somewhat complicated. For one thing, she can't scramble eggs; what's more she expects her husband to do it. As a matter of fact, the only domestic virtue she finally confesses to is the desire to have a son.

(*Continued on page 106*)

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 105)

Sam is mentally sizing up baseball bats and wondering whether he ought to call the kid Butch or Mike when Tess introduces the "son"—a young Greek refugee boy named Chris. They quarrel about Chris, for Tess gives up nothing; she is still caught up in the whirl of world events, revolutionary predictions and the solution of the international monetary situation. The boy is secondary, a fifth wheel, one of Tess' gestures—tossed off and forgotten.

Tess goes her high-handed way, straight to the award of being voted America's Outstanding Woman Of The Year. The award comes complete with banquet, speeches, presentations and compliments. But Sam doesn't go along with her. He stays home with the young Greek boy and that same night takes the boy back to the Greek Child Home where, at least, he will get attention and companionship.

Back home, Tess is in triumph, being photographed and applauded. She decides to have her picture taken with Chris and discovers then that Sam has left—and that Chris, too, is gone. She returns to the applause and the photographs—The Woman Of The Year.

How it comes out is the picture's secret, and you'll enjoy the Hollywood photo-finish. But the problem it poses is a pertinent one today, and despite the usual foreword (any similarity . . . is coincidental) it's slightly impertinent, too. You'll draw your own parallels.

At any rate it's good to have Katharine Hepburn back on the screen, mannerisms and all; she has a sharp incisive style and the role was tailor-made for her. And of course it's good to have Spencer Tracy playing that slightly tired, sympathetic character again. Spencer Tracy should never make faces.—*M-G-M.*

ROXIE HART

In the garish and innocent days of 1927 a single murder was enough to catch the interest of the nation. That was the heyday of the tabloids when every trial was a circus, and the accused, if acquitted, was assured of 50 or so full weeks of vaudeville bookings. Fortunes were made on the basis of a single well-aimed shot or well-placed knife. A proper dose of poison might even do the trick.

"Roxie Hart" sets out to capture the flavor of those high-spirited times, and naturally enough the locale is Chicago. Roxie Hart (Ginger Rogers) is involved in the murder of Fred Casely, a seedy, down-at-the-heels theatrical agent. Being Roxie Hart (and Ginger Rogers, to boot) she's lovely, appealing and has as pretty a set of legs as Chicago has seen since Mrs. O'Leary's cow made them start all over again.

Jake Callahan (Lynne Overman), a cynical reporter, pleads with Roxie to confess; it will make her famous, he says, and anyway they'll never convict her. She is promised a vaudeville tour, her name in lights, fame—if only she'll confess. Of course she's innocent of the crime, but says Roxie: "Naturally I want to do everything, everything I can for my career."

And so she confesses.

Then the picture really goes 1927. Roxie's legs are featured on the front pages of every paper; sob sisters write her story from inner, outer and upward angles. Walter Howard (George Montgomery), a sentimental reporter in love with Roxie, wants to prove her innocence, but Roxie isn't having any. Innocent, she'll fall back into obscurity. Roxie Hart, the glamorous murderess, is famous.

She fights to stay on the front page. She claws off the competition of a couple of other lady murderers. When Two-Gun Gertie Baxter comes along and threatens to take the play away from her, Roxie promptly announces that she's going to have a baby. The baby and Roxie's legs win back all her straying fans. No one is going to take the front page away from Roxie Hart. Not while she has something to say about it.

The trial is a gala event. They sell souvenirs on the courthouse steps; an official "Life And Loves of Roxie Hart" is published. The trial is broadcast play by play. Roxie acts her part to the hilt. The jury, filled with sob-sister stories and watching Roxie's silk clad leg delicately swing as she sits on the witness stand, acquits her with honor.

Little Roxie makes good in the big town.

That's the substance of "Roxie Hart," but the picture is tricked out as a story within a story, and it would spoil the fun to tell the beginning and the end. It's a variant on the trick Preston Sturges used in "The Great McGinty," and it goes all the way back to O. Henry and the surprise ending. It's still good.

But mainly the picture is concerned with 1927. It was a lively era, if you remember; and, despite all its sins, a remarkably innocent one. Ah! for the days when a girl might make her fortune with a judicious murder or two. Ah! for the days before a house painter in Europe made the tommy-gun seem like a harmless child's toy.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Ginger Rogers lets her knees weave through a slightly modified version of the Charleston in the dancing scenes; the real thing looked too corny . . . Ginger's all-out battle with Helene Reynolds cost $48,800 to film, not counting the money spent by the gals personally for iodine, liniment, etc. . . . It was just a preliminary battle for Ginger. Later on she spent two entire days scrapping with Lynne Overman, and completely ruined his watch when she butted him in the vest region with her head during the brawl . . . During one of the court room scenes, Adolphe Menjou is supposed to pick up Ginger, who has fainted, and hold her in his arms while he makes an impassioned plea to the jury. After the fourth rehearsal, Adolphe was staggering a bit under his glamorous, but, by then, weighty burden. George Montgomery politely, nay eagerly, stepped up, offered

his services as a substitute and happily held his girl friend until the scene was ready to be shot . . . He and Ginger agreed to concentrate on their work and had only one date a week—every Saturday night . . . On their days off, they went shopping for furniture; Ginger helping George find the right pieces for his den, George helping Ginger round up Early California chairs for her Oregon ranch dining room . . . Menjou had his tailor supervise the bags and wrinkles of his hobo costumes . . . He knew what he was doing, in the milking scenes. Once got a job as farm hand doing just that on Vincent Astor's estate when he was first out of college and looking for work . . . Director "Wild Bill" Wellman's good-luck charm is an actor—Ronnie Rondell. Ronnie's had a job in every one of Wellman's pictures since "The Cat's Pyjamas" in 1925 . . . Ginger got expert boxing instruction from Montgomery who used to be an interscholastic fisticuffs champion when he was a student at the University of Montana.

JOAN OF PARIS

"Joan of Paris" is a tender melodrama of Paris under the Nazi terror. This isn't the Paris of bright lights and fashionable ladies. It's the Paris of back alleys and dingy cafés where men hide and run and a single misstep means death.

The Joan of the picture is a naive, simple-hearted, little French barmaid who becomes involved in the escape of RAF fliers downed over France. She's a tender chit who's been kicked around badly and asks of life only that it supply her occasionally with a bright, new dress to wear.

The story opens when five RAF fliers, headed by Free Frenchman Paul Lavallier (Paul Henreid) are downed over occupied France. Their only hope of escape is to get to Paris and there contact the British Intelligence, which might be able to get them across the Channel and back to England.

They make their way to Paris and hide out in the church of Father Antoine (Thomas Mitchell), but Paul who has led them to safety exposes himself to the suspicion of the Gestapo and dares not join them. He ducks into a little café and there he meets Joan (Michele Morgan). He hides out in her room that night, and Joan, who has never known anyone like him, is won over by his kindness. She falls in love with Paul, not knowing who he is.

The picture winds through Paul's attempts to escape the Gestapo and to contact the British Intelligence. Slowly, Joan is drawn into the web of intrigue. Besides Father Antoine, she is the only one Paul can trust.

The film moves swiftly to its climax. Paul manages to reach the British Intelligence with the help of Father Antoine and Joan. The escape is planned, but Paul is doomed to remain since he will not lead the Gestapo to his hidden friends, but neither can he elude the shadow following close on his heels.

There's a taut sequence when Paul, in a final, despairing effort, flees across Paris, the always-present footsteps echoing close behind him. Finally, in a Turkish bath, he loses the Gestapo agent. But by then it is too late to join his friends.

However, he's counted without Joan; she's arranged that they wait just a little longer for Paul. Though the Gestapo has fallen on her trail and is aware of her every move, she out-tricks them to send Paul to England and safety. But the price of his safety is her life; she dies before a Nazi firing squad.

"Joan of Paris" serves to introduce the French movie star Michele Morgan to American audiences. It's a sweet and tender role she's asked to play in the picture; and she's backed by a strong story, a tight melodrama of present-day Paris.

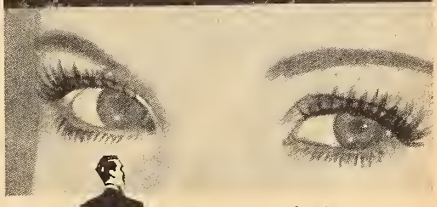
"Joan of Paris" isn't propaganda. Unless it's propaganda to show Paris grey, dreary and afraid from dawn to dark. Unless it's propaganda to see Nazi boots and Nazi flags on the cobblestoned streets. Unless it's propaganda to show the little people of France living in fear of the sound of a motor truck in the street or a knock on the door which might mean prison and death.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Jacques Theiry and Georges Kessels are a pair of important, though tough-to-pronounce names. They co-authored the original story on which "Joan of Paris" is based . . . Prop men scratched their heads more than once over scenes in French garret, church, castle, prison and sewer . . . Michele Morgan's delicious accent is what happened after a year's intensive study of English. Michele is best known in this country for "Port of Shadows." Says the part of Joan, the little Parisian girl who gives her life for her lover, is hand-tailored for her . . . Paul Henreid is still news to American fans though a familiar figure on the European stage and screen. Came to Hollywood via the British-made "Night Train" and a Broadway stint in "Flight to the West" . . . Thomas Mitchell, the guy who always turns in a polished performance, is not only a stage and screen actor but a veteran writer, director and producer . . . May Robson, though 77, has never once missed a season's work since her debut in 1883 . . . Laird Cregar, Hollywood's biggest actor, tips the scale at 300 lbs., is 6 ft. 3. His portrayal of Oscar Wilde on the Los Angeles stage set studio execs to thinking . . . and acting . . . The most important non-speaking role ever to be written into a film is that of the Gestapo agent played by the super pantomimist, Alex Granach . . . The one set rule of David Hempstead, producer, is to defy all rules of picture-making.

(*Continued on page 108*)

MEN SEE
YOUR EYES
FIRST



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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift aching pressure; send pain flying. Ease tight shoes; prevent corns. Separate *Medications* included for quickly removing corns. Cost but a few cents an application.
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 107*)

This time he did it by risking a combination of two little-known names in one big picture. Hempstead used to be a professor of English literature, sold his first story to Hollywood in 1930, was signed soon after as producer's assistant, came into the limelight with his production of "Kitty Foyle."

The Adventures of MARTIN EDEN

There's more than a slight amount of gore in this yarn and enough plot for two movies . . . one about a writer who makes good and the other about a sea-

man who devotes his life to freeing his pal from the charge of mutiny on a ship aptly dubbed the "Hell Wagon." The doings revolve around Glenn Ford, hero, who proves himself more than equal to the tasks at hand.—*Col.*

YOUNG AMERICA

Button Willow Valley is painfully aware of Jane Withers' presence from the moment she arrives. It looks at first as though she's too headstrong a filly to

bother breaking in. But Robert Cornell and the rural 4-H club exert a wholesome influence, and in the end Jane proves she was worth the effort.—*TCF.*

MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN

In the fight for life carried on by the small community of insects who live just 45 ft. from Broadway, Hoppity, a James Stewart sort of bug, figures as the hero. This serious feature-length cartoon also has a heroine and a heavy. In fact, it's got all the essential elements of the standard movie and a little more, since it deals with fundamentals rather than fripperies.—*Par.*

THE MAN WHO RETURNED TO LIFE

A newspaper story, announcing the hanging of one Paul Guilfoyle, takes John Howard back eight years to a former and less happy life. Seems Paul had once plotted to kill John and is now being held for murder, though his attempt fell through. At the risk of damaging his own life, John returns to save Paul's and is well rewarded in the end—*Col.*

VALLEY OF THE SUN

With hell-bent Apaches on one hand and dastardly white men on the other, it's amazing that James Craig finds time for romance . . . and, the way things

turn out, it's pretty lucky for Lucille Ball that he does. The action of this super-Western whiz-bangs through a series of thrills that almost result in a large-scale massacre . . . almost, but not quite, thanks to Army Scout Craig.—*RKO.*

SING YOUR WORRIES AWAY

A great deal of trouble might have been avoided if Bert Lahr and his pretty cousin had not inherited 3,000,000 smack-

ers unexpectedly. Unscrupulous June Havoc and others are on hand to complicate things, but in the end they get their dough, and you get your laughs. There's a generous helping of music, too, to add to the general gayety.—*RKO.*

HATS OFF TO HAIR-DO'S

(Continued from page 47)

convert a coiffure like Judy Garland's into the sleek type Carole Landis wears. And the Landis coiffure itself is easily transformed from evening glamour to the career girl's smart daytime hairdress, for without front curls its style is casual though trim. Before dressing this style for evening, set your top hair in pin curls so that it will comb out to tumble into a suggestion of a bang. Then try sweeping your side hair up from the temples in a hint of a wave while you set the ends in curls to match the top. Brush your back hair up and across the back of your head—from left to right and up—the ends set in a diagonal row of curls across your crown. Highlight your locks with brilliantine, and then spray back hair with lacquer.

This sculptured effect is just one of the many examples of the 1942 emphasis on back hair, a trend which will please the men, we know. Only last week, one of them, with an air of speaking for his entire sex, asked us "Why don't you tell girls about the backs of their heads?" Far be it from us to disregard the masculine opinion on beauty, so we're passing this on to you. If you are not sure that every little strand behind is doing its well-groomed bit to be alluring, why not make a late New Year's resolution to use a hand mirror every day. And this habit will suggest brushing and using brilliantine, lacquer, pins and all those other little devices which make your back locks live up to those that frame your face.

styled to type . . .

Whether your hair is very, very long or very, very short, dress it to flatter the shape of your face. An oval face is the ideal, so if you are blessed with such contours, do nothing to hide them. Wear your hair simply and off the face so as to show its perfect outline.

If you have a long slender face, it will look more oval if you part your hair in the center and wear it loose and fluffy at the sides to create width. Topknot curls and a high pomp should be avoided for they only add height. If your face is square like Priscilla Lane's, soften it by loose waves, with fullness at the jawline to detract from apparent width.

Or if your face is round, build your hair full and soft, and keep the curls above the ears. Try to achieve a heart-shaped effect, but avoid severe styles. If yours is a diamond-shaped face with prominent cheek bones, keep waves and curls above and below your ears and dress your hair close to your cheek line. Carole Lombard follows this rule, and you might try copying her hair-do's.

If you have a heart-shaped face with broad forehead and narrow chin, you can give your face better proportion by keeping your hair smooth on top and bringing it in slightly at the temples. Begin waving it at the ears and wear curls low to give width to your jaw. Long hair, in any case, is more flattering for a face of this shape. On the other hand, if your forehead is narrow and your jaw broad, keep all rolls and other hair emphasis above the ears, softening the angle of your jaw by waves and curls along the sides of your face.

Large waves and loose curls give needed softness to a large face with well-defined features, while a fluffy coiffure with small waves and curls will flatter delicate features and a small face.

Now, for the fun of those frivolous touches—big bows, colorful ribbons, jewelled or unjewelled clips, decorative combs, etc. All of these add their own sweet or smooth touch to an attractive coiffure. And there is a hair ornament to suit your every mood—bows when you want to be a schoolgirl, and highly styled combs when you feel the grand lady. With spring on its way, wearing gardenias in the Hawaiian manner and forget-me-nots in the when-mother-was-a-girl manner will make you look and feel as glamorous for evening as do your new spring gowns!

Have you been longing for a permanent wave that would look lovely and natural —even at first? Then, why not try a Frederics Tru-Curl Wave next time you need a "permanent." It's done with the best of materials that contain no beauty-stealing metallic salts, and it leaves the hair soft, lustrous and easily adaptable to all the new hair arrangements. The Tru-Curl way is the comfortable way, too, for there is no stretching of hair, no disagreeable chemical odors, and the time required is considerably shortened. If you choose the shop that gives a Frederics Tru-Curl Permanent, you'll be delighted with a longer-lasting, lovelier wave.

Dull hair—dull beauty, no matter how pretty the girl! If you want your hair to have that special sheen and radiance that makes it stand out in a crowd, try Nu-Gloss Hair Rinse to bring out those hidden, lively lights. It comes in 12 natural shades, so you can't fail to find the one to enhance your own natural hair color.

BEAUTY GOES TO YOUR HEAD

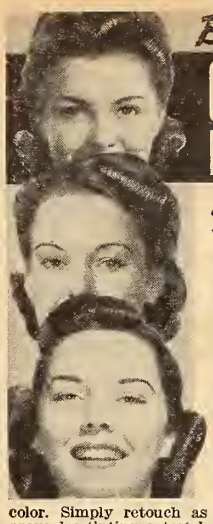
(Continued from page 49)

If you use cake soap, be careful to apply only the lather to your tresses, for soap rubbed on directly is difficult to remove and may leave a dull coat on the strands. Whatever kind you choose, massage the shampoo well into your scalp and press it again and again through the lengths to make hair uniformly clean and bright. Then rinse your hair thoroughly and apply your shampoo once more.

Last, rinse your hair repeatedly in successive clear waters until every trace of soap has been removed. Finish off with a good commercial rinse to bring out those engaging little lights that will make your topknot stand out among so many luster-lacking ones. Whether you are a blonde, brunette, redhead or are prematurely gray, you'll find the rinse for just your hair shade. Of course, it can be washed out whenever you like but we think you'll like the bright, alive shimmer it gives your locks.

So hair will be soft and easily manageable, dry it carefully. Press out the extra moisture with a thick Turkish towel, then brush or comb it out to its length. Unless you prefer to dry your locks free blown—now, while your hair is moist, is the ideal time to set it. It's an easy job—what with all the in-

(Continued on page 110)



Brush Away GRAY HAIR

. . and look 10 YEARS YOUNGER

● Now at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today. 60c at all drug stores—on a money-back guarantee, or—

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Print Your Name and Address

YOU MAY ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods and guard against constipation. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stir up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile, today Olive Tablets are justly FIRST choice of thousands of grateful users. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

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are my favorite protection
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are best for baby!
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YOU CAN HELP WIN VICTORY
by buying DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS
Buy ALL you can!

genious little curlers, hair pins, bob pins, combs, curlers and the like so easily available to aid and abet you. Make use of wave set preparations, too, for they resist the tension of moistened hair and will keep curls molded the way you want them to be. When hair is dry and well-brushed, spray on a little brilliantine to add luster and softness to those curls of yours.

If you weren't blessed by nature with natural curls—or even if you have a suggestion of a wave—you'll save time in coaxing hair to stay in place if you invest in a really good permanent wave. Don't fall for bargain offers, but go to a reliable shop which employs skilled operators and uses the highest quality of materials. Be sure that a test curl is made before the waving is done, so that the operator will know just what treatment and length of permanenting your kind of hair requires. The cost may be a little higher than at cut-rate shops, but you'll get your money's worth in a longer lasting, lovelier wave.

Breeze-blown, flying hair may look very attractive for a brief moment or so, but whenever you go motoring, play tennis or other outdoor games, keep wandering strands in check with a light, imperceptible net. Nets—either hair or silk—are easy to find in all natural hair shades.

"Don't let beauty go to your head," our oldsters used to remind us. But they weren't talking about hair. They were warning us against letting our natural good looks make us complacent. Take care of your locks, girls, for sunny, well-cared-for hair has universal appeal and wins admiring attention.

If, in spite of a smart coiffure, your hair has not been looking its Sunday best because of that old bugaboo, dandruff, you can rid yourself of this unhappy situation by using Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo frequently. It is well known for its thorough cleansing qualities that help restore the scalp to a normal, healthy condition. Try Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo and be pleased with the renewed elasticity of your hair and its increased loveliness.

If you have been longing for the thrill of a Hollywood glamour complexion with a lovely velvety texture, try Miner's Patti-Pac Make-Up. It stays on hours and hours without need for retouching. Simply dampen a sponge, puff or piece of absorbent cotton, rub it on the cake and apply; then smooth over with a powder puff. Incidentally, if you have a few skin irregularities, Miner's Patti-Pac Make-Up covers them over beautifully and creates the desired illusion of a perfectly flawless, smooth-textured skin.

COED

(*Continued from page 16*)

up a bit precociously. True enough, it starts with you and Bill suddenly discovering you're mad for each other. It's Tristan and Isolde and Scarlett and Rhett all over again, only more so. Then gradually it becomes a rut. But you—you little dope—adore the regular Saturday night routine, the freedom from anxiety when a dance is on the horizon. You love thinking you're in love. But do snap out of it before a) Bill leaves you for a smoothie with a fabulous stagline; b) the rest of the local males refer to you as Mrs. Bill and c) you've alienated all shechums.

First, let's assume you're mutually agreeable. The next time you're out together, say something like, "We've had such fun together, Bill, let's call things off while it's *still* fun." Ask him to be an angel and air it about that you've amiably split up.

If, however, Bill remains smitten while you've grown blasé, your problem is a bit ticklish. The thing to remember above all is not to hurt his pride. Taper him off gradually. Be a bit cooler about your good-night kiss. In little ways let him feel a change. When he asks you about it, say you've noticed it in him, too.

There's one last variation on the going steady business. Supposing you've gone around together for months and months, and instead of palling on each other, each day finds you more swoony. Take the case of Judy Garland and Dave Rose. J. naturally raised a fuss when her mother suggested she was pretty young to tie herself down. They talked the whole thing over gal-to-gal and decided there were just two possibilities. Either this was one of those rare cases of adolescent love being real love, or it was just a passing infatuation. If the first were true, Judy agreed that Dave deserved a very superior wife and that anything she could do to insure just that would be worth the effort. She decided that while she and Dave knew volumes about music, she wasn't too bright about sports or philosophy or art. Maybe some of the other chaps who called her up could enlighten her. Dave, meanwhile, would go places without her and acquire new interests and more knowledge, too. They'd both be developing poise and the ability to get along with a number of people. They'd be enriching themselves, so that if they decided to marry they'd have a great deal more to bring to each other. Well, you know how their romance turned out—and they're blissfully happy with about 2,000,000 interests between them. If it hadn't wound up at the altar, you can see with half an eye what a smart move gettin' back into circulation would have been.

A few more anti-going-steady reasons:

1) Your poor beau is constantly broke from takin' you out so often that he never has the price of a really big splurge.

2) Men are a fickle crew at best, so why take a chance on getting yourself permanently benched when his whim shifts from blonds to brunettes?

3) If you don't play the field a bit you'll never know whether you passed by someone just a touch more soulmatey, but you'll always vaguely suspect you did.

Are you still with us, all you one-valentine-senders? Maybe it's too late to do anything about your set-up this year, but next year, bet you'll be sending a raft of them and hauling 'em in, too!

DRESS FOR HIM?

Then send for our chart on how to dress for all occasions and for all boys! Doesn't matter what your type is. The chart has your number!
Enclose 5c in coin or stamps and address: Co-Ed Chart No. 1, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 55)

his people even if they head him into trouble. An admirable trait, we'll admit. BUT, we don't want to be around the day studio boss Darryl Zanuck catches him practicing some of his Parisian mischief!

There's that wine business, for example. Twentieth Century-Fox, like all studios, bans alcoholic beverages from its commissaries. But Jean, true to his blood, can't enjoy a meal unless he can float it on a glass of sauterne or sherry. Told by a waitress he couldn't order the stuff, Jean tried several times to smuggle in his own bottles. That ruse, unfortunately, was discovered, and he was forced to evolve another which is in operation at this moment.

Jean . . . has to have his wine.

Always with him, packed on his hip, is a five ounce medicine vial. Around about the middle of each lunch hour he blandly complains of headache, high blood pressure or toothache. While his companions utter their sympathy, he whips out his vial and treats himself to a healthy swig. All his aches and pains miraculously disappear, and the great Gabin is left—a culprit—but a happy one!

Good News About Dead End Kids

Just to prove it's a free country and anything can happen, the demoniacal Dead End Kids have launched a new project . . . raising white geraniums. And anybody who wants to make something of it will please step outside while Billy Halop polishes 'em off, because, in spite of the tender new project, the mugs have lost none of their precious guttersniping characteristics. Ask Humphrey Bogart or James Cagney. Better still, ask the director who said he'd rather be a nice, dignified teacher in a reform school. Ask Ann Sheridan, who used to sneak on the set behind a bodyguard, about their intramural mayhem. But don't ask how they got that way, 'cause nobody knows, exactly. Billy Halop comes from an amazingly respectable family, considering. So do the rest, though to see them is to be reminded of the pungent sights and sounds of Chicago's Loop or New York's Lower East Side. Their intimate ambitions are so normal, it's a complete anti-climax. Huntz Hall is one of 16 children . . . the one with the very crooked nose and a love for crap games. About his desire to be a producer, he says, "Get me 100 girls. Get me 40 elephants. Get me some trumpets. Build me a couple of dozen sets! That's all there is to being a producer." The latest news to date is that he's collaborating on a screen comedy that'll have you on your ear. And in it, of course, is a good, round part for Huntz who's always been crazy to wash his face and do a comedy part. Then there's Gabriel Dell, son of a well-known doctor, who once had ideas of following in paternal footsteps, until he wrote his own stage version of "Hamlet" and fell in love with it. Currently he's in love with a light heavyweight fighter named "Big Boy Buff." Owns a piece of him, as a matter of fact. Bernard Punsley is serious as anything about bacteriology . . . will probably go into medical research eventually. And Billy, right now, is dreaming up plans for his newly formed orchestra which specializes in New Orleans Swing. According to his own raves, "It's hep . . . beautiful to hear . . . sweet as h—!" So is Gilbert and Sullivan, they all agree. In fact, they used to depend pretty much on "Pirates of Penzance" to get them into the proper mood when they were doing "Sea Raiders." In their current opus, Universal's "Tough As They Come," Billy is pressed into service as a lover, probably because his is the most presentable profile of the lot. Jibe him about it, and he'll tell you, "The best fighters know how to go into a clinch . . . and I'm a darned good fighter." One of the nicest stories about the "mob" is the canned banquet they sent to the "London Dead End Kids." It all came about when Hall said, "We oughta do somethin' for those guys" . . . said guys being a group of young fellows who had been working together to perform some rather daring feats of civilian defense. If the package ever arrived, 12 hungry kids feasted on such delicacies as nuts, plum pudding, canned butter, baked ham and roast chicken. If not, it's still a pretty nice story.

War Paint in Wartime

Hollywood's honeys are feeling the influence of America's all-out-for-defense program in more ways than one . . . Hedy Lamarr is now pinning up her curls with toothpicks and working on a system to tint the little wooden hair-affixers a bright gold for evening wear . . . Claudette Colbert has filed her nails down to her fingertips so she can knit, wrap bundles and file records of war relief work . . . Veronica Lake, sinking all her clothes-money into defense bonds, made herself a new hat by attaching the charms from her pet bracelet to a square-shaped cap of cinnamon brown felt she bought last year.

New Life For Old Furs

Got an old fur coat that's beginning to wear around the edges? Why not do like Marlene Dietrich and other of our Movietown cuties? Ever since Marlene came into town last year with a fur-lined ulster slung over her continental shoulders, the glamour gals have taken up the style and had their own flat fur pieces encased in cloth. They say it makes you feel warm and SO luxurious.

Stormy Weather

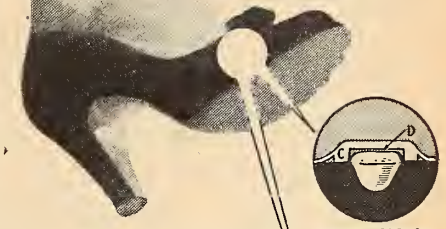
Speaking of Marlene, we saw her walking around the Universal lot during the last "heavy dew," wearing a super-exotic wet-weather outfit. Over her tailored suit, she wore an all-encompassing ankle-length flowing white rubber cape with attached hood lined in black. High white rubber boots protected the Dietrich gams. It takes a certain dash to wear these exaggerated styles, though. An outfit like this would make most women look like Dopey of the Seven Dwarfs!

From Soup to Suits

For Adrian fans, let it be known that the great fashion maestro is hard at work organizing a brand new salon. He's taken over the building formerly occupied by the

(Continued on page 112)

WALK AWAY YOUR CORNS



Felt pad (C) helps relieve pain by removing pressure. Medication (D) acts on corn.

WHEN corns hurt do this one thing: apply Blue-Jay. While you walk in comfort Blue-Jay gently loosens the corn so that in a few days it may be easily removed. (Stubborn cases may require more than one application.)

Blue-Jay costs very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug and toilet goods counters.

In a few days corn is gently loosened so it may be easily removed.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

FALSE TEETH AS LOW AS $7.95

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10¢ PLUS TAX

Dr. Ellis' WAVE SET

I HATE GRAY HAIR!

Of Course you do! You know tell-tale gray hair kills romance, that it can cause a hundred little heartbreaks, and yet for years you have hesitated to do anything about it! Has fear held you back—fear of dangerous dyes, fear that it is too difficult, that people will know your hair has been dyed?

These fears are so needless! Today you can buy at your drug or department store a hair coloring preparation called Mary T. Goldman's. Pronounced positively harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed), and sold on a money-back guarantee, Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation will color your gray, bleached or faded hair to the desired shade so beautifully and so gradually your closest friends won't guess. It's inexpensive and easy to use—if you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions have used it with beautiful results for the last fifty years, *proving* its merit and safety.

So help yourself to happiness — *today!* Get a bottle of your shade of Mary T. Goldman's—*insist on the original.* Beware of substitutes—others have tried to imitate our product for years. For free sample, clip and mail coupon.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 8471 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
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The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

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Relieve itching of eczema, pimples, rashes, athlete's foot and other skin troubles. Use cooling antiseptic **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Stops itching quickly. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

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TEST THEM
EXAMINE THEM

We make FALSE TEETH for *you* BY MAIL from your mouth-impression! Money-Back GUARANTEE of Satisfaction. Free impression material, directions. Booklet of New Styles and Information. Write today to **PARKER DENTAL LAB.,**
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WATCH FOR two more full-page 4-COLOR PORTRAITS in the April issue of MODERN SCREEN!

See it WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Victor Hugo Restaurant, and is busy checking his nearly completed first collection. Prices will run into the upper brackets, and his dresses will be modeled in the swankier stores of the nation.

Turnabout

Too bad we can't mention names, but there's a beauteous babe in town that has the other gals wondering where she finds such bosom-revealing formal gowns. Truth is, she shops for dresses with extremely low cut backs—and then wears them port side aft!

Orson's Jewelry

Orson Welles got lots of whoo-hoo's when he breezed into the Columbia Broadcasting Studios the other day wearing a small silver bull's head in his lapel. It was the first time anyone had seen him wearing jewelry of any kind, and the boys wanted to know how come. Orson, glib as usual, explained his adornment.

He'd spent weeks in the land of Manana, preparing a film about a fighting bull, and when he left, some of his newly-made Mexican friends got together and presented him with the lapel decoration, plus a solid silver tie clip in the shade of an *espada.*

If You're Dieting . . .

Frances Scully, pretty, petite commentator of NBC's "Speaking of Glamour," personally vouches for the effectiveness of this weight-losing trick: Drink one glass of grapefruit juice after every meal, then take a brisk, 20 minute walk.

Hearts, Frills and Flowers

Lists of favorites are always popping up. Come Christmas, and someone names the Best Dressed Women of the Year. Come Easter, the Best Hatted Men of the Nation get their pictures in all the papers. And so it goes.

This being the hearts and flowers season, we scurried all over town, gathered opinions of top Hollywood stylists. Here's the result—stories behind the dresses they've designed and liked best since last Valentine's Day.

There's something super-romantic about being married to a man who designs your clothes. The creations he dreams up mean much more to you than just a covering for your chassis. So it is with Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini.

One Cassini-designed gown in particular stands out in Gene's mind—a formal you'll see in "Shanghai Gesture." From the top of its high neckline to the lower edge of its bodice, the gown is midnight black ninon. From the waist down, layer upon layer of sunlight pink ninon flares out, making a perfect background for a tree-like pattern of heavy black lace. Says Oleg, "The idea for the dress began shaping in my mind on the way home from a New Year's Eve party with Gene. It was nearly complete, but there was something else it needed. What it was eluded me, until I got home and saw the design the wild branches of the trees made against the sky." Gene loves the gown so much, she leaves newer things hanging in the closet in favor of what she calls her "tree dress."

There are a lot of women in this town who have had clothes designed for them by Orry-Kelly, whether they know it or not! Seems Warner Bros.' top-flight stylist loves to go night-clubbing, and while he sits at his pet table near the dance floor, he mentally designs costumes for most of the women who twirl by! Like Annie Sheridan, f'r instance. He watched her swing her hips through the motions of a wicked rumba the other night, "and by the time she'd gone around the dance floor twice, I'd thought of at least ten new outfits I'd like to see her wear."

As a matter of fact, it's the coat he designed for Ann in "The Man Who Came To Dinner" that gets the No. 1 spot on his "Favorite Design Since Last Valentine's Day" list. Kelly loves to use black with brown, so he worked out a black, heavy wool coat, slim-skirted and lavishly trimmed with sable. But don't go trying this on your own sewing machine. It cost $1,200!

We bumped into Damon Giffard, another of Warner Bros.' designers, in a dark, incense-filled shop in Old Chinatown. He was just reaching into his wallet for $1.50, the price of an exotic black and gold satin collar he had discovered collecting dust on a table of assorted junk. Mumbling something about designing a dress around it, he invited us out to the studio to take a look at his new creation in a couple of days.

Sure enough—next time we stopped by his office, he was fitting a new Oriental-inspired gown on Brenda Marshall. The dirty old collar, now cleaned and shining, topped a beautifully cut, heavy silk crepe dinner gown of eye-arresting Chinese red.

The personal pride of RKO's Stevenson's work during the last year is a suit he designed for Joan Fontaine in "Suspicion." A dressy suit of toasty beige American wool, it has a long fitted coat with side closing and slim skirt. On one wide lapel nestles a brace of sables that closes the coat at the shoulder and hangs down the back.

On the set Joan told us how much she liked the suit, and how it actually helped to put her in the proper mood. "Eddie used beige as the color to give a note of lightness and gaiety," she explained. "In this scene, I'm supposed to be making my first entrance into my home after returning from my wedding trip. He trimmed the suit with sable to let the audience know I'm playing a woman wealthy enough to afford the very best."

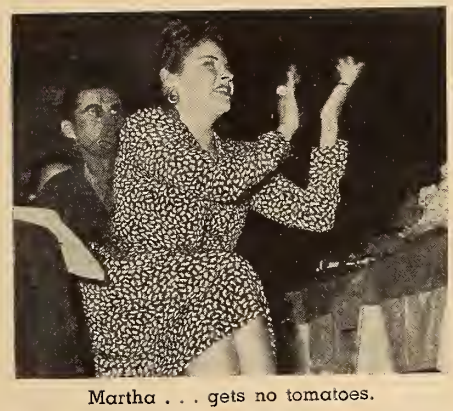
When Evelyn Keyes makes her first entrance in "The Adventures of Martin Eden," take a good look at her gown. A shining black and sapphire-blue dinner dress, it was fashioned from the last cut of imported French silk to reach this country. Columbia's designer, Monica, sentimentally names it her

Solution to Puzzle on Page 12

choice number off her drawing board in the last 12 months, because it marks her break with Paris fabrics.

No Raye-ce Prejudice

As though there didn't happen to be enough competition in this business! On her recent p. a. tour, Martha Raye landed in Chicago and found herself doing personals on one



Martha . . . gets no tomatoes.

side of the street while her latest movie "Hellzapoppin" was unreeling on the other!

This obviously presented an interesting situation, and when Martha returned we asked her which Raye had won out—the shadow or the shape.

"You're a dope," she told us sweetly. "Look at it this way. Which Hitler would you rather toss a tomato at—Adolf in the flesh or Adolf in a photograph? Naturally you'd go where you could see him getting the vegetables in his pan! Yup, the ticket buyers preferred Raye in person. They were nice, though. They squeezed their tomatoes and threw the juice!"

This last whimsy, we happen to know, is far from fact. Wherever Martha went, the audiences cheered. And what's more, her appearances broke attendance records from coast to coast.

One Foot in Heaven

By the time you read this, Mickey Rooney will probably be married. Andy Hardy Takes A Bride. Well, the news was not unexpected, and now that Mickey has found the right girl, everyone is quite pleased. (Everyone, that is, except M-G-M, who, having suffered through the recent marriages of Judy Garland and Kathryn Grayson, are keeping a frantic eye on 14-year-old Virginia Weidler!)

She's a real beauty, this Ava Gardiner whom Mickey has chosen for his one and only. Tall, dark and Southern to her fingertips, she's exactly the kind of girl his studio might have hoped Mickey would wed—five years hence. She's 19 years old, a native of South Carolina, and pounded a typewriter in Rockridge, N. C., before she tried her hand at modeling, which profession eventually led her to Hollywood.

Six months ago, everyone, including Mickey, thought he was engaged to Dancer Dolly Thon. But when Dolly issued a statement to the press to the effect that she had no intention of marrying Mr. Rooney, Mick decided the time had come to forget her. Which he did, effectively and quickly. He met Ava and fell deeply in love for the first time in his life.

On this last point, there is no doubt. Those who saw them at Peter Fairchild's Mocambo party, the other evening, are still awed at the new love-struck Mick. Not once throughout the evening did he get up to dance or even head for the bandstand as he always has in the past. And when the party broke up and Fairchild's guests departed, Mickey and Ava were so absorbed in each other, they didn't even know they had been deserted!

Further proof of Mickey's devotion is the way in which he allows nothing to divert him from his appreciation of Ava's company. So that he can savor every moment with her, he usually invites one of his chums to accompany them on dates—and then makes the poor chum(p) sit up front, acting as chauffeur while he and Ava sit in the rear holding hands!

And is Mick proud of his sweetheart? Get this! Ava is 5' 7"—several inches taller than Mickey—but he likes her to wear high-heeled shoes so she'll be seen by everyone!

Button, Button

If you want to make a hit with Joan Fontaine, give her jewelry—in miniature. Right now, Joan is concentrating on collecting military insignia. Every time an officer of the Army, Navy or the Marines appears, Joan is johnny-on-the-spot, coaxing him to part with all those cunning little gadgets he wears pinned to his breast pocket. Even the toughest top sergeants can't resist the oh-so-feminine pleas of elfin Joanie. Most of them take leave of her looking like they'd just exited from a stiff court martial!

Color for Confidence

You can't tell an actress anything new about the strange, subtle power of color! Every one of 'em has a favorite shade—one that gives her that I-can-lick-the-world feeling. Jeanette MacDonald's pet is green. She will never march into a business conference without a touch of the shining color somewhere on her. For extra formal matters, contract-signing and such, she dons a sheer green wool sports frock cut in classic lines that is stopped just this side of severity by a peek-a-boo petticoat of cerise taffeta.

Anita Louise discovered at a very tender age that blue not only made her look prettier, but brought her out of her shell of shyness. Now when she attends a crowded affair, she usually wears a blue wool cashmere dress suit with hat to match. She switches blouses, but her particular favorite is a crispy grey taffeta, perfectly plain except for a perky black bow tied neatly at the throat.

Dots for Hedy

There's much buzzing around the Metro commissary when Hedy Lamarr strolls in wearing her pet polka dot slack suit. She's had it for years, and the cattier females spend their free time between the entree and dessert trying to figure out just how old it is. It isn't feminine fancy that makes Hedy hang on to it, though. She wears it because the head electrician once told her it makes a perfect focal point for lighting her position at rehearsals.

Hedy's no fool. The combination of a perfect subject wearing a perfect costume so delights the boys, they give her the best possible light-and-shadow job. Which is why Hedy always stands out from her fellow players like a candle in a dark well!

There's Glamour in Noodles

Here's one for the books! Barbara Britton, one of Paramount's young hopefuls, has an accessory tip that really should be shifted to the cooking page! She dumps a box of

(*Continued on page 114*)

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alphabet macaroni into a pan of boiling water and lets the noodles flounder in the boiling aqua for ten minutes. When they're soft, she drains and rinses them in cold water. Then she picks out the letters of her name and lays them on a piece of absorbent paper to dry. As the final step she gives the letters a thorough shellacking with bright red nail polish and then pastes 'em on a narrow black velvet ribbon. The completed job, she says, can be worn as a bracelet or tied snugly around the throat.

Strike Up the Band

Gag around town is that Lana Turner ought to become a booking agent and send the Turner Trio out on tour. After all, what musical combination could compete with the fabulous threesome Lana could assemble with a twist of her wrist?

Lana . . . the eye-appeal.

We can see them now—The Turner Trio playing Main Street, Anytown. On the trombone—current beau, Tommy Dorsey! On the clarinet—ex-mate, Artie Shaw! On the saxophone—ex-love, Tony Martin! Sensational!

And if Agent Turner wants to toss in a little dance specialty, the wags suggest, there's Roger Pryor, ready to fill the bill. Pryor is taking nightly lessons in the rumba and samba at Arthur Murray's. And getting mighty good, too.

All that's missing from the act, they say, is eye-appeal—and Lana's no slouch at providing that herself!

Exposé

For shame! How could one of our better-known glamour girls have played such a filthy trick on the cameraman assigned to her current picture!

Seems the gal is proud of her generous bosom, and justly so. She's *really* lovely to look at. But, unfortunately, subtlety is a word she never learned. She insists on wearing costumes cut way below the Hays office line, and heaven help the man who tries to tell her she can't. She claims she knows what she's selling and argues that you wouldn't take beef away from a butcher, would you!

On the occasion of which we speak, she appeared on the set in a loose-fitting open-at-the-throat blouse, open far, far *below* her throat. The cameraman, left stone cold by her charms, asked her to button up.

"This is a family picture, dearie," he told her coldly. "Please remember you're a lady."

Our heroine was unimpressed. "I stay as I am," she snapped. "And you can't do a thing about it!"

The cameraman groaned. "Oh, I can't, can't I!" he said. "Well just wait and see!"

And striding toward her he made a dive for an upper button. "I'm going to fasten this," he hissed. "And you leave it alone!"

Did the young lady attempt to settle the argument amicably? Did she say let's try it your way and my way, too? She did not! Instead she ran screaming from the set directly to a producer's office, and there demanded the cameraman be fired because—"he tried to pinch me!"

P.S. The cameraman was *not* fired. He was transferred to another picture. And the glamour girl was returned to her set, with the sharp warning that she'd either obey orders or find herself free to indulge her immodesty—without a contract!

Man in Waiting

Don't laugh off that report that Phil Harris rejected an offer of $17,000 to make a brief personal appearance tour because he didn't want to be away from home. It's true, every word of it!

Phil's a married man, you know, and his wife, Alice Faye, is gonna have a baby. But that's only part of the reason Phil's hugging his house and fireside. The big reason is that he's scared stiff Alice will get into trouble the minute he lets her out of his sight.

Like the day he went down to the broadcasting station before Alice was awake. On his return home he found her bedroom in smoke, Alice bordering on hysterics, and her maid trying desperately to calm her!

When normalcy was restored, Alice revealed she had left her bed to start a log fire. The flames had sucked out and caught the fuzzy white negligee she was wearing. Luckily, her maid had rushed in and ripped the robe from her before she was seriously hurt. But that was enough for Phil.

"$17,000 is a lot of chips," he sighs. "But I couldn't get another Alice for a million, million times that amount. I appreciate the offer—but I think I'll stick close to the home base."

The Critic's Choice

A man is no hero to his valet—and, brother, a movie star is no hero to the ladies and gents of the press who have to work with him!

The Hollywood Women's Press Club, composed of the best-known femme names in Movietown journalism, recently held an election to determine the most cooperative and least cooperative players in the industry. The "most cooperatives" will not surprise anyone. The awards went to Bette

Bette . . . "most cooperative."

Davis for the women and Bob Hope for the men. In appreciation of their year-round graciousness, the Club presented Bette with a lapel pin in the form of a golden apple and Bob with a script marker topped by a similar apple. The gifts, executed in solid gold, were designed by Maurice, the cleverest jeweler in Hollywood, and presented to Bette and Bob at a special luncheon held in their honor.

The least cooperatives were another story. Proving that all is not goodness that glitters, the Club handed their scallions to none other than Miss Ginger Rogers and her old-time pal, Fred Astaire!

Ginger and Fred were given no awards and were not asked to attend the luncheon.

When advised that she had edged out Marlene Dietrich and Jean Arthur, Ginger remarked briefly: "All I can say is that I seem to be listed among some nice people!"

Quipped Astaire: "They should have had more respect for my age." Fred is 41.

Disa and Data

Jean Gabin never heard of the fancy "French" dishes featured on the 20th Century-Fox commissary menu! He calls them French double-talk and has the waitress explain their ingredients . . . Remember beautiful, blonde Elissa Landi? She ditched movies to concentrate on writing and has five novels under her belt, already . . . Cowboy star Buck Jones pays his bills with checks bearing an engraved picture of himself astride a horse . . . When Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner became engaged, Judy Garland and Dave Rose were the first people they told. In appreciation of the compliment, Judy gave Ava her own hope

Rita . . . too low-cut!

chest and some lovely bits of lingerie to start her trousseau . . . Bruce Cabot created a sensation when he strolled into a New York night club wearing black suede evening shoes trimmed with his initials in silver on the front!

Oh, that Rita Hayworth! The Hays Office, after okaying Oleg Cassini's sketch for an evening gown to be worn by Rita in "Tales of Manhattan," censored the outfit when they saw it finished and on the star! . . . If Jean Gabin does a scene in "Moon Tide" nude from the waist up, you can lay your thanks (or blame) at Marlene Dietrich's feet. Marlene heckled the writer to inject at least one semi-nekkid sequence so Jean could show the world the muscles he developed pedaling his bike around Beverly Hills . . . Johnny Boyle has the distinction of being the only dance director in Hollywood who hobbles around on crutches. He chipped an ankle bone showing Jimmy and Jean Cagney how to pick 'em up and put 'em down for "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (the story of George M. Cohan) . . . Director Roland Lee has a problem. He wants to do a flicker about Ulysses S. Grant, but he's afraid the gals won't go for a hero with a full-blown beard—even if that man Flynn's behind it!

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MODERN SCREEN

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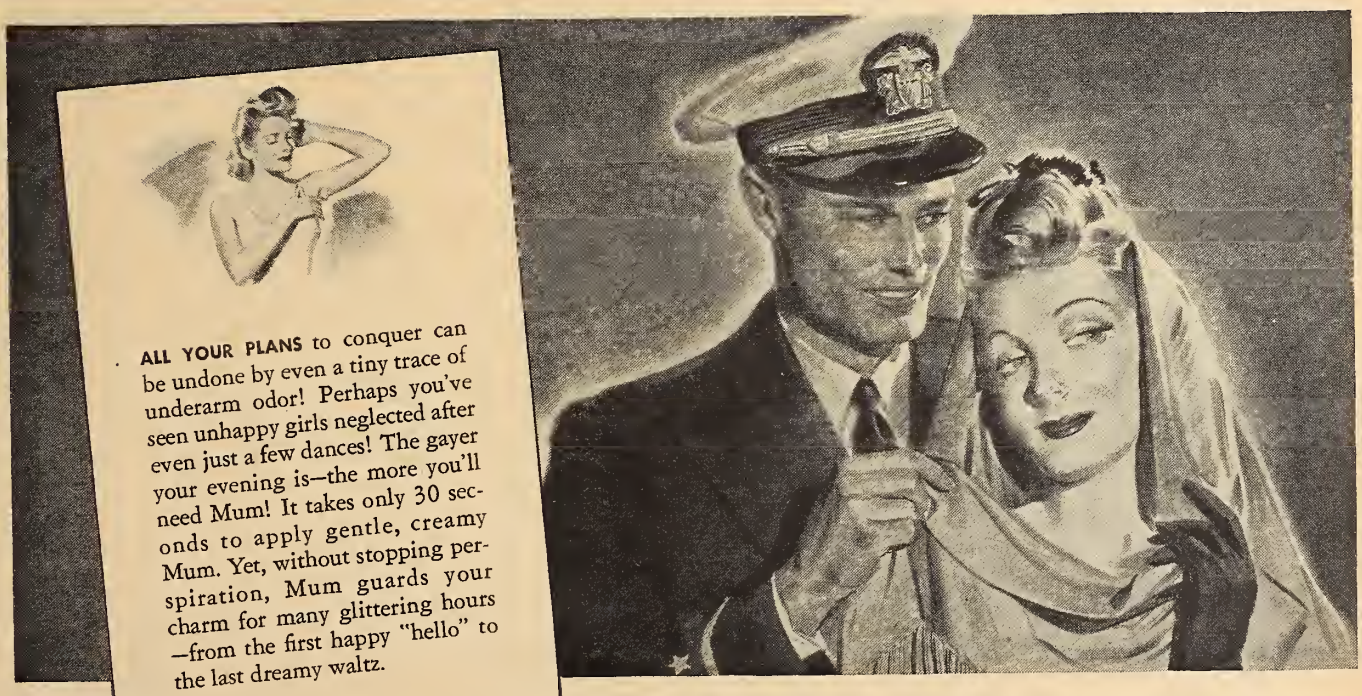

ALL YOUR PLANS to conquer can be undone by even a tiny trace of underarm odor! Perhaps you've seen unhappy girls neglected after even just a few dances! The gayer your evening is—the more you'll need Mum! It takes only 30 seconds to apply gentle, creamy Mum. Yet, without stopping perspiration, Mum guards your charm for many glittering hours —from the first happy "hello" to the last dreamy waltz.

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MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum works, not by stopping perspiration, but by *preventing* odor. Try it—you'll like Mum. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today.

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For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is such a safe, gentle deodorant. Mum's *dependability* is a safeguard against embarrassment.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

What does March come in like?...Okay, students, go to the head of the class.

★ ★ ★ ★

Leo, you know, has enlisted for the duration. He's in the Army, the Navy, Civilian Defense and ready to serve wherever wanted by his Uncle.

Have you seen "Joe Smith, American"? Recommended, incidentally, by our generous First Lady.

★ ★ ★ ★

We don't speak much about shorts in this column, but it's hard to keep quiet about "Main Street On The March", made with government cooperation.

★ ★ ★ ★

The exhibitors of America, as well, are all out for our war effort. Their screens will inform, uplift and divert. Three essentials in a crisis.

★ ★ ★ ★

Among the diversions that Dr. Leo has brewed in his own laboratory is the newest rattle of that famous Hardy family skeleton.

★ ★ ★ ★

Despite the natural presence of that exciting, energetic, connubial dynamo —Mickey Rooney—nothing personal is intended by the title—

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Courtship of Andy Hardy".

★ ★ ★ ★

It's undoubtedly impossible to refer to a beautiful young lady as a dark horse—

★ ★ ★ ★

But watch Donna Reed in this hardiest of the Hardys.

★ ★ ★ ★

Space doesn't permit much about "Mrs. Miniver", (Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon); "I Married An Angel", (Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy); "Ship Ahoy", (Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Bert Lahr, Tommy Dorsey's orchestra); and "Rio Rita", (Abbott and Costello).

★ ★ ★ ★

There's so much to say about the merits of Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Pictures. We really ought to have two columns. Still—

★ ★ ★ ★

Yours for conservation.

—Leo

MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

Good-Bye, Carole—*Lombard* 26
Double Exposure—*Bob Stack* 28
The Strange Case of George Sanders 32
"Dear Diary" 36
Cossack Cowboy—*George Montgomery* 40
The Lady Is a Trump—*Bette Davis* 42
Nelson Eddy Talks His Head Off 52

FEATURES

Candidly Yours 30
It's A Date 44
"In This Our Life" 60

BEAUTY

"All Clear" For Your Skin 48
Best Face Forward 50
Modern Screen's Complexion Chart 51

FASHION

So It's Spring Again 62
Feet To the Fore 96

DEPARTMENTS

Movie Reviews 6
Movie Scoreboard 12
Our Puzzle Page 14
Co-Ed 16
Portrait Gallery 19
Color Portrait of Ty Power and Annabella 35
Color Portrait of Linda Darnell 39
Good News 54
Modern Hostess 72

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You'll love Dura-Gloss, for it is no ordinary nail polish. Perhaps you've wondered why you hear so much about it, why so many have adopted it. Well, Dura-Gloss is made with a special ingredient—CHRYSTALLYNE*! Perfected through laboratory research, Chrystallyne is a magnificent resin that (1) imparts exceptional powers of *adhesion*, and (2) jewel-like *sparkle* and *brilliance* to Dura-Gloss. This wonderful substance is the reason Dura-Gloss resists ugly "peeling," and "fraying," so stubbornly day after day. Why it radiates sparkling gloss, luster, *life!* Dura-Gloss will make *your* nails a king's ransom in jewels . . . good enough to be kissed . . . brilliant, beautiful, lovely—at all cosmetic counters.

*Chrystallyne is a special resin-ingredient developed by chemistry-experts who were dissatisfied with existing nail polishes. Before being blended into the superb Dura-Gloss formula, it looks like glittering diamonds.

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3 New Colors for Spring

Blackberry
Mulberry
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LORR LABORATORIES
Paterson, New Jersey
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MOVIE REVIEWS

MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS

A foreigner viewing the movies of the last twenty years might conclude that American history was compressed into the four years of the Civil War. Before that, according to the Hollywood gospel, there was nothing and after that only the gangsters of Chicago and the bright lights of Broadway. Yet American history is full of periods that were colorful, dramatic and meaningful.

"Magnificent Ambersons" begins in 1885 and ends in 1913; a curious time—no wars, no gangsters and very few bright lights. But the face of America was changing then; the land was in the grip of a revolution as deadly and dangerous as the Civil War. The automobile came to America in those years; it turned the quiet, flat plains of the Midwest into a roaring inferno of factories and huge sprawling cities. A new generation marched in on the shoulders of the automobile, raw-faced and brash; and the old order changed, killed as brutally and surely by the gasping exhaust of the early automobiles as by cannon fire or bullets.

The Ambersons were of the old order. In their gracious and dignified midland town everybody knew everybody else's horse and carriage, a street car would wait for a lady to fix her bonnet, and manners were fixed and formal; women wore silk and velvet, men wore stovepipe hats. The Amberson mansion, pride of the town, stood splendid and magnificent—a peak and a pinnacle beyond comparison. The Ambersons were reigning rulers of their time and place.

Against this background is played the story of the ill-

Agnes Moorehead as Fanny Amberson with Tim Holt as George Amberson Minafer.

Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello and Ray Collins on one of Orson Welles' "Amberson" sets, total of which milked RKO of $170,000.

fated lovers, Isabella Amberson (Dolores Costello) and Eugene Morgan (Joseph Cotten). Isabella marries Wilbur Minafer (Don Dillaway). Eugene leaves the city; he returns eighteen years later, a widower, with his daughter Lucy. But Wilbur Minafer is still alive and, Isabella, too, has a child, a son, George (Tim Holt). On George she has lavished all the love and affection in her generous nature; and George, spoiled and aware of his position, has inherited all the evils of the Amberson tradition. When Wilbur Minafer dies it is George who stands between Isabella and Eugene, refusing to allow their marriage for fear it might undermine the position of the Ambersons, with the gossip-mongers and tale bearers of the city. And Isabella, whose life has been bound up in her son, dares not hurt him; this time it is Isabella who leaves the city. With George she travels to Europe, to fashionable watering-places, the finest resorts; and returns home only to die. Even on her death-bed, George refuses to allow Eugene to see her. But during this time, subtly and implacably, the position of the Ambersons has been undermined, their fortune dribbling away. The town has grown up around them; their mansion stands in the midst of factories and slums. After Isabella's death only a hollow shell is left. At the first gentle push it collapses, burying George in the wreckage. And only then, in this moment of tragic and bitter triumph, is Eugene able to consummate his love for Isabella through the love of his daughter Lucy and the repentent George.

The hand of Orson Welles is (*Continued on page* 8)

P.S.

125 cars, vintage of 1900, were rounded up and put into first-class running condition by studio mechanics . . . Joe Cotten used a Sears 1905 model, as pictured in the Sears-Roebuck catalog for that year . . . Orson rented a downtown ice-house for the snow scenes. Showed up for work in one of those fur-lined flying suits used by aviators for high-altitude experiments . . . Camera wizard Stanley Cortez solved every photographic poser put to him. In one scene, the camera takes the place of the actor. To get the effect, Cortez strapped a camera to his chest and walked slowly in and out of rooms, up the stairs. When the film was developed, they discovered the vibration of his movements had blurred the images. He took his shoes off and went through the entire routine once more. This time it worked . . . In another scene, the camera makes a complete 360-degree turn around a ball-room. Starting at the punch-bowl, the lenses move slowly around, catching about fifty different people as they enter, chat with friends, dance. By the time the punch-bowl comes into view again, several important story points have been made . . . toughest scene for the actors was the sleigh accident involving Tim Holt and Anne Baxter. Going at top speed through the snow (actually pulverized ice) a prop runner gives way, overturning the sleigh and spilling the kids down a steep hill. No doubles could be used because the end of the shot is a close-up of their faces as they roll right into the camera, which remained focused on them from the moment the sleigh overturned . . . Dolores Costello makes a screen comeback as Mrs. Anderson. Welles thought she'd be excellent for the part, hunted all over town for her and persuaded her to make tests . . . Anne Baxter is the niece of architect Frank Lloyd Wright.

Tim Holt ond Roy Collins ot eose neor o worning sign: "Do Not Bomb—Orson Welles Shooting!" P.S. No bombs fell!

Fence-jumper Anne Boxter in Torkington's "Ambersons", odopted, produced, narroted, comero-fied by Orson who now weighs 240 stripped!

(Continued from page 7)

apparent throughout the picture, in its narrative style, in its fluid use of the camera, in an attention to detail that makes the detail as important as the narrative; a hundred little touches will stick in your memory. Welles doesn't act in the picture, but his is the voice of the Narrator who sets the scene and tells part of the story. Dolores Costello returns to the screen as the gentle and beautiful Isabella; Joseph Cotten does a beautiful job as Eugene; Tim Holt completely handles the difficult and important role of George; Richard Bennet, Ray Collins, Anne Baxter and Agnes Moorehead round out an outstanding cast.

Spun out of America's past, the "Magnificent Ambersons" is bold in theme and background. The machines turn and clank in our Midwestern cities, doing deadlier work now than the production of automobiles. Here is the story of the beginning, before the factories triumphed; told in terms of people, tragedy, success and heartbreak. This was the time of Eugene Morgan, pioneer automobile manufacturer, and of the Ambersons, arrogant, magnificent—and futile.—*RKO.*

THE LADY HAS PLANS

Lisbon has become the scene for comedies of international intrigue where anything might happen and usually does. In "The Lady Has Plans" the newspaper lads are at it again, making fun, frolic and drama for the movies. Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland bounce through the lush days and dangerous

Lisbon nights, tossing off gags right and left. Happily, most of the gags come off; it's a gay comedy decked out with all the trimmings.

The plot involves a mix-up in spies. Paulette Goddard, going to Lisbon as legman for reporter Ray Milland is mistaken for the emissary of a spy ring which has the plans of an aerial bomb for sale. The plans, charmingly enough, are supposed to be engraved on Paulette's glamorous back in invisible ink. The British agent (Roland Young) and the Nazi agent (Albert Dekker) pop in and out of Paulette's sumptuous suite coyly hinting that she disrobe, and they'll talk business.

Paulette, not in on the secret, naturally mistakes just what kind of business they're talking about. So a good deal of the picture is concerned with her determination to keep her clothes on and the attempts of the two agents to get her to take them off. They don't succeed, of course; but they come about as close as the Hays office allows. There's a tense moment or two at the end when Paulette is finally cornered by the Nazis in a desolate hotel swamped with Nazi "tourists." It takes Ray Milliland's best efforts and an effective plot twist to get her out.

Paulette Goddard wears her clothes beautifully and handles her lines competently in that odd and brassy voice of hers. Ray Milland has a knack for comedy, and there's one short flash in a drunk scene where he outmuggs the best muggers the screen has to offer. The rest of the cast plays up to their level. Sidney Lanfield directed the picture with pace and dash and a knowing eye for the timing of a gag. It's all served up in a decorative platter.

Admitted, it's a little disturbing just now to find such serious matters as murder, spies and the diplomatic service handled for laughs and comedy; admitted, too, that it's more than a little startling to see a British agent as featherbrained and futile as Roland Young. But "The Lady Has Plans" has an innocuous and innocent air about it; in reality it's no more than a drawing room Western and about as profound.

At any rate it's a novel note to find a Nazi with a sense of humor: "What's cooking at the Wilhelmstrasse?" asks Ray Milland, and the glowering Baron Von Kemp knocks off a nifty. "Wiener-

(Continued on page 10)

TO 5 OUT OF 7 WOMEN . . .

New Loveliness in Three Minutes!

Beauty boosts morale! Let Marvelous *Matched* Makeup by Richard Hudnut help you look your loveliest!

• These days, make a special effort to be beautiful! Avoid the tragic mistake so many women unknowingly make—the lack of color harmony in powder, rouge and lipstick. Such makeup makes you look harsh, unattractive—instead of *winning!*

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THERE IS A STORY ABOUT A TOWN CALLED KINGS ROW

All knew it but none talked about it — *except in whispers.*

You'll live strange experiences you never dreamed could come into your life as the screen captures each ecstatic moment and every secret longing of these shadowed characters. Here is screen greatness, truly!

ANN SHERIDAN
as tempting 'RANDY'

ROBERT CUMMINGS
as handsome 'PARRIS'

RONALD REAGAN
as irresistible 'DRAKE'

BETTY FIELD
as stormy 'CASSIE'

KINGS ROW

WHERE EVERY HEART CONCEALED A SECRET SIN

Directed by
SAM WOOD
of 'Mr. Chips' and 'Kitty' Foyle' fame!

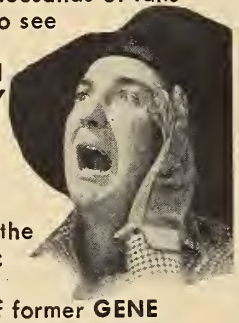
WARNER BROS. NEW SUCCESS, with CHARLES COBURN
Claude Rains · Judith Anderson · Nancy Coleman

The Screen Play is superbly adapted by Casey Robinson from the Novel by Henry Bellamann • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

Now at the Astor Theatre in New York duplicating the success of 'Sergeant York', the Warner Bros. picture that preceded it there. AT YOUR THEATRE SOON. Check the manager for exact date.

HITTING THE HIGH NOTES IN A BIG PICTURE

THE big news of THIS month is that GENE AUTRY has FINISHED another PICTURE, and soon it will be your PLEASURE to see it. "COWBOY SERENADE" is the title, and your OLD pal, SMILEY BURNETTE, is RIGHT beside GENE during all THE thrilling adventures of this EXCITING tale. For the more tender MOMENTS, charming FAY McKENZIE steps up to gladden GENE'S heart and yours. FAY was SUCH a sensation in the last GENE AUTRY film, "DOWN MEXICO WAY," that thousands of fans CLAMORED to see HER again in THIS one. And SO "COWBOY SERENADE" COMES to YOU with all THE exciting DRAMA and the LOVELY music AND stirring ROMANCE of former GENE AUTRY triumphs. Among the HIT tunes that you will hear are "COWBOY SERENADE," the TITLE tune, as well as "SWEETHEARTS Or Strangers" and OTHERS, all played and sung in THE inimitable GENE AUTRY STYLE. You'll say that "COWBOY SERENADE" is GENE'S best PICTURE yet. It's



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

schnitzel," he says. That proves it's all in fun and just a fairy tale. No Nazi who wants to keep his head kids about the Wilhelmstrasse. Look what happened to all those Generals.—*Par.*

P. S.

Toughest production chore was filming the dramatic telephone booth scene. Big Boys Ray Milland and Albert Dekker (both over six feet tall) were to crowd into the same booth with Paulette Goddard. After three unsuccessful tries, Director Sidney Lanfield put in a call for script-writer Harry Tugend, told him: "You thought of it, now you direct it!" . . . Lanfield got his start in the entertainment business as piano player with the Dixieland Jazz Band at New York's famed Reisenweber's . . . Paramount officials huddled to figure out how much of Margaret Hayes' back could be exposed without incurring Hays Office wrath. Final decision: The 12th vertebra is the extreme limit of modesty . . . Margaret spent her spare time during production making technicolor tests of herself made up as Maria of "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Hopes to snag the part that way . . . Albert Dekker, always a screen toughie, is a homebody at heart. Is now rigging up electrified chicken coops to keep his Buff Orpingtons warm and cozy during chilly California nights . . . One scene shows Portuguese police and American Embassy members racing down a Lisbon road. For more space, the sound stage doors were left open. A sailor from "The Fleet's In" (being shot on the adjoining stage) wandered into camera focus just as they were finishing what was otherwise a perfect take. "Shoot it over," commanded the producer. "That's all we need to promote another international incident!" . . . the low-slung, right-hand-drive convertible used in so many of the scenes is the MG Club Roadster Bob Montgomery brought back with him from England a few years ago . . . Paulette Goddard went three days without glamour, garbed in an oversize grey sweatshirt, baggy shorts, pair of old gym shoes and a dirty towel wrapped around her head . . . Lanfield had to leave the set for a few hours the afternoon Milland's fake suicide scene was shot. When he saw the rushes that night, he buried his face in his hands and wept—with laughter. Dangling in mid-air with a rope tied around his neck, face pale and tongue sticking out, was not Ray Milland, but Jack Benny! The correct version was run off a few minutes later.

SYNCOPATION

Music and movies have always been together like corned beef and cabbage. In the old silent days every movie house had at least a piano player who blasted out music suitable to the scene; some places even had a piano, a violin and a sounding board. The big movie palaces supported orchestras. The first sound picture, "The Jazz Singer," was a musical, and ever since, music has been the thumping lifeblood of the movies. Tin Pan Alley never had a better press agent than Hollywood.

But curiously enough, despite this thorough familiarity, Hollywood had been blind to the dramatic story of American music and American music makers; they were too close to the forest to see the trees. Having found the theme, they've lost no time in making pictures. There was "Birth Of The Blues" only a little while ago; and now comes "Syncopation," more ambitious, larger in scope, trying to tell the whole story of Jazz.

"Syncopation" begins deep in a Congo jungle where the negro natives danced to the wild rhythms of their jungle drums. It follows the thread of that rhythm in the hold of a slave ship to New Orleans, to America, into the cotton fields of the South, into the small, rude churches where the tender and reverent spirituals were sung, throbbing, alive and vibrant.

The plot follows two lines. It traces the story of Reggie Tearbone, negro of New Orleans, whose horn blasted its way from Basin Street to Chicago and into the speakeasies of New York. And it tells the story of Johnny Schumacher, Chicago slum kid, whose jazz finally evolved into present day swing. The combining link of both stories is Kit Latimer, born in New Orleans, whose family migrates to Chicago. She meets Johnny there, and their tempestuous marriage and separation is the thread of the plot.

Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper handle the lead roles. Robert Benchley acts the part of a one man chorus, bridging the time lapses, setting the scenes. Adolph Menjou, George Bancroft and Frank Jenks figure prominently in the story. Todd Duncan and Jessie Grayson handle the important negro characters.

"Syncopation" is a full canvas, weaving upward from New Orleans through Memphis and Chicago to New York; beginning in 1907 into the World War and through the era of Prohibition into the present day. Star of the picture, of course, is the music itself; blues, rags, stomps, swing follow each other in turn.

You'll hear "Basin Street Blues," "Jazz Me Blues," "Sugar Foot Stomp," "Tiger Rag" and a host of other numbers which have become classics in the swing world. It's one long jazz spree, and the climax, naturally takes place in a Fifty-Second Street night club where an all-star band of favorites join together in a jam session.

No dancing in the aisles, please.—*RKO.*

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

P. S.

Jackie Cooper must have had his fill of music during production . . . During the day on the set, Cooper on the drums used to beat it out between takes in fast jive sessions with men like Red Roundtree, Rex Stewart and Bob Haggart . . . At night, Jackie packed his skins over to the Palladium for a little bit of bouncing with his favorite outfit—T. Dorsey and band . . . Bonita Granville practiced long hours for the boogie-woogie piano playing the script called for. She already knew how to play, but her repertoire was limited to polite classics . . . Director William Dieterle, the man who always wears white gloves while working, named this his favorite picture, liked it better than anything he's ever directed. And this includes "The Story of Louis Pasteur," "Life of Emile Zola" and "All That Money Can Buy" . . . Todd Duncan, who plays "Rex Tearbone, King of Cornetists," was once professor of music at Howard University, in the South. He's the colored actor who sang the role of Porgy in "Porgy and Bess" . . . Frank Jenks used to be a trombonist; had his own orchestra and played in theaters throughout the country before turning actor . . . George Bancroft and Adolphe Menjou, pals since they were both under contract to Paramount years ago, spent all their time between calls hashing over old times. Bancroft calls Menjou Papa and likes to kid him about his sartorial elegance . . . Bob Benchley never says anything for the first few moments he appears on the screen. The sight of him causes audiences to laugh so heartily, they wouldn't hear him anyway . . . Ted North makes more money selling hair restorer than he does from his thespic chores. His formula, a deep, dark, secret, has caused new growth to sprout on some of Hollywood's erstwhile barest noggins . . . Mona Barrie worked an entire day without telling her fellow actors she'd sprained her ankle and sustained assorted cuts and bruises in a terrific fall before coming to work. Dieterle noticed her limping, insisted she stay home next day . . . 10 original numbers and oldies like "Sugar Foot Stomp" and "Jazz Me Blues" figure prominently in the musical pattern.

HOUSE OF SPIES

Conrad Veidt, that tall, immaculate, Gloomy Gus actor, always has had the double-edged ability to be both villainous and charming. In "Salute To Courage" this problem of his dual personality is handled neatly by making him twins. Conrad Veidt, number one, is Baron Hugo von Detner, villainous Nazi, head of a ring of saboteurs. Conrad Veidt, number two, is Otto Becker, gentle, charming and cultured and twin brother to the Nazi.

Their lives intertwine when the Baron forces Otto to allow him to use his innocent bookstore as the front for the Baron's ring of saboteurs. A stream of fatal incidents flows from this quiet center; train wrecks, airplane crashes, explosions, accidents. Otto can stand no more; no matter at what cost he is determined to stop his brother. They meet in the peaceful book-lined store. They quarrel, and Otto, in a righteous rage, accidentally kills his brother. Standing over him, he sees his way. Working

(*Continued on page 13*)

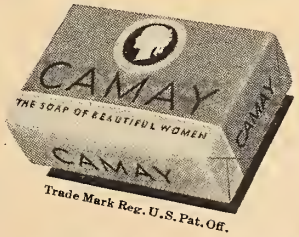
Be Lovelier! So very Soon! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Alfred L. Powell of New York, N. Y., says: "I'm so devoted to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet! I tell all my friends about this wonderful aid to loveliness."

Start this exciting course in beauty care! It's based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

WHISPERED praises in the moonlight—"Your skin is so lovely to look at, so delightful to touch"... Every woman should hear these compliments. Do you?

If not, then the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet offers you a promise of new loveliness. For, unknowingly, you may be clouding the real beauty of your skin through improper cleansing. Or, like so many women failing to use a beauty soap as mild as it should be.



Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Thousands of brides have found the key to loveliness in the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. One such bride is Mrs. Powell who says: "My skin has reacted so beautifully to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet I'd never try any other beauty treatment."

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder than the 10 other famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we say "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet . . . TONIGHT!"

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

SHE'S
A Dream
SHE'S
Irresistible
SHE USES IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME AND LIPSTICK
An exquisite perfume for your new Spring Bonnet . . . a challenge to Spring and a young man's fancy. A touch of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME makes you divinely exciting, glamorous, irresistible and assures you of his devotion. Now in an adorable Easter Box.
Only 10¢ at all 5 & 10¢ Stores
IRRESISTIBLE
USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer . . . smoother . . . . . 10¢

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating
A Yank on the Burma Road (M-G-M)	2½★
All That Maney Can Buy (RKO)	3½★
All Through the Night (Warners)	3½★
Amang The Living (Paramount)	3★
Apache Kid (Republic)	3★
Arizana Bound (Monogram)	C 2½★
Babes on Broadway (M-G-M)	4★
Bad Man of Deadwood (Republic)	2½★
Bahama Passage (Paramount)	3½★
Ball af Fire (RKO)	3½★
Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Birth of the Blues (Paramount)	3★
Blonde from Singapore, The (Columbia)	2★
Blues In the Night (Warners)	3★
Bady Disappears, The (Warners)	2★
Bombay Clipper (Universal)	2½★
Borrowed Hera (Monagram)	2★
Bowery Blitzkrieg (Monogram)	2★
Bride Came C. O. D., The (Warners)	3½★
Burma Convoy (Universal)	2½★
Buy Me That Town (Paramaunt)	3★
Cadet Girl (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Call Out the Marines (RKO)	2★
Caught in the Draft (Paramaunt)	3★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Charlie Chan in Rio (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Callege Sweetheart (Monagram)	2★
Canfessians of Boston Blackie (Calumbia)	2½★
Confirm ar Deny (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Corsican Brothers, The (United Artists)	3★
Cracked Nuts (Universal)	2½★
Death Valley Outlaws (Republic)	2½★
Devil Pays Off, The (Republic)	2½★
Doctar's Don't Tell (Republic)	2★
Dumba (RKO)	C 3½★
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Calumbia)	2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO)	2½★
Feminine Tauch, The (M-G-M)	3★
Flying Cadets (Universal)	2★
Farbidden Trails (Monagram)	2★
Forgotten Village, The	3½★
Gay Falcon, The (RKO)	2½★
Go West Young Lady (Columbia)	2★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Gunman from Badie, The (Monagram)	2★
Harmon of Michigan (Columbia)	2★
Hellzapappin' (Universal)	3½★
Henry Aldrich for President (Paramount)	C 3★
Here Comes Mr. Jardan (Calumbia)	4★
H. M. Pullham, Esq. (M-G-M)	3★
Hald Back the Dawn (Paramount)	3½★
Honky Tonk (M-G-M)	3★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Hurricane Smith (Republic)	2★
Hurry, Charlie, Hurry (RKO)	2½★
I Wake Up Screaming (20th Century-Fax)	3★
Ice-Capades (Republic)	2½★
Internatianal Lady (United Artists)	3★
Internatianal Squadran (Warners)	3½★
Jesse James at Bay (Republic)	2½★
Joan of Paris (RKO)	3½★
Johnny Eager (M-G-M)	3½★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists)	4★
Kathleen (M-G-M)	3★
Keep 'Em Flying (Universal)	3★
Kid From Kansas (Universal)	2★
Ladies in Retirement (Columbia)	4★
Lady Be Gaad (M-G-M)	3★
Lady is Willing, The (Columbia)	2½★
Last of the Duanes (20th Century-Fax)	C 2½★
Law of the Tropics (Warners)	2½★
Look Wha's Laughing (RKO)	2½★
Louisiana Purchase (Paramount)	3½★
Lydia (United Artists)	3½★
Mad Doctor, The (Universal)	2★
Maltese Falcan, The (Warners)	3½★
Man at Large (20th Century-Fax)	2★
Man Fram Mantana (Universal)	2½★
Man Who Came ta Dinner, The (Paramount)	4★
Manpawer (Warners)	3★
Married Bachelor (M-G-M)	3★
Marry The Bass's Daughter (20th Century-Fax)	2★
Masked Rider, The (Universal)	2½★
Men in Her Life, The (Columbia)	3★
Mercy Island (Republic)	2½★
Mab Town (Universal)	2★
Maan Over Her Shoulder (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Moan Over Miami (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Moonlight in Hawaii (Universal)	2½★
Mr. & Mrs. North (M-G-M)	3★
My Life with Caroline (RKO)	3★
Navy Blues (Warners)	C 3★
Never Give A Sucker An Even Break (Universal)	3★
New York Town (Paramount)	2★
Night of January 16 (Paramount)	3★
Nine Lives Are Not Enough (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
No Hands on the Clock (Paramount)	2½★
Officer and the Lady, The (Columbia)	2½★
One Faat in Heaven (Warners)	3½★
Pacific Blackout (Paramaunt)	2★
Paris Calling (Universal)	3★
Parson af Panamint (Paramaunt)	3★
Pittsburgh Kid, The (Republic)	2½★
Playmates (RKO)	3★
Public Enemies (Republic)	2★
Quiet Wedding (Universal)	3½★
Red River Valley (Republic)	2½★
Remember The Day (20th Century-Fax)	3½★
Riders of the Badland (Columbia)	2★
Riders of the Purple Sage (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Royal Mounted Patrol, The (Columbia)	2½★
Saddle Mauntain Roundup (Monogram)	2★
Sailors an Leave (Republic)	2★
Secrets af the Lone Wolf (Columbia)	2½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M)	2½★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists)	3½★
Shepherd af the Hills (Paramount)	3½★
Sing Another Chorus (Universal)	2★
Sing for Your Supper (Columbia)	2★
Skylark (Paramaunt)	3★
Smiling Ghast, The (Warners)	2½★
Smilin' Through (M-G-M)	3★
Son of Fury (20th Century-Fox)	3★
South of Tahiti (Universal)	2★
Stork Pays Off, The (Calumbia)	2½★
Sullivan's Travels (Paramount)	4★
Sundawn (United Artists)	2½★
Sunset in Wyoming (Republic)	3½★
Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Suspicion (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Tanks a Million (United Artists)	2★
Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M)	2½★
Texas (Calumbia)	3½★
They Died With Their Boots On (Warners)	3½★
Three Girls Abaut Town (Columbia)	2½★
This Waman is Mine (Universal)	2½★
Those Were the Days (Paramount)	C 2½★
Three Cockeyed Sailors (United Artists)	2★
Tillie the Tailer (Columbia)	2★
Time Out For Rhythm (Calumbia)	2½★
Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO)	4★
Tonta Basin Outlaws (Monogram)	2★
Taa Many Blandes (Universal)	2★
Treat 'Em Rough (Universal)	2½★
Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M)	3½★
Unholy Partners (M-G-M)	2½★
Victory (Paramount)	3★
Washingtan Melodrama (M-G-M)	3★
Weekend for Three (RKO)	3★
Weekend in Havana (20th Century-Fox)	3★
When Ladies Meet (M-G-M)	3★
Walf Man, The (Universal)	2½★
Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M)	4★
Woman's Face, A (M-G-M)	3½★
You Belong to Me (Columbia)	3★
You'll Never Get Rich (Columbia)	4★
You're in The Army Now (Warners)	2★

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 11*)

swiftly, he changes clothes with the Baron, shaves off his own identifying beard and walks out of the store acting the part of Baron Hugo von Detner.

It is dangerous work, living a life strange to him. Cautiously he picks up the strings of the Baron's tangled affairs. He meets Kaaren (Ann Ayars) at the Baron's apartment, and bewildered, not knowing whether she is supposed to be his wife or sweetheart, he discovers that

she is a cog in the Baron's organization, sick at heart, wanting to get out.

Otto's purpose, of course, in taking up the Baron's role was to expose the whole set-up to the authorities. But he finds himself in love with Kaaren, and at the final moment he saves her. But he cannot save himself. Acting on his information, the spies are rounded up and deported, and Otto with them, knowing that as soon as he reaches Germany he will be discovered. Yet Otto, this gentle peace-loving man, finds satisfaction in what he has done; and an odd consolation in his doomed love for Kaaren, whom he will never see again.—*M-G-M.*

ASIDES . . .

Of course, this picture was in production before the war broke. But it poses a strong problem and a pretty serious one for Hollywood these days. So far there's been no rush of war pictures; but almost all the studios have rushed to register titles about Pearl Harbor. It will be a sorry spectacle if Hollywood turns out quick and cheap melodrama about the war; jerry-built pictures will pander to hate and intolerance, and cheapen and vulgarize all the ideals and resolves for which the war is being fought. There's no room for pictures like that.

The successful morale-builders haven't been quickie melodramas which trade on the country's deep interest in the war. Best of the lot have been factual and honest treatments like "Target For Tonight" or the American-made "I Wanted Wings." Now, of all times, Hollywood must be honest with itself and with the country; and the devil take quick profits.

(*Continued on page 15*)

How many of these 6 skin troubles do you have?

Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help give you a smooth, fresh, "baby skin"!

ONE OF THE first things people notice about you is—*your skin!* And you can't conceal a skin that's rough and flaky, that has blackheads, big pores.

Wouldn't you like to be *proud* of your skin — proud of its soft, young smoothness, of its radiant freshness? Wouldn't you like to have the kind of lovely skin that men admire, and women envy?

You can—but not by covering up blemishes! Not by hiding blackheads and big pores. You must remove the cause of skin troubles. And the cause of many skin troubles is an accumulation of dirt, stale make-up, dead skin cells . . . lodged in the tiny mouths of the pores.

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is scientifically designed to clean out the mouths of the pores, remove the rancid accumulations, ease away the dry, dead skin-flakes. But that isn't all! My cream takes care of *four vital needs* of your skin.

Every time you apply it, here's what it does: **(1)** It thoroughly, but gently, *cleanses* your skin. **(2)** It *softens* your skin, relieves dryness. **(3)** It helps nature *refine* the pores. **(4)** It *smooths* your skin, leaves a non-sticky base for your powder.

Send for Generous Tube

Mail coupon for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more lovely women every day are turning to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!

Lady Esther **4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM**

LADY ESTHER, (77)
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 9 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*)

What's your biggest query about

Tampons?

It's smart to ask questions about a new idea like *internal* sanitary protection. For whether you already enjoy the wonderful freedom of tampons, or haven't even tried them yet—there are always new improvements, modern advantages you should know about. Are these the sort of questions *you* would ask?

"I don't want to worry... can I be sure?"

Yes—*if* your tampons absorb quickly, *surely*. Meds — the Modess tampons—absorb *faster* because of the "safety center." A modern feature no other tampons have! Meds hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

"Do they really fit?"

A leading woman's doctor, designed Meds. They're scientifically shaped to fit. That's why Meds are so *comfortable*. Insert Meds properly and you can forget the time of month. No bulges, belts, or odors! And Meds are easier to use, too. Each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator that ends old difficulties.

"Will I have to pay more?"

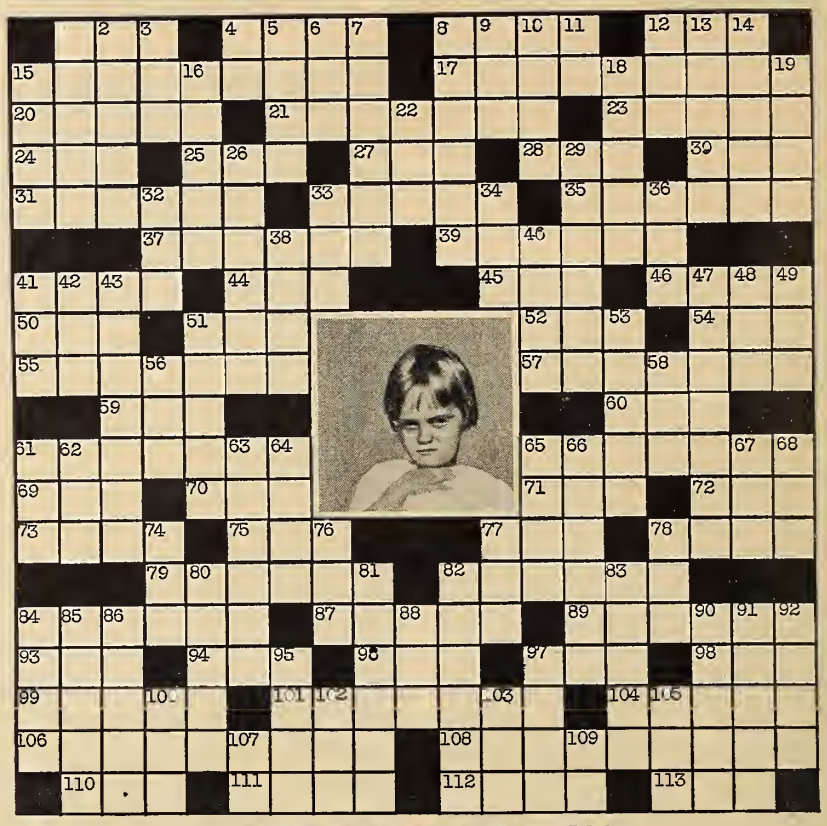
Not on your life! Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators. In fact, no more than leading sanitary napkins. Try Meds and compare!

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

Meds

The Modess Tampon

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on page 104

ACROSS

1. Opposite Jean Gahin in "Moontide"
4. Medico in "Doctors Don't Tell"
8. She's Pathe's "Miss 1950"
12. V - - - Zorina
15. With Cary in "Arsenic And Old Lace"
17. Newsreel applause-getter
20. Cary Grant's given name
21. "The Falcon" of the screen
23. Jane's "You're In The Army Now" hero
24. The new Mrs. George Brent
25. Wife of Gene Autry
27. - - - nis Day
28. Ce - - - Romero
30. D - - - Andrews
31. Starred in "Sunny"
33. Feminine name
35. Dennis Morgan's former name
37. U. S. and Britain
39. John Garfield's benefactor
41. Other woman in "H. M. Pulham, Esq."
44. What Russell is to James Gleason
45. One of the Seven Dwarfs
46. First male Academy Award winner
50. Mickey Rooney's bride
51. "The Wolf Man"
52. Exclamations of wonder
54. Yale
55. "Kathleen's" friend
57. Produces "Reap The Wild Wind"
59. Comedian Pendleton
60. Deanna's mother
61. Edward Horton's middle name
65. Pop-eyed, mustached comic
69. - - - i Damita
70. Nora in "The Thin Man"
71. "Clear - - - Wires"
72. Part of an atom
73. Comedy: "The - - - - Animal"
75. What Tom Harmon became
77. Three: prefix
78. The mood "Suspicion" created
79. Cocks
82. Male lead of "We Were Dancing"
84. Fem. lead in "Texas"
87. Before
89. Antiseptic lotion
93. G - - - Patrick
94. Masculine name
96. Aged
97. Shade tree
98. Free
99. Show happiness
101. Chaplin's wife
104. Fill with joy
106. Fonda's wife in 73-Across
108. Joan's "Lady For A Night" hubby
110. Movie working grounds
111. Femme in "Mr. and Mrs. North"
112. Comfort
113. - - - dy Barrie

DOWN

1. Actress in "This Time For Keeps"
2. She's featured in "Johnny Eager"
3. American Society of Cinematographers: ahhr.
4. Twice: prefix
5. Mrs. Charles Laughton
6. Wing
7. In "I Wake Up Screaming"
8. Femme in "Captains of the Clouds"
9. Constance M - - - e
10. Singer in "Sailors On Leave"
11. She's hack in "Father Takes A Wife": init.
12. News gal in "An Ohliging Young Lady"
13. Hero of "Las Vegas Nights"
14. Actress in "The Lady Is Willing"
15. Plot
16. - - - - - Wills
18. Frequent co-star of 106-Across
19. Russian ruler
22. Director: Roy - - - Ruth
26. M-G-M's popular baritone
29. Principal in "Confirm or Deny"
32. Happy
33. Paul - - - reid's in "Joan of Paris"
34. "Rise - - - Shine"
36. Fish eggs
38. Hollywood stunt girl
40. Prod
41. Producer of "Hay Foot"
42. Femme in "Forced Landing"
43. 20th Century-Fox starlet
47. 106-Across famed GWTW role
48. Reagan's home state: abbr.
49. "The Great - - -"
51. Sheridan in "They Died With Their Boots On"
53. Film producer
56. Swiss river
58. Two-word answer in wedding ceremonies
61. Kind of tree
62. By way of
63. A Roland Young role
64. Novice
65. "Alfalfa" Sweitzer
66. First name of 106-Across
67. Correlative of "neither"
68. Some
74. C - - - l Cunningham
76. Madam Gin Sling in "Shanghai Gesture"
77. A Merry Mac
78. Finis
80. Sprite in Shakespeare's "Tempest"
81. Sham
82. Feminine title of address
83. Republic will produce "- - - - Boy"
84. Money
85. Beans
86. How Frank Buck hrings 'em back
88. Fritz F - - -
90. Angry
91. Chemical element
92. Paradise
95. Gelatinous seaweed substance
97. Advantage
100. Illuminated
102. Unit
103. Inlet
105. Star of "Dr. Kildare's Victory"
107. Life Guard: ahhr.
109. This precedes 106-Across

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 13*)

And if they can't treat the theme with integrity, let them keep away from it entirely.

There's plenty Hollywood can do in its own field of entertainment. "Dumbo," I think, will build more morale than a hundred flashy pictures using Japanese spies. At the height of the bombing of London, the people lined up in the shattered streets to see "Gone With The Wind." It's good pictures that build morale, no matter what the theme.

P. S.

Three of the best dressed dummies in Hollywood are in this one—wood and wire mannequins created especially for the dress salon scenes. The designers went wild with their creations for the models, because they weren't meant to be worn . . . Conrad Veidt's fan club has started a movement to "Keep Veidt Alive On the Screen" . . . Meanie Martin Kosleck is a very well-known artist. Among his works are portraits of Marlene Dietrich and Bette Davis . . . Ann Ayars, whose real name is Ann Pellicciotti, has a beautiful singing voice. She's given several concerts and has her eye on the Metropolitan Opera . . . Veidt thinks the walk is the most important part of a characterization. He's made a thorough study of it and says beware of a man who walks down the street quickly, then slows down or stops when he reaches the middle of a block. He's probably crooked; if, however, he walks with medium slow and steady gait, he can be trusted . . . Much grey was used in Ann's costumes; the shade is perfect for black-and-white photography . . . Director Jules Dassin got a bad case of jitters the first day of production. This is his first full-length picture, assigned to him as a reward for his excellent handling of one of Metro's most successful shorts—"The Telltale Heart" . . . Veidt had to be instructed in the proper method of handling the $250,000 stamp collection . . . For scenes in which he's supposed to be talking to himself (he plays a dual role), he used an "extra" player of his own height as an eye-level . . . Instead of playing one part all the way through, he switched from one character to another which is twice as difficult. Eight daily make-up changes were necessary . . . Veidt, known as "Connie" to his pals, had only one qualm about playing two parts—"I was afraid I might upstage myself!"

JUKE GIRL

Florida, it might surprise you to know, is not evenly divided between Miami and Palm Beach; there happen to be quite a few thousand acres that don't provide a playground for prancing northern tourists. You probably drank the juice of a Florida orange this morning; and at dinner time you might be cutting up a Florida tomato for your salad.

"Juke Girl" by-passes the flashy coastal resort centers and tells the story of Cat Tail, in the heart of the farming country. Swept into town with thousands of itinerant produce pickers are Ronald Reagan, Richard Whorf and Ann Sheridan. Dick and Ronnie are footloose, following wherever the freights take them; Ann is a juke girl, a hostess in those night clubs for the poor where the juke box is

(*Continued on page 99*)

She WENT OUT FOR A WALK... AND CAME HOME WITH A BABY!
When she adopted a dimpled darling she had to find a dizzy daddy to take for a roaring ride!
Marlene DIETRICH · Fred MacMURRAY
IN MITCHELL LEISEN'S
THE LADY IS WILLING
Introducing The Screen's Most Blessed Event...
BABY COREY
The Wonder Baby
with
ALINE MacMAHON · STANLEY RIDGES
ARLINE JUDGE · ROGER CLARK
Screen play by James Edward Grant and Albert McCleery
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN
A Charles K. Feldman Group Production
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Co-ed

BY JEAN KINKEAD

Nothing less glamorous than the femme futile unless it's a long-faced defense widow. Here's how not to be one!

★★★

Now Hair Can Be Far More Alluring
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

Worldly but bewitching . . . *this smoothly-rolled, distinguished hair-do. Hair shampooed with improved Special Drene, now featured by leading beauty salons, because it leaves hair so silky, smooth!*

Amazing hair conditioner now in improved Special Drene Shampoo brings new glamour to hair!

● Have you discovered yet how much more glamorous even the simplest hair-do looks—after a shampoo with improved Special Drene? That amazing hair conditioner now in Special Drene makes the most terrific difference! It leaves the hair far silkier, smoother . . . easier to comb into smooth, sleek neatness . . . easier to arrange!

No wonder improved Special Drene, with hair conditioner in it, is sweeping the country . . . thrilling girls everywhere!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, as all *soaps* do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance . . . up to 33% more lustre!*

So to get these extra beauty benefits, don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

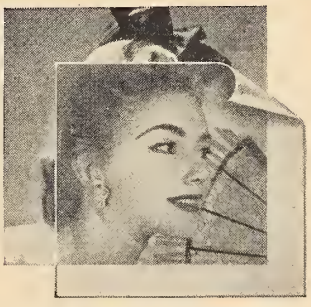
All Special Drene now at dealers' in the blue and yellow package is improved

Special Drene with Hair Conditioner Added

and is for every type of hair . . . no matter whether dry, oily, normal! Don't wait to try new, improved Special Drene — or ask your beauty operator to use it.

Procter & Gamble, Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos —which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% *more lustre!*

BETTY GRABLE
VICTOR MATURE
JACK OAKIE
in

SONG of the ISLANDS

in TECHNICOLOR!

with
Thomas Mitchell · George Barbier
Billy Gilbert · Hilo Hattie
Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiians

Directed by WALTER LANG
Produced by WILLIAM LeBARON
Original Screen Ploy by Joseph Schrank, Robert Pirosh, Robert Ellis and Helen Logan · Lyrics and Music by Mack Gordon and Horry Owens

SONGS
by Gordon and Owens
"SING ME A SONG OF THE ISLANDS"
"DOWN ON AMI, AMI ONI, ONI ISLE"
"O'BRIEN HAS GONE HAWAIIAN"
"WHAT'S BUZZIN' COUSIN"
"BLUE SHADOWS AND WHITE GARDENIAS"
"MALUNA, MALOLO MAWAENA"

20th CENTURY FOX

Coming soon!

WATCH FOR IT!

HENRY FONDA · GENE TIERNEY
Keep 'Em Laughing with Their Loving
in
Rings on her Fingers
with LAIRD CREGAR

Buy U. S. Defense Bonds or Stamps every day!

BY KAY JONES

Priscilla Lane

When Priscilla Lane started as Fred Waring's gum-chewing songster-comedienne, she needed Sis Rosemary to make her click. Now on her own, it looks like the blue-eyed baby of the Mullican clan (that's the five Lane lassies' real moniker) has turned out to be the fight-ingest. After battling for good contract terms, Pat and her studio finally passed around the peace pipe, and the reels are already rolling out on Universal's "Saboteur," with the littlest Lane listening to director's orders from high 'n' mighty Hitchcock. A rootin', tootin' Cary Grant fan, she balked when she met Cary for the first time in "Arsenic and Old Lace" and was told to give him a sure, swift kick. Under the sun she whacks a nice tennis ball, claims it's just one way of keeping her 102 pounds inside her teensy 18-inch waistline. To date, her favorite indoor sport is dodging all questions that start with " . . . now about this man John Barry. . . ."

John Payne

Funny thing, what a guy will do to eat! Take the case history of one John Payne. Of the Roanoke, Virginia, Paynes, suh! They used to call him Tiger around New York's West Side gyms . . . until the Armenian Assassin brought his career as a wrestler to an abrupt ending. Then he turned to the more genteel profession of bouncer in a real nice night club. From there he sprinted from pool-room manager to chauffeur to short-order cook—all the while enrolled in the Columbia School of Journalism. One day he started to write assorted two-bit stories. Weird and wonderful tales, they were. He's papering his study right now with editors' rejection slips . . . but loves his new book like crazy. Calls it "The Sun Shines Bright." Certainly it's been shining bright for John, with such handsome parts as 20th Century-Fox's "To the Shores of Tripoli" being thrown smack at him. Hoards pennies and says he would like all kinds of children, 10, anyway!

FRANK POWOLNY

Ida Lupino

It all dates back to "The Light That Failed." Her knife-edged portrayal of the spirited little gutter-snipe caught on . . . lifted her out of syrupy roles, and it's been bigger and better neurotics for Miss Lupino ever since! In "Ladies in Retirement" she managed a cozy little job of strangulation that'd make Lady Macbeth look silly. Now, everyone's standing around on one foot, waiting to see what she's up to in 20th Century-Fox's "Moontide." You'd never guess she was imported from England originally to do a dewy-eyed "Alice in Wonderland." But you might very well guess that 300 years of acting is her heritage. She says, "I used to be frivolous, overpainted . . . simply awful!" But one day she met that nice Louis Hayward and he said to her, "Go wash your face." She did, and now she's Mrs. Hayward. Walks around the house sans shoes, collects guns and blanches when reminded of that old epithet, "Hollywood's Dizziest Dame."

CLARENCE S. BULL

William Lundigan

It was his voice that did it, of course. There he was, fresh out of Syracuse U. with no God-given gift but his velvety voice. He started announcing, and in no time his voice had floated out to Hollywood and an offer had floated back. But there was one professional crisis before he left. He was interviewing an animal trainer when a chummy chimpanzee and a pally python walked right up and started making love to him. How the show went on he'll never know! Out in Hollywood, he was the Anonymous One who had 'em swooning under his diction in trailers, shorts and other miscellany. But one day Warners sent out a call for THE voice and the face behind it, and found that one was as good as the other: The body wasn't bad either. Ditto for the acting ability, as you'll discover in M-G-M's "The Bugle Sounds." Lundigan, at home, is mad for deep-sea fishing and muscle work, stopping short of complete virility by his dislike of poker!

Joan Fontaine

When I.Q. tests proved Joan Fontaine a genius, everyone was a little startled! That is, everyone but Joan who was three and didn't much care. Genius or no, fun is fun, and you can pass her a helping! She and that magnificent hunk of husband are seen everywhere, all shined and pressed. They love good music and good theater and planing from coast to coast! Closest to Joan's heart is her career . . . that career which brought her into focus as the clear-eyed, exquisitely simple heroine of "Rebecca." "Suspicion" brought her the New York critics' vote of outstanding actress (with sister Livvie right up there beside her). And there'll be no counting the laurels she'll gather from 20th Century Fox's "This Above All." All of which proves her talent is far less fragile than her beauty. About Joan, the wife, there is no available data except that she and Brian share about 3,000,000 mutual interests, which ought to hold 'em for a while!

William Holden

It's been some time now that Bill Holden's been running around in a size 10 Cinderella's slipper . . . and it looks like the clock isn't ever going to strike 12! There he was . . . William Beedle, a sophomore at Pasadena Junior College, fertilizer salesman in the summer. And then, suddenly, bewilderingly, he was touched by Mamoulian magic . . . hoisted into the limelight via "Golden Boy." Used to live like a recluse during those first days in Hollywood. Even now you stand a better chance of bumping into the Holdens on a skating rink than at the hot spots. More probably you'll find them at home exchanging career notes . . . discussing his shiny performance in Paramount's "Out of the Frying Pan." Or up to his neck in dreams about their ranch in the valley some day . . . and their stable and horses and land. Bill's whittled his allowance down to $35 a week, Brenda Marshall to $25, so that "some day" might be tomorrow, or at latest, the day after!

Paulette's Back...
IS THE OBJECTIVE AT THE FRONT!
"ALL THE BOYS AT THE FRONT WANT HER BACK!"
"THE PRETTIEST MILITARY OBJECTIVE I EVER SAW!"
"PARDON MY PRYING... BUT SPYING'S SPYING!"
...AND RAY HAS A PLAN UP HIS SLEEVE, TOO!
"THE LADY HAS PLANS"
...and they're on her back!
Coming! "REAP THE WILD WIND" in Technicolor Cecil B. DeMille's greatest production
A Paramount Picture Starring
Ray Milland · Paulette Goddard
with
Roland Young · Albert Dekker · Margaret Hayes · Cecil Kellaway · Edward Norris
Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD · Screen Play by Harry Tugend

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

BY DAPHNE CARRUTHERS

GOOD-BYE, CAROLE

We won't be seeing her any more, but in a man's heart and home, in aching memories, in changed lives, she still throbs with shining loveliness!

Silent and crushed, Gable arrived in Las Vegas to make funeral arrangements. It's rumored that he'll enlist in the army.

Of her, Pres. Raosevelt said, "She is and always will be a star—one we shall never forget nar cease ta be grateful ta."

On Jan. 13th she arose at the crack at dawn ta pase far publicity pics ta baast savings stamps sales in Salt Lake City.

"I have seen flames around the plane and there seems to be nobody left alive."

Out of far West vastnesses eight thousand feet above the Nevada-California line, came a witness's horrified sentence, blasting out incredible news. For on that plane were fifteen soldiers. And Carole Lombard. Flickering across the whole world went an incredulous, heartaching cry, "Carole Lombard isn't dead!"

It just wasn't possible. Death and Carole didn't make sense. A big white-faced man battered at the people who tried to stop him from smashing his way through to the impenetrable mountain to prove it couldn't be so. Clark Gable, a face and a name known to every person in the country, was an aghast, incredulous husband. "She can't be dead—" But in the list of names that ticked out of teletypes everywhere came one line, "Mrs. Clark Gable, Hollywood, California."

The President of the United States sent a wire. The Civil Aeronautics Board reported everybody dead. Did a gamin spirit, extricating itself from the wreck, tossing back its gay gold hair, laugh suddenly at all this and stretch out its hands to us?

Carole Lombard can't be dead. . . .

She was Hollywood. At the smartest parties, there was a blonde-haired girl, magnificently dressed, swaggering, assured. She'd battered her way from bit parts and slumps, from failures and delays to a place near the top, and she was loving it. Hollywood rampant—a white dining table (*Continued on page 74*)

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

"A simply super somebody," as told by Ann.

TAKES TWO TO TELL ON A GUY LIKE STACK!

HERE'S LOWDOWN FROM A GAL WHO KNOWS—

PLUS A STRICTLY PERSONAL POINT OF VIEW!

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

• "What do I like about Bob Stack?" Ann Rutherford repeated as if she had been asked what she liked about a million dollars in cash. "Why, I like *everything* about him—but completely. I mean he's such a man's man and a girl's man and an all-around great guy.

"To begin with, he's a super at handling situations. The way I met him in the first place—well, you might call it unorthodox. I had met Bob *Shaw* and Linda Darnell one night and liked them so much that the next time I was giving a clam bake, I decided to invite them. Linda was out of town, but I telephoned Bob STACK anyway—thinking I was getting Shaw. I mean I wasn't dropped on my head as a baby, and all the other members of my family are bright, but I get confused at times. So, I called the studio and asked for Bob Stack's number, which they supplied. Then I blithely dialed this number and asked to speak to 'Bob!' When he answered, I said, 'This is Ann Rutherford.' There was a sort of a silence on the other end of the wire, and I thought, 'Well, what gives?' Finally, (*Continued on page 88*)

•

Bobby and Ann both adore the Venice Fun House; picked it for extra-special celebrating her new role in "This Time For Keeps."

Stock likes variety—in beer and cokes and his women—successively dotes Lana Turner, Sheila Ryan, Anne Gwynne, de Havilland, and Rutherford. Lana claims he's No. 1 romance in her life, has wires and letters to substantiate!

Besides cashing in on hits like "Eagle Squadron," he's chalking up a substantial bank account manufacturing hot water heaters for the army!

When houseboy Pocifico first came to the Stock household, li'l' Bobby wos too young to pronounce his complicated nome, dubbed him Pocific Coast!

Pipe-smoking Bob litters the place with pictures, especially cherishes a Turner snap and Durbin portrait inscribed, "To Bob:—my friend and my 'First Love.'"

"The guy's a jerk," as insisted by Robert Stack!

• Mr. Robert Stack rubbed his hands and grinned when he was asked what he disliked about himself. This, he said, was the first time he had ever been offered the opportunity to confound any critic who thought Stack didn't know where his engine was missing.

"I could write a book bigger than 'Gone With The Wind' about the things I dislike about myself," he announced eagerly. "First, I don't like my looks. Every time I glance into a mirror, I think 'Who's that jerk?' Any guy who has curly hair will realize what it meant to me to be given an Air Corps hair cut for 'Eagle Squadron' and 'To Be Or Not To Be.' Imagine how it feels to come out of the shower, with a civilian hair cut, looking like an Astrakhan jacket. Imagine how it feels to come in after a hard boat race and have some well-meaning grandmotherly soul tell you that you look like a cherub. God! It happened to me—no kidding.

"And what wouldn't I give to have deep lines in my forehead and a little more poundage on my frame so that I'd appear (*Continued on page 89*)

Broke world's skeet-shooting record in '36 ond has o librory full of duck-hunting tomes. Also piled up cups for polo and speed-booting!

Honeymooners Mickey and Ava Rooney left Del Monte, Cal., for his next pic with sirenish Lamarr. Note Ava's $2500 sparkler.

Greg Bautzer, ex-amour of D. Lamour, toasted Georgianna Gabor (Eve's kid sister) at razmatazz opening of the Players, Director Preston Sturges' new night club.

Ever think Ed G. Robinson connoisseured and collected fine art and pipes? His latest bit of villainy is "Larceny, Inc." Above with Producer Hollingworth's missus.

CANDIDLY YOURS

On the sly shots of Hollywood's He's and She's caught by our fly-by-night cameraman!

Jitter 'n' jive Jackie Cooper rooms with T. Dorsey drummer, struts in and out of "Syncopation" with Bun Granville.

The Buddy Adlers (Anita Louise) wonder whose career counts most. He'd like her to cook-sew while he M-G-M-writes.

Chums Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms. He's been Darnell-ing it since Linda's discriminating ma date-rated him O.K.

George Raft came East recently without one-and-only-gal Grable, did the town strictly stag. Betty and her mother still treasure those lavish furs he gave 'em!

PHOTOS BY BOB BEERMAN

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

The strange case of GEORGE SANDERS

ECCENTRIC, UNPREDICTABLE, PARADOXICAL—HE'S A RIDDLE TO HOLLYWOOD AND THE WORLD'S DROLLEST JOKE TO HIMSELF!

"Son of Fury" villain Sanders was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, fled the Revolution to England. Is 6'3" tall and weighs a solid 215 lbs!

RIGHT after "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," George Sanders' first major screen villainy, a famous screen beauty stopped him on a studio lot.

"I thought you were wonderful," she praised. George eyed her coldly.

"Naturally," he said, and strode on, unsmiling.

That episode is quoted not to show that George Sanders is rude, though he can be, nor conceited, though he can be, nor unsociable, though he usually is. It's just to point out that he is and always has been a queer duck. The greatest of that species, in fact, that the movies have ever known. As such, he is the most fascinating picture puzzle in Hollywood today.

Everything in George Sanders' nature is an irritating contradiction. He pays no attention to Hollywood, but Hollywood is wild about him. He's certainly no Adonis, yet women swoon at his image. He glories in evil parts, still his popularity races daily. He looks lazy, but works fast and sure. He is British, but scorns British poses. His aura is mysteriously glamorous, while his life is modest, prosaic and rather dull.

All this amuses no one more than George Sanders, who regards his life and labors with a sardonic leer, anyway. The Sanders sense of humor runs caustically close to sarcasm and expresses itself mainly in ribald songs.

In his threadbare London days, George earned his cakes and coffee in smoky cafes and chop houses, thumping a piano and chanting risqué ditties, even more earthy than the Dwight Fiske variety. He can still tag the keyboard and sing the songs, many of which he composes himself. They all have shockingly funny titles and are delivered in a thick English accent. Sanders at the piano is famous among his few friends. They say it's his way of laughing at his amazing self.

To eavesdrop on these caustic concerts you must go to Lucey's, around the corner from RKO studios. Lucey's is not only George's favorite

Does a neat bit of sleuthing in "The Falcon Takes Over" with Lynn Bari and Jimmy Gleason!

That German accent George spouts to Walter Pidgeon in "Man Hunt" is acquired from an in-law.

The strange case of GEORGE SANDERS

CONTINUED

restaurant, but the only one he'll enter in Hollywood. It has two big attractions for Sanders—a private room and a piano. When he finishes his eight hours (he's firm on that point; not an hour longer will he work), George likes to herd together an audience from the set—anyone will do—camera crew, assistant director, pretty extra girls. Together they troupe over to Lucey's, and George sardonically rips off his blue-blazer ballads inspired by his favorite and only drink—gin and bitters. It seems to soothe his soul.

The famous "pink gin" of the Royal Navy and his Oxford accent are about George's only links with movieland's Old-School-Tie gang. In most other ways he's a renegade and not chummy with the tight little isle of elegant Britons in far away Hollywood.

George was friendly with Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, and Brian Aherne is more than a nodding acquaintance. But the "Dear Old Ronnie" set, the Laughtons, the Cedric Hardwickes, the Ronald Colmans, Alan Mowbrays and so forth, who continually wave the Union Jack around to awe the native Hollywooders, doesn't count him a cricket pal. In all Hollywood British benefits since the war began, George has appeared at only one, the big Allied gala staged two years ago at the Coconut Grove. With Reginald Gardiner, David Niven, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks and a chorus of British beaux he cavorted and sang, "Darling, I Am Growing Older," with charm and grace. But the countless soirees, teas, (*Continued on page 82*)

In "Foreign Correspondent," Sanders played a likable role. With Bob Benchley and Joel McCrea.

Vied for Ingrid Bergman in "Rage in Heaven," but in real life heartily dislikes beautiful women!

Enjoyed playing around with guns as the British army officer in "Sundown." Above, with Bruce Cabot.

TY and ANNABELLA

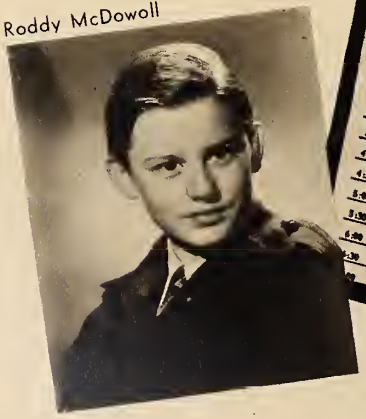
"Dear Diary..."

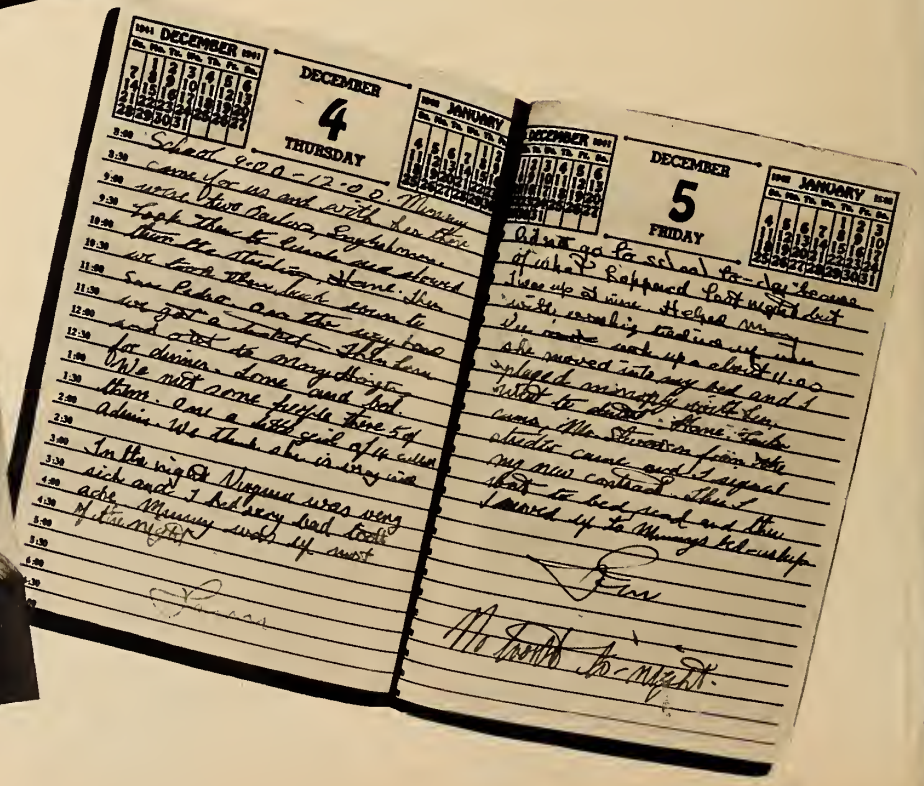
Sept. 24, 1941

Tony asked me to go to the "Navy In The R.A.F." premiere tomorrow night. I said Yes — of course! I wonder if this could be the beginning of something? I'm a little afraid it won't be. Singing idol — dimples, tall, dark and handsome — uh-uh — too fast! Watch out Landis! The big, bad wolf may catch up with you.

Corole Landis

Roddy McDowall





BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

SECRET LOVES AND HATES, DREAMS, INTRIGUES—STRAIGHT FROM THE PAGES OF HOLLYWOOD'S PRIVATE DIARIES!

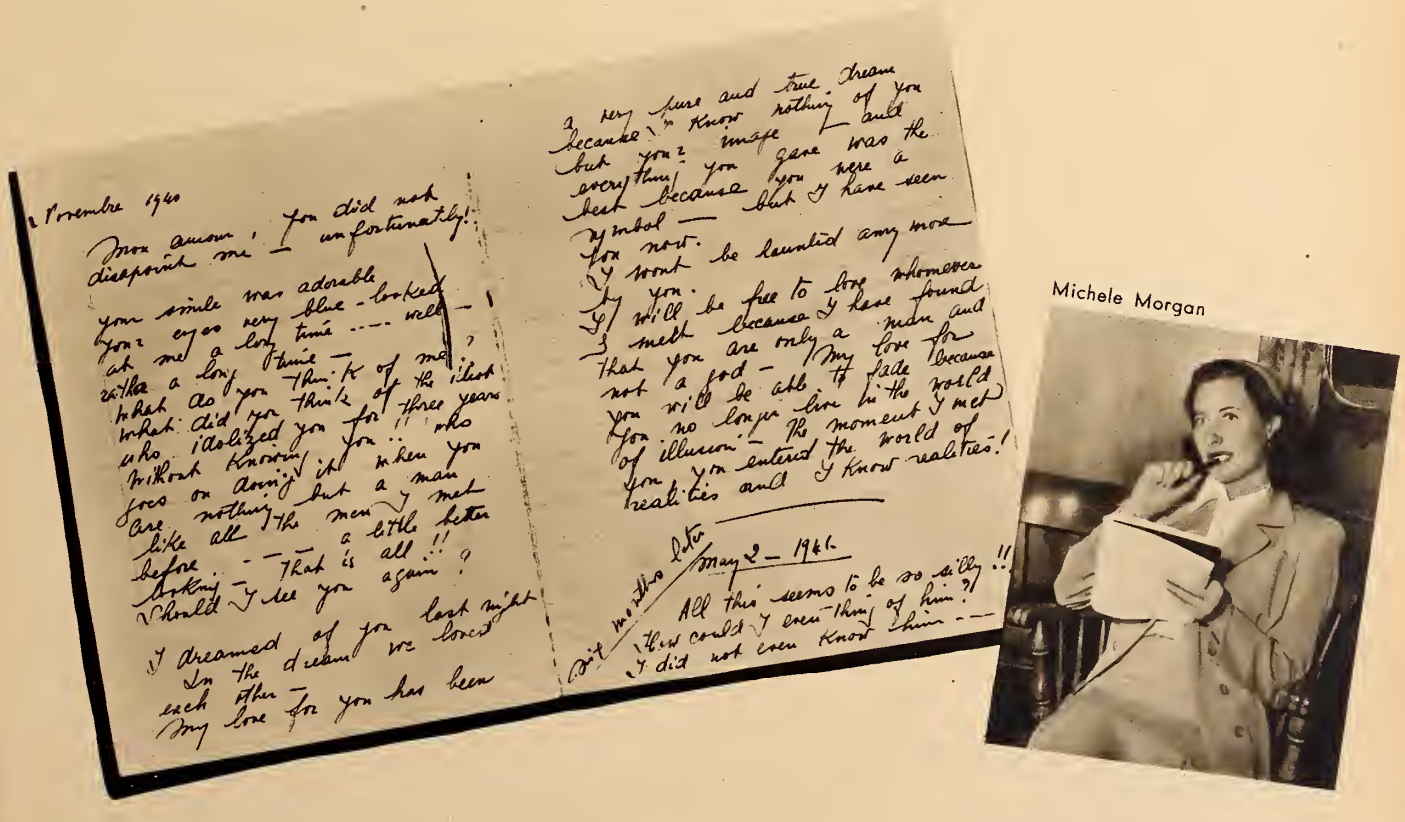
Hollywood diaries, like all diaries, are mental fingerprints. They are gay, chatty, vivid. They are stuffy, repetitious, magnifying silly detail. They spotlight Love, Romance, Infatuation, Friendship, Career, Most Embarrassing Moments and the world their writers live in. They are kept, mostly, by aspiring youngsters, pursuing fame; occasionally by fabulously-fortuned oldsters who have a heart for such things.

Hollywood diaries are more likely to be tended by women, although a few rugged fellows keep what they shamefacedly call "Commonplace Books" (they're still diaries). Most recordings are in cheap school copybooks (Michele Morgan's was); on engagement calendar pads. The hand-tooled, gilt-edged, gold-locked affairs are to be seen in Hollywood—yes, indeed, but only on fashionable booksellers' shelves.

Like all diaries, they reveal one thing: that open confession is good for the sole reason that it makes awfully interesting reading . . .

Carole Landis . . .

Sept. 23, 1941—Back to the big bad city (New York). You come alive in this town. Does things to you. Shopping this morning. Found an un-Landis hat and two that were simply made for me. Bought 'em. Lunch with Zimmy at one of his favorite spots —the Crillon, French cooking—ahh!—and then a dizzy ride up the Avenue. Always a thrill. Out to the Stork that night, and who should come up to our table but Tony Martin. There *is* a man! Didn't dare tell him that I owned all his Deccas from "Intermezzo" to "I'll Never Smile Again" to "Last Time I Saw Paris" to "Indian Summer," and I have a standing order with the Music Shop to supply me with



Michele Morgan

"Dear Diary..."

Continued

Lon Chaney, Jr.

Wish Dad had kept a diary. Remember that he suffered agonies while making some of those pictures. Like to know how he felt about it himself. Funny they called him the man with a thousand faces. Am only remember one the one with a smile. If he could take it like that guess I can too. Hope so anyway.

Bette Davis

his very latest platters *the moment they come out!*

Sept. 24, 1941—Tony asked me to go to the "Yank in the R.A.F." premiere tomorrow night. I said "Yes . . . of course!" I wonder if this could be the beginning of something? I'm a little afraid it won't be. Singing idol—dimples—tall, dark and handsome—uh-uh . . . too pat. Watch out, Landis! The big bad wolf may catch up with you.

Sept. 25, 1941—Take it all back! He's a darling. Sort of modest and simple and sweet. Kind of overwhelmed at all the fuss that goes on over him. Women can be so exquisitely silly about a matinee idol, and that includes yrs. trly., so help me. Did the night spots after the show—"Yank" very exciting. *Tyrone wonderful.* Starlight Roof for supper, and Tony humming "You Stepped Out of a Dream" as we danced. Very effective! We're going out dancing tomorrow night, too. And the next night—!!

Michele Morgan . . .

She admits (now) that it (*Continued on page 64*)

LINDA DARNELL
MISSALE

By KAAREN PIECK

COSSACK COWBOY

HE KNOWS MORE ABOUT FARMS THAN HE DOES

ABOUT FEMMES—BUT HE'S LEARNING FAST!

George disagreed when Papa thought he should don a coat for the camera. Mamotchka just smiled.

That long photo atop the piano is of George and his 7 brothers. Portrait is of friend Watsan Webb.

● George Montgomery looks like an American cowboy. So you're startled to hear him break into rapid Russian when he talks to his parents. The explanation is simple. He *is* an American cowboy, but Russian comes easier than English to his father and mother, who in 1912 left their home near Sebastopol to settle in Montana with eleven children of their own and a couple they'd adopted. Mamotchka, as the children still call their mother, didn't bother with adoption formalities. In the little town of which her husband was mayor, an orphan with no closer claims automatically held a claim on her. There was always enough to feed another mouth. Over a period of years they took in five.

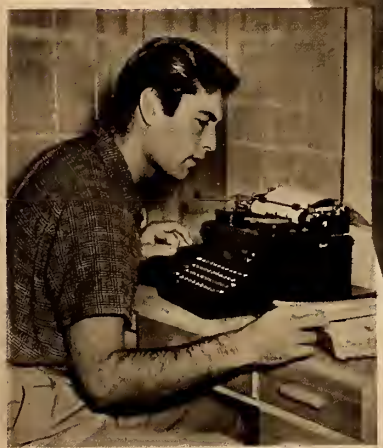
Of their own living brood of thirteen—two died in infancy—George and Maurice, his elder by two years, were born in Montana. His full name is George Montgomery Lyetz, the middle name after a treasured family friend—the Montgomery Ward catalogue.

He's six feet two, a tawny-topped young man with friendly blue eyes, slightly Slavic cheekbones and the level-headedness of his stock, which sprang from the soil. He says what he thinks, knows what he wants, takes his career with a grain of salt and squirms when people tell him he reminds them of Gable or Gary Cooper. "Look, do me a favor, (*Continued on page 79*)

In T.C.F's "Roxie Hart" he's Ginger Rogers' newsman.

George wishes he needed an alarm clack to wake him. Can't sleep after 7 a.m.

He wields a mean charcoal. That's his own version of Linda Darnell.



He warries abaut his spelling, feels lost withaut a dictianary.

He used ta be "just a cawbay." Naw he's tap heart-throbber and soldier-boy in "Ten Gentlemen From West Point" far T.C.F

The Lady is a Trump

She's restless as a robin, loves men who give her diamond bracelets. But Bette swears quiet, thrifty "Farny's" just what the doctor ordered!

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

With Worners' Director John Huston and his fomous fother, Walter.

Farny's pop gove her Peckett 3 yeors ogo. She's hod Tibby for 10 yeors!

Bette will be touring U.S. Army comps soon, doing her bit for oll-out victory.

Livvy de Hovillond ond Bette on set of "In This Our Life."

● Bette's the only major actress in Hollywood who, on every birthday, adds a frank year to her age. The impulse to suppress vital statistics isn't confined to actresses. Nine out of ten women do it. Bette's the exception.

She's been bawled out more than once for what her advisers call gratuitous candor and rejects their advice for two reasons. The records are open to all who care to consult them. She'd feel like a fool to say she was twenty-eight and be faced with the proof that she was thirty-three. She also feels that the years are for, not against, you—that you gain sense with experience and interest with both. She says maybe the time will come in her forties, when she'll wish she *had* dropped a year here and there. Those who know her best doubt it.

Asked to name her governing quality, a friend said: "She's straight, like one of her own New England trees. It's not that she climbs on any high moral horse. But a lie discomforts her, just as cats discomfort some people. They feel easier when the cat departs. Bette feels easier when she tells the truth."

By the same token, she refuses to lend herself to any but authentic publicity, thinks it's silly to pose with golf clubs over your shoulder when you don't play golf. Whom do you think you're fooling? The fans? She'd rather not. And why go out of the way to make an ass of yourself, when life is so rich in bonafide opportunities?

To get most stars on the phone is a major production. Bette answers her own, because it's at her elbow, and she'd rather face the occasional awkwardness of an unwelcome caller than keep dragging the maid out of the kitchen to announce that so-and-so wants to talk to her. One of her more unreasonable phobias is being told by people that they left a message with her secretary. To this she retorts that she has no secretary. "It's a childish reaction," she confesses, "but I cling to it. Maybe because I'm so tired of calling up and getting other people's secretaries."

Disliking to lie, she also dislikes being lied to—freezes up on saleswomen who say it looks beautiful when it's manifestly hideous and prefers unpleasant truths to her face than by indirection. Sometimes the truth makes her mad—when she knows it's the truth but hasn't got 'round to admitting it, and somebody beats her to the punch. Her fury spent, she'll apologize for the error of her ways. She never stays mad, doesn't sulk, can dig up only one grudge that she's held for years, and subdues her temper by reminding herself that temper doesn't pay.

To Bette, for instance, a fireless room is a dead room. She can imagine living without chairs, carpets, curtains —not without an open fire. So when she went away with Farny for New Year's Eve and discovered that the promised fireplace in their living room hadn't materialized, she sounded, she's ashamed to say, like an old hen. Till she realized that an old hen sounds ugly, and that her squawks weren't building a fireplace.

She's also ashamed of how mad she gets if things aren't kept impeccably clean. "I'm a devil," she says, "about fingermarks on silver." What bothers her more than the fingermarks is the sense of work sloppily done. It's a kind of cheating, no form of which can she tolerate. As when something's (*Continued on page 82*)

Leoding mon George Brent's slont on how it should be done.

The Hollywood Women's Press Club voted Bette "most cooperotive" gol stor.

Betty ond Farny hove left the Big Time to spend o few months at "Butter Nut," their New Hompshire retreot.

It's a date!

Played Cupid, we did, and cooked up a date between Glenn Ford and Jinx Falkenburg! Here's an exclusive candid camera record of what went on behind scenes!

Jinx was afraid Glenn was going to be just another Hollywood fresh guy! But he turned out a complete natural, and they're the best of chums now. Drove to Caliente to the races in his hopped-up Cadillac club coupe.

Luxury-loving Jinx warbles and thinks in her bubble bath for hours. Retires by 1 A.M., is awakened at 7:30 by a noisy brother. Shrewd, vivacious, scrupulous, she was christened Eugenia in 1919, in Spain.

Glenn takes his showers icy, with intermittent scorching sprays. Can't stand toilet water, substitutes his special $2-a-cake English soap. Averages 3 dates a week, generally with the Bill Holdens or non-pro chums.

Unorthodoxically made up and combed her hair before dressing, then had to start from scratch again! Adores slips and owns about 20 costing up to $10 per. Is currently emoting in Columbia's "Sweetheart of the Fleet."

Above average height (5' 7"), Jinx can indulge her huge appetite, breakfasts on fruit, cereal, ham and eggs, hot cakes, toast and milk. Never wears high heels, avoids short men. Relaxes with feet up and witch hazel pads on eyes.

Following his shower, Glenn shaves once a day. Lives in an 8-room home with his mom. Is ashamed of his studio-ordained long locks (for "The Adventures of Martin Eden"), hibernates to out-of-the-way places!

A rapid dresser, he takes half an hour from shave to door. Hates dolling up and has never once worn a set of tails bought 2 years ago. Doesn't give a hoot for dancing (neither does Jinx), but can do a wicked waltz if put to it!

CONTINUED . . .

Jinx's maid, Reyes, speaks no English, parleys with family in Spanish. Jinx's hair is washed every 3 days at studio, peroxided at hairline to give sun-bleached effect. Religiously brushes it 15 mins. evenings, 10 mins. in the A.M.

Unwittingly dressed to Glenn's taste—in sweater 'n' skirt! Keeps sweaters flower-fresh by sewing sachet bags in shoulder. That screen's plastered with mag covers (61) and ads for which she modeled in N. Y.

Glenn's his own valet service, personally attending to laundry and cleaning. Owns 4 suits, 4 extra sports coats, 6 extra slacks. Doesn't have a hat, thinks scarves are arty. Shares Jinx's affinity for long-distance phone calls!

An avid scanner of the Daily Racing Form, Glenn enjoys the ponies moderately, usually sits out several races eating in the clubhouse. He and Jinx are cautious bettors, so he took only $25 for the two of 'em!

Jinx averages 3 dinner dates a week, plays hard at tennis and swimming week-ends. Hates corsages, but dotes on jewelry, especially pin given her by an ex-suitor, with rubies and her name engraved in gold!

Punctual as a clock, she never keeps a man waiting. Loves stage shows, movies and music. Substitutes hand lotion for face powder to give sheen to her cheeks. Broke into Winchell's column last winter with her stockingless legs!

From his 150 complete record albums (classical, T. Dorsey and Kostelanetz) Glenn picks a record for Jinx. A pipe collector, he owns 100 "broken-ins," but relishes a nickel corncob on the Q.T. Puffs imported tobacco.

A victim of the willies, Glenn sits and clock-watches till it's time to go. He doesn't want to appear eager and call for Jinx too early. That imported English sports coat's his all-time favorite, set him back 75 bucks, reeks of tobacco!

"ALL CLEAR" FOR YOUR SKIN

Leave cleansing cream on several minutes, then remove with tissue, using an upword, outward motion.

Keep your complexion cleor ond stimuloted by frequent use of mild soap, woter ond o complexion brush.

Apply rich lubricating cream before going to bed, mossoging your skin gently with fingertips.

Tone up your complexion with skin freshener after cleansing and before applying your make-up base.

Jone Wymon's lovely complexion is importont to her romontic beauty. You'll see her in "Lorceny, Inc."

By Carol Carter

● "All Clear" for your skin means "All Clear" for happiness and good times, too, because a flawless complexion is the very beginning of beauty and glamour—even more important than perfect features.

We can thank our lucky stars for this because there is always much we can do to make our complexions lovelier, although we usually have to be content with the fundamental facial structure that nature gave us. Skin, you know, is constantly renewing itself, and when it receives careful daily treatment, it becomes more radiant, softer, more caressable.

But that epidermis isn't for beauty's sake alone. It is also your first line of defense against all kinds of attacks. It acts as a buffer when anything hits you, it insulates your body against heat and cold and is a regulator of body temperature. It stands guard against germs and lessens the intensity of sunlight. For these services—as well as for increased loveliness—it deserves grade A attention.

To give your complexion the best of care, you need to understand its requirements. A normal skin, of course, is the ideal—fine pored, smooth, clear and blooming with healthy color. To have and hold a skin like this, remember these three simple essentials—everyday cleanliness, stimulation and protection. Clean your face at least twice a day and always before retiring with cleansing cream and tissue and follow up with a stimulating skin freshener. Or, if you prefer, scrub it with lukewarm water, mild soap and a soft complexion brush. Then keep your face soft, smooth and protected by applying protective bases before making up and by smoothing on a rich lubricating cream before retiring at night.

A too-dry skin is the worry of most girls and women in this hurried, confusing world of ours. Rigorous weather, strain and the fast pace we live by, all tend to rob skins of their natural lubricants, which keep it firm and young. So if yours is of this type, give it plenty of extra lubrication.

After cleansing with soap and water or cold cream, be sure to follow up with a rich emollient or special dry skin cream. If it is bedtime, massage it well into the skin, leaving it on overnight. This lubricant not only softens skin and supplies it with the oils it lacks, but with massage, helps to stimulate circulation and tone up slack facial muscles. Be sure to use only the pads of your fingers and hands when massaging, smoothing the cream in with a gentle upward and outward motion. If you are going out, let the lubricant remain on your face only a few minutes, then remove it with cleansing tissue saturated with skin freshener—and apply a cream or creamy lotion foundation before your make-up.

All this will make your skin bloom—but glamour demands that you do still more. Check up on your eating and living habits, too. Be sure that you eat three nourishing meals a day that contain plenty of fruits, vegetables and particularly foods that contain fats and oils—and that you drink plenty of water to keep your body in good working order. Fatigue and nervousness are also frequently the causes of a dry, flaky skin, so find time for at least eight hours of sleep each night. It's better to curtail social life a bit than deliberately to invite unattractive skin. Exercise will do wonders in relaxing taut nerves, as well as stimulating circulation. So if you don't have facilities for bowling, badminton or swimming, at least take yourself for a long invigorating walk several times a week.

If you have an oily skin, the symptoms are all too familiar to you—your face forever shines, and powder just won't stay put. This condition, you know, is caused by overactive oil glands which secrete more oil than your skin needs for softness and smoothness. Your defense is to regulate unruly glands by stimulation—and to keep your face free of excess oil by scrupulous cleanliness. Follow the cleansing routine prescribed for a normal skin, only adhere to it more rigidly, scrubbing your face with soap and water or cleansing it with a liquefying type of cleanser three or four times a day. After rinsing thoroughly with clear cold water, apply a good astringent or skin freshener. This has a toning effect on the skin, and also tends to return pores to their normal size. Scrubbing your face briskly several times a day provides beneficial stimulation, too. Before making up, apply liquid, cake or vanishing type of foundation so that your powder will go on smoothly and evenly.

A too-oily skin, like any other condition that varies from the normal, has some underlying cause, so again health and diet need particular scrutiny. If you find that you are unbalancing your diet by indulging in rich foods, pastries, sweets and fried foods, cut these from your three meals a day in favor of more fruits and vegetables. And be sure that you drink more water than you ever have before. You probably are beginning to think as much is claimed for eight glasses per day as the old medicine men claimed for their magic remedies, but believe us, plenty of water is essential to a well-regulated body; hence to a healthy, beautiful skin.

If you should have acne, which often accompanies oily skin, the important thing is to believe that you can cure it. Don't just scrub your face, slap on a lotion, sleep 10 hours, refuse a couple of pastries, and then give up in a week, saying, "It's no use. I've tried everything." This condition just can't be cleared up in seven days, although that is time enough for a start, so have the courage of your complexion and do strive for (*Continued on page 79*)

BEST FACE FORWARD

BY CAROL CARTER

● Few people can resist the appeal of a crisp, lovely gift package—for its exquisite exterior makes the contents seem all the more desirable. Knowing this, why don't we—smart girls that we are—apply this idea to our faces? We may have perfect features and lots of animation, but unless the packaging—our complexions—is at its glamorous best, these attributes may never receive the attention and appreciation they deserve. So let's put our best faces forward!

A clear, flawless complexion depends, you know, on everyday attention, so give yours the faithful care advised in "'All Clear' for Your Skin" beginning on page 48. But remember, also, that even the healthiest of complexions shows weariness at the end of a long day—just when dates and good times generally begin. So it behooves all of us to have a trick or two up our sleeves for pepping up a tired face and making it as fresh as dawn. If there's time for a change of clothes and a shower, there is time for a quick facial pick-up.

Here's how you go about it. Begin by tucking your locks away in a kerchief or light net, then slip into your housecoat so you'll feel comfortable and relaxed. Next slather on cleansing cream in smooth upward motions, being sure to cover both face and neck. You want your neck to look as satiny soft and smooth as your complexion. Leave the cream on while you take a refreshing bath or shower—so it can do its best work in cleansing and softening—and remove it immediately afterwards with soft cleansing tissue. Then tone up your skin with cool skin freshener. However, if you are a soap and water addict, you can achieve substantially the same cleansing, invigorating effect by scrubbing your face briskly with mild soap, lukewarm water and a soft complexion brush.

After cleansing, you have several courses open to you. Your choice depends on the time you have to prepare for that important engagement. *If you have only 15 minutes,* treat your complexion to one of those easy-to-use facial (*Continued on page 70*)

Columbio's Rito Hoyworth, soon to co-stor agoin with Fred Astaire.

It's a smart girl who knows a few quick tricks for pepping up a tired complexion and giving it fresh radiance for unexpected engagements.

Modern Screen's Complexion Chart

FOLLOW THESE RULES FOR A RADIANT, LOVELY SKIN

IF YOUR SKIN IS	CARE FOR IT THIS WAY	WITH THESE AIDS
NORMAL	*Before retiring,* cleanse face thoroughly with soap and water and camplexian brush—ar cream and cleansing tissue. Apply emallient or overnight cream. *In making up,* cleanse face af old casmetics with cream and tissue, remaving excess cream with freshener. Then apply faundatian—cream, cake, vonishing or liquid—alsa pawder, rouge and lipstick.	Saop, camplexian brush, cleansing creom, cleansing tissue, avernight ar emollient cream, skin freshener. Make-up faundatian — either cream, cake, liquid or vanishing.
SENSITIVE OR DRY	*Before retiring,* cleonse face with cold creom and tissue. Then stimulate skin with soap and water scrubbing. Apply emallient cream ar special dry skin creom immediotely afterward. *In making up,* cleonse face thoraughly, then use cream or creamy type faundatian, cream rouge and a light, fluffy type powder.	Cald cream, cleansing tissue, soap, emallient cream, cream type faundatian, cream rauge very light fluffy pawder.
OVER OILY	*Before retiring*—alsa frequently during day—scrub face with saap, water and camplexian brush ar cleanse with liquefying cream ond tissue. Fallaw with bracing astringent or taning latian. *In making up,* use vanishing, liquid or cake type base and dry rouge.	Saap, camplexian brush, liquefying cream, cleansing tissue, astringent ar toning lotian, liquid, vanishing or cake type foundatian and dry rouge.
BLEMISHED	Cleanliness is of prime impartance in clearing blemished skin. Frequently scrub face gently with bland saap, camplexian brush and lukewarm water—but da not irritate it. Special skin cleansers and beauty grains are very effective. At night, apply pare cream, healing latian ar medicated cream ta erupted areas. Special masks may be used ta cantract pores and remove blackheads. Gently remove blackheads with special comedone extractar and cleansing tissue. Tauch alcahol ta these areas.	Soap, camplexian brush, special skin cleonsers ar beauty grains, pore cream, healing lotion ar medicoted cream, special mask, camedone extractar, cleansing tissue, alcahol.
CHAPPED	Cleanse skin with heavy cleansing cream. Gently remave excess cream with saft cleansing tissue. Wash face with saap and water, being careful not ta irritate it. Then apply rich, lubricating cream. Befare going autdoors, apply pratective cream ar latian. Apply rich night cream ar tissue cream before retiring.	Heavy cleansing cream, soft cleansing tissue, rich, lubricating cream, saap, pratective cream or latian, night or tissue cream.
MATURE	*Before retiring,* smaath rich cleansing cream over face and neck ta remave dust, stale make-up ond grime. Wipe aff with tissues. Then pat clean skin with cotton pads saturated in skin freshener ar toning lotion. Then smaath on extra-rich emallient skin cream and pat briskly with fingers. Cleanse skin several times daily with rich cleansing cream. *In making up,* always apply creom type faundatian first.	Rich cleansing cream, cleansing tissues, cattan pads, skin freshener ar taning latian, extra rich emollient cream, cream type faundatian.

Nelson Eddy Talks His Head Off

TEN RED-LETTER DAYS HE'LL NEVER FORGET — EXCLUSIVELY SCOOPED BY MODERN SCREEN!

Nelson and wife, Ann Franklin, celebrated their 3rd wedding anniversary in Jan.

Modeled a head of Jeanette MacDonald between scenes of "I Married An Angel."

MEMO FROM ALBERT DELACORTE

Dear Ida:

Haven't read a revealing Eddy story in years. See if he'll talk about the high moments in his life—days so exciting or significant he'd like to live them over—or maybe, by the same token, wouldn't. We want to know the kind of guy he is—never mind what he eats for breakfast. Tell us how he reacts to life, its thrills and its pokes in the jaw.

Al

3533 WEST EIGHTY-FIFTH STREET • • INGLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Al:

Too excited to write much. Something must have happened to Nelson's "censor." He talked more than I could listen. But I got most of it. If I say so myself, it's the best Eddy story ever written. Print it fast before he changes his mind.

Ida

HE HITS HIS FIRST NOTE

It happened one June night in Philadelphia. He didn't look like much. The doctor whacked him a couple of times.

"What do you think?" asked the nurse anxiously.

"Oh, I guess maybe we'll be able to shove him into shape."

From the bed came a faint voice. "Does he look like his father?"

"Here, here, young woman, you're supposed to be asleep. Anyway, how do *I* know if he looks like his father? He's got no beard."

Rose a thin, high, nerve-piercing wail of protest, which only to a mother's misguided ears could have sounded like music. Mrs. Eddy smiled blissfully and

BY IDA ZEITLIN

Is terrifically wound up in his career. Can relax only by hard physical labor!

Does most of his practising at home, playing his own piano and organ accompaniments.

fell asleep, while her lusty son yelled his lungs out.

"Hm," sniffed the nurse, bundling him up. "One thing you're *not* going to be, my lad, is a singer."

The life he's led, Nelson has no squawks. It's agreeable with him, if he's born again. Only next time he wants to amount to something and be a tycoon.

NEVER SAY DIE

He liked being night cashier of the Philadelphia Press, because he could pinch-hit for the watchman and run all the elevators. It was only a stepping-stone, though. He got drunk on the smell of a newspaper office. His single dream centered around a future day when, asked about his occupation, he could answer with heart-swelling pride: "Reporter."

That night the city editor, in mellow mood, came in to get some money on a voucher. He felt good. He felt so good that he had to do something for somebody, and the night cashier was handy. "Son, what do you want most in the world?"

"To be a reporter."

"Okay. From tomorrow morning you're a reporter."

He floated home on clouds of glory and floated back on same the following morning, having donned his other (best) suit to honor his calling, and supplied himself with a black leather notebook.

Beaming, he presented himself to the city editor.

"What do you want?"

"I came for my new job." (*Continued on page 104*)

Sheridan-Brent marriage leaves a trail of broken hearts!

Japs and British agree, vote Deanna tops!

GOOD NEWS

Artie Shaw two-times Lana Turner!

Garbo zodiac reveals actor romance coming!

Bruce Cabot, debutantes' darling, has a daughter age 14!

Soon as he joined the six-zero income gang, Kay Kyser went in for de luxe slumming, sat necktie-less at the Players opening. Above, with Janie Wyman, who movie-kissed Eddie Robinson so roundly she dislodged his front tooth.

Orson Welles kept radio and production schedules going while waiting for Dolores Del Rio's divorce decree to bounce in and out of court. Rita Hayworth (above) guest-starred for him.

Private Jack Coogan, 26, O.K.'d father-to-be stories while wife Flower Parry, 19, denied them. But it's definite now. Pepsodent warbler Frances Langford's teaching him hot swing lullabies.

Newly slimmed Pat Morison boasted Hollywood's longest hair —blonded it to avoid confusion with Roz Russell's dark tresses, recently chopped it for "Malaya." Above, with Hugh Fenwick.

Mr. and Mrs. Lou Costello keep close watch on contract obligations. Lou must show 3½ pounds for every inch of his 5' 4" (224 pounds). Bigwigs worried when he shrank to 200.

HOLLYWOOD DIARY

Mon., Feb. 2nd: Shopping in Beverly Hills and ran into Maureen O'Hara buying baby things. Uh, uh, I was wrong. She was selecting a gift for a colored baby born in McComb, Miss., (where she was married) who'd been christened Victory Pearl Harbor Moore!

I loved her wedding ring—a wide gold band that once belonged to Will's great grandmother—but she wouldn't slip it off for closer inspection. Claims that would bring bad luck! She swears it'll stay put even if Mr. Zanuck casts her as a dewy-lipped school maiden. Her arguments are all set against the day he does. She says lots of unmarried girls own marriage bands. Before she flew to Las Vegas, Judy Garland wore one for years. And before she acquired one of her own, Cobina Wright, Jr., wore one on each hand—souvenirs of her mother's two marriages!

Thurs., Feb. 5th: Lunched in Warners' Green Room with Bette Davis and Cynthia Miller. Cynthia's interview was nearly ruined by air raid sirens, shrieking like mad. We ripped out of that Green Room faster than the B-19! Studio wardens directed us to a shelter. When we were all huddled in what we prayed was a bombproof cellar, we learned it was just a drill, and not the real thing. That was a relief, but the twenty minutes we spent thumb-twiddling seemed like hours!

Back in the Green Room, Bette told us she's leaving for New Hampshire tomorrow morning. She had six inches sliced off her hair a couple of days ago, because she doesn't want to be bothered with curlers during her two months at Butter Nut. Two minutes after she stepped off the barber's chair, the studio called to say she was needed for retakes on "In This Our Life"! She had to spend hours getting her head pasted up so her hair-do would match earlier scenes!

Almost tripped over Carole Landis, this evening at Harry Rosenthal's Music Shop. She was coming out of a soundproof booth, loaded with rumba records. How that girl's changed! Haven't seen her in a night spot for months. Since she moved into that house in Santa Monica (the old Norma Shearer-Irving Thalberg place), Carole hardly dates any more. The boys still come around, but she gives them the heave-ho. Thinks maybe the beach air makes her drowsy 'cause all she wants to do at night is listen to records and sleep.

Tues., Feb. 10th: Sat in on the Ann Rutherford-Fredda Dudley confab over at Metro. Ann was a knockout in a black and white shepherd's check suit. And her lapel pin! A two-inch long zircon set in gold swirls! The Fred MacMurrays gave it to her last Xmas. Glad the interview didn't last longer than it did. That gal has so much pep, vim and vigor, she was exhausting me! As it was, she was called away to see a private screening of Dottie Lamour's "Aloma of the South Seas." She's being considered for a sarong role in "Pearls of Paradise." And only yesterday she was Polly Benedict!

Malted-milked with Linda Darnell and Ann Miller at Schwab's. These two are such bosom buddies, they were even wearing identical white teddy bear coats. The kids belong to the Red Cross unit organized by Elaine Barrymore. They love the work, but they're hurt because girls in the unit aren't friendly. It doesn't occur to them that people may be too shy to talk to movie stars.

GOOD NEWS Continued

Loretta Young, Ronald Colman, Deanna Durbin with announcer Don Wilson go all-out for Victory on the air. The Navy closed Ronald's pier-end Steak House, said it was in a "danger zone"!

Michele Morgan tells the world she's going 100% American —refuses to talk, think or even dream in her native French. Her perfect English speech amazes linguists, challenges Boyer's accent.

Fri., Feb. 13th: Bob Sterling looked mighty frail next to Dick Williams' 225 lbs., this noon hour during their interview for a story in the May issue. Bob's just out of the hospital. Tonsillectomy. He was awfully proud of his brand new navy blue suit. Said it gave him a mental if not a physical lift. He really loves clothes, that boy. He still felt pooped after the interview, but he went home to change his outfit and toss off a game of golf with his best friend, who's a pro.

Leaving the commissary, I noticed a steady stream of stars—Lamarr, Tracy, Taylor, etc.—pouring past a corner table like worshippers past a shrine. Turned out to be Red Skelton, everybody's pal!

Spent the afternoon set-touring at Warners. Gabbed with Annie Sheridan who's a giddy bride if ever I saw one! She was buried in plans for the extra wing she's having built on to her new home for George. And after all these years, she's trimmed her Dragon Lady fingernails! George likes 'em short and polished pale.

On to the "Yankee Doodle Dandy" set, and smack into a gathering of the Cagney clan. Jimmy and Jean who are in the picture, and brother Bill who's associate producer, were entertaining their mother and another brother. At three o'clock on the nose, Jimmy walked out of shooting range. Teatime had come. Jimmy's got to have his every afternoon, and he likes the entire cast and crew to join him. When he sets down his empty cup, production resumes. Not before.

Sat., Feb. 14th: Opened a letter from Bobbie Andrews of Clermont, Indiana. ". . . In Indianapolis," she wrote, "just before that fatal day, Carole Lombard became almost related to the thousands who saw her sell bonds and heard her leading songs. At the news, an expression of great sorrow came over the state of Indiana. . . . Like millions of Americans, all we can say is: 'She died doing her duty and we're proud of her.' " Hollywood's proud of her, too, Miss Bobbie. Carole will never be forgotten here or in any corner of the earth where her name is known.

Mon., Feb. 16th: Ouch, just got the scare of my life! Here I am, sitting peacefully on the "I Married An Angel" set, waiting for Ida Zeitlin to wind up her Nelson Eddy interview, when all of a sudden I look up and see Eddie Horton—dressed in a purple toga! Eddie in civvies is startling enough. But Eddie garbed like a Roman senator! I hope it never happens to me again!

Back in the office. According to Ida, Nelson was the easiest person to interview since Ray Milland. He talks easily, wastes no time and, for an artist, is almost business-like in his efficiency.

Dinner at Preston Sturges' Players restaurant. John Carroll happened in and joined us. Poor Johnny! Always beefing. This time it was "Rio Rita." He hated making the picture; thinks he's horrible in it. That's what he says of every picture, yet he keeps getting more and more popular. He has a glorious voice and, naturally, the studio wants him to sing. But he thinks that's unreasonable! He'd rather get his molars into red-blooded action roles where he can jump on villains and yell all over the place!

Thurs., Feb. 19th: RKO-d all morning. Found Kay Kyser screaming on the "Favorite Spy" set. A make-up man, intending to pour hair stickum on Kay's hair, emptied a half bottle of shellac on him instead! Jimmy Craig strolled over for a visit. He has a problem. Whenever he goes riding on the Beverly Hills bridle path, he's followed by a young co-ed on horseback. If he goes fast, she goes fast. If he slows up, she slows up. She never tries to overtake him, but she never lets him out of her sight, either! Jimmy's worried about neighborhood gossips! (*Continued on page 58*)

Another Pond's Bride-to-be

MARION LYNN, exquisite daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude E. Lynn of the prominent Chicago family. Her engagement to Bertram L. Menne, Jr., of Louisville, Kentucky, was announced New Year's Day, 1941.

HER RING is a beautiful brilliant-cut blue-white solitaire, set fairly high, and on each side a single round diamond set a little lower. The band is platinum.

She's ENGAGED! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

See how Marion Lynn's soft-smooth Glamour Care will help *your* skin. Marion says: "I think Pond's Cold Cream is splendid for skin that's thin and sensitive like mine. It's so light, so soft and soothing itself—and softens and cleans my skin beautifully.

"I always use it *twice* each time—like this:

"1. I SLATHER Pond's Cold Cream *thick* over my face and throat and pat all over with brisk little pats. This helps to soften and take off dirt and make-up. Then I tissue it all off.

"2. I RINSE with a *second* creaming of lots more Pond's. Then tissue it off. This twice-over leaves my skin *shining* clean—*every little smitch of soil* comes right off."

Use Pond's Cold Cream—Marion's way—*every* night—and for daytime cleanups. See how it helps *your* skin have that lovely fresh-as-a-flower look. You'll see, too, why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely *big* jars.

PRECIOUS LEAVE—Marion and Bert a few hours before he was called back to the officers' training school at Quantico, Virginia. She teased him about that close-cropped Navy haircut—but he had only adoring looks for her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

Pond's Girls Belong to Cupid

Hurry today to *your* favorite beauty counter for Pond's soft-smooth Cold Cream—the glamour face cream used by so many lovely engaged girls and by leading society beauties like Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt and Mrs. Vanderhilt Phelps. And Pond's makes for you four other famous beauty aids:

Pond's *Vanishing Cream*
Pond's lovely *new Dry Skin Cream*
Pond's *new Dreamflower Face Powder* (6 shades)
Pond's "LIPS" that *stay on longer!* (5 shades)

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream!

The Richard Hallidays (Mary Martin) rejoined the gang at Ciro's as soon as baby daughter Mary Heller was old enough to chew her toes. Both gals' hearts belong to daddy Dick.

Newlyweds Mischa and Joyce Auer tuned up life at the Stork Club cocktail party for Dottie Lamour. They're trying their best to forget critics' woeful words following Mischa's stage debut.

(*Continued from page 56*)

Sat., Feb. 21st: Shot the afternoon at Westmore's, getting a "once-over, not too lightly." Louise Lockridge, the Westmore astrologist, stopped by my booth to say she'd read Anne Shirley's fortune with Egyptian tara cards around Xmas time. She promised Anne 1942 would be her greatest career year because she'd come out from under a dark cloud that's been enveloping her. Well, I don't know that Johnny Payne would relish being called a dark cloud. Anne seems to be through with her marriage, though.

Dancing at the Hollywood-Roosevelt's Blossom Room. Randy Scott and Dotty Lamour at the next table, looking Made For Each Other.

Tues., Feb. 24th: Saw my favorite Hollywoodian . . . Alfred Hitchcock. He's directing Bob Cummings and Pat Lane in "The Saboteur," at Universal. Pat had a pot-bellied gold Buddha pinned to her lapel. She calls it "Alf" because it reminds her of Hitchcock! Hitch brought in a little cotton triangle, the other morning, to keep "Alf" warm.

Passed Diana Barrymore on the lot. She's every inch a member of the Royal Family. Deep-voiced like her Aunt Ethel, loaded with theatrical mannerisms and supposed to be terribly, terribly talented. Understand she was thrown out of fifteen schools in the U. S. and Europe! In New York, she lives with her mother, Michael Strange, the poetess. In Hollywood, she's living with a French companion. She turned down her dad's invite to share his home because it's too far from the studio.

DIDJA KNOW

That Bob Cummings once stooged for Milton Berle under the tag of Blade Conway? . . . That Bruce Cabot has a 14-year-old daughter by his first marriage? Her name is Jennifer . . . That Loretta Young won't be shuttling back and forth between New York and Hollywood anymore? Her husband, Tom Lewis, has been awarded a better-than-ever job in a local advertising agency and will remain here permanently . . . That Mary Lou Cook, one of the Merry Macs, has received word her brother, a Marine, was killed at Wake Island? . . . That Ida Lupino was born during an air-raid on London in 1918? . . . That the town of Mikado, in Michigan, will change its name to Abbott-and-Costelloville if they can get permission from A. and C.?

That as soon as Lana Turner left New York, Artie Shaw took Phyllis Brooks cocktailing at the St. Moritz bar? . . . That all that chatter about a Tommy Dorsey-Lana Turner marriage is a bit premature? Dorsey's wife hasn't finished divorcing him yet . . . That the same holds true for Jean Gabin and any of his dates? There's a Mrs. Gabin in Paris . . . That Laurence Olivier and Leslie Howard sneaked across the Atlantic to Canada, recently, to appear in some scenes for "The Invaders"? . . . That the door knocker on the Deanna Durbin-Vaughn Paul home is engraved "E. (for Edna) and V. Paul"? . . . That Hedy Lamarr has never been happier? She finally got her mother out of Europe and will bring her here to Hollywood as soon as the authorities permit!

SMILIN' THROUGH

What to do! What to do! When she first got to be a famous movie star, Martha Scott was pricked to the quick by rumors that she had gone high-hat. She knew, and her friends knew, that the rumors were unjust. They started when Martha passed several acquaintances on the street without so much as a "how-de-do," and continued because the little Scott is so nearsighted, she could march through a brick wall and not know it till she reached the other side!

Rather than permit the snob legend to grow, Martha, some time ago, adopted a policy of good will toward all. She trained herself to wear a pretty smile in public and soon became known as one of the friendliest girls in town. That's why it's surprising the following incident did not occur sooner.

Martha was in the Brown Derby, last week, waiting for her husband, Carlton Aslop, to join her at lunch. While she waited, she set her usual grin and glanced about. As her eyes made their second circuit of the room, they were caught by a huge, immobile glob, standing several feet away and staring straight at her.

"Good afternoon," said Martha sweetly. "How are you?"

The glob made no answer, but Martha continued to smile and nod in its direction. She was still being her most cordial self when she noticed her husband at her side.

"Honey," he whispered. "Cut it out! Everyone's laughing at you! That's not a man you're saying hello to! It's a big block of ice—with lobsters on it!"

HOUSEWARNING!

John Shelton still doesn't know it, but his wife, Kathryn Grayson, almost left him last week!

Kathryn happened to pluck her telephone out of its cradle the other morning and hear John's voice on a downstairs extension.

"No," John was saying, "Don't call (*Continued on page 91*)

"See how this Polish protected my nails for 7 days!" *Mrs. Jut Kent*

MRS. JUT KENT is one of the busy younger set who has lately fallen in love with Cutex . . ."My nails stayed practically perfect for a whole week! I finally changed the polish only because the moons grew out!" Try Cutex Black Red, Gingerbread, Lollipop, Butterscotch, Sugar Plum, Sheer Natural! See if you don't agree that the way its beauty lasts is truly amazing! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in the U.S.!

Northam Warren, New York

Wear **CUTEX**

APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR

IN THIS OUR LIFE

BY JEAN FRANCIS WEBB AND KAY HARDY

William: "Well, I reckon the check won't be lasting you long."
Stanley: "Oh, there's always more where that came from."

Stanley: "Why don't you admit the truth, Craig? You'll never be over me. Even now you can't help kissing me, can you?"

Peter: "We've got to stop this tormenting each other—both of us."

STORY . . . There wasn't enough to life so that a girl could afford to waste any of it! That was Stanley Timberlake's (Bette Davis) philosophy. Only a few short years, and so much to crowd in them! So much to snatch from Fate!

Since she could remember, she'd been able to twist rich Uncle William (Charles Coburn) 'round her little finger. From babyhood, Stanley had coaxed and bullied men. But she hadn't quite realized, until the eve of her wedding to Craig Fleming (George Brent), that what she *really* wanted was her sister Roy's (Olivia de Havilland) husband, Peter (Dennis Morgan).

She took him, of course. Only fools and weaklings balked at taking everything they could from life. Roy's cool kisses were the kind her own hot mouth could burn away. Roy's sweetness paled before the throbbing excitement Stanley knew how to arouse in a man. Young Dr. Kingsmill (Dennis Morgan) hadn't a chance, once she decided she had to have him!

They found a small apartment in Baltimore, after that night when they ran out on Craig and Roy and the rest of her unsuspecting family.

A furnished apartment. No personality at all. She was cooped up in it day after day, while Peter puttered at the hospital. His miserable hack job was all he'd been able to find after their elopement.

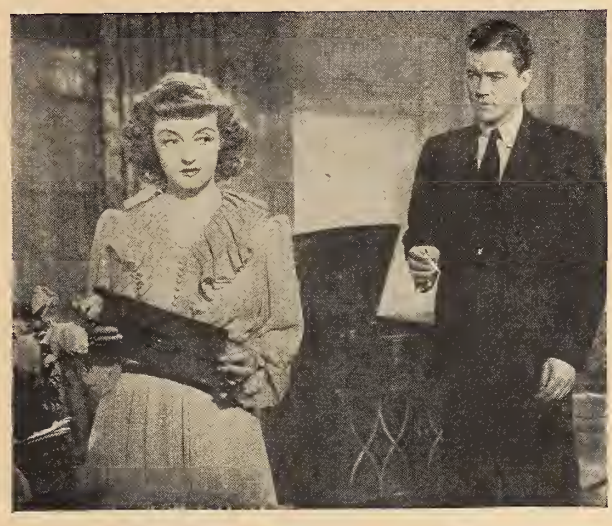
It was dull, deadly dull. Peter was still Peter, of course; but once she'd grown used to the knowledge of her power over him, that wasn't enough. Stanley was restless. She wanted to be amused.

The day he discovered she'd cashed Uncle William's wedding-gift check for Craig and herself, to buy a marvelous new phonograph, was the first time they quarreled. But Peter couldn't hold out for long against her pouts and wistful arguments.

"Darling! Don't begrudge me a little music to pass the time!"

Word came from home that Roy's divorce had been granted. Stanley and Peter were married next evening, by a Justice of the Peace. They went to a roadhouse called The Shanty to celebrate. Peter hated roadhouses, but Stanley adored them. There was light and noise and color. There was laughter. There was something doing.

Their second battle—much sharper than the first—arose over the girl who sat at the next table and picked them up. Her name was Betty Wilmot (Lee Patrick), and Stanley hailed her as a sister. But Peter detested her. He wanted to go home, only a little after (*Continued on page 86*)



Stanley: "Well, don't look so serious. I didn't steal the money. . . . Remember Uncle William's check?"
Peter: "Stanley, you didn't cash it?"

Betty (surprised): "Married? I'd never have guessed it. You look too happy."
Peter: "We are. Happy *and* married."

Roy: "Killed himself! But he wouldn't. Why on earth—"
Craig: "Roy, darling."

Roy: "How's Parry taking it, Minerva—being in prison?"
Minerva: "Reckon he don't care."

Stanley: "Why did it happen? Oh, why did it have to happen to me?"
Roy: "Don't talk about it, Stanley. Try not to think."

So it's Spring again!

By Elizabeth Willguss

The berries reolly appeor good enough to eat!

BUT this one is different. Never before did we gals have to wonder what would be left for us to wear. But now that the first zipper and elastic panic is over and done with, let's find out what we will have and how we will look.

It's in the cards for you to look like spring, but more so. Prettier than ever before, cross our heart. Not pretty-pretty with fancy frills, but fresh, sparkling, healthy pretty.

You want to be just perfection, but there's no extra cash to squander on nonsense. Bright novelty, a thousand times yes. Any accessory that livens a dress or a conversation is all on the credit side. Like the new berry buttons: blackberries, strawberries, right on through the berry family. In luscious colors, they bring a touch of whimsy to suit or dress. There are vegetables and fruits, too, if you want to sprout a garden. Even flowers, like lilacs and rosebuds. The button people stop at nothing. Think of all the lovely, colorful paperweights you've ever

B. G. E. originols

Rosemory de Camp wears daggers, doesn't look them.

Phyllis Brooks, siren of U. A.'s "Shanghai Gesture."

seen—no, not the ones which swirl snowflakes when you turn them upside down—but the stationary kind. They, too, are copied into thick, crystal buttons.

If we could stop oh-ing and ah-ing long enough, we might get down to jungle business, meaning the costume jewelry inspired by Alexander Korda's production of "The Jungle Book," starring Sabu. We thought we had seen all the mask heads and all the animal pins in the world, but we were wrong. Pins, earrings, necklaces and bracelets resemble beasts of the jungle and elephant tusks and tiger teeth. The sword pin shown on Rosemary de Camp, starring in the picture, has an ivory tusk top and a caravan of little gold elephants charging down the blade. It looks so expensive it is hard to believe you and I can have one without breaking a bank. The black enamel tom-tom beater pin is good conversation. just like the Susu girl head. Best of all, though, are the elephants. Trunks-up elephants have always been symbols of good luck. These are so decorative we think you, too, will want a collection, starting now. Here's to "The Jungle Book" for inspiring such exciting new jewelry!

How many times have you heard about the magic of white on a dark dress? How it makes the teeth to glisten and the eyes to shine? Still true. Blonde Phyllis Brooks prefers the button-on variety of spic and span smartness.

If you've had a knack for knotting a scarf since way back, you're in the groove, you don't have to learn. Otherwise, take a cue from Shirley Ross (don't call the cops, that's only her husband's mailbox she's pilfering). She wears her spun-rayon challis scarf way back on her pompadour. Sometimes she goes gaucho, sashing her scarf. Now and then she ties one on, true kerchief fashion. Wonderful accessories, these printed challis scarfs, and so inexpensive you can decide on a dozen different color combinations without any qualms.

You've seen what plastics can do for buttons, and now you know that your beloved costume jewelry won't do a fadeout. What about color, though? Well, we've heard this and that about chemicals needed for national defense, but enough will be left in the dye vats to keep us from going around in sackcloth colors. Beige we will wear, yes, gray also. They both complement patent leather. And what a revival for patent; not only black, but cherry. There will be blues for suits from palest pale to deep navy. But five will get you ten that the military red, white and blue combinations of last year will be missing from the Easter parade. Everyone is too busy being patriot to have to spell it out in color. Go overboard for clear pastels. They're in. Your prints will

It's Shirley Ross in Republic's "Sailors On Leave."

be no namby-pamby stuff, but big and bold. Floppy, brown-eyed susans on gold, or gargantuan white butterflies on raspberry shantung, with blouse prints flowing over into matching hats and bags.

Encouraging news, all of it. So give to Uncle all the rubber and dyes and metal he needs and know that even so, you won't have to look like something from a slag pile.

(Continued from page 38)

was Infatuation. Her final entry proves it. Here's the plot: for three years, in Paris, the youngster nourished a crush on an American film idol. Imported to Hollywood as an actress by RKO (see her in "Joan of Paris"—but good!), she met her idol at a cocktail party. Her heart "beated so," she confesses, that she didn't dare raise her glass to her lips. 'Fraid she'd spill the champagne! It's all over now—poof! like that. (For the factualists, this material is translated right from Michele's French):

Nov. 19, 1940—My love, you did not disappoint me—unfortunately. Your smile was adorable—your eyes very blue, looked at me a long time . . . well, rather a long time. What do you think of me? What do you think of the idiot who idolized you for three years without knowing you?—who goes on doing it when you are nothing but a man like all the men I met before—a little better looking, that is all.

Should I see you again? I dreamed of you last night . . . in the dream we loved each other. My love for you has been a very pure and true dream because I knew nothing of you but your image,

Put him in the mood

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Cheer him and charm him with this delicious, refreshing treat — wholesome Wrigley's Spearmint. That clean, tangy flavor is a real smile-getter . . . the way it freshens up your taste.

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Make a hit with the men in your life. Always keep plenty of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum handy to offer them. W-78

The Flavor Lasts

and everything you gave was the best because you were a symbol—but I have seen you now. I won't be haunted any more by you. I will be free to love whomever I meet because I have found that you are only a man and not a god . . . my love for you will be able to fade because you no longer live in the world of illusion. The moment I met you, you entered the world of realities and I know realities.

May 2, 1941 (six months later)—All this seems to be silly. How could I even think of him? I did not even know him!

Olivia de Havilland . . .

No one ever completely tabbed the de Havilland-Stewart meanderings. Let's chalk it up to Friendship, and then see how Livvy analyzes it.

Oct. 10, 1939—Dinner with Joan at the Cock 'n' Bull Cafe on the Strip. Yorkshire pudding, very good, and a gorgeous baked apple. Jimmie Stewart was there. Moved his plate around and sat at another side of his table, the better to see us, m'dear. Joan and I got to giggling. It was *awful!*

Nov. 7, 1939—One of the writers had a "what he thinks and a what she thinks" idea for a magazine article, and he asked J. Stewart to do it. I am told that J. S. said he would "if Olivia de Havilland did the woman's half." So we meet. Heavens! I didn't know he was so *tall!* I walked into Publicity with my eyes fixed at half-mast, my right hand outstretched in normal position for a normal handshake, and all I see are legs—two endlessly long legs. My gaze travelled up—up—up—and at last I came to the Stewart face. He seems to be the sort of man who could be an awfully good friend. Positively nothing more. We do hit it off awfully well.

Jan. 10, 1940—On the New York merry-go-round and having a lot of fun with J. S. All the columnists and editors here are agog over our "secret marriage." Silly, isn't it? We haven't said a thing. If they go off the deep end with marriage predictions, it's not our fault. The "Gone—" premiere was tremendous. Never knew what it could mean to be a part of a really great film.

June 16, 1940—Been taking a self-inventory. X and XX have proposed. I don't think X loves me. I know I don't love him. But he says he is willing to marry me because of my charm, wit, ad infinitum, and take a chance on falling in love with me later. Funny slant. XX . . . NO!!

I have decided ideas on matrimony. Take J.S., for instance. Not that marriage was thought of by either of us, but I have a deep-down feeling that if we had tried it, it never would have worked. We are too much alike, for one thing. Our ambitions, for example. Precisely alike. We both want theatrical fame. We both play the same kind of parts in the same sort of dramas; and get the same amount of money a week for doing it. We both live in small houses. We both drive the same make of car!!! This is a laugh, of course. Marriage would be *deadly!* It would be like being married to one's twin—psychological twin. Opposites make the best mates. At least that's what I think as of this date.

Eleanor Powell . . .

And then there are Career Women . . . Eleanor Powell, for example, who creates all her own routines, like Fred Astaire. Did you know that? We didn't.

June 13, 1941—To Earl Carroll's with Merrill. Saw a wonderful floor show routine—man with a little dog. Gave me an idea. Stimulating . . . I can't get to sleep now. Why not do a dancing dog number? I wish I could see sunset as a sunset, instead of seeing it as the germ of a dance idea, with girls marching out of it! I can't even relax and see a night club floor show, listen to the tea kettle humming on the stove, without thinking "wonder if I could use that for a routine?"

Last night I dreamed I had frozen. Would never dance again. Must take an extra Vitamin today, or something. Can't have those old dreams cropping up to haunt me. Haven't dreamed like this for months. A dancing dog . . . how could I train it? How could I find the right dog? I can see him walking between my feet as I tap out the rhythm . . . but that "Lady Be Good" music is so tricky. Could I do it? How long would it take to train the dog? I've got those other routines to work out, too. Might try a French poodle. Understand they're smart. Cute, too, and sassy-looking. Add to the glamour—

Oh, dear Lord, to be a character dancer! Then I wouldn't have to worry about Glamour. Ellie, you've got to get some sleep. *Good-night.*

June Havoc . . .

Continuing the anguish of Career Women—June Havoc, Gypsy Rose Lee's li'l' sis and a Broadway product:

Sept. 10, 1940—Well, Junie, it looks like a Red Letter Day in your life, and no fooling. For posterity's sake, let's write it down: Up to two weeks ago Junie is playing Chrystal, the subsidized mouse in "The Women." Chrystal is the one who gets the husband away from the heroine, and her biggest scene comes when she takes a foam bath right out in front of the customers. Funny thing about bathtubs and Junie. The scene should have made her, for she does her best emoting in her own bathtub (always goes there for a good cry), but—no. They said the Havoc didn't have enough sex. And Junie the Gyp's own sister. So Junie is out.

Then comes a try-out, this morning, for "Pal Joey," the George Abbott musical, music by Rodgers and Hart, swell book by John O'Hara, and Junie is told to sing five songs in ten minutes and to "sing 'em straight." What chance for the old personality stuff? Junie thinks she is a floppo there, too. Lower than a double chin, she drags herself to Walgreen's basement (the Walgreen Green Room for Out-of-Work and Discouraged Actors) and orders herself a slug of milk, sipping it slowly while she works up a good cry. Then she dashes for home and *la bain* (French), turning on the bath water, jumping out of her clothes and into the tub, letting the streaming tears mingle with the steaming suds.

The 'phone rings. "To heck with it," weeps Havoc, the tears falling into her bath water. It keeps on ringing. Her "little people" start fussing. Grumpy the dog barks. Pousse-Cafe the cat meows

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because Grumpy barks, Lizzie-Love the goat and Caca the rooster make a clatter. Only Muscovi the duck maintains a dignified silence. Junie scrambles out of the tub. She tries to keep the weeps out of her voice: "Hel-lo."

"Is Miss Havoc there?" comes a john's voice. "This is Miss Havoc." "Oh, June, this is George Abbott. Just wanted to tell you that we think you're great for the 'Pal Joey' part." Fan me with a feather! The Havoc's strictly in!

Alexis Smith . . .

More Career Girl, and Warner Brothers' pride and joy, Alexis Smith:

Week of January 5, 1942—Everything happened at once this week. Got the role of Florence in "Constant Nymph," opposite *Charles Boyer,* with Joan Fontaine, too, and the papers broke a sort of "preliminary engagement" story on Craig and me. Nothing definite, but a sort of claim-filing thing. Nice break. I don't see how they found space with all the war news.

Dad is more excited than I am about the "Nymph." Gets to buzzing around, shouting in his enthusiasm, and then tells *me* not to get excited! You should see my friends' faces—especially the women—when I announce that I am to play *Charles Boyer's wife.* They simply go *crazy*! "May I *touch* you?" they ask.

Everything's been hanging fire for two months. Took tests of five different scenes. Goulding's wonderful. He shows you just how it should be done, and does it so skillfully that you wish he were you, instead of the director, and could play the scene. Sounds complicated, doesn't it? But you know what I mean. It was all news to me—and a pleasant shock!—that I had Florence. Alex Evelov first told me when I went into his publicity office. Don't they *ever* tell me anything around the studio?

"How do you feel about 'Constant Nymph'?" he asked. Well, how did I feel? I'd been eating, sleeping, waking, walking, dancing it for months. How does one feel? "Don't you know?" he continued. "You've got it." Jeepers, Smith is Florence. How do I feel? *You* try and tell. I defy you to be coherent.

About Craig—It's good to have our positions clarified. Both of us are new to this Hollywood routine. We could have listened to studio "suggestions" (sometimes they look more like ultimatums) and hitched our personal lives to prominent stars. That's been done so much. And we both hate it. Going places with the "right people" to be "seen." I don't think any career ever really profited by it. I don't mind doing anything—anything that's within reason—to further my career, but my private life is my own. I balk at messing that up. That's the way Craig feels, too. This way it's a "strawberry milk shake, very thick, for two," and real fun.

You're a very lucky girl, Margaret Alexis Fitzsimmons Smith. I suppose you know it?

Veronica Lake . . .

If it's Love you avid diary-readers are after, there's Veronica Lake:

April 25, 1940—Corsage mystery solved. The young man who 'phoned Mother yesterday and begged us to lunch with him at Metro today is the man. He bounced the paper clip onto my head from the Cutting Room bridge the day I wore his gardenias. Only I didn't know they were his. I gave him a frigid glare. His name is John Detlie, art director at M-G-M. He marvels at my stoicism. Been rushing to the commissary every noon hoping to meet a friend who knew both of us. This since the beginning of "Forty Little Mothers." Very annoyed when I kept my nose in a book and never even looked at him. Nor at Taylor or Gable! Confessed that he took to haunting our apartment building, cruising up and down our street, thinking that he might see me. Persistent. Mother is a darling; such completely modern ideas. Doesn't see why I shouldn't see him more often. Mr. Cantor thought I did a scene well today. Maybe the name Constance Keane will mean something some day.

Oct. 1, 1940—Said "yes" to John. He's been asking me every day for six months. Practically erosion—he's worn my resistance down. No difficulty with Mother and Dad; particularly Mother. Reminded her she sponsored our meeting. Very stern about it. She laughed. I think she thoroughly approves. And so does Dad, although he says he can't picture his "Scotch-and-Soda" battling the responsibilities of marriage. I can.

John and I had a long talk. "No children" for a while. Not until we see how this crazy world readjusts itself. How can one be sure of giving babies the security and peace and beauty they deserve?—at least the way things are now. Woman, you are getting morbid! I suppose every girl gets dithery on the eve of her marriage. Why should I be an exception? I think we shall make a quiet trip to Santa Ana on the third and be married, keeping it a secret; using my own name and no mention of Veronica Lake. Perhaps I should wait. New careers are so chancy. But I can't. I knew that when Mr. Hornblow told me I would be going to San Antonio for "I Wanted Wings." I couldn't leave John. Perhaps, God willing, I will have career *and* John. I hope so. I love him very much. I think it's because he likes to whip away his blues on the roller-coaster at Venice! So do I.

Lucille Ball . . .

And then there is Lucille Ball, now very happily Mrs. Desi Arnaz. Hers is a line-a-day account, except for the final entry, and no wonder.

Sept. 26, 1940—Wire from Desi, says he misses me. Maybe I can see him when I go East in December.

Oct. 1, 1940—Wire from Desi, will arrive tomorrow.

Oct. 2, 1940—Desi here. Looks a little thin. Mother is having us for dinner tonight, and then we are all going to Ciro's to celebrate his arrival.

(*Continued on page 68*)

DO YOU KNOW THAT

"That Chinese tenement" is the name John Barrymore gives to the joint he used to call home. He auctioned off this five-acre section of California for a flat $448,000, including its two houses and three swimming pools. In one of these glorified water holes Jawn kept and fed, for two years, a school of rainbow trout. Off on the side he built a bowling green, a skeet range, a bird reservation and 2 garden houses. The place had a lavish wine cellar and quarters for 12 servants. The Great Profile imported a sun-and-moon dial from England for a tidy $15,000, and an elegant chandelier from an Austrian archduke for $8500. The Barrymore bar was one which John had shipped in from Alaska "for sentimental reasons."

—Look Magazine

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(Continued from page 66)

Oct. 15, 1940—Desi left tonight for rehearsals in New York. May see him when I go East next month.

Oct. 30, 1940—Hallowe'en. Went to party and found when I got home that Desi had been calling me all evening from New York.

Nov. 22, 1940—Leave next week for Milwaukee Sentinel Feminine Fair. Eddie Stevenson made me a lovely dress all white and glitter, almost like a bride. Then on to New York and a radio show.

Nov. 27, 1940—Show a great success and lots of fun, met lots of people and hope I can come back here again. Off to New York in the morning.

Nov. 29, 1940—Spent yesterday and most of today with interviews and having pictures taken. Desi met me at the plane. He looks wonderful. He is a terrific success in his personal appearances. He comes over to the hotel between performances to see me. Went to Twenty-One with him last night after show. He looks wonderful, or did I say that before.

Nov. 30, 1940—Found I had a surprise breakfast date with Desi at the Byram Beagle Club. It turned out to be the most important day of my life. We dashed over to Greenwich, Conn., and were married by Justice of the Peace John J. O'Brien. They waived the 5-day law for us, and Milt Bender and Deke Magaziner stood by with smelling salts while he said the fatal words. I can't think that it is anything but the Most Wonderful Day in My Life. We decided so suddenly that we couldn't even give coherent answers to reporters when they asked where we were to honeymoon. "Havana," we both blurted, then Desi said, "by boat," and I mumbled, "by 'plane," and then we laughed like mad. It's marvelous to be mad like this—and married! One of the reporters asked if it was "love at first sight?" "No," I told him, "it took me all of five minutes to fall in love with him!" I hope it takes me five hundred years to fall out of love with him. Fingers crossed!

Bruce Bennett . . .

The male diarists, bless their hearts, are virile in their recordings. Here's an account by Bruce Bennett (né Herman Brix of Olymvics fame):

Aug. 6, 1928— Talked myself out of the championship today. Can't say I'm sorry because we saved the title for America, but I sure could kick myself, just the same. Johnny Kuck got the shotput title at 52′ ¾″, which is pretty good putting. My record was 51′ 8¾″ in the preliminaries, but old Johnny certainly put the stuff into it when he got into action.

Funny thing about the kid. He's from the tall wheat country in Kansas. Regular country kid. The crowds, bands, excitement of an Olympic meet in a faraway city like Amsterdam, in Europe, threw him off-base. He got hollow inside and scared. So I said to him, "Stretch out on the grass, Johnny, and imagine you're back in Kansas . . . waving wheat, hot sun, birds calling to each other. You're right back in Kansas, see, and all this stuff isn't going to throw you." I sat with him, giving him the old pep-eroo talk. Yeah, I did. Talked myself right out of the title, because Johnny gets up like young Johnny Appleseed himself and puts that shotput where it has never been before.

Sure, I placed—second. Emil Herschfelt, the German entry, was third with 51′ 6″. He looked awfully good in the preliminaries. Had me scared. Well, the big thing is that we kept the shotput title in America. The government's representative with the team, Lieut.-Gen. Douglas MacArthur, is plenty pleased. Party tonight after the winnings. Great town, this Amsterdam. Great people, the Dutch.

John Garfield . . .

And John Garfield sounds off this way:

Oct. 29, 1939–Went to a performance of the Chinese Theatre on this trip to Frisco. But never again will I take any dames. Robby and Gladys went along, and I just get interested in the pantomime of one of the characters—it's really marvelous the way they put the shows on; no scenery, just a bare stage with a little guy who sits in a chair on the stage and sing-songs a description of what is supposed to be the stage setting —anyway, I just get into the groove and think, "Here's something good," and Robby says she wants some coffee. Coffee! In a tea house. Geeze! So I get the coffee for the two dames and start getting back the feel of this drama, and it has a lot of kick to it, and the dames want to go. They've had enough. I know it's no use. They've got one of those junk curio shops on the brain, and the Chinese Theatre is the nuts to them, so we go. Next time, I promise myself, no dames!

Roddy McDowall . . .

A small English lad looks at Hollywood, Miss Davis and the world. Excerpts from the honest-to-goodness diary of Master Roddy McDowall, the Huw of "How Green Was My Valley" and a great admirer (need we say?) of Bette Davis:

Dec. 7, 1941—Went to 10:00 mass. Got flowers. Home. Breakfast. Mable came. Apparently the Japanese bombed the Philippines and Hawaiian Islands. I think there is going to be fireworks somewhere. Messed around. Built my bar. At two o'clock this afternoon Japan declared war on America and ten minutes later on England. Neither America nor England has declared war yet. Then we went and saw Errol Flynn in "For Richer, For Richer," a broadcast and met him. He is very kind. (George took us.) He is very kind. Lay down. Listened to the radio. . . . *On Dec. 4 Roddy goes out to dinner and meets intrigue:* Out to Mary Height's for dinner. We met some people there—5 of them. One a little girl of 14 called Adina. We think she is very nice. In the night Virginia was very sick, and I had a very bad tooth ache. Mummy was up most of the night. . . . *A flashback to Oct. 4 when Roddy attends the Ice*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Martha Raye was in mid-act during a personal appearince in Milwaukee, she stepped gracefully toward the baby grand to nonchalantly snatch her bonnet when—kerplunk! she slipped and plopped, right on the stage. For several seconds, she sat stunned, speechless, motionless, facing a deadly-silent audience with every eye glued to her. Suddenly she began to laugh. She howled and howled, until the audience, taking its cue from her, laughed and howled, too. Martha picked herself up, brushed herself off and went on with the show. From then on all Milwaukee really *loved her.*

Viola Pivorski,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Follies and sees a star: At 7:15 we left the house and went to the Pan-Pacific Auditorium to see the Ice Follies of 1942. We had rink seats. The skating was marvelous. The whole show was marvelous. Shirley Temple was there. Home. Bed. Finis . . . *Momentous entry on Dec. 6:* About 1:00 or 1:30 Bette Davis' maid phoned me up and said that if I phoned up on the 15th Dec. she would see about lunch with her. Nice, huh? . . . *And on Dec. 12—wheeee!*: . . . we went to the Shrine Auditorium. Just as we got out the car Bette Davis was there and she was very, very, very, very, very nice to me . . .

Lon Chaney, Jr. . . .

The talented son of a great actor-father, Lon Chaney, indulges in jottings:

Friday, Dec. 19, 1941—Up at 3:30 again. (That's a.m.) Wonder if the Fourth Interceptor Command knows what it's done to me? Possibility of blackouts puts studios on 8 to 5 daily schedule. No more night work. Oh, no? Takes Jack Pierce four hours to put the Frankenstein Monster make-up on me. So up at 3:30, report to Jack at 4. Result: daily one-man mental blackout. Oh, well. Can turn back these pages about ten years and find that one Chaney, Jr., was boiler-maker by day and pumped gas at night. This beats that. To set at 8. Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Lionel Atwill already rehearsing. What chance has a mere Monster got with talent like that? Everything as usual until late morning. Feel a fiery burning in my forehead. Jack uses sponge rubber make-up to build up forehead and frontal bones over the eyes. When it's on, it's really on. No chance to check and see what's cooking up there. Feels like it's me that's cooking, all right. Really painful during afternoon. But the director says he'll finish with me early. 4 o'clock is "early," he says. That makes a 12-hour day on my clock. Back to make-up department. Jack removes make-up with acetone, which doesn't help either. Finds lovely mass of blisters all over forehead. Rushes me to Dr. Woods, skin specialist. What good is that, I wonder? Doesn't seem to be any skin left. Anyway, Doctor says I am allergic to sponge rubber. Hurried consultations with studio doctors. Decide to insert layer of oil silk between skin and rubber make-up. Hope it works. Wish Dad had kept a diary. Remember that he suffered agonies while making some of those pictures, and we never heard about it at home. Like to know how he felt about it himself. Funny that they called him the man with a thousand faces. Can only remember one —the one with the smile. If he could take it like that, guess I can, too. Hope so, anyway.

Bette Davis . . .

Even Queen Bette succumbs to the diary fad. Calls her's her Little Black Book. Friends like to speculate on its "secrets." Nothing secretive, really; most revealing. Shows her to be a slavish perfectionist. This is to be seen in all her dramatic work, of course. In private life the sight of dry leaves sprawling over the greensward, drives her to distraction. Thus the entry: *tell gardener to keep leaves off grounds—watch the pool.* He had to skim the swimming pool that time.

A standard family story is of La Davis, aged two, refusing to go "bye-bye" because her best batiste dress had a wrinkle in it. She didn't budge until the garment was changed. At seven years she was taken to see a circus. "Before the elephants performed, a rug was laid for

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1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
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Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

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Betty Grable, starring in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "*Song of the Islands,*" with make-up by Westmore. She says: "I use Westmore Foundation Cream, and it's really wonderful!"

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them to dance on," she tells. "The rug was crooked, and the rest of the show was ruined for me!"

A frequent entry is "*cash checks.*" She usually forgets to cash her pin money checks—$25.00 a week allowed by her business manager. Chances are the checks will be found lovingly curled about a bottle of nail enamel or entwined with a hand-tucked nightie. Davis cares little for money; more for what it can buy. Example: *Hunky brace. of carnelians on Rodeo Drive* or *Call Hollywood Bookstore for "Insanity Fair."* Means she wants to buy a ducky bracelet she saw, and that a house guest from Washington, D. C., has recommended a book to her.

Note the injunction to send *picture to Jennie Gray, 56 Audubon St., Augusta, Me.* Scrupulous sincerity. That marks Diarist B. Davis.

Barbara Stanwyck . . .

Here's Barbara Stanwyck with a Most Embarrassing:

Feb. 3, 1929—My first Hollywood party. What a flop! I was so excited to be invited—a swell shindig tossed by my agent. I steamed up in my grandest clothes—short beaded chiffon dress with ostrich feathers on the shoulder, and satin pumps with enormous rhinestone buckles. I arrived. And found all the guests wearing everything from sports scarves to tennis shorts. It certainly was an initiation to informal Hollywood. I'll never forget it. Never again will I get dressed up like that.

Jinx Falkenburg . . .

And a heart-throb from Columbia's Jinx Falkenburg:

March 28, 1939— Dr. Wynn here this morning. Said I may leave the hospital in *ten weeks!* And then he's not sure whether it will be on my own two feet or in a wheelchair. And this trip to Hawaii was to be a pleasure trip. Ye gods! "Multiple contusions" is the diagnosis (I'm black from head to foot—bruises), and something bafflingly wrong with my spine. The family mustn't know; not yet, anyway. Time enough when the worst is over.

I wrote a long letter to mother this morning telling her all about the lovely party on Vincent Astor's yacht "Nourmahal" that I *didn't* attend. Fancy an invitation like that and then falling 38 feet through what I thought was solid concrete and wasn't, just to wave goodnight to some supper guests. And not being able to go to the party. Maybe not being able, ever, to go to any more parties and to dance, swim—play tennis. I don't dare let myself think!

Dickie called from the mainland last night. Such a silly sweet thing to do. I hardly know him. One dinner date, that's all, the night I sailed off on this first trip to Honolulu. I wouldn't tell him about my injury at first. I've kept it out of the papers so that the family would not be worried. Mother'd fly right over, I know. But when he asked "What are you doing out there?" I sniffed like a baby. And told him everything. He promised not to tell Mother and Dad, and then called me back a half an hour later and talked for almost an hour. Said he'd called Mother in the meantime and told her I was fine.

Outside the sunlight is hot and sweet, and a little nurse, firm-fleshed and brown as a berry, brought me a lei of ginger flowers. I want to go out and swim in that blue, blue water—and *play tennis!*

BEST FACE FORWARD

(*Continued from page 50*)

pick up masks or packs that pep up tired skin so quickly. Spread the preparation on evenly, according to directions, and lie down and relax long enough for it to dry. When you remove it, you'll be amazed how radiant and smooth your face will be. If your face is inclined to be dry, smooth on a little tissue cream and let it remain a minute or two. Then, remove it with cleansing tissue saturated with skin freshener.

If you have a half hour or more to coddle your complexion, treat it to a facial massage. In addition to softening skin, it will help to tone up and firm lazy facial muscles. Immediately after cleansing, apply your richest lubricating cream in gentle molding movements. Use the pads of your fingers, tapping gently but firmly, always working upward for beauty. You can use also gentle smoothing movements if you like, but be careful never to rub or stretch delicate skin.

Begin at the base of your neck and work upward to your ears. Then, from the base of your neck, smooth or tap to a point beneath your chin. Next, pat under your chin (using the backs of your hands this time for convenience). Again, with the pads of your fingers, work from your chin outward along the jawline to your ears. Then, from the chin upward around your mouth to your nostrils, smoothing out parenthesis lines that may have formed. Begin beneath your nose and following the under curve of your cheekbone, pat toward your ears. Then, using your lubricating cream or a special eye cream, tap first above, then below your eyes, working from the inner corners outward. Last, smooth out forehead lines by pressing and lifting fingers, beginning between brows and working upward and outward. Finish off by rotating a few times across your brow.

Any type of facial is more effective if you couple it with complete relaxation—so leave this rich soothing cream on your face while you lie down in a darkened room until it's time to don your festive clothes. If your eyes are tired from the strain of the day, place little pads moistened with skin freshener or eye lotion over them while you rest. It will add immeasurably to their comfort and sparkle. Set your alarm clock, so that you can drift off to sleep if you like.

rise and shine . . .

When you are ready to rise and shine for the evening of fun, remove all excess cream with cotton or cleansing tissue, moistened with skin freshener. Your face will be velvety smooth and radiantly alive with fresh youthful color—a fitting background for subtle make-up. Next, blend in your foundation to match your skin tone skilfully. Even if your skin is inclined to be dry, your complexion will remain dewy fresh and soft if you use a rich lotion or a thick creamy type foundation. Apply a dab first to your nose, chin, forehead and cheeks, then blend it smoothly over your skin. Don't forget your neck and the back of your ears, if you want to be all the same complexion color scheme. If your skin is oily, it will take on a most natural finish with either a liquid, cake or vanishing type of base. A normal skin wears any kind of base successfully. Next comes rouge, lipstick, eye make-up and those other adornments that, like Cinderella's godmother, transform you from a hard-working girl into

an ultra-glamorous evening beauty.

These quick, easy-to-do facials we've just described are not only good skin pepper-uppers for special occasions, but they are ace complexion beautifiers at any time. These busy weeks when we spend so much time at our jobs—whether at the office or shop, at home or doing volunteer work—we are constantly under nerve strain, and as a consequence complexions lose tone, giving facial muscles a chance to become loose and flaccid. So instead of waiting until unattractive lines begin to appear, keep your complexion invigorated by a simple facial weekly.

If your skin is oily or at all dull and sallow—give it extra toning with a special circulation cream or mask, applying it just after cleansing. Smooth it on evenly and leave it on only as long as the directions suggest. If your face is at all inclined toward dryness, apply a rich lubricating cream immediately afterwards. However, if your skin is delicate or thin or has any broken capillaries, avoid a highly stimulating facial of this type.

Skins that are marred by surface blemishes, such as blackheads, will benefit by a stimulating mask or cream that combines cleansing qualities as well. These cleansers, sometimes called pore masks or creams—penetrate clogged pores and help remove minute imperfections of dirt and dead tissue. Since they also help to contract enlarged pores, they are excellent for oily as well as muddy complexions. Always apply these and leave them on according to directions. And remember, their effectiveness depends on applying them to skin that is scrupulously clean at the start.

Using fresh, clean puffs in applying powder and the like is important in maintaining skin health and beauty. Since they're so inexpensive, why not keep a supply handy so you'll never be tempted to use one that's less than immaculately clean.

Putting your best face forward, girls, doesn't mean neglecting your skin on Tuesday and Wednesday and give it all-out attention on Friday, Saturday and those other date-nights. Give it faithful everyday protection and stimulation—and it will respond quickly to quick facial pick-ups and make-up magic those times when it's important to look your most glamorous.

Is your complexion too dry? Then, better give it extra lubrication if you want it to remain youthful and lineless. Why not make it a point to apply House of Westmore Dry Skin Cream after thoroughly cleansing your face. It's fluffy rich with oils and soothing and will help keep your skin smooth and velvety. Leave it on overnight and see how soft and lovely your complexion will be next morning.

Kleenex tissues have so many tricky uses, you never know where the family supply is apt to be. So why don't you smart girls, who need cleansing tissues for complexion care, play safe and hide an extra box of Kleenex for your own use in your dressing table drawer. Then keep another box on the kitchen or bathroom shelf for the rest of the family to dip into whenever they need one.

If you are looking for an Easter gift for a friend or a treat for yourself, you will stop searching when you catch a whiff of Irresistible Perfume and see it in its new Easter box. The fragrance is like spring. It goes with the flowers, the fashions, and the romance of the light-hearted season. A touch of Irresistible will make you feel as exciting as does your new spring bonnet.

RICH IN DEXTROSE
HI HO!...HI HO!
TO SPREAD THE NEWS I GO!
Before you're "batter-up"—Big Boy—remember BABY RUTH, the Big League candy bar that packs a wallop in both flavor and food energy.
Help keep your pep up—and you help keep your score down. BABY RUTH will aid a lot the last nine holes!
'Morning, busy mother. How about this BABY RUTH—makes your work a pleasure—helps ward off fatigue!
Five little princesses—all in a row. BABY RUTH is the first and only candy ever given to the famous Quintuplets.
World Copr. 1942 King Features Syndicate
CURTISS
Baby Ruth
5¢
CANDY
RICH IN DEXTROSE
Look for me (N. R. G.) On every wrapper!
DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE SAYS: "Baby Ruth, being rich in Dextrose, vital food-energy sugar, and other palatable ingredients, makes a pleasant, wholesome candy for children."

Let's dine out with the STARS

and here's a meal à la Murphy

Marjorie Woodwarth and Richard Denning, with obvious enjoyment, learn from an authority that intricate art of eating broiled lobster

• The *grrrand* old name of Murphy has long been associated with songs and stories of the Emerald Isle; but in Hollywood, sure and it's better known as the name of the genial proprietor of the House of Murphy. This famous dining spot is the top favorite with such hale and hearty stars as Edward Arnold, Jack Oakie and Edgar Bergen—all lovers of fine food in the generous, old-time **tradition** and not in the least bit afraid of giving free rein to their healthy appetites.

On the night we dropped in, the place was thronged with Hollywood notables, all intent upon good food and gay conversation. We joined a group at a table in the corner of the Jiggs room where Bob himself, acting as master of ceremonies, was delivering a lecture to Marjorie Woodward and Richard Denning on the gentle art of extracting the last toothsome morsel from a broiled lobster.

After the subject of lobsters had been exhausted Bob started on some of his famous reminiscences. His has been a colorful career. He used to be in charge of all the Fred Harvey kitchens, but deserted that famous chain to tour in vaudeville. Here he spent so much of his time cooking special dishes for his pals that he found it difficult to get to the theater on time! So, he gave up vaudeville as a bad financial venture and came out to Hollywood.

When he opened the House of Murphy, four years ago, it had a capacity of thirty-two. Now, four years later, it has grown so that it has several rooms and holds as many as two hundred and fifty people. It has dark panelled walls and red printed tablecloths on the tables. There are strips of "Jiggs and Maggie" cartoons around the wall of the Jiggs room, named in honor of the famous cartoonist, George McManus, who has been a friend of Bob's for over thirty years. Over the entrance to this room is a sign reading: "Dedicated to George McManus, whose intake of Corned Beef and Cabbage is equalled only by his output of cartoons. Selah."

Bob's personality is probably one of the reasons for the popularity of his restaurant—he's extremely informal, a grand teller of stories and has a booming laugh that makes his guests feel happy, too. Great names do not impress him, and if people come to Murphy's solely with the idea of creating a big impression, they're apt to find that their host has no time for anyone except those who have a true appreciation of fine food.

Among the most regular of his patrons are Bill Fields and George McManus, who have been holding a Corned Beef and Cabbage derby. They're now tied for the record. Each has eaten thirty orders in thirty days! Edgar Bergen says that Murphy's is the only place where he can get real Fiskaballa (Swedish Beef Balls in Cream). Mary Astor is a regular patron and usually orders Prime Ribs of Beef. Ann Sheridan loves the Murphy Chicken, and Alice Faye actually insists on having steaks that have been cooked with garlic!

But the secret we wanted most to pry out of Bob was just why that plebeian dish, Corned Beef and Cabbage, is the gustatory delight of all the men stars—and even of some of the glamour girls—of this sophisticated cinema city. According to Bob it's all in the choice of a good piece of well-corned beef, proper seasoning and long, slow cooking. Here's how they go about it at the House of Murphy—it takes time but the results are wonderful!

By Helen Holmes

'Tis himself—the jolly host of the House of Murphy, famed for his wit and "Irish turkey."

CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE

METHOD: Place brisket of corned beef in cold water and very slowly bring to boiling point. Allow to simmer for 30 minutes to 1 hour, in which time excess salt should be removed. Drain off water and rinse very well. Entirely submerge again in cold water in which have been placed celery tops, a carrot, an onion, a cabbage heart, 2 peppercorns and 1 garlic bud. Let this simmer slowly, never reaching an actual boil, until done—which should be in about 3 to 4 hours. Remove corned beef and strain stock. Quarter cabbage, place in pot and pour over it the strained stock. Boil 25 minutes or until cabbage is tender. For each portion, serve one quarter of cabbage and three or four slices of corned beef. (With mustard, of course!) Delicious with boiled onions and potatoes.

Another Murphy specialty is crisp salad de Cicco, mixed by the waiter at the table practically under your nose, so that you can savor the aroma of all the good seasonings that go into it. It's a whole meal in itself, so try it when you want something very much out of the ordinary.

Guess What?

Unh-Unh . . . guess again.
Something worse. . . . Give up?
All right, here's what's wrong . . .

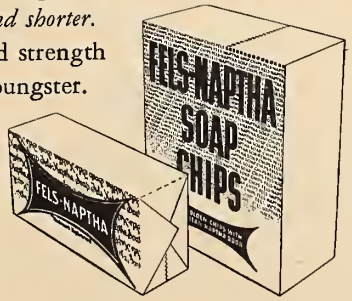
This young man is lonesome. He wants company. He wants that wonderful woman who always understands him. Even if he can't talk. So he's sending a hurry call for Mother.

And Mother? Well, today was washday. Her poor back aches. Her arms are like lead. And she just *has* to rest another minute before flying up those stairs again. If only she had some help . . .

And so she should. *Especially* on washday. She should have the help that only Fels-Naptha Soap can give . . . *two* wonderful cleaners—gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap—combining to banish dirt, without the rubbing that wears a woman out.

Making washdays easier *and shorter.*
Giving her more time and strength
to lavish on this lusty youngster.

[*MORAL: On washday, a boy's 'best friends' are his Mother—and Fels-Naptha Soap.*]



Golden bar or Golden chips_**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

RADIANT HAIR* sprinkled with "Star Dust"

* How gloriously feminine your hair looks when it's star-studded with sparkling highlights — gleaming with glorious sheen. This glamorous loveliness can easily be yours — with the help of Nestle Colorinse. For Colorinse *rinses* those beautiful highlights into your hair — gives it a warmer, richer tone — a softer, satin-like sheen. Notice how Colorinse leaves your hair easier to comb, easier to manage — helps your curl stay in longer. Take your choice from the 14 flattering shades on the Nestle Hair Chart. For a lovelier hair-do — use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing.

At beauty counters everywhere

10¢ and 25¢ sizes

GOOD-BYE, CAROLE

(*Continued from page 27*)

with cushioned chairs like Roman benches, clothes, clothes, clothes—

And then that all went gaily overboard. She met Clark Gable. Clark was all he-man. A boy from Cadiz, Ohio, who'd come up the hard way, he found Hollywood glitter and glamor a lot of expensive hooey. "Let me get enough money to have a sure ten thousand a year," the kid who'd been a fighter and a laborer and a bum maintained, "and I'm all set." "What about Carole?" friends asked, and Clark said coolly, confidently, "Carole will take it—and like it."

all for fun . . .

And how she did! Overnight the lusty, swearing, striding, arrogant gal became a woman. Overnight she became a wife. Crazily human—the gags, the trick presents, the insane jests that took place on every lot where Clark and Carole played, were tradition. But they were man and wife. They slipped away and said words that made them one, and Carole meant it. Her career was second. The man she loved came first.

Clark wanted a ranch, so they bought one out in the Valley. Carole hauled on a sunbonnet and marched about the chicken yard. She studied the alfalfa crops, and she sat up nights listening to weather reports and planning protection for the precious citrus trees. No tiny anxious lantern burning in a single orchard represented more sincere love and hominess than did the lights that blazed on the Gable ranch.

She can't be dead—

For friendship is a permanent record, set in granite, and all Hollywood was Carole's friend. Jack Benny, whose radio program had followed the fatal news of December 7th, and who had gone through his own illnesses and troubles, could not speak to his world on Sunday night after that crash. He'd just made a picture with Carole. Living in his memory were her merry jokes and her sturdy workmanship, the sight of her gaily marching through their scenes. The people on the lot, the extras, the stand-ins, the employes knew her as a gallant sincere friend. They knew that a recent edict against swearing on the set had sent a rueful Carole to practicing "Oh hecks!" and circumlocutions for her gamin language, and they knew, too, how really womanly she was beneath all this show of hardboiled strength.

Carole dead? Alice Marble shook a blonde head in unbelief. When Alice was recovering from a collapse in Paris, Carole was taking lessons from Eleanor Tennant, her coach. Into the frail girl's life poured the unfailing stream of Carole's vital interest. "Send a letter to her from me, Teach," she told Miss Tennant. "Stick in this check for a hundred dollars—she can buy a present to pep her up." And when they met, Carole had an inspiration. Alice had a voice, and singing gives one confidence. Carole had a voice teacher. Studying with her was one of the chores Carole had taken on and couldn't quite make. Suppose Alice took the lessons?

She did. She went into the State Competition and she developed the "killer instinct" that Carole preached. And over the top she went, strong, sure, a tennis ace, then singing at the Waldorf. Working at her job as Assistant Director of Physical Fitness in Civilian Defense, she heard the incredible news.

brave new worlds . . .

Russ Columbo's mother had laid down her letters. When Russ died suddenly, his mother, too ill to bear the news, waited for letters from him.

"Don't tell her," Carole dared firmly. "There's no reason she should be hurt. We'll read her letters from him, tell her he'll come—" and so to the end, the mother was happy, waiting, touching letters, hearing— Wherever they may be, those friends of Carole's gone ahead, they'd be saying it, too—Carole dead? She can't be!

It wasn't all easy. The world saw the Glamour girl made Gamin Girl. The

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for yau—that up-ta-the-second chart af yaur favarite "Westerns" yau've been begging far! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, haw they gat their start and studia addresses af over 60 of thase raugh-riding heraes, leering villains and wide-eyed heraines af yaur pet "horse opries"! Made up in a mast attractive farm, it will make yaur album praud as anything. Just send five cents in cain ar stamps with the coupan belaw and your new revised "Western" chart is just as gaod as lassaed!

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York City

I am enclosing five cents in stamps ar cain far which kindly send me yaur chart of the Western Stars.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Please print name and address plainly

world saw her striding through the town and country. "She hunts like a man," Harry Fleishman said. "She carries her own equipment, retrieves her own birds, handles a 410 shotgun, never complains—"

The studios saw her putting a new touch into decorating. They saw offices with gay curtains, pine writing tables, chintz chairs and sofas. Like the throwing back of shutters letting in light, Hollywood was suddenly bright and fresh again.

They saw her joking with "Pa" Gable, they saw her laughing and shouting.

But there was another side. She went into the desert with a purpose. There was a time when she stayed there, away from the night life and parties. Anxiously furrowing that broad brow of hers over health schedules and booklets, anxiously studying the routine her doctor gave her.

There were rumors and stories and Clark, scowling blackly, denied them. But Carole wasn't bothering—she had a dream, and she was working at it with her selfless, little girl courage.

A dream that died.

She came back out of the retirement with her mouth a little tight and a shadow in her clear eyes. There wasn't to be a baby after all. She had to fold up the booklets and schedules, she had to tuck away some rather special prayers. So—

"What'll I do, Pappy?" she asked Clark.

It wasn't enough for her, the hard, gruelling work of the studios, the extra warm friendliness that overlooked no needs, the social life and the ranch. It wasn't enough. The stars were fretting about income taxes, they were scolding and figuring and trying to think up ways to dodge taxes. Blonde hair tossed back, scornful grin flashing, Carole hooted at them. She'd worked herself to dangerous thinness, dangerous fatigue, and she'd earned $465,000, and now the government wanted sixty per cent of it. What was she going to do? She was going to pay it. "For what the country's done for me and you, that's too much? It isn't too high," Carole said. The others flushed a little and high tax talk wasn't fashionable any more.

mission for three . . .

But it wasn't enough for Carole—

"What'll I do, Pappy?"

Clark had the answer ready. He's a big man, a rough man, without veneer. From the day war was declared by the United States, he'd been working and thinking about the job that a he-man has to take on now. He was chairman of the motion picture committee in charge of bond sales, and he was the one to assign stars to entertainment at the camps. The lights in the gun-room at the ranch burned late while Carole and Clark worked shoulder to shoulder mapping out campaigns for the country.

"It isn't enough, Pa. What'll I do, me, myself?"

"How about selling stamps and bonds back home in Indiana?"

She liked the idea. "I'll take Mother along," she said, and Clark wanted Otto to go, too. Otto Winkler, their publicity man and friend. Otto had gone over the border with them when they were married. Clark trusted him with his life—and with something more precious, his gay girl, his wife.

The party set off. Carole marched to the train platform and told the people there about the bonds. At last she had something to do with those crowds that jammed up to stare at her. At last she could pour all the vitality of her taut little body and strong little soul into a

AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY

Constance Luft Huhn

HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

Makers of the World's Most Famous Lipsticks

3 LOVELY TANGEE SHADES

TANGEE RED-RED..."Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All!"... harmonizes with all fashion colors.

•

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED ..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.

•

TANGEE NATURAL... Orange in the stick, changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose on the lips.

NOW, at last, all you've longed for in a lipstick is combined in our new Tangee SATIN-FINISH ...a softer, glossier sheen...a texture *not too moist —yet not too dry*... a lipstick that stays on and I *really* mean stays on, without blurring or smudging.

With this basic Tangee improvement, which we consider our most important news in 20 years, you now have not only Tangee's gloriously clear shades —not only the famous Tangee cream base that feels so soothing to your lips—but the exquisite grooming of a SATIN-FINISH that lasts for hours and hours.

TANGEE *Lipsticks*

WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The Geo. W. Luft Co., Distributors.....417 Fifth Ave., New York City
Send "Miracle Make-Up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipstick, matching rouge and face powder.
LIPSTICK & ROUGE: *CHECK ONE* ☐ *NATURAL* ☐ *THEATRICAL RED* ☐ *RED-RED*
FACE POWDER: *CHECK ONE* ☐ *Peach* ☐ *Light Rachel* ☐ *Flesh* ☐ *Rachel* ☐ *Dark Rachel* ☐ *Tan*
I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

*Name*_____ *Street*_____
[Please Print]

*City*_____ *State*_____ MM42

RIT CALLS ALL GIRLS TO THE COLORS

Make last year's clothes do—but make them charming with RIT

• Save and serve—but don't let drab, faded colors rob you of charm. Treat the men-in-your-life to cheerful, sparkling colors and they'll never dream you're wearing last year's clothes. Give all your frocks a beauty bath with RIT—they'll sparkle and so will you. Buy extra Defense Stamps with the savings.

• Just be *sure* you get RIT. No boiling needed. Colors "take" beautifully. Perfect results.

28 Colors
Sold everywhere

NEVER SAY DYE . . . SAY **RIT** TINTS & DYES

cause she believed, a meaningful cause.

Salt Lake City, Chicago, Indianapolis—

She shoved back that mane of hair and talked. How she talked! And how she sold! It seemed almost unbelievable, but the totals sped up and up—Carole had sold two million dollars worth of bonds.

She got Clark on the telephone. He told her he'd bring Mrs. Winkler and come to meet her. Would she come by train? She pondered. "We'll flip a coin," she said. "Heads it's the plane—" A coin flipped and destiny moved a hooded head— Why? We may never know.

The plane was late. A huge-framed man began to pace a little, nervously, but he laughed and reassured his companion. "They're all right—weather bad maybe—nothing can happen to Carole—"

The hours went on. An ominous message came in. "We cannot establish contact with the plane—" But this was Carole—the Gamin Girl, the lusty, laughing, striding rancher, the strong, the free, the sure— This was Carole who joked with everyone. This was Carole whose voice was still merry and warm in her husband's heart.

Far out on Table Rock Mountain, this night of January 16th, a plane cracked into a mountain, flames soared, bodies hurtled—there was a moment's horror of sound and flame and then silence—

Clark was impatient now, desperate. He demanded horses, supplies, people. Then he'd go alone. He wasn't waiting here, not any longer.

Death was no stranger to Clark Gable. He was playing in a picture with another beloved screen star when it swooped down over the studio. He had to finish out the picture with a shadow, and once he turned away, his fists clenched and said between his teeth, "I can't do it, I can't DO it—" Death had come to Jean Harlow then. But this was Carole, his wife.

"I'm going out there," he roared. "You can't stop me. I'm going."

And then they brought the word—

Teletypes clicked out their unbelievable message. Wires flashed hot with it. A cinema montage of rolling newspaper presses, shouted headlines, radio dials twirling, aghast, unbelieving faces—

A man's heart bleeding, torn, wrenched.

The White House and a tired executive pausing to speak words that should carry a nation's sorrow and gratitude.

salute . . .

Did a little gamin form rise from that wreckage, toss back its blonde hair and grin? Did she stare in amazement at the crashing of words, words, words, lamenting, describing? Did she whisper, "The President—talking about me?" And did her hands stretch out in blind helpless pity to someone who could not accept or believe—

If she did, she saw a wonderful thing. Planes speeding off an assembly line in shining rows—ships raising invincible prows—guns blunt-nosed and menacing—she sees them roll on and on and on with the power that one small girl's eager husky voice has given them. For two million dollars worth of bonds go marching on—

Carole Lombard is not dead. She is alive in the stirred hearts of those who knew her. But in more than that, she is alive. Somewhere she is laughing in sunlight and saying, "What'll I do now?"

Silent, brooding, lost, Clark Gable is going back to work. He'll work for defense—and he'll finish the picture on which he'd done one day's stint. It's name—"Somewhere I'll Find You."

THE LADY IS A TRUMP

(*Continued from page 43*)

broken and stuck away in a corner, where she comes on it six weeks later, and the culprit murmurs, "Oh, that happened ages ago." She knows things have to be broken sometimes, but she wants to be told about it.

It's with an air of ruefulness that Bette says she knows things have to be broken. You get the feeling that she's not thoroughly convinced. She could lose her whole wardrobe with a better grace than almost any object she's bought for her home. Home is a dominating interest. She hates shopping for clothes. Shopping for the house is a delight and relaxation. If she weren't a career gal, she'd have been the queen of housewives. As it is, she does all right.

Her housekeeper's been with her for seven years. During the first three years of her tenure, Bette spent a lot of time with her—to such good purpose that she learned to do even the flowers to suit the boss—a feat verging on miracle. At other people's houses, Bette has to sit on her hands to keep them out of bowls and vases that are none of her business. You can have gardening. All she wants is the finished product.

model housewife . . .

When she gets a day off, she goes on a cleaning jag. Closets are her specialty. She can't bear having things around that she doesn't use or having the things she does use in disorder. Unless your belongings are orderly, she doesn't see how your head can be. She sorts out the magazines she wants to keep, sends the rest to the Salvation Army, goes through records and books, linen and crystal. If anything torn or broken can be fixed, it's fixed. If not, the hell with it. She won't have a chipped plate in her china-closet. She thinks maybe she overdoes it, but then, on the other hand, she returns love for beauty—never enters her bedroom without a glow of pleasure in the Sheraton desk and New Orleans pineapple bed she craved for years, never gets over being grateful that she can afford to buy lovely things, never takes them for granted.

Her cleaning finished, she'll get herself a decent manicure. Studio make-up doesn't allow for nails, so on pictures she does her own and has worn them nude for the last couple of years because polish, though beautiful, is too much trouble. Then she tackles her correspondence—on the typewriter lately, in the hope of improving her technique and making herself useful to the Red Cross post in New Hampshire, where she's vacationing till early spring.

Not till everything's done can she relax with a book. Reading in a chair, she sits on her spine or foot. Talking, she tangles her legs 'round a couple of rungs. At the movies—with the theatre, please heaven, half empty—she maneuvers her feet through the crack of the seat in front and keeps them parked. Her stand-in says that a year's work with Bette qualifies one as a trained contortionist. She plays with her hair, can't talk without using her hands and has always walked faster than any three men, to the despair of her teen-day swains. "What's the use?" one complained bitterly. "You turn around, and she's galloping six blocks ahead."

She dresses to suit herself and hasn't stepped into a dress shop for five years. A woman in one shop, familiar with her

tastes, sends her stuff on approval. Or she'll like something she's worn for a picture or fashion sitting and buy that. Her favorite daytime colors are blue, black and especially brown—for dress, cherry red and a certain beige-gold. Suits for the street, slacks for the house and simplicity in evening clothes. She buys most of the latter at Bernie Newman's end-of-the-year sale, rejects anything dated this-year-but-definitely-not-next and laughs at the Hollywood pother about not being seen twice in the same dress. Hers stay by her three or four years. Why buy it at all, she argues, if you don't like it well enough to give it a run.

She and Farny agree on the essentials of a well-spent evening. Six or eight people discussing things over drinks. Or two people, a fire and a book. A well-played rubber of bridge relaxes her when she's tired, and gin rummy's swell if you're stuck on a train or—she guesses—in a blackout. But she's no gal for games, and feels both irritation and sympathy for a hostess who keeps them going like mad so her guests can go home and at least say they played backgammon.

Entranced by the pleasant household vision of a husband and wife reading aloud to each other, that's what she and Farny said they would do. They don't. Bette reads faster, prefers reading to herself and, being an actress, enjoys novels of exhaustive character analysis, which bore Farny. He goes in for biography, current history and aviation.

canine capers . . .

They share their chairs with a dog or two. Bette's sense of tidiness doesn't banish dogs from the furniture. For one thing, furniture looks dead till it's been lived in, and dogs are to her an important part of living. For another, you're doing a dog no favor by taking him in and keeping him huddled in corners. If you won't let him enjoy his life, don't have him at all. Anyway, chairs and carpets can be cleaned.

Tibby and Peckett are Scotties. Having long thought she'd like a dachs, Bette took a chance that Farny would, too, and presented him with Hideho on his last birthday.

They've been taught to bother the family and leave guests alone. When no one's around they beg for tidbits—and get them. With strangers at dinner, they barely cock an eye. Bette's most talkative with them at breakfast time, tells them how beautiful they are, confides her problems to them and sounds to an eavesdropper like a borderline case.

She and Farny take night-clubbing as they'd take medicine—it's good for them once in a while. Two married people can get very lazy, and a dressy evening at Ciro's or the Scheherezade freshens them up and gives them laughs for weeks. Bette loves to dance but wouldn't be found dead in a rumba or conga, whose ludicrous aspect blinds her to their charms, if any. She likes best to dance at the New Hampshire lakes, where there's plenty of room, no staring or being stared at.

It's her firm belief that if you work hard to earn money, you should get fun out of it. She gets fun out of hers in divers ways. Remembering awful years when birthdays and Christmas rolled by and she couldn't give, her biggest kick maybe comes now from the fact that she can. For the rest, her pet extravagances are books, furs and her two-year-old niece, Fay. Going in to buy Fay a dress, she walks out loaded with half the baby shop's stock. She turns resolutely from the sight of fur, tempted to buy every

"My Romance was dying of starvation"

A TRUE STORY OF THE
"ONE NEGLECT"
THAT ALMOST WRECKED A MARRIAGE

1. Before we were married, we were so much in love! But after our wedding Bill changed—his attentions grew less and less. I suffered the miseries of neglect.

2. Then at the club one day I met a famous woman doctor—and overcame my pride enough to tell her my troubles. She shocked me by saying, "I'm afraid it's your own fault—you see, there's one thing husbands don't forgive in their wives—carelessness or *ignorance* about feminine hygiene.

3. "So many married women come to me with the same story. And my advice to them, and to you, is—use Lysol disinfectant regularly for intimate personal care. Lysol cleanses and deodorizes—and at the same time it instantly kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues. Lysol is safe."

4. That's how Lysol became my standard practice for feminine hygiene. It's so gentle to use—and so economical. And you never have to worry about its effectiveness. It *works!* As for my romance—we're more in love than ever.

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

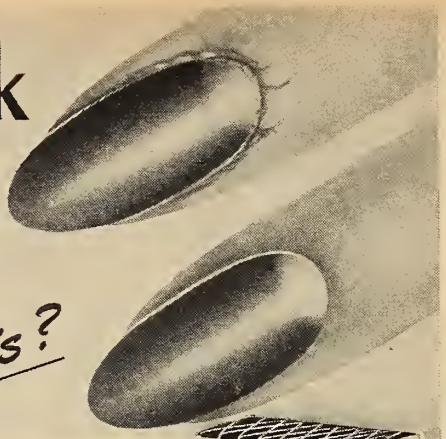
Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. M.S.-442, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Cuticle Look



Get CUTEX Oily Cuticle Remover

● Don't gnaw at ragged cuticle! Soften and loosen it with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover! All *you* do is wipe the dead cuticle away with a towel! Have your hands admired! Get a bottle today! *It contains no acid.*

Saturday is "Manicure Day." Look for the special display of Cutex accessories on your favorite cosmetic counter — Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil, Brittle Nail Cream, Orangewood Sticks, Emery Boards.

Northam Warren, New York

Used by more women than all other Cuticle Removers combined

SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"

kind in the market and has compromised over a period of years on a mink coat, a cape of Baum martin, a silver fox and—the most thrilling article in her wardrobe—an ermine coat.

No first-edition hound, she loves owning beautiful copies of books that mean something to her—like "South Wind." Children's books enchant her, and Fay's a good excuse for investing in them, A jealous sense of possession about books and handkerchiefs makes her cringe when they're borrowed, but her family cheerfully raids her stock of both while Bette stands by, inventing reason after reason why she can't live twenty-four hours without that particular article.

She likes bracelets that jingle because they make her feel elegant—which she calls proof of an inferiority complex. Among precious jewels, she hankers only after diamonds, wants one diamond bracelet before she dies but would die before buying it for herself, she'd feel so idiotic. She's informed Farny that he's the pink of perfection, except that he's never given her a diamond bracelet.

Off-screen she wears her hair in a long plain bob, feels too dressed up when it's fixed any other way, uses lipstick only—plus a little mascara for evening, prefers tubs to showers, with any kind of bath salts that smell good, and is probably the world's prize sucker for eau de cologne, rushing out to buy every new brand advertised so she can smell it quick. She can dress in twenty minutes flat, deplores her own celerity and blames it on her boarding-school training.

a sucker for sentiment . . .

Small pieces of soap drive her crazy, the money spent on laundry appalls her, she hates to carry a bag, sit at ringside tables in restaurants or eat desserts. Give her potatoes, and the government can ration the rest. For coffee she drinks Sanka, for conviviality Scotch, and for love champagne.

She can't stand saving paper and bits of string but hoards old dance programs and other items of sentimental significance. If she could rescue just one object from a burning building, it would probably be the pressbook she's kept for twelve years. Some actors scorn pressbooks. Bette thinks she'll have fun looking through hers twenty years hence. She's often wished her family had collected things to pass on to her. If she ever has children, she hopes they'll enjoy the pressbook. If not, there's always Fay.

She likes the little wood and china dogs Farny picks up for her. In a house bright with order, she likes a cluttered desk—garnished, it looks like a stage prop. She loves the movies and, but for the curse of double bills, would go more often. When she does go—on Sunday afternoons as a rule, she acts like any Susie Doakes, can't be budged till the picture's over, no matter how corny, petrified lest the right football team shouldn't win.

She gets spasms of self-improvement. For one year she worked on a system to keep her stocking seams straight. They're still crooked. For three months she gave up cigarettes, till she decided the misery wasn't worth it and went back to lighting one weed from another. When her best friends told her they'd rather be shot than call her up—brusque was the kindest word they found for her phone personality—she spent weeks trying to cultivate charm on the phone. It didn't work.

She's happiest at Butter Nut, where life is simple, where she and her mother do the marketing, with a hired girl for what Bette calls the dull work—like dishes—and a hired man for outside. The girl gets breakfast. Otherwise, when you want to eat, you eat. Farny, who fancies cooking, does all the meats over an open fire. His wife does the vegetables.

Normally, she's easy to get along with—gay, good-humored, considerate. But, with the standards of a perfectionist, work and its problems fray her nerves and exhaust her body. Besides, she sinks herself so wholly in what she's doing that, for any other purpose, she isn't there. When she was a child, Mrs. Davis had a phrase for it. "Bette's gone to Canada," she'd say.

Knowing her own vagaries and disillusioned by the failure of her first marriage, Bette tried three times to make up her mind to marry the man she'd fallen in love with. He had no qualms but not because of unawareness. Writers, musicians, people skilled in the arts had always been part of his background. He took them for granted. Bette was an actress, so what? He wasn't dazzled, he didn't feel he had to make an equally brilliant name in his own field to keep his self-respect—it was too well-rooted. Acting was her work. The rest was Arthur Farnsworth and Bette Davis, and what did her work have to do with that? She'd been twenty-three when she married first. If ten years hadn't brought her more wisdom to cope with life, what good had they been? So, on the last day of 1940 she said, "I, Bette, take thee, Arthur—"

two yanks in Hollywood . . .

Farnsworth's six foot one, blond, scrubbed-looking. His eyes are kind and intensely blue, his quietness spiced with a dry New England humor. You like and trust him on sight.

Head of the West Coast division of Minneapolis Honeywell, he spends most of his time in California. His prime interests are aviation, music and horses in that order. He plays the violin, has taught Bette the finer points of horsemanship and unwittingly helped her overcome—to a limited degree—her terror of planes. She wouldn't fly, and he wouldn't urge her to, but when he fell ill in the Middle West, she flew to him, unurged. She'd still think twice before trusting herself to the air, but at least she's no longer paralyzed by the thought, which pleases them both.

She doesn't pick his ties but once bought him a couple, Indian-woven, on a cross-country trip. He was very polite about them. When a studio crisis upsets her, he says he's sorry and leaves her alone. He's less silent than before his marriage. The Davis family habit is to talk and talk and not listen to anyone else, so he's training himself to scream along with the best of them.

Bette's worst social sin is finishing other people's sentences. She's always remorseful but, thinking faster than most, continues to sin. Farny will have none of it. Her proffered help falls with an anticlimactic thud into the pool of his silence. Then—"Will you let me finish my own sentence?" he suggests.

Like a spanked child, she shuts up.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Chico Marx, suffering heavy losses among the hearts, clubs, diamonds, and spades, had to borrow $3,000 to make good on a $7,000 debt?

—Look Magazine

ALL CLEAR FOR YOUR SKIN

(*Continued from page 49*)

a lovely one. Fresh air and outdoor exercise are as good for your skin as for the rest of your body, and sunshine is definitely known to benefit any kind of skin, particularly the oily type. When your acne is particularly severe or does not respond to the treatment for oily skin, which we have just been discussing, consult a physician and follow his advice. Whether you are your own doctor or under the care of a professional, don't fool yourself into thinking that cleanliness begins and ends with the scrubbed face. Always use clean towels, fresh powder puffs, sterile cotton and cleansing tissues, and never touch your face except with clean hands.

Just to make complexions complex, there is the skin which is both oily and dry. Since most of the oil ducts are concentrated along the nose, chin and forehead, these parts are apt to have too much lubrication, while the rest of your face has too little. For a combination type skin, cleanliness, as always, is your first rule. Then, use drying methods for the too-oily parts and supply extra lubrication for dry areas.

If you keep your complexion always fresh and healthy, you probably are not often bothered by those annoying blemishes known as blackheads. When they do occur, however, be assured that they need not mar your skin permanently. Minor ones will come out of their own accord after a few scrubbings with soap and water and a complexion brush—and deeply imbedded ones can be removed easily in the following manner: scrub your face thoroughly, then cover your skin with a steaming towel to relax the pores and press out these blemishes with a sterilized comedone (blackhead) extractor. If they resist your first attempt, leave them alone a few days, continuing your cleanliness and stimulation routine, for all this activity will help work the blackheads closer to the surface of your skin. Always, after removing blackheads, touch a little alcohol or some other antiseptic to the parts to help close the pores and to ward off possible infection. Never use your fingers to remove a blackhead, unless they are protected by cleansing tissue or gauze, for sharp nails may break the skin and aggravate the blemish.

So you see a glowing complexion is not a gift you have or have not because the gods flipped a coin. It is beauty you can bring on yourself by the simple rituals of cleanliness, stimulation and protection.

If you want to do your skin four beauty favors all in one, try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Here is how it will add to your glamour: It will cleanse your skin gently but thoroughly; it will soften it; it will help guard against large pores; and it will smooth your skin, making a more perfect base for powder and make-up. See if your skin isn't lovelier and more enchanting almost from the very first time you use Lady Esther's 4-Purpose Cream!

You don't need to hide out at home when you have a complexion blemish. Why not use "Hide-It" instead? It comes in natural skin tones and when spread over surface imperfections, makes skin look clear and flawless. What's more it's waterproof and won't rub off. Keep a jar of "Hide-It" always handy.

COSSACK COWBOY

(*Continued from page 41*)

don't say that to anyone else. Makes me feel like a sap," his position being that he's done nothing to warrant such kudos, or, for that matter, any kudos at all.

Acclaim for what he hasn't done embarrasses him. Besides, he's healthily skeptical about fairy tales, especially one he's living himself, believes in it on a strictly day-to-day basis and, if it went up in smoke, would be less surprised than if he were to see it prolonged. Nor would his heart be broken. The movies to George are a means to an end, and the end's in Montana. He'd be grateful for five years in the movies, which he figures would net him enough to buy that ranch. Five years or no, he'll get the ranch some way, being the kind of egg who won't quit till he does.

home on the range . . .

His feeling about Hollywood is akin to his feeling about clothes. Clothes, says George, are a funny proposition. First they fit you, then all of a sudden they're tight or loose or something, and you're not comfortable in them. On the other hand, you never get tired of blue jeans. They're like Montana. You look at those mountains and—well, that's all there is to it. Get a ranch and you get your freedom, you're your own boss. That's what people work for, isn't it? Stay in the movies, and you're going to be bossed all your life. Which is silly. In America, you're supposed to be free.

Nostalgia for one's childhood doesn't start, as a rule, till the middle years.

GOODBYE DANDRUFF

Don't let dandruff spoil your beauty! Keep your hair shining with natural life and color, antiseptically clean, AND COMPLETELY FREE OF DANDRUFF by using Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff in one application, and it is the ONLY shampoo whose guarantee is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms.

Results Are Different—Because Fitch Shampoo Is Different!

And you apply it differently, too—right to the DRY hair and scalp. That's when it dissolves the dandruff. Next add hard or soft water. Fitch Shampoo foams into a rich abundant lather that carries away all dirt and dandruff without the aid of an after-rinse, leaving your hair soft, manageable and lustrous. Good for all colors and textures of hair—so mild that it's recommended for even a baby's tender scalp. Economical—no wonder Fitch Shampoo is the largest selling shampoo in the world! Barbers and beauticians testify that it reconditions as it cleanses.

After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SOAP SHAMPOOS

Soap Shampoo

1. This phatagraph shaws germs and dandruff scattered, but nat remaved, by ardinary saap shampaa.

Soap Shampoo

3. Micraphata shaws hair shampaaed with ardinary saap and rinsed twice. Nate dandruff and curd depasit left by saap ta mar natural luster of hair.

Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and ather foreign matter campletely destrayed and remaved by Fitch Shampaa.

Fitch Shampoo

4. Micraphata after Fitch Shampaa and hair rinsed twice. Nate Fitch Shampaa removes all dandruff and undissalved depasit, and brings aut the natural luster af the hair.

Fitch's DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles, Calif.

Capr. 1942 F. W. Fitch Co.

George already hankers to go back and relive his, though he knows it could never be the same. When he was a kid, the cattle roamed for miles, and the land stretched fenceless farther than the eye could see. There are fences in Montana now. He doesn't like fences.

An older brother—his eldest was born twenty-six years before George—came to this country first and wrote his father of the glories of homesteading. Papa Lyetz arrived to look things over, returned and brought back the older children, then returned a second time for Mamotchka and what George calls the litter. Papa still recalls, and with undiminished wrath, the gyp steamship agent who promised them three scarlet smokestacks and came through with one, dirty gray.

The four-thousand-acre homestead lay fifteen miles from a cattle depot where a train stopped every week or so to let a couple of cows off. Father and sons built a long wooden house, in whose attic Mamotchka stored her preserved meat and fruits against the long winter. Hoisted on his brothers' shoulders, it was George's job to swipe apples from the attic. Apples could be had for the asking, but they tasted better swiped.

At four he tended rabbits, watered horses, clambered up behind his brothers to go coyote-hunting. With a bunch of hounds he'd race four miles to the schoolhouse, thumb his nose at the kids penned up inside while the dogs yipped approval, and run back like hell when the teacher tried to catch him. At six he saw his first movie with Harry Carey and, penned up himself now, confided to teacher that he wanted to be an actress. "Actresses," she said, "are ladies." This, together with howls of derision from his mates, shamed him out of his first ambition.

In summer a score of farm kids would get together, saddle up, take lunch and go swimming in the river fifteen miles away. In winter, with seven Lyetzes of school age, the older boys hitched a team to the bobsled and hauled the younger fry, snug under canvas, to school. In the spring George and Maurice played hookey, climbed to the cupola of the grain elevator and stalked pigeons with BB-guns, taking care to wound them as slightly as possible. What they wanted was pigeons 'round the house Most of them flew away as their hurts healed. The boys all but killed with kindness the few that stuck around.

There was always enough to eat, enough to do, enough to think about. You had your work and plenty of time for play, and the work was half play, anyhow. The mountains gave you a sense of peace, not loneliness, and you never felt you were missing out on anything. Given the choice, not one of the eight Lyetz boys or five Lyetz girls would have traded in their childhood for the city life.

Having been graduated with honors from the Black Falls High School, George entered the University of Montana, because people told him college was a good idea. For him it wasn't. A rangy, overgrown, awkward farm kid, he fell between two stools, having no passion for study and few social assets. His dancing was a joke. Frats ignored him and girls brushed him off. Working his way through by tending bar at night, he began playing hookey to tend bar in the daytime, finding the atmosphere cozier than that of the classroom, though he didn't drink then and doesn't now. After a year he called it a day and went home. To milk cows and pitch hay, to harvest and herd. He tried amateur boxing and never lost a match but quit to keep from getting his teeth knocked out.

westward, ho . . .

He worked mostly for other farmers. Activity on their own place had dwindled. Four of the girls and four of the boys were married. Bad years had forced his father to sell sections of the land, and mortgage what was left. The ranch was a shadow of what it had been. In '37 his brother Mike, a roving engineer, suggested that George join him in Los Angeles. Papa said, no, mamma said, please. "Please, Georgie, find yourself a job in some nice warm store and stay here with us." George found himself a job—they called it landscaping, he called it good old WPA work with the pick and shovel—collected some money and went to Mike.

Mike had a friend who acted as movie agent for Cossack riders. Two days after hitting town, George was up at M-G-M, dashing into Garbo's house in "Conquest" and smashing up the furniture. He liked that, but it only lasted three days. *Bublichki*, the Russian restaurant on the Strip, was in process of construction, so Mike, who knew every Russian in town, got him in on that. Interior decorating they called it. George called it good old painting-and-carpenter work.

He was back tending bar again at a night club—making hamburgers, French dips and eighteen a week, with everything found—pretty pleased with himself, in fact—when another of Mike's myriad friends came butting in. "Gee, Mike, why don't you get the kid into movies? They're hollerin' for cowboys. Why don't you take him around?"

He got Mike hepped up. Mike got the kid into cowboy togs, with a hat whose brimspread cast him into the shade. They made the rounds.

"Yeah, swell, fine, fine, I can't use you, but I'll give you a letter—"

They got eight letters and saw eight casting directors. Mike talked. George felt foolish. By the time they landed at Republic, Mike's fervor was running low. "All you do," he snapped, "is stand around like a calf. This time *you* say something."

Republic's casting director at the time was one of those guys who looked as if he were in training to sub for Ned Sparks. His face sent a chill down our hero's spine.

"Want to be an actor, huh?"

"Yup."

"Done any acting?"

"Nope." Then, with Mike's ultimatum in his ears, he heard his own voice adding, to his own surprise: "But if I can't do better than some of these jerks you hire, I'll go back to the farm."

This brought a sour grimace from sub-Sparks. Still, he had George read and two weeks later gave him a day's work. The director shot a close-up of him laughing. Which led to his being tried out, with sixteen others, for the Lone Ranger. His turn to read came five minutes before lunch. He opened

FREE OFFER!

Mail us your answers to the questionnaire below. If your letter is among the FIRST 500 to reach us, you will receive a FREE PORTRAIT!* Mail postmarked later than midnight, March 4th, will not be honored. Besides, we have only 500 PORTRAITS. So hurry!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories or features did you enjoy most in our March issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choice.

Good-Bye, Carole (Lombard) ☐
Double Exposure (Stack) ☐
The Strange Case of George Sanders ☐
Dear Diary ☐
Cossack Cowboy (Montgomery) ☐
"In This Our Life" ☐
The Lady Is a Trump (Davis) ☐
It's a Date (Jinx and Glenn) ☐
Nelson Eddy Talks His Head Off ☐
Good News ☐
Co-Ed ☐

Which one of the above stories did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference.....

.....

Do you read the beauty department every month ☐? occasionally ☐? never ☐?

Should the beauty department be made longer ☐? shorter ☐? stay the same ☐?

My name is.....

My address.....

I am ..... years of age.

*I want an autographed portrait of.....

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, 149 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

his mouth. Nothing came out. He'd forgotten every word. Mike, still nursing little brother, leaped to the rescue. "The kid's a little nervous. Try him again after lunch."

up and at 'em . . .

After lunch he just about made it. But his riding was so masterly that they took him anyway—him and five others. To mix the kids up, the Ranger was played in successive episodes by different actors, each donning the mask and white gloves in turn. George was killed in the sixth episode but played the serial out. They said he was fine, he knew he stank. Again they made the rounds. "Well—uh—no," said the studios. So George said nuts, he was going home and went.

He returned in '39 to see Mike off to South America. Mike wanted a picture. The photographer who took them showed them to an agent. The agent asked him if he wanted to try again.

"I've got nothing to do for a couple of months. Why not?"

Maybe the agent's technique was better than Mike's. He showed the pictures first, then presented his client. "What do you think of him?"

"Fine." George says he knows how cattle feel, sold on the hoof. At Twentieth Century-Fox they weighed him—by eye—passed him from hand to hand, finally tested and gave him a contract. His news failed to impress the folks at home. Into his moustache Papa muttered the Russian equivalent for "Foolishness!" Mamotchka wrote wistfully: "Why don't you come back home? You could get a job in a nice warm store—"

He got a job instead in "Cisco Kid and the Lady" and decided he should have taken mamma's advice. "I was godawful," he says with simple fervor. Others must have shared his view, for assignments dropped off. But by now George had the bit between his teeth. He didn't like to be licked. He studied every day with Tom Moore, and whenever they needed a man for a test, George was on hand. One of the tests proved a honey. His agents showed it at other studios. "Who's the guy?" they asked. "Bring him around when Fox drops his option." So Fox picked his option up, and gave him bits in "Stardust" and "Young People." Also the lead with Joan Bennett in "I Married A Nazi" but yanked him after three days because he looked too young to play the kid's father.

This still left him nowhere. One day he bumped into Ralph Dietrich, the producer. "How do you like the business?" asked Dietrich, not expecting to be told.

George said he liked Montana better. He said if something didn't break pretty doggone soon, he'd forget the whole thing and go back to Montana. In brief, he blew his topper about Montana while Dietrich listened, impatient at first, then with mounting interest. "Son," he said, "you've given me the rough idea for a story. With you in the lead."

"Yeah," sneered George to himself. "Hollywood promises."

At the drop of a hat he'd run up to Montana. Any excuse would serve. Once he brought his mother down. Mike, back from South America, hadn't been home in ten years, and Mamma was determined to get him there if she had to drag him herself by the scruff of his neck.—Once he made the fourteen hundred miles in twenty-four hours, because his sister had left on a visit without the grapes and oranges their mother always asked for. Seeing from a distance that the family was gathered on the porch, he stopped the car, hoisted the fruit to his shoulder and swaggered up, yelling: "Sis, you forgot the oranges." From the top step Maurice broad-jumped to his back and sent him sprawling. Papa shook his head, grinning. He thinks his American children are nice, but crazy.

It was from one such trip that George was hailed back to test for "Cowboy and the Blonde." Driving southward, he made silent apologies to Dietrich for his silent sneer. The picture proved a sleeper. Previews, sneak and otherwise, put Montgomery's name on the Hollywood map. At his own request, he made a couple of Westerns. But the torrent of fan mail that followed "Cowboy's" release put an end to that nonsense. His A-career started with Landis in "Cadet Girl," he plays the reporter opposite Ginger Rogers in "Roxie Hart" and is John Sutton's rival for Maureen O'Hara in "Ten Gentlemen from West Point."

family affairs . . .

Once settled, he talked his parents into leaving the ranch, bought a modest house near the studio and moved in with them and his sister Lyda. Papa is eighty, Mamotchka seventy-six—both sturdy as seasoned trees. George says he has no superstitions but knocks wood when he mentions the state of their health. Papa digs up the ground, lets it settle for a day, then digs it up again. A man must have something to do. Mamma runs the house. George's pleas for a part-time maid upset her so that he gave it up and vacuums the rugs himself. They like California because George is there, though after Montana Mamma finds it a little warm. Relatives drop in at will—for a night, a week, a month. There are twenty-three grandchildren,

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Just Remember—It's America's Finest Cigarette

Get a Man's Eye View
OF YOUR FACE POWDER

Men see every tiny complexion flaw. But Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder, even in a close-up, gives your skin heavenly smoothness, supreme naturalness.

ANY face powder can pretend to smoothness under a kind hatbrim, or soft, romantic candlelight. But Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder promises your skin utter smoothness even in a face-to-face close-up.

Prove it! Apply Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. Then—look critically in your mirror. You'll see exactly what a man sees in a Cashmere Bouquet close-up. No particles of powder; no pin-points of color. But a delicate flattering, life-like finish that Nature herself might have given your skin.

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6 ravishing shades. In generous 10c and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.

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Another member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

whom the grandparents adore, while feeling that the figure is nothing to brag about.

George goes home to lunch. It's only a two-minute drive from the studio. Anyway, he likes eating at home, and it makes a nice break in the day for his mother, whose idea of recreation is feeding people. Milk, steak and peanuts are his favorite foods. He eats peanuts with orange juice for breakfast. As a kid, he sneaked his brother's cigarettes and found the taste so lousy he's never wanted to try it again. Coffee he drinks only on hunting trips.

When working, he goes to bed at nine and studies his script there. He reads between takes, likes Conrad, Shaw and O'Neill, and invariably picks a straight-backed chair to sit on—or a box, if he can find one. He takes care of his own Cadillac—a cinch when you've spent your life messing with tractors—plays the mandolin, sleeps in pajama pants, has a weakness for cowboy hats, owns three suits—all gray—and a dozen pairs of blue jeans. What he'd like best to forget is himself wearing a sarong in "Cowboy and the Blonde."

No phone conversation with George lasts more than two minutes if he can help it. He loves music, from which category jazz is excluded, and approaches radios fearfully, lest his ears be blasted by one of our better swing bands. Baseball, football, boxing—any of the hardier sports—are his dish. Nowadays he plays tennis and golf to escape utter frustration. "Don't box, you might get your ear clipped," the studio tells him. "Don't fool around horses, you might get a kick in the snout."

matrimonial intent . . .

"Luckily," he says, "they don't mind my painting. No matter how rotten the picture is, the easel never rears back and clouts me one." He's rigged up the den as a studio, and most days off find him out in the sun with his palette. Once a week he takes the folks to the movies. Mamma came home from "Riders of the Purple Sage," wailing. "Why did you treat the men so mean?"

His closest friends are the Fondas, MacMurrays and Watson Webb, a cutter at Twentieth Century-Fox. Because of the ever-present relatives, he doesn't entertain at home. "You can't ask four people to dinner, when maybe eight more'll drop in unannounced." Night clubs he can do without. His dancing has improved, but it still doesn't fit in, he explains, being strictly Montana style, a hop and a skip. He's gone to parties at Ciro's when invited, but never on his own.

Ask him about girls in general and Ginger in particular, and his friendliness congeals slightly but thaws right out again. It's a case of the burnt child. "Ginger's a lovely person, and my friend. But I haven't had a date with her in a long time, and there never was any question of marriage. They make mountains out of molehills. Ann Miller went out with me once, and they had us going together for the next six weeks, which I happened to be spending in Montana. I haven't been out with a girl since I took Elyse Knox to the opening of the Cornell show. That was a good two months ago."

Matrimony isn't in the cards yet. When it is, the girl can be tall or short, blonde or brunette. But she's got to like to laugh, and she's got to feel the same way about the ranch that he does.

The ranch is uppermost in his mind. He bought a huge old silver candlestick, because it looked as if it belonged on a farm. He bought andirons too big for his present fireplace, but they'll be just right for the one he's going to build in his ranch-house. He'll breed cattle and raise every conceivable kind of food. "After all, how would the people around this town live, if it weren't for what's raised on a ranch?" He'll have books and a Capehart and records like "Scheherezade" and the "Grand Canyon Suite," and a girl who likes to laugh. Evening chores over, they'll sit by the fireplace, read and listen, laugh and be free.

"Even if I were sap enough," says George, "to take a Ciro girl and try to put her on the farm, I couldn't afford it. She'd need her airplane to fly back and forth. And I'll need the money for grain."

THE STRANGE CASE OF GEORGE SANDERS

(*Continued from page 34*)

benefits and money-raising parties for Britain since have been conspicuous for his absence. This has raised several interesting theories about town.

One is that George Sanders is really more Russian than British and therefore not too concerned over King and Empiah. He was born in Russia, and his mother was half Russian. Another theory is that his sister, married to a German and living now in Berlin, might face retaliatory measures if he campaigned in Hollywood against the Reich. A third is that Sanders doesn't "belong" to the right little, tight little British set back home and is therefore locally snubbed by the limey colony.

A reason that holds better water, however, is that George's singular philosophy rises above such trifles as nationalities and wars. It's not exactly laziness so much as disdain. He has never been cooperative in what he considers non-essentials.

Four years ago when George made "Lancer Spy" at Twentieth Century-Fox, it was decided he had something worth a publicity build-up. T.C.F. runs notoriously to romances in the ballyhoo department. There were many unattached stars around the Zanuck lot then. Efforts were made to couple George romantically with such lovelies as Alice Faye, Sonja Henie, Loretta Young and Virginia Field. Parties at the Trocadero were promoted only to have disappointed sirens jilted by George. "I don't like night clubs, and I don't like women!" he said. "They bore me." When repeated pressure finally managed a date with a certain star, they met for an introduction at the studio. As George left, he took the lady aside.

"Look," he said, "if we must go out, let's go to a quiet place where we won't be seen. You see, I'm already romantically involved with another girl, and I wouldn't want her to know about it. Please do me this favor. You don't mind, do you?"

The star flared like a Roman candle. "I certainly do mind!" she sizzled and stamped out of the place. That was the last attempt to build up George via the gossip columns.

The romantically involved young lady was George's present wife, Susan Sanders. Susan's original name was Elsie, but when one of George's studios, RKO, began glamorizing Elsie the Cow, she

changed her name, rather touchily. She is twenty-six, nine years younger than George.

Mrs. Sanders went with George three years before they were secretly married about a year ago. No siren or screen queen of movieland has ever threatened their romance, although Susan is not the bedazzling type to battle Hollywood glamor. Susan is small, on the plump side, with brown hair and eyes, an extremely sweet face, entirely in love with her husband and super-wifely in attention to his interests and comforts. She was a former Hollywood high school girl, is a non-professional and has no more social ambitions for the gay screen set than George. All who know her like and admire her. But few indeed know her.

She has never been to a premiere, a preview or out to dine and dance at the Mocambo or any other night club. She has never been to a Hollywood party. His wife has never seen George shoot a scene. None but his intimate friends and family have met her. The mystery man has a super-mystery wife.

The Sanders live most of the time in Laguna Beach, a resort riviera south of Hollywood. Laguna is an ideal retreat for dreamy George. First, because it's an artist colony where no inquisitive Babbitts can bother his private life, and second, because it's on the sea. George's prime passion in life is swimming and boating. He's an excellent diver and has been building his own boats and sailing them since he was a kid. When he first came to Hollywood, he built a sloop and lived on it, shifting around from Santa Monica to San Pedro to Catalina so elusively that his studio, Fox, hired a marine sleuth to relay his set calls.

The sloop ate into George's income too much, however (George counts his pennies), and he gave it up to take one of those early Spanish, late Sears-Roebuck mansions on the right side of the tracks in Beverly Hills. There he lodged himself, his brother and mother and father, whom he brought over from England. But both the plush surroundings and family eye on his private life got too sticky for George. He moved into an apartment in the Hollywood hills and shipped the family to Laguna. Now he maintains both places, moving with Susan from one to the other as studio appointments demand.

a local Rip Van Winkle . . .

In both he leads a sort of feudal, baronial life. Comfort for King George is the prime order of the house. His brother, Tom Conway, who works at M-G-M, also dwells with his wife in the Hollywood apartment. Each night after dinner, George and his brother retire from the dinner table, leaving the women to themselves. They play chess far into the night without a word to their wives. Sometimes they graciously include them in a rubber of bridge.

In Laguna, George is seen riding around in his Buick convertible while Susan drives, she in the front seat, George imperially in back. Sometimes he wears tweeds or beach clothes, sometimes a robe and slippers. Some visitors to the Sanders' seaside haven were once startled when Mrs. Sanders met them in the front room and said, "You don't mind if George makes himself comfortable, do you?" They said of course not. Whereupon George traipsed in clothed in a billowing nightshirt, adjusted himself in a prone position on a *chaise longue* and yawned a greeting. From then on he was charming.

Things like this have brewed a local Rip Van Winkle legend around George Sanders. He himself says he needs sixteen hours in the hay daily to feel good. On the set he cat-naps between takes, and even dozes in the face of people talking to him. The general impression is that life has handed George a perpetual sleeping powder—but that's not exactly the case.

As a close friend of his debunks this: "George pulls the sleep act mostly to avoid boring small talk and cheap conversation. It's a defense. He actually has such a high-speed mind that he can't stand ordinary people and their chatter."

If Sanders snoozed all available hours away from the camera, as the drowsy legend has it, he would have time for nothing else but mattress work. The fact is, no star in Hollywood uses his waking brain more. No star is better read, more correctly informed, more wrapped up in abstract studies, personal projects and hobbies. None has such an elastic mind, can speak as many languages as well or can hold forth as intelligently on as many subjects. He couldn't possibly handle all that knowledge with his face in the pillow.

George can rattle off flawless Russian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and several more tongues with ease. He proved that briefly in "Man Hunt," in which the perfection of his Nazi gutturals astonished audiences who knew German. But the other day, spouting Spanish for a "Falcon" picture, George caused Latin Mona Maris to exclaim, "It's impossible to believe you aren't a Latin American. There isn't a trace of accent in your Spanish; it's perfect."

George reads as well as talks in all six tongues. The philosophers, historians, novelists and biographers of most lands are familiar to him, as well as the mathematicians, engineers and scientific theorists. As a matter of fact, George Sanders is an intellectual and a scholar, a fact which he likes to disguise by bawdy humor and a sleepy, indifferent pose.

When he's buried, either in a book or his thoughts, he resents being approached. Not long ago his brother brought a visiting Englishman into the Sanders house,

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I PUT KLEENEX TISSUES AROUND EACH LOCK OF HAIR BEFORE FASTENING METAL CURLERS—IT HELPS PREVENT HAIR-ENDS FROM SPLITTING—MAKES CURLS LARGER—SOFTER!
(from a letter by E. M. G., Fresno, Calif.)
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(from a letter by M. G., Los Angeles, Calif.)
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WHEN MY NOSE IS SORE I'M SORE ALL OVER!
... SO IT'S KLEENEX FOR MINE WHEN I CATCH COLD... THE TISSUES ARE FULL SIZE, SOFT AND STRONG!
(from a letter by C. E., Peoria, Ill.)
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

led him to the front room and excused himself. George was stretched out on the divan, deep in some tome and his reflections on it. The visitor stood about awkwardly, as George made no move to greet or even notice him. After a few minutes, he was startled by George's deep voice, booming, "For God's sake, Old Man, don't *hover* about like that!"

stony silence . . .

Directors, actors, cameramen and all Hollywood set busybodies have learned to leave George strictly alone on his sets. That doesn't mean he's necessarily a male Garbo. When he's in the mood, George likes to be the life of the party. But he has to ask for it. It's that way all along.

His stand-in, Jack Dawson, worked for him six months before George spoke to him. Jack never prompted the conversation for a good reason. He had told RKO he was a pal of George's and had worked with him for months before. Actually, they'd never met. Finally, one day George turned to Jack and frowned, "How did you ever happen to be my stand-in, anyway?" Jack confessed the hoax promptly. "Priceless, Old Man, priceless!" bellowed George. They've been firm set friends since.

Irving Reis, who has directed the last few "Falcons," never mentions his next scene to George, even though he knows full well Sanders never learns one line of dialogue in advance. "If I disturb him and upset his thoughts, he'll brood," Reis explains. "By the time we get to it, he'll be exasperated with the idea and give it drudging attention. If I wait and say, 'George, here's what we do now,' and spring it cold, he'll hop right to it and do it perfectly."

George Sanders never studies his lines at home. He seldom learns them sitting on the set. Usually he finds out what he's to say in the scene's rehearsal. "Any dialogue in this one?" he'll ask. Then his quick mind catches it in one reading. Most directors place him on their "best actor" list. Usually, too, he comes up with suggestions about his lines or action that are pure inspiration. More than once he has solved knotty shooting problems for directors—but always ones in which he is involved. Never does George kibitz or offer help to other actors. When they volunteer advice to him, he returns it with sarcastic scorn.

Wendy Barrie is an impulsive, talkative actress who has been withered at work more than once by George. Once she was nervously impatient at the slow way George entered the scene. "Come in faster, George," she cried. "Snap it up." George gave her a cold stare and slowed down. Each time she repeated the advice he came in irritatingly slower until he was finally creeping. That cured her.

Set sociability is completely out when it's offered unsought to Sanders. Sometimes, when pretty extra girls are sitting around, he is intrigued and regales them with jokes, songs, wisecracks and mild flirtations. Usually, however, he sits in his chair nodding (and thinking) or deep in a stack of magazines. He always eats alone, reading the while, in the commissary. He is not amused in the slightest by set jokes or playful gags.

When George made "Saint in Palm Springs," he was more jolly than usual, because most of the action was outdoors in the sun beside a swimming pool, and the landscape was packed with beautiful bathing girls. The unusual sunshine in George's soul emboldened set cut-ups. While he dozed in the sun, a joker planted that famous American waker-upper, a hot-foot.

George reacted satisfactorily to the exquisite pain. But he never said a word. He walked slowly to the pool, took off his shoe and bathed the burning toes. Then he picked up his clothes and walked off. It took some high-powered persuasion and apologies by almost everyone in the company to lure him back.

For a time, George lived next door to Maureen O'Hara, until one Fourth of July when Maureen set off a string of cannon crackers in her yard. George leaped from bed, dashed out in his pajamas and told Maureen what he thought of people like that.

As a matter of fact, Sanders in his private life is not the good neighbor by any stretch of the imagination. His complete independence and Olympian self-interest brews feuds wherever he goes. In Laguna, currently, he's carrying on one with Slim Summerville.

nix on neighbors . . .

That particular vendetta started when model airplanes on which Sanders is presently hipped, started buzzing from his front yard and zooming dangerously across the nose of Slim, resting on his veranda. When one model finally stukaed Slim on the head, he smashed it, angrily holding forth on what he thought of grown men who played with toys. An army bomber hedge-hopped the beach shortly after, and George sarcastically invited Slim to grab that one. In no time at all they were belligerently into the subjects of loud radios, offensive parties and everything.

What Slim Summerville didn't realize is that George's model airplanes aren't toys to him. If there's one thing Sanders is dead serious about it's his models and inventions. Some of them have been on the Rube Goldberg side, screwy gadgets —weighted chess boards that stayed level aboard a wallowing boat, self-waxing skis—things like that. Today aero-dynamics has George completelly absorbed. Already he has perfected a new wing design, and his major advance interest is rocket-propelled ships.

George's gadgets are in dead earnest, all right, but some other inventions of his aren't quite so on the up-and-up. In certain malicious moods, Sanders can invent wonderful tall tales about himself, for instance. Publicity men are always certain of a daily item or a "story"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

What happens when Sonja Henie loses her balance? Has she ever? It happened twice, before 2,000 spectating Chicagoans. First time, she passed it off; second time, though, she sailed into a corner, sat with her bowed head resting in her hands, crying. Her husband stood by consoling her. The sympathetic audience rose to the occasion, applauded madly, bringing her out again despite her bleeding knee. She was doubly cheered until the final curtain.

Eileen Koonce,
Hattiesburg, Miss.

* * *

Nelson Eddy was singing to a full house in a recent Chicago Civic Opera House concert. For an encore, he launched into "Wenzel's Song," the stuttering half-wit's aria from "The Bartered Bride." As he operatically stuttered in glorious half-wit fashion, a distracted lady in the audience jumped to her feet and tore down the aisle to the nearest exit, crying, "Good heavens! What's wrong with the man?"

M. W.,
Pekin, Illinois

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if they press George for one. "Only," as one laments, "they're all dreamed up and you can't use them." It's just another symptom of George's scorching disdain for what the world thinks of him, also a subtle protective device. If everyone doubts everything, they won't print anything, which suits him perfectly. He never reads what's written about him; half the time he never sees his own pictures.

Not long ago, Twentieth Century-Fox received a letter from a man in the East. He said he wanted to thank George Sanders for saving his life, but he couldn't reach him. The letter unfolded this tale:

malice and honey . . .

Some months ago, this man had been at the end of his rope, jobless, homeless and hungry. With no hope in sight, he was wandering to the Santa Monica Pier to end it all, when a car rolled past and a big guy yelled, "Hey, Buddy, how about having a steak with me. You know, I simply can't bear to eat alone." The steak was a three-dollar one, and when the big guy let him out of the car, he yelled, "Say, I believe you dropped something." It was a ten-dollar bill. That (said the letter) meant a shave, bath, rest and a start toward the East and an aircraft factory job. A wife came next and a baby, and now that everything was rosy (said the man) he'd like to thank Sanders, whom he'd later recognized, for saving his life.

It was a terrific story. Confronted with it, George shrugged. "I don't remember," he said. The publicity man swooned. He couldn't use it.

When all sorts of rumors floated about Hollywood concerning George's marital status (he has never openly admitted matrimony) implying he was flouting conventions, George fed the fire with wisecracks. One blunt question drew this answer: "This is a Hell of a town! A man can't live in peace without scurrilous rumors of matrimony spreading around."

For a gentleman with such unconventional actions and attitudes, George Sanders is surprisingly conservative in a lot of things. In clothes, for instance, he sticks to dark suits and ties, and his favorite hat is a midnight-blue Homburg. He owns not a speck of jewelry, not even a watch. When a wrist ticker was necessary for his "Saint" roles, RKO had to dig up a prop one. Despite his storied laziness, he is perennially prompt, carefully shaven and meticulously clean. He's especially careful of his hands, which are graceful and well manicured. On the set he empties the water cooler keeping them washed.

He is never sick, and how his 220-pound, six-foot, four-inch frame survives on his sparse, irregular diet is another mystery. Half the time he skips lunch, lying on the set munching apples and nuts, reading and chain-cigarette-smoking. He never wears make-up—except powder. His uninspired haircuts are the bane of the make-up rooms. George fancies himself clipped close up the sides, short on top, *à la* the best American dandy style. He looks far better with some nap around his big ears. So studios have overcome this by offering free, supervised haircuts for a month in advance of every picture.

That appeals to George, because in money matters he is canny. He makes $1450 a week, not a top movie check, but not bed-ticking, either. Most of this he salts away. Outside of his parents, whom he supports, his own expenses are pretty negligible, as movie expenses run.

George recently bought several lots in Hollywood between Melrose Avenue and Santa Monica Boulevard. Typical of his indifference to swank, the site lies in a decidedly unfashionable location, where no other star in Hollywood would dream of building. Typical of his shrewdness, it allows him to build at low cost and low taxes a large house with enough room for a badminton court and swimming pool. That will satisfy one of his major athletic ambitions—to step from his bedroom to a court to a pool without interrupting his thoughts.

On the muscle side, George used to box and play tennis. Now he prefers stretching out on the beach with an occasional plunge in the surf. At Laguna his favorite group athletic pastime is a queer game called "French cricket." It differs from the Eton variety like this: You never run. You just stand in one place while people bowl balls at your legs which you deflect with the bat, never lifting this bat off the ground. When a ball hits it and bounds away, runs are scored by passing the bat around your midriff. As many times as you can circle the tummy, that many runs do you score. Only Sanders could seize on a motionless ball game like that and really enjoy it!

The Sanders house project refutes his most oft-stated ambition. That is, to get out of Hollywood and retire to a Sanders-owned island somewhere in the South Seas or the West Indies. For years George has said he's only hanging around the studios to collect enough wealth to sail somewhere away from telephones, inquisitive females and first-of-the-month bills, where he can tinker and reflect in peace.

It may be he has decided the stack of cash will take a while more to collect; or again, since women for some unaccountable reason have picked on his cad roles to idolize, Hollywood may be taking measures to keep him around.

anti commercial . . .

In the meantime, George is seeing to it that his unique personality, comforts, and general outlook on life aren't warped by crass Hollywood commercialism.

The other evening, Director Irving Reis needed George for some important wind-up scenes of "A Date With the Falcon." He was due back at Fox the next morning for "Son of Fury," else heavy cash penalties loomed ($3500 a week is Sanders' loan-out price).

Since George has no watch, Reis decided to trick him into sweet oblivion until he could get the scenes. Quickly he called some pretty extra girls and told them to be entertaining. The prop room wheeled over a piano. That worked for a few hours while carpenters labored to dress the set. When George stopped playing, Reis sent waiters scurrying in with pitchers of his favorite light beverage, ale. That put George to sleep. The twelfth hour passed.

Knowing all would be well if George rested until called for action, Reis strictly shushed all hands. They hammered with rags over nails and gumshoed around silently shifting lights. At the fifteenth hour, all was about ready for action. Then a carpenter on high dropped his hammer. It landed near George with a loud "Ka-lump."

Mr. Sanders straightened up in his chair, gazed around the set and out the dusk-darkened door, at the people still padding ghostily around, long after hours. Then he bolted to his feet.

"What the Hell am I doing here?" he shouted and tore out into the night.

They never saw him again.

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IN THIS OUR LIFE

(Continued from page 61)

midnight, because he had to operate next morning at his stupid hospital.

Within six months of that night she'd slipped away with Peter into romantic moonlight, Stanley knew that she was bored with him.

It was dreadful to be bored. It frightened her. You grew old, so soon. And then you were bored *all* the time; and drab and unexciting.

Yet somehow she'd never quite counted on the violence of the last row between them. She'd never expected Peter to all but order Betty out of her house, even drunk as he generally was nowadays. She hadn't expected him to slap her, when she began to abuse and taunt him.

And the next morning—finding his dead body in a quiet heap of eternal reproach. To Stanley, suicide was incomprehensible.

But Peter *was* dead. His growing misery was ended, so suddenly. And Betty was telephoning Long Distance frantically. And Stanley was lying in a dark room, sobbing and screaming and—way down deep inside her—terrified. Terrified because anyone could *want* death.

Roy came from home and looked after her. Peter's brother appeared and made many bewildering arrangements. Then Stanley was starting off again, with Roy's steady arms around her to comfort her.

"I loved him, Roy," she sobbed. "I—loved him!"

woman alone . . .

They bought her black clothes, assuming that she'd want to wear them. Widow's weeds. She was Peter's widow! The word depressed her almost as much as the somber dresses. It was hateful, having to mope around a house when outside a whole world spun and shimmered.

Even Roy and Craig had gotten over their unhappiness. They saw a lot of each other. People said they might be married. Life still offered *them* plenty. What did it offer *her*? Peter had cheated her!

The fast roadster Uncle William had given her before her runaway still stood in the garage. But now Uncle William was afraid she might run off in it, leaving him again to be bored by his dutiful wife and his various tiresome ailments. So he laid down a law that Parry (Ernest Anderson), the son of her mother's old negro, Minerva (Hattie McDaniel), must drive for her.

Never in her swift-paced life had Stanley obeyed an order. Besides, Parry worked daytimes in Craig's office; struggling to rise above his humble origins, to become a lawyer like his idol. Why should a chaperone spy on every move she made?

She drove the car herself, knowing Uncle William could be aware of no difference. Fast motion—eighty-five miles an hour, with wind in your face!—was a blessed relief, a renewal of excitement, a rise of wings in her breast. She had begun to live again, Stanley had.

"And now—" she murmured to the wind—"Now, about Craig!"

Craig never really had belonged to Roy, she assured herself. Only their mutual suffering had brought them together. He had been hers. He still could be hers! Of course, he'd been giving her that dead-fish look whenever they met in her father's parlor. But—

A few days after she had discarded her mourning, Parry was showing Stanley into his employer's office. It was about poor Peter's insurance; a policy withholding payments until a year after death. Stanley looked wide-eyed up into Craig's face, explaining her troubles. Couldn't she borrow on it? Just a little something, so she could go away somewhere? No one knew how wretched she was. No one knew!

Craig was more difficult than she had anticipated. He didn't react to her smile, to her nearness, the way he once had. Oh, but she could change all that!

"You're afraid of me!" she challenged him. "You wouldn't *dare* meet me tonight, at seven, at the South Side Tavern—*alone!*"

She went to the tavern, confident her taunt and his own desire would bring him. But he didn't come. At seven-thirty, she called her father. But he told her that Craig had gone out with Roy for the evening.

Stanley hung up the receiver with a hard glint in her eyes, and marched outside to her roadster. *So! Craig had jilted her, now!*

The speedometer quivered as she urged her car onward, working out her rage in deadly speed. She never even saw the woman and child in the path of her headlights—until the wheel jerked in her hands.

annoying questions . . .

The police came to her father, Asa Timberlake's (Frank Craven) house, next morning.

There had been no close witness to the fatal hit-and-run accident they were investigating. But a gray roadster had been glimpsed, speeding away. Just such a roadster had been found abandoned in an alley. It was Mrs. Kingsmill's roadster. Much as they hated to question a lady—

Stanley was charm itself. Stanley was all fluttering horror at what they told her. But she had not left her father's house since she came in, yesterday, before dinner. Hate to admit it as she did, Parry Clay sometimes drove for her. Yes, the negro boy. Perhaps—?

Parry's arrest was in the evening papers. And Craig, his boss and best friend, had refused to represent him. And the police had not listened to his statements that he had been at home, studying, the night before. The relief which shook Stanley was tremendous!

She was dancing near her phonograph, sipping a drink as she wheeled, when Roy came home. There was something grim about Roy's eyes. Stanley didn't like them. They made her nervous again, as she'd been until it was quite sure that Parry would pay for that miserable mishap.

Roy came in quietly and sat down and began to ask questions.

"Stanley—you love driving fast, don't you? Sometimes, accidents happen. Terrible as they are, the worst thing is not 'fessing up."

Questions! Hadn't Minerva, Parry's mother, been telling the truth when she swore Miss Stanley had 'phoned her boy not to come by for the car last night? Wasn't Parry telling the truth, in his cell?

Question after question! Roy never lifted her voice, nor dropped the cool appraisal of her glance. It raked Stanley's raw nerves like hot claws, that

examination. It left her screaming denials, shrieking for her parents, sobbing in her mother's arms. But Roy kept on.

"If Stanley doesn't tell you both, I must." Roy! Roy, revenging herself now for losing Peter! Stanley hated her, *hated* her!

"I was at home when the accident happened! I was!"

But Roy only shrugged. "When did she telephone you, Father?"

And Asa Timberlake wouldn't lie about that. It was seven-thirty. And Stanley couldn't have got back from where she was between that hour and the time the speeder struck.

Craig came in, too. The police had found keys in the car, Craig said. Parry's keys? Oh, no, Craig said. For Parry's set was safe at his ramshackle cabin on Catfish Row!

deeper and deeper . . .

He was going to take her down and make her admit she had done it, before a magistrate! Stanley couldn't believe it. But all her smiles, all her sobs, all her pleas, hadn't swayed him.

She went upstairs to get a hat, pretending compliance. She sped down by the back way, out to the garage, into her returned roadster. Its great motor howled defiance as it flung through the town toward Uncle William's mansion. Uncle's money, Uncle's power—

But Uncle William sat huddled before an unlit fire. He never even listened. When she screamed at him, trying to make him comprehend, he only groaned about his own troubles.

Stanley left him, still sobbing out the black bitterness of her hatred. She crouched at the wheel of her roadster, and it whipped on through rocketing darkness. They couldn't catch her! They'd never catch her! Ghosts seemed to be screaming at her heels; Asa, Uncle, Craig, Peter, even loyal black Parry. But they wouldn't try to help her now!

A siren wailed to her rear. A police car, giving chase! But it couldn't catch her! Once she rounded this next bad curve ahead and—

She never heard the scream in her own throat as her car left the highway, sideswiping a tree. She never felt the jarring impact as it rolled over. She never knew that a tall young officer in uniform climbed out of the police car, a moment later, and bent above her.

To the last man in her life, Stanley Timberlake wasn't even a name. He couldn't fill it in on the blank where he wrote, presently, his terse report of an accident. *Woman driver. Found dead.*

PRODUCTION

The first turn of the cameras recorded a Brent-de Havilland love scene—their first since "Wings of the Navy" four years ago.

After Take No. 1, George stepped back, eyed Olivia closely, exclaimed "My, how the young lady has grown up!" Olivia smiled thoughtfully, said nothing to remind him that since 1938, she's been made love to by cinematic experts Charles Boyer, Errol Flynn, Henry Fonda and "gone steady" with Jimmy Stewart, Franchot Tone, Gene Markey.

George's conversation between scenes was limited to three subjects: Guns, sailboating and life in Hollywood. His observations on them never varied. Guns are wonderful; sailing is a great sport; Hollywood is a hard-working little village where everyone turns in by 11:00 P.M.

Chicken dealers got to be a familiar sight on the set. George had overheard Annie, the love of his life, telling a pal she wanted chickens on her new ranch. As a surprise, he bought her a pair of every known species. Now that they're married and living on the ranch, he's the one who has to rise in the early morning hours to feed 'em!

During production, Olivia was notified that she'd been chosen Official Nansen Hut Girl by the boys at Camp Barrow, Iceland. Every iron dwelling now has an especially autographed photo of Livvie hanging on the wall. Excerpt from one of the "thank you" notes: "Your picture is as good a unit of heat as our stoves."

two-day emoting . . .

The top dramatic scene took such emotional toll of Bette Davis, the master scene was shot on one day, and the close-ups were postponed 'til the following day. In it, Bette turns on the hysterics, pleads pitifully to Charles Coburn to save her from the police. Coburn, playing his role of William Fitzroy in a wheel chair, has only eight short but important words of dialogue in the entire scene. Commented Mr. Coburn after his day's work: "I felt exactly like the cymbals in a symphony orchestra, coming in at the precise moment I'm needed, then fading away into the background again."

Cameraman Ernest Haller is Hollywood's Emily Post on the subject of man-hits-woman scenes. Began studying the correct technique while filming "Gone With The Wind," then followed up with post-graduate course while photographing "Jezebel," "Dark Victory" and "Manpower." Says he's hardened to it now and didn't flinch once while watching Dennis Morgan following his advice on how to administer a beating to Bette Davis.

Lanky John Huston is the topic of the month in Hollywood because of his direction of "The Maltese Falcon." When he was assigned to "In This Our Life," the "Falcon" cast made him promise them he'd give them parts in the new picture. If you look closely, you'll see Mary Astor as a bar-room floozy; Peter Lorre will be an undistinguishable shape dodging in front of Bette's car; Humphrey Bogart, as a menacing shadow on a glass

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door, will scare the dialogue right out of Olivia and George.

Before turning director, Huston was a cavalry man with the Mexican army, painter, actor, writer and magazine editor. Famous father Walter has agreed to trade-mark all his son's pictures by an appearance as a bit player. In this one, he's a bartender.

Shooting was interrupted by the studio's first air raid drill. Cast and crew ran to their assigned shelters, found them equipped with juke boxes, automatic "coke" machines and cards for gin rummy.

"Parry," the young colored boy, is played by Ernest Anderson, who's been working as a service attendant at the studio for three years, hoping for just such a chance as this. Bette recommended him for the role after hearing his beautiful speaking voice. Ernest is a graduate of Northwestern University's School of Speech.

Bette chose all the clothes she wears in the film. She had to be well-dressed, "with just a little bad taste showing through." Her make-up is typically "hussy." Peroxided locks, phony eyelashes, heavily-rouged lips fashioned in a full Cupid's bow.

Quickies: Hattie McDaniel gave her lucky rabbit's foot to Olivia, who in turn sent it to Gene Markey. . . . Billie Burke has christened her new station wagon "The Busy Bee." . . . Dennis Morgan gifted every member of the cast with a recording of the memorable "Bill of Rights" program. . . . Brent turned over his huge Hawaiian plantation to the government for use as an evacuation center for children in case of an air raid.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

"A SIMPLY SUPER SOMEBODY"

(*Continued from page 28*)

a surprised male voice said, 'How . . . er . . . how are you?' I said I was fine enough to be giving a party on such and such a night and would he come, bringing his own girl. Still sounding baffled, but pleased, he said he'd love to, thanked me, and we hung up. I leaned back in my chair and wished that I hadn't invited this Bob person, because he seemed so astonished at the whole thing.

"Came the night of the party, and Bob Stack showed up with his girl—whom I happened to know. Always the perfect hostess, and thinking this tall, blond Mr. Apollo-stuff had come with one of the girls, I bounded up to him and said brightly, 'And I'm afraid I didn't catch your name.' He told me, and I realized then what I had done. I practically passed out, but when I came to, I explained, and he has been laughing about it ever since. However, that indicates one of Bob's best traits—he can handle any situation with perfect composure and poise."

Another thing that Ann likes about Bob is that, as she says, he isn't "entirely the Ciro kid." In Hollywood, where almost everyone is camera conscious all the time, Bob never seems to be aware of himself as a newsworthy object. He never "prepares to pose" several hours in advance.

Last fall he invited Ann to go to one of the season's top football games. She was all agog because she had a lush new Hattie Carnegie suit, a Persian lamb muff and hat, and she was prepared to cut a pretty dashing figure. When she opened the door for Bob, there he stood in weary grey slacks, a polo shirt open at the throat, enrobed in his cardinal varsity sweater with three gold bands that he had earned as a member of the polo team at U.S.C.

He looked at Ann, emitted a long, low whistle and said, "Whew!" in appreciation.

"Then," remembers Ann, "he was overwhelmed with the look of a small boy who has gotten himself into a terrific jam and doesn't know exactly how to get out. When he decked out for the game, he dressed just as Bob Stack, alumnus of U.S.C. should dress without giving a thought to the personality of Bob Stack, actor, to whom he refers as 'that jerk.' Considering what goes on in this town, you have to admire a boy who never takes it big, so I went straight upstairs and changed into rough-ems."

Every girl in this broad land who has gnawed her nails up to the last moment before the Big Party, hoping the man of her choice was going to telephone—finally—will relish this Stack news.

"Another thing about Bob that is simply super," says Ann, "is that he calls for a date about a week in advance of any important function. In case of opera, he asks several weeks in advance. Furthermore, he always calls my mother a day beforehand and asks her what color dress I'm going to wear. Even if I answer the telephone, he asks for mother. Then, upon hearing what the color is, he finds out what kind of flowers she thinks would be appropriate."

With this system in operation, it is no wonder that florists report that Bob has ordered everything from a halo of red carnations to a muff of violets.

the ideal suitor . . .

Continuing with the Rutherford appraisal, "Bob always notices what sort of a dress or suit a girl is wearing. He doesn't sabotage Webster, telling you how wonderful you look, but his eyes sort of light up and he says, 'Mmm-mmm!' or 'Whew!' and that starts the evening off with gusto—but gusto."

When there isn't a big date planned, Bob may call at seven, eight or nine some evening and say, "If you have no other plans, let's go somewhere." Or he may call and inquire, "How would a chocolate soda taste in about thirty minutes?" The "go somewhere" or the chocolate soda are usually prologues to an evening of bowling or record-listening.

"Speaking of dancing, now there's an athletic event at which Mr. Stack excels," reports Ann. "You can't know Bob very long without finding out that he has magnificent muscular coordination. By that I don't mean that because he was awfully good at whirling in 1928 in grade school, he goes on whirling all the days of his life, or that he ends every dance with a mighty dip. No, I mean that if the orchestra plays a waltz, he waltzes; if the music is rumba, he rumbas; if it's a conga chain, he takes you right into the first section instead of mumbling something about the floor being crowded, and dragging you back to the table. When it comes to music and rhythm, Bob is strictly from knowledge. His closest friend is a brilliant pianist with a name band, and the Stack collection of records makes me writhe with envy. But what else could you expect of the

nephew of Richard Bonelli and the grandson of Modini Wood?"

A fourth E for excellence may be handed to Bob for his modesty, according to Ann.

"One evening I was invited to go on a beach party with a group of service men and their dates, but I was supposed to bring my own escort. Problem: who would feel at home under any circumstance and be liked instantly by the gang? I telephoned Bob, and he said sure, he'd be right over. Well, the evening was marvelous. We rode all the mad mechanical things on the pike—even went down the Chinese slide head first when none of the uniforms would chance it that way. Finally the boys began to tell about their experiences on the rifle range. One of them seemed to be pretty good, and the others were building him up as a Dead-Eye Dick. You should have seen Bob. He asked courteous questions about what kind of guns they used and how much target practice they were given, and how they were graded. He had those boys talking their heads off about range and bulls'-eyes, rounds and wind velocity. They were building themselves up—but BUILDING!

"Here's the pay-off: in 1937, Bob won the Western Open Skeet Match in competition with his own teacher, and in 1938 he won every single 12-gauge competition held in this country. But he didn't breathe one word of it to those boys. How's that for modesty?"

fast ones . . .

Wit is another of Bob's 22 carat possessions. To illustrate what Ann considers a fast and subtle pun, she recalls an incident that took place when she and Bob were dancing at Mocambo one night. Floating past them was a vision in white tulle. The stranger whooshed, she fluttered, she swooped. In her hair were two wings of tulle that added to her gliding effect.

"She looks whipped-creamy," Ann confided to Bob's adjacent ear. "She looks like something on top of a wedding cake."

"Yep," agreed Bob tersely. "A fly."

"Another appealing thing about Bob," Ann says further, "is his behavior with his mother. Betzi Stack is an unusual woman, of course, and something super in the mother line. But here's the point: Bob is independent, he could have his own bachelor apartment away from home, but the idea doesn't interest him. He and Betzi have a wonderful time, ribbing each other. They live in exactly the same house in which they lived when Bob was 5 years old, and the only change they have made is the purchase of the lot next door and the construction of a swimming pool. One afternoon we were all sitting around the pool. You know how men are: they act the way they're dressed. When they wear cowboy suits—they're cowboys; when they wear dinner clothes, they're Lucius Beebes; when they wear swimming trunks, they're Tarzans. Well, Bob was playfully pushing people into the pool, leaping over furniture and using a nearby table for a diving board. His mother called to him with authority, 'Robert, you stop that this instant.' He grinned and waved to her. 'Okay, Mother,' he said with an odd mixture of deference and indulgence."

Naturally, no character sketch is complete without a few whispers about the principal's lerve life. "Bob," explained Ann, dimpling nicely, "has two distinct sides to his amorous nature. He's affectionate—he likes to hold hands in a movie and to cuddle in a car. But if a girl felt low in the mind and wanted to have a good old cry, she could weep her woes on his shoulder without awakening the wolf in his nature. On the other hand, he's very responsive to moonlight and good music, and a summer drive along the beach. Beyond that I'm not saying a word, on account of I'm a gentleman, and gentlemen don't kiss and tell."

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

"THE GUY'S A JERK"

(*Continued from page 29*)

more mature. In "Bad Lands of Dakota" I thought that, by working without make-up, I would look fairly aged-in-the-wood, but when I saw a rough cut of the picture, I could taste ham on wry. And I mean W*R*Y. In the scenes with Richard Dix, who is plenty smooth, I looked like a Junior G-Man. They tell me that I'll get over this in time, but I'm in more of a hurry than time is."

Up until the end of the above sentence, Bob had been seated on the geographical center of his being—the small of his back—but he's as restless as a Mexican jumping bean in a corn popper. Leaping up he began to pace back and forth, hands sunk in pockets and chin sunk into the open neck of his shirt.

"Another thing that throws me for a loss is my reticence about calling people on the telephone. I'll walk around a

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telephone for an hour, eyeing it as if it were an octopus that I had to grapple, before I'll get up enough courage to spin the dial. People say, 'Give me a buzz some time soon,' and I say, 'Sure.' Then, when I don't call, they think I'm rude. I guess my trouble is this: I don't think you can judge by the voice on the other end of a wire what a person is really saying. I like to see the whites of their eyes—particularly when I ask a girl for a date. Over the telephone I can't tell whether a girl is just telling me off easy when she says she's sorry, but she happens to have a previous engagement. Yet, if I'm looking down at her in person, I know whether it would be policy to ask her again some time."

A siren came wailing up Sunset Boulevard and Bob loped over to the window to see what gave. Apparently it was a police car answering a hurry call, and not an air raid alarm—as one half expects all the time nowadays—but Bob was lost in preoccupation. Eventually, coming to the surface of the present, he blinked and looked mildly astonished.

out of this world . . .

"There I go again," he grumbled. "If I'm not an absent-minded professor, I don't know from Tuesday. It isn't that I lose interest in what is going on, it's just that I get to thinking about something and I'm oblivious—I mean, I'm out of this world. That habit gets me into plenty of trouble, take it from me. One night I took Mother and a friend of hers to a preview of a picture in Glendale. After the showing, we were walking through the lobby, and I was musing about some angles of the picture. I'm a great guy to 'why' every sequence, not only in my own pictures, but in each one I see. I was so busy analyzing that I was wandering along in a daze. So help me, I didn't even see this fellow come up to me, and I certainly didn't hear anything he said. The first thing I knew, Mother was jabbing my ribs as inconspicuously as possible, and I became conscious of a very angry and very important man in pictures dropping his proffered right hand, giving me a look you could have sold for cyanide and turning to walk away. It all dawned on me—he had spoken to me, started to shake hands and been met with old sleep-walker Stack's absent treatment.

"Naturally I jumped after him, pumped his arm and tried to make up for the slip, but I've never felt that he liked me since then. I notice that he always makes me speak first when we meet nowadays."

Sample 2 of Stack somnambulism deals with his birthday party this year. He decided to make quite a festivity of it, but he knew he would be in Palm Springs for a week or ten days beforehand. Whereupon he invested in some note paper and wrote two dozen invitations. He telephoned his mother to confer on the sip and bite items and planned an extensive menu. In a final lavish moment, he even engaged a three-piece Hawaiian orchestra, stranded in Los Angeles for the duration, thrilled by the chance.

Came the night of the party, and the clock ambled around to ten o'clock with a tick that could have been heard through the Stack silence halfway to Pasadena. It occurred to Bob to investigate his topcoat pockets. Umhuh, you guessed it—he forgot to mail the invitations.

Sample 3 (and we'll stop there before we scare ourselves into buying a memory course) finds Bob under a sun lamp, fast asleep. He was out of this world so long that he sustained a very serious burn and had to spend eight days in a hospital.

start from scratch . . .

Bob went on, "I'm gradually recovering from one trait of character that I hate in myself: frequently I take rumors too seriously. When a certain radio commentator hinted over the air one night that I had bought my way into pictures, I nearly blew my top. Just to set the record straight, I got my break in pictures just the way most of the beginners do nowadays. I worked for it by enrolling in a dramatic school and doing my share of spear-bearing for experience. The truth is that I, personally, don't think a person can *buy* his way into anything on a permanent basis; good, hard work is the only coin that trades for real success. I hope I'm not getting soggy when I say that I'm deadly in earnest about improving my work so that I'm a more capable actor with each picture I finish.

"All of which brings up another thing that I wish I weren't. I'm a perfectionist. I like to have things right. You know, the British have a saying to the effect that an Englishman plays a game *for the sake of the game,* but that an American only plays *to win.* Well, that's me all over. I never go into anything just for the exercise; I want to be good.

"To be quite honest, I always want to be champion. Not that I'm a trophy room hound, nor a medal worshipper. Once I win, the outward sign doesn't mean a thing to me—I'm a little embarrassed by cups and trophies. But the winning does something for my insides.

"For instance, one year I entered a 12-gauge match against the man who had taught me everything I knew about skeet shooting. We were the two finalists, and the shoot went into four extra innings before there was a winner. There I was, a punk kid, shooting it out with a guy I liked from the bottom of my heart. Something in my heart kept saying, 'Let him win.' But something in my head that I hate, just wouldn't quit. I won the match, and this fellow came over and

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Tomboy Lana Turner, then in the second grade in Wallace, Idaho, was playing a game of Cops and Robbers, and captured a girl "robber." Lana lassoed a rope around the little girl's neck—and then dragged her around! The innocent victim, grown up now, still has a scar on her neck.

Ruth Westfall,
Osburn, Idaho

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Fans! Be a MODERN SCREEN REPORTER! See your name in print, and win $1!

All you have to do is write us an entertaining *true* story, such as the one above, about some Hollywood star whom you've known or made faces at or met—a story which we in Movietown will never hear unless you tell it to us. Send as many as you like, and FOR EVERY ANECDOTE WE USE WE WILL MAIL YOU ONE DOLLAR.

Of course, we reserve the right to edit and revise all stories we use, and no contribution will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Look for other April winners on pages 68, 84. Mail your inside story TODAY to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York City, N. Y.

put his arm around me. 'I'm proud of you,' he said, and I wanted to bawl like a baby. 'Put your whole soul into every undertaking, fight clean and hard, son, and you'll do.' Now there was a prince of a guy."

brother Casanova . . .

He brought an imaginary gun to his shoulder and sighted down the invisible barrel. "Xclk," he said, clicking his tongue. "Broke that vase."

Setting the phantom armament in the corner, he strolled over and collapsed in a chair—the chief burden of his weight divided evenly between his heels and his neck.

"There's something else I should get off my mind," he admitted. "There was a time when it drove me crazy to take a girl out on a date, and then to hear the telephone ring at the crack of dawn next morning because someone wanted to verify my quote engagement unquote. Because of the way I was brought up, it seemed to me that such publicity was frightfully unfair to the girl in the case. So I would never call any girl for a second date, and I was criticized—but plenty—on that score. Eventually I foiled the rumor mills by getting myself a reputation as the big brother type. So that's me—Stack, the Local Big Brother Bureau. My final beef is that I no longer want to be anybody's big brother," he explained, rocking on his heels and trying to control a devilish grin.

There he sat, well over six feet of muscle and brawn, a trifle absent-minded on occasion and stricken with telephone fever. Obsessed with a will to win, but to win fairly, and bothered about protecting the reputations of sundry local lassies—in spite of the birds-and-bees glint in his eye. Definitely the big brother type—even as a gent named Casanova.

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BUY DEFENSE BONDS

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 58)

me here anymore. From now on you can reach me at 1603 ———— St. You have the phone number, but don't give it out, whatever you do!"

Kathryn was stunned. The address her husband mentioned was certainly not the one he was sharing with her! With numbed fingers she began to return the phone to its hook. Suddenly she stopped. She had recognized the voice at the other end of the wire. It was her father! Her own father! And praising John's treachery, too!

"You're a mighty smooth lad," Mr. Grayson was saying, "I hope Kathryn doesn't find out and spoil everything!"

"Don't worry," John replied. "I've covered my tracks too well! When I bring her out to that house tomorrow, she'll never understand how I was able to buy it and furnish it without making her suspicious!"

Kathryn dropped the phone in relief. So it was a new house and not a new woman! She wanted to cry, but she didn't. Instead she tore out of her room, jumped into her little roadster and zoomed out to Brentwood to inspect John's surprise. And there it was. A lovely English farm-style cottage, even more beautiful inside than out!

Kathryn's first impulse was to hurry home and tell John she was thrilled. She changed her mind, however, when she recalled how hard he had worked to keep his secret. On the following day, when he brought her out to see the house, she played innocent as a babe! And, until he reads these lines, Mr. Shelton will never know why the "amazement" on his wife's face looked more like Drama Puss No. 3B than the real thing!

SHORT SHOTS

The newly-wedded Mickey Rooneys will start their married life with a small apartment but a big family! They're moving into a modest parlor-bedroom-and-bath setup, but Mick's three dogs (two Scotties, called Sheila Ryan and Joe Yule, respectively, and a third pup, a gift from Norma Shearer) will move right in with them! Mickey's Number Four dog, Orson Welles, was killed not long ago . . . And speaking of the Rooneys, a close friend of the pair tells us Ava won Mick by using the old "disinterested" technique. When Mick gave her the go-by or failed to telephone her, Ava ignored him just as completely. After years of being chased by palpitating females, Mickey couldn't resist a girl who was nonchalant!

Man Mountain Dean, famous wrestling hillbilly, once "stood in" for Charles Laughton . . . Jackie Searl and Richard Barthelmess, missing from the Hollywood scene for many months, both made news, recently. Jackie enlisted in the Army Air Corps; Barthelmess in the Naval Reserve . . . Carole Landis is the newest member of the Movietown bomb shelter set . . . Fearing priorities might create a shortage, the Johnny Weissmullers have ordered 200 diapers for their bundle from heaven, due in April!

SOMETHING FISHY HERE!

Whew, what an experience! It happened to Rita Hayworth only the other evening. She invited some friends in for dinner and instructed her cook to start the meal with crab meat cocktail.

The guests assembled early, and Rita led them into her playroom where they sat before the fire chatting peacefully and awaiting the call to eat. Suddenly the cozy quiet was broken. There was a terrible noise in the kitchen, and Rita's cook burst into the room, white and trembling.

"It's the Japs, Mrs. Judson!" she screamed. "They're trying to kill us! What will I do!"

Rita went weak to her wrists. "The Japs!" she gasped. "Where are they?"

The maid stood there whimpering. "They're trying to kill us," she repeated piteously. "With their crab meat! I just opened a can—and it's full of ground glass!"

"I called the FBI as soon as I pulled myself together," Rita reports. "But believe me—not one of us could eat a morsel that night!"

YOU GO YOUR WAY

The day Eric Maria Remarque sat beside Lupe Velez at a dinner party and announced to all within earshot that "for me 1942 will be a year of work—not love," was the day we realized Lupe had come to the end of another romance. Her affair with Remarque, we figured, would fizzle out in the usual Hollywood manner. The pair would bust up, temporarily reconcile, bust up again and finally agree they would be "good friends always." It was inevitable, we thought.

But we thought wrong. It's true Lupe and Remarque are through. But there will be no teary reunions, no rumors of love reborn. Because Mr. R. has quit Hollywood. He has

(Continued on page 92)

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Lupe and Remarque . . . all quiet . . . no counter-attack!

departed. Scrammed. Gone. And he's not coming back for a long, long time.

Surest proof of that is the fact that he's buttoned up his Beverly Hills home and turned over his $100,000 art collection to the Los Angeles County Museum, with instructions to the Museum to hold the property "indefinitely." The collection, consisting of rare Oriental rugs, paintings by such French notables as Daumier, Degas, Manet and Renoir, and Chinese pottery dating back to 900 A.D., is Remarque's pride and joy. He would not be separated from it unless it were impossible to have it with him. And it's obvious that the New York apartment to which he has removed himself, however swank, is no fit place to spread precious objets d'art.

As for Lupe—it is not likely she will go in pursuit of her wandering boy friend. She's just had her rumpus room completely bomb-proofed and, from all indications, intends to dig in for the duration.

KISS THE BOYS GOOD-BYE

We wonder if Annie Sheridan is aware of the wallop she dealt the bachelor boys when she hied herself to the altar with G. Brent. Despite all that "just a pal" stuff, Ann aroused something more than friendship in the men who filled her spinster days. Take the case of Cesar Romero. Cesar squired Annie for years. He was supposed to have considered her the ideal dancing date. However, intimates hint he also considered her the ideal sweetheart!

Sad thing is that Cesar received his only sign of encouragement from Annie only a few months ago. For the first time since they've known each other, Ann surprised him with an elaborate Christmas gift! Cesar decided he was doing all right and had himself primed for sweet romance. But Annie squelched his dreams when she phoned to say she was going to be married!

Another gent whose crush on Sheridan has never been recorded is Stirling Hayden. All the while Madeleine Carroll was supposed to be top guy in his heart, Stirling was maneuvering for an introduction to Ann! Unfortunately, he left town before a meeting could be arranged.

Stirling, by the way, is on patrol duty in Canada, and not even his mother has heard from him in several months.

DISA AND DATA

Maybe he suspects eavesdroppers or saboteurs, but George Sanders never uses the studio telephone. When he has a call to make, he steps outside to a pay station . . . Judy Garland's most treasured possession is a letter from Lord and Lady Halifax, congratulating her on her marriage to Dave Rose . . . Dancer Ray MacDonald greets friends with a "Victory" tap step—3 dots and a dash . . . The Louis Haywards have illuminated doorknobs throughout their home . . . Race-driver Mal Ord is building a new speed car for the town's Number One thrill demon, John Carroll . . . Maureen O'Sullivan, whose husband, John Farrow, has been very ill, is quitting pictures to look after him . . . "Captains of the Clouds," theme song of the Warner picture of that name, has been adopted as the official tune of the RCAF . . . 17-year-old singing star, Mary Lee, has banged out a nifty tune about defense stamps, titled "Buy and Buy" . . . In his next picture, Ronald Colman will hide behind a homegrown goatee!

Burgess Meredith, back in town again, has brought Olivia de Havilland out of her long months of seclusion . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald's son doesn't know what has come to live in his house. Since his Mama took to wearing her "Gay Sisters" monocle at home, the toddler's been thoroughly baffled! . . . Ann Sothern's new secretary is Bob Sterling's sister, Helen!

FASHION FLASHES

Seen about town: Judy Garland smarter than smart in a pair of low-heeled suede pumps

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Hedy Lamarr presented her maid with a swanky new coupé as a bonus? Norma Shearer's no tightwad either. Following the completion of one of her recent pix, she gave bottles of perfume to each of the female scene-stealers on the set. The luscious-smelling liquids set her back $20 an ounce, some of it shooting as high as $30.

—Look Magazine

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

she picked up in a local children's shoe department . . . Evelyn Keyes Sunday-morning brunching in a glazed-chinz breakfast coat with tight bodice and short flared skirt that wraps around without bothering with priority-yanked zippers . . . Irene Dunne sporting purple pumps and emerald green gloves with a white chiffon evening gown

The O'Sullivan . . . career-quittin'.

. . . Joan Bennett and daughters Diane and Melinda, dressed exactly alike in lavender-striped ticking dresses with white organdie pinafores. All three skipping along in black patent leather low-heeled pumps with tiny bows at the toes!

GADGET GAB

Ida Lupino owns one of the most unusual rings in Hollywood. It's composed of three gold bands of varying widths. The widest band is worn on her middle finger, a band a fraction of an inch narrower on the next finger, and the final section, a thin gold sliver, around her curled-over-a-teacup digit. The gal who designed the tricky trio for Ida is Marjory Cummings, a young woman bursting with original, easy-to-imitate jewelry ideas.

We're betting that inexpensive imitations of Miss Cumming's latest lapel foible will sweep the country in a month. It's a stein of beer, executed in clear amber, with a jeweled pretzel for a handle and a foam, made entirely of tiny diamonds, cascading over the top!

FOR THE DEFENSE

Paramount's Betty Jane Rhodes wears lapel pieces, cut out of felt in the shape of soldiers, sailors and Red Cross nurses . . . Ann Sheridan is the first Hollywood gal to wear Defense Savings Stamps shellacked on the square wooden buttons of her dresses . . . When she's off duty, Lt. Ida Lupino sports a suit adapted directly from her Ambulance Corps uniform. It's a mist grey, instead of military khaki, with arm chevrons of bright red substituting for the official dark blue insignia of her war-work garb.

"Middle-Age" Women (38-52 YEARS OLD)

HEED THIS ADVICE!

Watch Out For These Symptoms Which May Often Betray Your Age

Do you hate those *trying years* from 38 to 52—does this period in a woman's life make you get fretful, nervous, so tired, worn out, blue at times, perhaps suffer dizziness, headaches, backaches, hot flashes and distress of "irregularities"?

Then start at once, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—*famous* for helping relieve distress—due to this functional disturbance. Taken regularly, this remarkable medicine helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms.

Pinkham's Compound has thus helped thousands upon thousands of women to go smiling thru trying

"middle age". It's the best known medicine you can buy today—made *especially for women. WELL WORTH TRYING!*

Younger Women, Too!

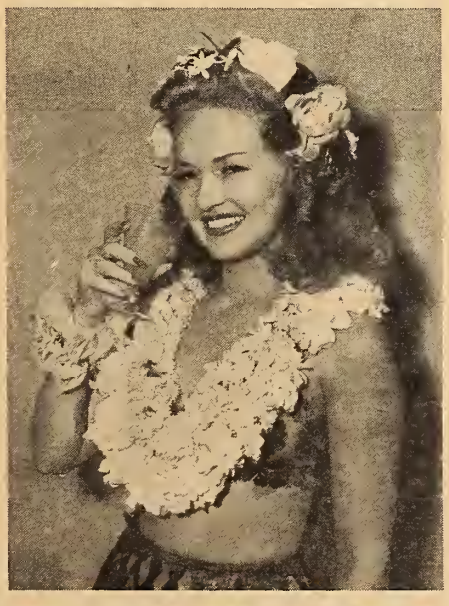
Girls in their 'teens, 20's and 30's should also find Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound very beneficial to relieve pain and tired, weak, cranky, nervous feelings—due to functional monthly disturbances. Follow label directions.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

CHASSIS CONTROL

Offer a four-figured check to Marjorie Gateson for one certain dress that hangs in her closet, and you'll get a flat "No, thanks!" in answer. The dress isn't a lucky creation; it doesn't have any particular sentimental value; but it is a perfect barometer of Marjorie's figure!

Every few months Marjorie pulls it from its hanger and tries it on. If it fits too snugly at any spot, she gets busy with the proper exercises and works until she can slip into it again without risking any seam-popping. She says it's much easier than facing those bathroom scales every morning!



Betty Grable picked up the pineapple juice-for-vitamins habit on location of "Song of the Islands."

YOU'LL BE WEARING

—your keys clipped to your lapel. Jean Rogers dipped duplicates of her house, car and bank vault keys in gold, and keeps them handy for emergencies by wearing them strung along her favorite bar-clip.

—gloves painted with bright red finger nails. Marlene Dietrich flashed her first pair in Hollywood's face during the holiday season.

—blackout coats. Barbara Stanwyck's is coal black wool gabardine, cut like an officer's topcoat and buttoned with tiny silver airplane propellors, especially dulled so they won't pick up betraying light reflections during emergencies.

FOR SWEATER GIRLS

If you have a scar on your soul left from the time you had to choose between your yummy-but-shedding angora sweaters and your best boy-frind, thank Mrs. Regis Toomey for the niftiest news of the month!

Mrs. Toomey loves to whip up sweaters and beanies of the super-soft-stuff, but her conscience began to ache one day when she saw hubby Regis bravely but silently fighting his way out of the house through a veritable fog of clinging wisps. Mrs. Toomey did a little research and discovered the answer to her dilemma. Now she places the knitted bits of fluff in the ice box for twenty-four hours before the first wearing. The chill, she says, anchors the tiny hairs indefinitely!

(Continued on page 94)

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RIGHT DRESS

Those for and ag'in the military motif in styles can line up behind a couple of screen stars and start plugging.

Norma Shearer has gone all-out for her new cadet slacks, Adrian-designed for her to wear in "We Were Dancing." The jacket topping the yellow trousers is cut exactly like an officer's coat, with brass buttons marching in orderly twos down the front and across the pockets. Adding the final martial touch is an authentic Sam Browne belt that diagonally bisects the upper half of Miss Shearer's slim, trim torso.

Champion of the feminine look in casual clothes is Gene Tierney, who says, "The further we get away from anything resembling a uniform, the more the boys will like it. I'm going to stock up on light wool dresses, cut with full skirts, dirndl style. And for home entertaining, Oleg is designing some special house coats, cut very full, made of the softest materials and yummiest colors."

DUDS FOR DUDES

If a dude ranch gets your dough come vacation time, this is for you. I talked to a friend at Roy Rogers' shop who knows as much about women's clothes as he knows about horses—which is plenty.

From a male point of view, this constitutes a complete outfit exactly as he gave it to me: A Stetson, Ranchero model; two dress shirts, one plaid, one two-tone; two regular shirts; a pair of levis; one pair of frontier pants (to match the two-tone dress shirt); suit of red flannels (long); tooled leather belt and a leather hat band; boots, wool socks and pigskin gloves. "Please tell 'em," he says, "to practice wearing their Western clothes for a couple of weeks like the heroines in the Hopalong Cassidy series do. It takes at least that long to get the special knack of feeling really at home in those range-riding outfits!"

BEAUTY BITS

Madame Maria Ouspenskaya stands on her head for a few minutes every morning. Says it clears her brain of all fogginess . . . Georgia Carroll accents her exposed ear lobes with tiny black beauty patches in the shape of a "V"—for Victory . . . Priscilla Lane has nailed up a mirror on her garage door, for a final check of her make-up in the bright daylight before starting off to work.

MY HEAVENS!

Blanca Holmes, Hollywood's top movie astrologer, is rapidly convincing us. In one of our first talks with her, early in 1941, she told us (a) That Judy Garland would be married within the year, to someone who'd been married before (Dave Rose was once Martha Raye's man), (b) That George Brent's next would be a woman born under his own astral sign, probably Ann Sheridan, although Blanca did think it would be best if he never married again. (Ann Sheridan became Mrs. Brent on January 5th, 1942, in Palm Beach, Florida), (c) That the Tyrone Power-Annabella marriage, then rumored to be floundering, would survive longer than the gossipers. (They're still holding out and happier than ever) and (d) That Garbo would never marry Dr. Hauser. (Well, has she?)

The above is not bad predicting, you'll have to admit. Which is why we have no compunction about offering you other Holmes' forecasts. Says Blanca:

(a) Eddie Albert is due to altar-trek with a woman now married.

(b) Dorothy Lamour will take herself another husband—this time a foreigner.

(c) The James Cagneys are due for domestic trouble in 1943.

MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages, etc., of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

(d) The next man in Garbo's love life will be an actor.

(e) Charles Boyer will remain on top till 1945; Cary Grant till 1950.

(f) Bette Davis will have the longest-lasting career in all Hollywood history.

Boyer . . . travelling salesman.

MOONLIGHT AND SHADOWS

You gals who are letting your boy friends chase you 'til you catch 'em shouldn't pass up the advice of Metro's Robert Planck, whose expert lighting of sets is as important to a production as the actors themselves.

Planck says all you need to make your man pop the question is the proper time, the proper place and romantic lighting. It's a scientific fact, he says, that a woman is most alluring and mysterious when the light is at her back. The glow sets off her figure silhouette-like and casts intriguing, imagination-stirring shadows on her face. Pale moonlight tops any other type of oomphy illumination, but if you can't get lunar cooperation, try luring your prospective mate into a room equipped with warm, rose-color lights. Something about the soft pinky glow seems to prompt males to mutter romantic nothings, until, without realizing it, they're asking you to keep step with them on their trek to the altar!

OPTICAL ILLUSION

If you think there's even a shred of truth in Dorothy Parker's crack about guys not making passes at gals who wear glasses, you should see the males flock around Bette Davis, Joan Bennett and Annie Sheridan when they're wearing "cheaters." Make-up chief Perc Westmore gave them expert advice about choosing spectacles and making up to the best advantage while wearing them, and we're not exaggerating when we say the glasses give 'em added charm.

Perc says to be sure you choose frames that won't leave any sort of mark over the nose. The lens should never follow the line of the eyebrow—it's better if they extend beyond or below the curve.

Final tip: If you want to switch the center of attention from your eyes, concentrate on making up your lips as beautifully as possible.

PLATTER PATTER

It's all over now. That swell system Freddie Bartholomew and Jane Withers had worked out for carrying on their romance via the radio record-request programs. Before wartime restrictions, aimed at code-sending spies, knocked the programs off the air, Freddie and Janie used to scorn ordinary phone conversations and send messages via their loudspeakers. Like so . . .

On no-date nights, Freddie would give Jane a quick buzz, tell her to tune in on a certain local station, and hang up. Jane would rush to her radio, flip it on, and in a few minutes would hear a number requested by Mr. F. Bartholomew entitled 'What Are You Doing Tonight?" If she was free, Jane would call the radio station and have them shoot back a double feature consisting of "I'm In a Dancing Mood" and "How About You?"

On nights she was stuck with homework, Jane's turndown would consist of "Schooldays," followed by a bid for the following evening with Will Osborne's "Let Me Borrow An Hour of Tomorrow."

"It was fun while it lasted," Freddie told us. "But we don't mind so much having to give it up. It was getting out of hand, anyway. A couple of the other fellows found out what we were doing, and one night they had the station play two songs and announce they were dedicated to me by Janie. The songs were 'Let's Call It a Day' and 'Get Out of Town'!"

INTERNATIONAL LADY

When the annals of this war are written, Hollywood may find that its place has been secured in the pages of history by none other than Deanna Durbin. More than any other star, Deanna has been featured in the international scene because, unwittingly, she has become the tool of Axis propagandists.

First, there was the famous letter supposedly addressed to Deanna by Mussolini himself and published in the Fascist press. In it, Il Duce told Deanna what a swell kid Italians thought her, and how sorry they were to see her dragged toward war along with the rest of American youth by the President of the United States. As a parting pat, he urged her to use her influence to persuade American youth to resist the President and open their eyes to the beauty and poetry that was in the hearts of Germans and Italians. That was one love letter Deanna never answered!

Now, from the other side of the world, comes word that the Japanese, following in the footsteps of their Axis brethren, have enlisted Deanna's aid in their battle against the British! According to an English officer who escaped from Hongkong after its capture by the enemy, the Japs set up loudspeakers in Kowloon, across a narrow stretch of water from Hongkong and played Durbin recordings of "Home Sweet Home" and "Way Down Upon the Swanee River." Purpose of the songs, the officer said, was to make the British defenders "lonesome" and "willing to give up"!

Oddly enough, a love for Deanna is one thing the Japanese and British have in common. She is the favorite movie star of both

(Continued on page 97)

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Feet to the Fore

Janet Blair, who has been in only three pictures up to now, takes the leading feminine role in Columbia Picture's exciting "Trinidad," her fourth and best so far. Smart from head to foot, she dramatizes her suit with b-l-a-c-k. Look to the sketch for a closeup of the elasticized patent pumps.

Unless she's spoofing, the gal seems mighty pleased with what she hears on the 'phone. Maybe it's personal and maybe it's still more compliments on her emoting opposite Brian Donlevy and Pat O'Brien. This is the morning for real walking. Hence the new beige low-heelers with deep tan banding and softly scrolled bow.

One young starlet who is really on the way up, according to Gregory Ratoff. He thinks she has great acting ability, and he should know. So Janet poses on the stairs, the better for us to see her maracain pumps, elasticized for comfort and double-bowed to subtly flatter the foot.

FOR STORES CARRYING THESE PARIS FASHION SHOES, SEE PAGE 101.

peoples! In fact, one of Deanna's early pictures, "One Hundred Men and a Girl," ran in a Tokyo theatre for three solid years!

SHALL WE DRESS?

If Errol Flynn and Bruce Cabot squirmed and looked uncomfortable in those fancy duds they wore to usher at the Gloria Vanderbilt-Pat DiCicco wedding, this is the reason why. Bruce and Errol were wearing suits rented from a local costume company! The boys don't own high-falutin' cutaways and, even as you and I, Flynn would rather invest in defense bonds than in clothes he doesn't need . . . Hedy Lamarr was bounced out of the Bar of Music, the other evening, before she could even get to her table. She was wearing slacks, and the club has a ban on same . . . Laird Cregar has talked 20th Century-Fox into paying for half his movie wardrobe. Male stars always provide their own clothes for pictures (except costumes), but Laird's overwhelming size makes his so expensive, the studio has agreed to split the cost 50-50!

CAMOUFLAGE

If Bob Taylor didn't know it before, he knows it now. There's no sense arguing with a woman. You can't win.

Bob found that out when he got into a little tiff with Lana Turner a few weeks ago. Lana was about to take off on a motor trip to New England, and Bob tried to dissuade her. Motor trips were okay for the average gal, he argued, but a luscious dish like Lana, known to every man, woman and child with a pair of eyes, would have a tough time plowing through the fans who would trail her each inch of the way.

That was where Bob made his mistake. Because Lana didn't waste time on words. She plunked a wad of dough on the line, bet Bob the total amount in defense bonds that she could manage the journey without being recognized by a soul and went her way.

A week later, Bob received a wire from the East. It read: "Pay up, pal. I'm here, and not even a swallow peeped in my direction. I'll be back soon to collect. Lana."

And pay up was exactly what Bob did.

University of Michigan grad, Otto Krueger, will be 57 this September.

Because, man-like, he had reckoned without the wisdom of woman and the M-G-M make-up department. Lana, it seems, had set forth wearing a jet black, studio-made wig—and not a fan between the Atlantic and the Pacific had given her a backward glance!

As we've said, Bob paid up. But there was one prop boy who refused to accept Lana's explanation.

"She musta left her sweaters home," said he.

PRETTY COLD FOR JUNE

There's not a whiff of truth to those rumors that June Havoc will follow the example of sister Gypsy Rose Lee and return to her estranged husband. June, at 24, has declared a moratorium on men. Her experience with the opposite sex dates back over ten years. For the next few years, she claims, she can live happily without any of them.

Well, maybe she means it and maybe she doesn't. If she is sincere, we can well understand why.

June's career has been like no one else's in Hollywood. Born to a theatrical family, she was put on the stage when she was only four. Her parents separated, and she was raised by her mother. At 15, she was still trouping. One day, fed up with the life she was leading, she eloped. Her first trip with her new husband was to Seattle to visit her father. Expecting congratulations, the bridal couple were greeted, instead, with horror. It was Mr. Havoc who told them June was even more of a child bride than they thought. Producing documents, he revealed she was not 15, but 13 years old! Her age, they discovered, had been skipped up a few notches to facilitate dealings with theatrical unions and guilds!

June stuck to her matrimonial guns, anyway. Five years later, when she was 18, her baby was born. Shortly after, her husband died. There were four years of widowhood, and then she remarried. It's this second mating that now seems headed for the rocks.

Yup, it's been rough going for the little Havoc. If she wants to give spinsterhood a try, who can blame her?

GOOD NEWS: about Michele Morgan

Though she's been on North American soil and under its sun for well over a year now, blond, limpid-eyed Michele Morgan (née Simone Roussel) still mentally hies herself home to pre-war France for her juiciest memoirs. Remembers her first "date" way back when . . . he was a man of seventeen, she thirteen . . . they walked and walked in a Bois on the outskirts of Paris . . . he was wonderful, of course . . . kissed her good-night under the street gas lamp at 6 p.m. . . . pangs of conscience sent her scampering upstairs scared as a pup and worried no end . . . since then has simply adored (1) Clark Gable when she was fifteen, (2) Bob Taylor when she was seventeen, (3) Ty Power when she turned nineteen, and now that she's finally met them, thinks they're all swell-elegant. As for the real thing . . . refuses to commit herself on how many times she's been no-doubt-about-it in love . . . "I'll tell you when I'm fifty—until you are quite old, you don't know if it was really love!" Michele's definitely on the shy side . . . acted scared to death all the way through her first screen test . . . 'cause that's what she was s'posed to do. Laughed almost hysterically when she was told that she was going to be in the movies . . . her family cried . . . "We were so poor

(*Continued on page 98*)

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Romero and Kelly . . . two on a rebound.

at the time. To us it meant so much to have a little money." But when she saw the first results, nearly died away . . . thought she looked as skinny as a rail, felt her acting looked as monotonous as setting-up exercises, her smile as crooked as a pretzel . . . has never been known to be intolerant or the kind who gets in somebody's hair . . . remembers her introduction to Hollywood hospitality at a New Year's party way back in 1941 . . . she'd been on this side of the Atlantic Ocean for all of one month . . . sort of stood around quietly when the chimes rang in the new . . . was spotted and immediately taken under wing by good girl Ginger Rogers . . . Michele's never forgotten. Maybe that's why she feels so all-over good about her own recent love-thy-neighbor deed . . . seems she gave a bunch of good-luck charms to a gang of visiting soldier boys on the "Joan of Paris" set . . . short time later received a grateful note from one of the lads . . . said he was writing from Luzon to tell Michele he was sure it was her lucky charm that had saved his life when things began getting rough on the Japanese front . . . Horoscopists say there may be something to it, Michele having been born on a strange day, February 29th (she'll celebrate her sixth leap-year-day birthday in 1944) . . . Is all kinds of art-crazy . . . studied piano for five years in la France, plans to take up where the downbeat left off . . . is usually found planted behind an easel, painting, on her days and hours off . . . wants nothing more than to play "The Constant Nymph" eventually . . . thinks any Debussy record would be perfect company on a swanky desert island that had a phonograph. . . . Amazing girl, she never uses any cream or powder on her face, but would sooner be seen with her goggles on than with her lipstick off . . . Wonders what life will be like without lusciously sour French pickles, which she dives for at the slightest sign of one! . . . Thinks Garbo's eyes are candidates for eighth and ninth wonders of the world . . . saw the Lonely One in "Camille" five times . . . just to watch them. Of la Hayworth's performance in "The Lady In Question" which la Morgan did in French version "Hearts in Paris", Michele says, "It was SO funny to hear her say the same things I had said!" Manages to keep her shapely 5 feet 6 inches up to 105 pounds with no little trouble . . . "and I am such a clumsy one," she moans . . . everybody should be so clumsy, Michele!

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 15)

orchestra, floor show and entertainment.

They arrive in Cat Tail at a dramatic moment; independent farmer George Tobias is bucking Gene Lockhart, owner of the only vegetable packing plant in town, who slowly has been squeezing the farmers into poverty. Reagan, who has never lost his dream for land of his own, sides with Tobias; Whorf, tired of being a sucker, sees a chance to mend his fortunes by tying in with Lockhart. The two friends split bitterly.

In a sudden and dramatic move, Ronnie and George hire a fleet of trucks to carry their produce into the Atlanta market. Lockhart and Whorf try to stop them, but fail. The success of the venture breaks Lockhart's monopoly.

Angry, full of hate, Lockhart kills George one night and then frames the murder on Ronnie and Ann. Egged on by Madden, the angry farmers and workers develop into an ugly-tempered lynch mob. They march on the jail for Ronnie

and Ann. But this is more than Dick can stand. Hunting out Lockhart, he forces a confession from him. He saves Ronnie and Ann; but train whistles are in Dick's blood. He doesn't stay in Cat Tail with Ronnie and Ann. With only a casual good-bye, he slips out of town to see what's doing over the next range of hills.

"Juke Girl" is more than blood and thunder melodrama, although it's put together with all the drive of a Warner gangster picture. There's a feel for people and for the scene throughout; Jo-Mo, the negro who sells luck charms; Skeeter, the little girl of the picker's family are characters struck out of an original setting. "Juke Girl" is the dramatic story of a little-known slice of American geography.—*W. B.*

P. S.

School wouldn't keep when word got around that Ann Sheridan was emoting on the premises of a local gas station. Miss Miller, 7th grade teacher of the Moorpark Junior High School, said, "The boys refused to concentrate on their books and wouldn't pay attention in class" . . . 3 tons of tomatoes were tossed around during one fight scene. An equal number of heads of lettuce were bought for marketing scenes and salvaged for stock food after being photographed. . . . One of the authors of the original screen play, A. I. Bezzerides, is the same man who wrote "They Drive By Night". The cast went on a night shift for over a month; most of the action takes place after dark. . . Juke box manufacturers (6 of 'em) sent samples of their products to Sheridan, with letters expressing the

(Continued on page 100)

VEDA ANN BORG appearing in "Trinidad" a Columbia Production uses GLOVER'S

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 99)

hope that their particular music-maker would be used in the picture. . . . The town of Cat Tail, Florida, was "constructed" on the Warner Bros. ranch near Calabasas; painters worked on the set for two weeks before actual shooting began, making the newly-built tourist camps, shacks, tin can bungalows and juke joints look like something that'd been left out in the rain for two months. . . . Richard Whorf spent his spare time painting portraits of leading Hollywood stars, as they appeared in their favorite screen characterizations. His first one is a life-size painting of Tyrone Power in "Blood and Sand". . . . George Tobias won a $300 bet from Whorf by losing 35 pounds in 35 days. . . . While the company was working in a bean field near Los Angeles, a paint factory near by went up in smoke. Not one of the crowds of people watching the movie company left to follow the fire engines to the big blaze!

SABOTEUR

When Alfred Hitchcock makes a picture you can be sure of one thing: two and two rarely add up to four. His pictures seem to be made on the run, spontaneously, with each new twist added as it comes to mind. Oddly enough, he is one of the most careful workers in Hollywood. He plans every action, every gesture, every camera angle before a crank begins turning. But planned or unplanned you can't outguess his plot.

In "Saboteur," for instance, who would expect a circus caravan to be a method of escape for the hero? The solemn conclave of the Fat Lady, the Human Skeleton and the Midget, voting whether to turn the hero over to the law or help him to escape, has an eerie, unpredictable reality. It's typical Hitchcock.

Like most of his pictures it's really a glorified chase. Robert Cummings is suspected of the sabotage of an airplane plant. In order to establish his innocence he sets out to hunt down the real saboteurs. It becomes a three-corner chase with the law chasing Bob, and Bob desperately trailing the saboteurs.

The chase snakes over the California landscape into Nevada and through the wild mountainous country of the Rockies. In the cabin of a blind man (I dare you to expect that one!) he meets up with Priscilla Lane and, to stop her from turning him over to the police, he is forced to take her along with him. The trail leads to a deserted ghost town where Barry meets up with two of the saboteurs; and still on the trail of the higher-ups, he convinces them that he is in the gang.

The scene shifts to New York where Bob, discovered as an impostor by the gang chiefs, is imprisoned in a storeroom cellar. He escapes, barely in time to prevent damage to a ship about to be launched from the Kearney shipyards.

Each sequence brings him closer to the heart of the mystery, but the final solution remains tantalizingly out of reach. Only at the smashing climax is the whole tight fabric of the plot finally revealed.

It's criminal to spoil a Hitchcock picture by telling too much of the story. The story is a sequence of small surprises, ingenious devices, mounting suspense; you may recognize some of them from past Hitchcocks, but like old friends, they wear better the second time. There's a little more romance in this than in any of his previous films, but the romance doesn't interfere with the swift pace and charged incident of the picture. You can get romance in a dozen pictures any month; but an honest-to-goodness Hitchcock thriller doesn't come along very often.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Bob Cummings really worked hard for that new three-room dressing suite and hefty lift in salary. . . . Four days he spent, wrists bound together with steel handcuffs, trying to swim across a river that had been strewn with rocks—just to make it a little tougher. . . . For two days, he tramped, tramped, tramped across an authentic reproduction of the Nevada wastelands, with the wind and the sand in his hair. . . . Half a week went by before Director Alfred Hitchcock was satisfied with the scenes in which Bob's costume was nothing but a wet blanket. . . . Topping it off was the 34 hours he spent scrunched up in the luggage rack of a cross-country bus. . . . Roly-poly "Hitch" likes to use well-known actors made up so they're unrecognizable to the audience. Alan Baxter's features were aged 15 years. . . . Jeanne and Lynn Romer, beautiful blond twins, have been taking dancing, dramatic and singing lessons since they were ten years old, preparing themselves for a movie break. They make their cinematic debut as the Siamese Twins! . . . Mary Curtis, 38-inch high, 50-pound midget, plays a truck driver in some special effects footage. . . . Writers worked on the script almost to the end; then Hitchcock took over and wrote the last three pages himself. Final scenes were shot behind closed doors, so no one knows how it ends. . . . John Halliday, paged for an important part in the picture, couldn't book passage to Hollywood from his home in Hawaii because of war conditions. . . .

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Priscilla Lane broke her long-standing engagement to John Barry to concentrate exclusively on her career. . . . Hitchcock, who always appears somewhere in his own pictures, decided to make use of his ability as a sign language expert. He plays a deaf-and-dumb pedestrian, asking a girl for a date for dinner!

SONG OF THE ISLANDS

"Song Of The Islands" is a good-natured, tuneful musical which allows Betty Grable to strut her stuff under swaying palm trees and over beautifully curving Hawaiian beaches. Since Miss Grable is a star performer who's proved what she can do in previous films, it's strictly a case of whether or not you feel in the mood for a musical.

The plot, like the plot of all musicals, is pretty thin and, come to think of it, pretty unimportant; you won't be thinking of the plot while the song numbers are on, and Jack Oakie takes up most of the time in between. The only startling note about it all, is that this idyllic

Hawaiian paradise is also, supposedly, the locale of a cattle ranch, Texas panhandle style. That's what the picture says, take it or leave it.

John Payne and Jack Oakie are on a tour of Papa's far-flung ranches and come finally to this island of Ami Ami, shared by the ranch and the O'Brien family (Thomas Mitchell and Betty Grable). John is no little surprised to find anything quite as delectable as Betty Grable in this out-of-the-way spot and promptly falls in love with her. There are any number of complications, occasioned by mistaken identity and the long-horned cattle. John's Papa finally flies down to take things in hand himself. He ends up charmed with the island, and in a grand finale he gives his blessings to Betty and John. All through, of course, Jack Oakie has been up to his tricks. And there are song numbers and dancing, Hawaiian style and American.

The scenery is guaranteed genuine, the mood is genial and pleasant, the natives all seem to have good voices and marked dancing ability which makes it a pretty simple matter to stage spectacular production numbers. Jack Oakie's partner in comedy is an Hawaiian miss named Hilo Hattie. As for Betty Grable she must have found making the picture a pretty pleasant chore; not only were the role and the songs tailor-made for her, but she's also the only white girl on the island of Ami Ami, which simplifies things a good deal, if you think about it.

Not that Betty Grable has to be afraid of competition.—*TCF.*

P. S.

Pink-and-white Betty Grable is the only American girl in the film. All the other gals—120 of 'em—are chocolate-and-cream Polynesian honeys. . . . Betty, Victor Mature, Jack Oakie, Thomas Mitchell and the rest of the cast had to keep their tans under control. The 38,800,000 candle-power of the set lights darkened their epidermis so quickly, scenes taken a few days apart wouldn't match. . . . Two acres of Hawaiian landscape fade into a background of 18,000 square feet of canvas, beautifully painted to represent purple mountains wreathed in soft mist. . . . The painting was more expensive than sending a camera crew to photograph the actual islands. Advantage to the studio was that the "distant weather" could always be perfectly controlled. . . . Eighty-foot coconut palms, some swooping in low arcs, were surrounded by flaming-hued hibiscus bushes, purple-red bougainvillea, patches of yellow lichen, hundreds of lilies and a waterfall of copper sulphate blue. . . . One of the high spots of the picture is the knife dance done by 9 big brown boys. The knives closely resembled medieval battle axes, and the extra girls refused to sit anywhere near the dancers. One of the gals, watching the boys sail the heavy blades through the air, said she'd hired out as a dancer, not as both halves of a girl sawed in two! . . . 1826 blooms were woven into the blossom gown Grable wears—280 each of gardenias, pink camellias, pale blue plumbago, soft yellow jasmine, bright pink hibiscus and dusty yellow acacia. . . . The actual flowers would have wilted in one minute under the lights, so the gown was constructed first with fresh blooms, then photographed in color. The final model is an exact replica of the original, but made of velvet. . . . Harry Owens and Mack Gordon wrote 6 songs, among them "What's Buzzin, Cousin!" The boys think it will add some new phrases to the fad now sweeping the nation, viz: "What's dunkin, punkin?" "What's tickin, chicken?" and "What's knittin, kitten?"

RINGS ON HER FINGERS

Designed to take your mind off whatever is ailing it at the moment, this pleasant bit is a variation on the ancient and honorable theme of the fake Cinderella and her phony Prince Charming. A pair of high society sharpers (Spring

(*Continued on page 102*)

FASHION MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGE 96

Paris Fashion Shoes shown on page 96 cost about $4 and available at the following stores:

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MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

(Continued from page 101)

Byington and Laird Cregar) are on the look-out for a charming piece of feminine bait to dangle before reticent millionaires. They happen on Gene Tierney, are quite pleased with her (as who wouldn't be) and pop their little proposition. Gene, fed up with her life as a shop girl, falls for their line of malarkey, mush and millionaires, and off they go to Palm Beach, where the bright sun makes it easy to spot dollar signs a mile or so away.

Sure enough they stumble on Henry Fonda who casually remarks that he's shopping for a sailboat; would fifteen thousand dollars do the trick, do they think? Not only do they think so, but they know just the boat. The price? A measly fifteen thousand. The deal is made, and Henry is left with a lovely boat, and, incidentally, the owner of it, who turns up and wants to know what the devil he's doing on his property.

Getting out while the getting's good, and fifteen thousand dollars richer, our three merry swindlers return to New York and are soon camping on the trail of John Shepperd, millionaire number two. John (as who wouldn't be) is in love with Gene. But just then who should show up as a bosom pal of John's but Henry Fonda. This might complicate matters except that Henry is in love with Gene, too (as who wouldn't be), and admits that he was a fraud and the fifteen thousand represented his total savings to that date. With two proposals to deal with and only one Gene Tierney, she

decides to marry Henry (as some might) and leave John to the debutantes. On the way out, Gene lifts the fifteen thousand from her sharper friends and makes off with Henry.

It's not quite as simple as all that. The fifteen thousand makes a few more trips up and back. There's a spot of misunderstanding here and there. John waits in the wings eager and willing to marry Gene. But the final scene finds Gene and Henry back together again, clutching tightly that much more ravelled fifteen thousand, a bit befuddled by it all.

Who wouldn't be?—*TCF.*

P. S.

A little over a year ago, Gene Tierney was a virtual unknown in Hollywood. Twentieth-Century-Fox thought she looked good, gambled a paltry $171,000 on her, including $16,000 in salary before she ever stepped up to a camera, $4,000 for more than 40 hair-do's, make-up and wardrobe tests to determine her "type," $3,000 for coaches, $128,000 for extra shooting days on her first three pictures . . . "Rings On Her Fingers" is Gene's first comedy role . . . Henry Fonda's severe case of laryngitis won him director Mamoulian's praises rather than a day off. Canny Mamoulian had him whisper his love to Gene, said, "That shows what a sore throat will do for an actor. Hank, you've never done a better scene" . . . The rope ladder Laird Cregar climbs is actually a camouflaged cable, one that's strong enough to withstand his full 300 pounds . . . Rouben Mamoulian got his first look-in on backstage antics back in the old contree, when Russian big timer Boris Glagolin thought he was a nice child. Mamoulian evened the score over here when he bunked into 62-year old Glagolin on Hollywood Boulevard, out of a job. Now he's cast as the croupier in "Rings" and, with Mamoulian's aid, in line for a term contract . . . The lucky dice and spinning wheel that always seem to hit the right numbers really do just that. They should! They were laboriously "fixed" in advance by an experienced crew of professional chiselers . . . "Joe" director Mamouian said casually, "get rid of that mountain for me, will you? I'm going out to lunch." Not Joe Mohammed, but Joe Behm, prop man, who was assigned to remove a sizeable crag on Catalina Island that just didn't fit in with the supposed-to-be-Palm-Beach background of the story. But a job's a job, and Joe made fast work of his—by the ingenious expediency of planting a full-foliaged, far-flinging palm tree smack in a strategic spot, completely covering the bothersome mountain to all intents and purposes of the camera.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

The largest public library in Cleveland, Ohio, had to order 125 extra copies of "David Copperfield" to meet the overwhelming demand created when that picture was being made? Before the rush order, the library had 500 copies of the book on its shelves, but that was nowhere near enough. Snoops say there wasn't a copy of any Dickens book on the shelf for weeks 'n' weeks. As for "Wuthering Heights," four publishing houses were completely sold out on all editions of the book, and libraries and book stores were left completely stranded, unable to replenish their suddenly exhausted stocks when the Bronte novel went into movie production.

—Look Magazine

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

Just because Selectee Bruce Bennett's pals Gleason and Durant can't get into the army, they get into a mess of trouble. Newsgal Florence Rice sees it all through while Bruce saves the army from hiding out a gang of murderers. Flo gets the story, and, incidentally, Captain Bruce Bennett.—*Col.*

SPY SMASHER

The exciting heroics of Spy Smasher Kane Richmond and his twin brother (played by Kane) in outwitting German spy-master The Mask. Before the picture ends they have surmounted such difficulties as the gallows, secret radio beams in the White Mountains, harbor mines, sinking submarines and crashing planes, bringing The Mask to a deserving finale. —*Rep.*

TORPEDO BOAT

Dick Arlen and Phil Terry invent a torpedo boat which leaves nothing but tragedy in its wake . . . trouble with girl friends Mary Carlisle and Jean Parker, quarrel between the boys and Phil's death. All ends as well as can be expected with Dick and Mary in a clinch. —*Par.*

BORN TO SING

Pals Leo Gorcey, Ray McDonald, and Larry Nunn get into trouble getting Virginia Weidler out of it. They threaten to picket a producer who has stolen a play

written by Virginia's pa, get themselves accused of extortion, and end up by successfully putting the show on themselves, outwitting their deceptive competitor. —*M-G-M.*

A TRAGEDY AT MIDNIGHT

John Howard's always a step ahead of the police in solving murder mysteries. The cops don't like him, and it's just what they're looking for when Howard blows a kiss to wife Margaret Lindsay with whom he thinks he's crawled into bed, but wakes up to find it was someone else's corpse. He fools 'em anyhow in the end.—*Rep.*

TWO YANKS IN TRINIDAD

It takes a war to bring racketeers Brian Donlevy and Pat O'Brien together. Arch enemies, they both land in Trinidad

with the army, fall for the same gal (Janet Blair), outwit enemy agent John Emery, save the U. S. Fleet and finally decide to patch up!—*Col.*

CANAL ZONE

There's only one white woman (Harriet Hilliard) in Ginger Bar, Canal Zone, jumping-off spot for bomber-ferriers to Africa. Aviators John Hubbard and

Chester Morris get it bad, but she keeps 'em guessing until a near-fatal crash in the jungle makes up her mind for her. —*Col.*

SOUTH OF SANTE FE

The Sons of Pioneers are at it again with blood and thunder. This time they're helping Roy Rogers and Gabby Hayes protect Linda Hayes' gold mine from the clutches of city slicker Paul Fix. It takes a rough chase or two and several hairbreadth escapes before they bring the villain to justice and rescue the mine.—*Rep.*

HELIOTROPE HARRY

After the birth of his daughter, Heliotrope Harry (Brian Donlevy) decides to give up jewel-snatching to follow the straight and narrow in Conn. Wife Mir-

iam Hopkins objects, double-crosses him, and he winds up in Sing Sing. Years later he escapes to prevent Miriam and blackmailers from ruining his daughter's future, succeeds and returns to Ossining a relatively happy man.—*U.A.*

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NELSON EDDY TALKS HIS HEAD OFF

(Continued from page 53)

"What new job?"

"You said last night I could be a reporter."

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"You've got to be eighteen. Get out."

He got out, dragging with him the shattered wreckage of a dream. He looked down at his best suit and his black notebook. Slowly rage fused with pain, and both hardened to resolution.

Down the street he marched to the Evening Public Ledger, rival sheet, and headed for the city room. A copy-boy flagged him. "Where you going?"

"In here," said Nelson, brushing him off.

Ben Raleigh was the editor. "What do you want?"

"I want to be a reporter."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"What do you know about reporting?"

"Nothing."

Raleigh crashed his fist to the desk. "First honest applicant ever stepped into this joint. Report Monday morning."

P. S.—On Monday morning the happiest boy in Philadelphia was relieved by a kindly colleague of his black leather notebook. "A reporter makes notes on the back of an envelope and wouldn't be found dead with a pencil on him." Thus ended the first lesson in journalism!

Should an unforeseen chain of events strip Nelson of current assets, including vocal pipes, he'd have a second incentive for moving heaven and earth to get himself a job as war correspondent. His first incentive lies in the changeless conviction that journalism is the world's most exciting profession.

ARMISTICE, 1918

The news came flashing over the wires—no phony armistice this time, but the real thing. Through the office pandemonium, Nelson heard his name bellowed. "Go interview that old guy who said Germany'd win. Fling it in his teeth. Ask him who's loony now."

He'd gone with distaste. In the face of all this, it seemed pointless to gloat. What could the poor old half-crazy galoot say? Relieved that the job was done, he was back on the streets. Bells rang, sirens screamed a wild paean of victory. Men and women went mad, waved flags, blew trumpets, snake-danced, yelled themselves hoarse, hugged and kissed strangers who yelled beside them.

A sudden surging emotion like nothing he'd ever known stopped Nelson in his tracks. Realization hit him. It was finished—the slaughter and the dread, the nightmare of men's broken bodies, the agony of women who waited. Tears started to his eyes, and he let them roll. He didn't care who saw them. He didn't know. Din and crowds were blotted out by one shining vision. There was nothing in the world but a boy standing on a street corner, crying with joy because the war was over.

To repeat the thrill of that day is something he looks forward to with prayer and certainty.

THE FIRST CURTAIN GOES UP

He was hungry, not nervous. He'd won the competition of the Philadelphia Operatic Society for local baritones. He was about to debut as King Amonasro in "Aida." He knew the part, he was in good voice, why be nervous? He was just hungry. All-out opera singers, he'd heard, never ate before singing. Bent on all-outness or nothing, Nelson had dined on a cup of tea.

Another thing bothered him. Young and skinny, he had to play a tiger-man, a hairy, wall-eyed Ethiopian big shot. Aida, his little daughter, equalled two of him. That wouldn't help much. Well, it was too late to worry. He was on—

He never *did* have a chance to get nervous. The audience response was prompt and unmistakable. Their applause electrified him. Next day the papers said *he'd* electrified *them*. That phrase kept him going—

P.S.—He sang with the Society—later the Civic Opera Company—for six years, and instituted two changes in his routine—dined before singing and padded himself with phony leg muscles till his own calves developed.

He hopes to return to opera some day and thinks his second debut will be more exciting than his first, because now he's got sense enough to be scared.

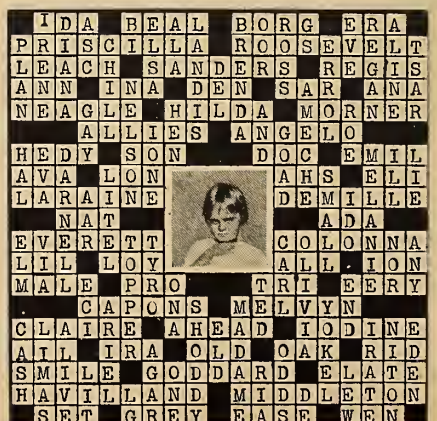
BON VOYAGE

This was the day. He'd dreamed of it, saved for it, stretched out his arms toward it in a kind of fever of anticipation. His first trip abroad. They were sailing at midnight. He couldn't understand why the taxi man, the purser, the steward failed to share his elation. He beamed at them all, but nobody beamed back. Maybe if he told them this was his first trip— He decided against it.

Climbing to the top deck, he stood there alone as the last "all ashore" was called, the gangplank drawn in, the parting whistle blown. Before him burned the unsleeping lights of New York. He was still landbound. Then something moved—so slowly, creepingly, that he couldn't be sure it *was* movement till his fascinated gaze dropped to the thin, dark, unbelievable line of water between ship and shore that hadn't been there before.

They were under way. He was inexorably parted from solid earth, committed to this moving bridge at whose other end lay Europe, which had been a name and now suddenly took on the shape of reality. There was no turning back, no chance of changing his mind.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 14



He stood on deck till the last lights dropped below the horizon, and his heart stopped thumping.

The thrill of the first time doesn't come twice. But when Nelson has a lovely dream, he dreams of being again on an ocean liner, this time with his wife who has yet to see Europe. He won't rest till he's taken her to a certain little inn on the Tiber, driven her through the English countryside, shown her Michelangelo's ceiling and Notre Dame. "I'll be insufferable," he explains, "—every fibre shouting, 'This is mine, I invented it, but you can have some of it, too.' "

They hope it will all come true when the war is over.

IT CAN'T HAPPEN AGAIN

Glancing at his watch as he stepped out on the stage, Nelson hoped they'd make it snappy. He was due in Berlin that night for the opening performance of Hindemith's "Cardillac" and had to make tomorrow morning's boat-train for London.

The directors of the Dresden Opera were auditioning applicants. Contracted for concerts and opera at home, Nelson was no applicant. He was singing to oblige his teacher, who had three or four girl pupils trying out, but wanted to show what he could do with a masculine voice. So Nelson had stayed over for the afternoon train. He couldn't afford to miss that.

Two songs—then they asked for "Eri Tu" from "Maskenball." "No score," said the pianist.

"Get it," said a director.

Nelson looked at his watch again. This was taking too long. On the other hand, who was he to turn down the directors of the Dresden Opera! They'd asked for "Eri Tu." "Sorry, gentlemen, no music," he apologized, stepped to the piano, plunked down a note, opened his mouth and sang it cold. Jaws dropped. What did this crazy American think he was doing? Someone scurried out and scurried back with the score. Halfway through the aria, the pianist came in and met Nelson, still on pitch. Astonishment merged into radiant approval. They liked the crazy American—his poise, his willingness, his voice, his ear.

He liked them, too. He got a kick out of both their astonishment and approval, but couldn't wait for more. Was that all, gentlemen? That was all. Thank you.

He grabbed his hat, just made the train for Berlin and his date with a girl who'd been one of the maestro's pupils and had promised to show him the town. She'd assembled seven boy friends to help with the job. Berlin was wide open. After the concert, Nelson saw Berlin as he never expects to see any other town. They wound up with breakfast at seven, after which his friends escorted him to the train.

From Dresden Opera through Hindemith concert and Berlin nightspots, it had been, he decided, a kaleidoscopic and thoroughly satisfying sequence of events.

P.S.—On a Paris boulevard two weeks later, he caught sight of his maestro, waving a frenzied handkerchief. Wondering at the frenzy, he waved back. Maestro fell on his neck. "Let me salute the leading baritone of Dresden. Thirty dollars a week."

He never got over Nelson's turning it down. Nelson never quite got over it either. The crazy American keeps a warm spot in his heart for the members of that appreciative board.

It couldn't happen again, but he wishes it could, especially the night in Berlin.

"THEY'RE ROLLING"

He stood shaking in his shoes. MacDonald. Van Dyke. Naughty Marietta. To his mind's eye the names flashed on and off like names on a marquee. After the piddling little parts he'd played, here he was—about to be inducted into big-time shooting. With Jeanette MacDonald. In "Naughty Marietta." Directed by W. S. Van Dyke, produced by Hunt Stromberg—names to conjure with in the movie world, to which his name meant nothing.

Miss MacDonald had been perfect. No fuss. No obvious graciousness. Just matter-of-fact acceptance of her co-star on an equal footing—he who a couple of days ago had been on no footing with her at all. It was Van Dyke who scared him—One-take Van Dyke, the man who growled like a bear, who'd take no nonsense—not from Garbo herself or from John X. Bigshot. Other directors had coddled him, patted him on the back—made him feel sometimes, it was true, like a backward child.

"We're turning," called Van Dyke. This was it.

* * *

Boy, what a day! Boy, what a whale of a day! Fifteen setups! Himself saying, "Next time we shoot it—" Van Dyke saying, "Whaddaya mean, next time? It's in the bag." Building Nelson's self-confidence, treating him like a professional, not a toddler—expecting as much from him as anyone else, bawling him out when he didn't give it. Boy, what a day, what a director, what a picture! The whole thing smelled good, it smelled like success!

* * *

In the lobby of Grauman's Chinese after the preview. Crowds milling. Van Dyke thwacking his shoulder. "Well, how does it feel to be a star?"

"I don't know how to act."

"*You're* telling *me!*" roared his director—a crack Nelson still loves to repeat, to the glory of Van.

After twelve pictures he knows that the thrill of his first day on "Naughty Marietta" is one of those once-in-a-lifetime things.

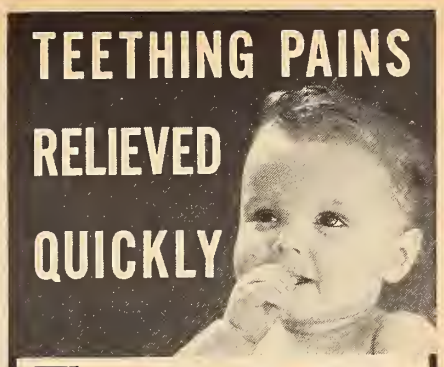
HE FELT FINE

His manager had got some dates mixed, booked him for a concert in Hartford on Sunday afternoon and a radio program in New York at seven-thirty that evening. It seemed impossible, but the impossible would have to be done.

The concert, over at five, was topped by one of the most gratifying tributes ever paid him. Instead of storming and clutching for autographs, the audience lined up on either side of the drive and applauded as his car went by, giving quiet expression to the pleasure he'd given them. Nelson felt fine.

At the station a special train waited—engine and two streamlined coaches—bought and paid for by Eddy. Why two coaches were needed for three people—manager, accompanist and self—he never could figure out, unless one was for ballast.

They started off on a record-breaking run. By the time they'd finished their box lunch, it occurred to Nelson that this was a pretty expensive trip and damned if he wasn't going to get his money's worth. Whereupon he rose, marched the length of the train and sat successively in each seat in each car till he'd sat in them all. This made him feel much better.



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums
Buy it from your druggist today

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

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Our new book shows over 300 handsome, smart, up-to-the-minute designs by Bastian craftsmen ... oldest, largest makers. Write for your Free copy today!
BASTIAN BROS. Dept.57, Rochester, N. Y.

IF YOU suffer from corns you should know about this simple, sensible treatment that lets you *walk them away!* First, the soft felt pad helps relieve pain by lifting off pressure. Then the Blue-Jay medication gently loosens the corn so that in a few days it may be easily removed—including the pain-producing "core!" (Stubborn cases may require more than one application.)

Blue-Jay Corn Plasters cost very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug and toilet goods counters.

They reached the radio station in time for a five-minute rehearsal with the supporting male chorus, then went through the program. His last number was "The Lord's Prayer." He felt fine, singing it. I happened to hear it. I happened to be moved to tears.

The final note out, he fell flat on his face. And came to ten minutes later, resentful at finding himself on the floor, doused in spirits of ammonia facing a small but very worried studio audience.

"What *is* this?" he demanded, indignant if weak-voiced. "A cheap nervous breakdown?"

He wouldn't mind having it all happen again, at the same cost to his pocketbook and nerves.

AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED

They didn't want to elope. To them it wasn't an elopement. They just wanted to be married without benefit of hullaballoo. Publicity terrified Ann, who was no professional, and it wasn't fair to subject her to it.

So Nelson drew up a brief outline of the wedding plans, leaving blanks for a few unknown particulars, addressed it to a friend in M-G-M's publicity department, attached a picture of himself and Ann, stuck the whole thing in the top lefthand drawer of his dresser and locked the door.

Then he and Ann, his mother, Doris Kenyon and his manager drove quietly to Las Vegas.

The judge was businesslike, not to say casual. He barely looked at them. "You stand there, you stand there, you stand there," he said, clipped on his fountain-pen and cast an eye over the license. That was when he stopped being casual, proving that judges are people.

"What's this, what's this, what's this, are you Nelson Eddy?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're my favorite singer."

Not knowing quite what to say to that, Nelson countered neatly with, "You're my favorite judge."

For being his favorite judge's favorite singer, he got an extra dash of fervor in his wedding ceremony.

They spent a twenty-minute honeymoon at Boulder Dam, spit over the side for luck and drove back to the hotel for dinner. The hotel manager sent up a bottle of champagne with his best wishes. Nelson sent off some wires. He also phoned his friend at M-G-M.

"Where are you?" The guy sounded suspicious.

"Never mind where I am. Get the key to my dressing room. There's an envelope for you in the top lefthand drawer of the dresser. You'll have to fill in a couple of blanks. The exact time was so-and-so. The judge's name is this-and-that—" Hell started popping at the other end of the phone. Nelson rang off.

Their plan to drive quietly to the train was thwarted. Las Vegas had the news. The car was plastered with signs and hung with tin cans. Curiously, they found they didn't mind. In fact, they liked it. In fact, they decided, a completely tin-canless wedding would have left them feeling cheated.

So they jangled happily out of town, eluded pursuers, doubled back on their tracks and returned by train to face the music.

The question of marital regrets doesn't even come up. The answer is no, a thousand times no. They're blissful!

HE MEETS THE GOVERNMENT

FDR's third inaugural. The gala concert at Constitution Hall. Chaplin, Raymond Massey, Rise Stevens, Doug Fairbanks, Ethel Barrymore, Nelson Eddy, Mickey Rooney, Hans Kindler and the Washington Symphony—all appearing by Presidential request.

Luncheon at the White House next day. The reception line first. Mrs. Roosevelt receiving alone, to spare the President for the actual inaugural ceremony. He had no idea the line moved so swiftly for, even as he bowed, he felt a hand groping for his, turned, found it was Mrs. Roosevelt's, and gave out with a startled oh!

He hung on to her hand till she looked him full in the face. It was her turn then to give out with a startled oh! Nelson moved on, content.

At luncheon he got a kick out of seeing the political big-wigs plain, faces he'd seen in the papers and newsreels.

After luncheon they formed a lane, through which the President passed to his inaugural. He looked bigger, fuller, stronger than Nelson had pictured him. The famous smile was missing. He moved gravely and with great dignity.

Of all the impressions he carried away with him, Nelson retains most vividly the memory of Eleanor Roosevelt's personality, the magic by which, with a smile and a swift handshake, she can wholly win you. The President, he's heard, has that quality double. His friend Van Dyke, for instance, would die for the President.

Nelson hopes really to meet some day the great man Van Dyke would die for.

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 16*)

month or so. (Hint: Marshmallows are even better shock-absorbers than tissue paper, and if you pack your goodies carefully with a couple of layers of 'em they'll arrive practically intact.) More important than food—if you can believe it!—is mail, so write to him faithfully every week. Cease turning out those bilious missives to your poor brother. Don't think he's the only one who reads them. Why that tall, blond 1A peering over his shoulder may be furloughing up your way some time, and if you sound promising—you know what me mean? Ulterior motives aside, a gay, newsy letter from home is a terrific shot in the arm. This holds for letters to swains-in-uniform, too. Less moonlight and roses and more about how the home team's doing is what they need.

In letters to an extra-special private, give him "Dearest John" or "John dear." Then devote a paragraph or two at the end to "lerve" and all that. Warning: Don't get so eloquent you make him more lonely than he is, and don't write stuff that haunts you for days after the letter's gone.

Anything stronger than "Dear John" is in poor taste if you're writing to just another guy. If you'd like him to be more than that, be subtle about it. "We all miss you so darn much" is far less sledge-hammery than "*I* miss you." The frequent use of his name in the letter is a good stunt. It makes the whole thing more intimate, somehow. "Yours," is a safe and effective ending. It can mean so much or nothing at all.

Volumes have been written on the subject of feminine behavior at an army camp, but *the* things to bear in mind seem to be as follows. Don't wear anything even vaguely military. The more utterly civilian you look the easier on the eye you'll be. Wear comfortable shoes so you can walk happily for hours. Do not have on your ravenous wolf appetite the day you visit at camp. Twenty-one dollars a month really *is* hay, you know. Don't keep talking about the war and what you're doing for the Red Cross.

Having disposed of the brass-buttoned contingent, how about a bit of morale-boosting for that unsung hero in mufti, your dad? He can stand it. Keep his light bill down by turning off all non-essential lamps. This, incidentally, conserves electricity which is urgently needed by defense plants. Take it easy on the car. Before long it won't be too easy to replace worn-out parts. Handle the toaster with kid gloves and baby the iron. They're probably the last ones you'll be able to get. The factories that used to make them are now manufacturing munitions.

If taxes have eaten up the beautiful wad of green stuff that was going to buy your Easter elegance, don't—for Pete's sake—sour-puss it around the house. Dig out your last year's suit and have it dyed something shrill and South American and devil-may-care.

Begin to stretch your allowance by hanging on to your lipstick till the very last gasp; by keeping track of bobby pins so that every week doesn't see you investing in another card; by reserving perfume for Occasions instead of syphoning it on as the whim strikes you; by using up all your cold cream and nail polish before laying in a new supply. Your dad will appreciate your thrift and so will Uncle S. There still is no cosmetic shortage, but with oil being one of our most vital defense needs, it's terribly wrong to waste them.

All these little economies help like mad, but your most important job is something kind of intangible. It is keeping that lovely, casual, pre-war atmosphere in your home. You know—Jack Benny on Sunday nights, inconsequential chatter at dinner, with-malice-toward-none brawling over who'll do the dishes. It won't be easy to preserve that spirit with a harassed pop and a Red Cross weary mom to contend with. But really try. Appoint yourself Gen. Cheerer-Upper on the home front, and you'll be doing your part croix-de-guerreishly!

DRESS FOR HIM?

Then send for our chart on how to dress for all occasions and for all boys! Doesn't matter what your type is. The chart has your number!
Enclose 5c in coin or stamps and address: Co-Ed Chart No. 1, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

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There can be no more moving memorial to Carole Lombard than the complete story of her fine, generous life. Moment for moment —each word eloquent because she lived it so well—all is here. Things you never knew about America's most beloved star are revealed for the first time. Great moments of her screen career are brought back again for you. It's a book you will want to keep —get your copy today.

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BABY'S BEAUTIFUL SKIN...

so sensitive, so smooth, looks to Doctor for proper care. For years Doctor has said, "Ivory for baby," and Ivory for *you*, too! Now kinder to skins of *every* age, New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory is *milder* than 10 leading toilet soaps! Try baby's own beauty treatment!

CAPTIVATING 'TEENS

and early twenties . . . your fresh, youthful beauty is often marred by too-active oil glands. *Avoid* hot water. *Scrub* with heavy *lukewarm* Ivory lather (note how quickly New Ivory makes rich suds). Rinse. *Repeat* lathering. Warm rinses, then cold. Repeat 3 times daily. If skin blemishes persist, consult your doctor.

BIRTHDAYS DON'T COUNT!

Whatever your age, Doctors advise "baby-care" for a lovelier complexion!

Your complexion never outgrows its need for "baby-care." What's best for the world's Most Perfect Complexion—baby's own—is best for beauty at *every* age! For baby's daily beauty-care—*and yours*—doctors advise gentle Ivory Soap!

Today you may enjoy the beauty boon of New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory—the *mildest* Ivory ever to touch your skin! See how your loveliness responds to New Ivory Soap's kinder lather. So creamy, so quick—and *milder* than 10 leading toilet soaps!

FOR BEAUTY BEYOND 35...

Your skin tends to be drier. More reason than ever to rely on New Ivory's extreme *mildness*. No dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating. *Each night* massage your skin with New Ivory's quick-creaming lather. Use *lukewarm* water, never hot—for both Ivory massage and rinse. Pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream.

"BABY-CARE" ALL OVER?

Of course! Your body deserves complexion care. See how gratefully it responds to the soft, creamy richness of "velvet suds." New Ivory is faster-lathering, kinder to your skin than 10 leading toilet soaps! Thrill to the caress of a velvet-suds bath tonight!

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New Velvet-suds IVORY SOAP

MODERN SCREEN

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ANN SHERIDAN

Inside Story of the PAYNE-SHIRLEY DIVORCE!

NOW! ALL YOU'VE LOOKED FOR IN A LIPSTICK

In Tangee's New Improved Satin-Finish

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

by Constance Luft Huhn

Head of the House of Tangee, Makers of the World's Most Famous Lipsticks

ARE YOU ONE of the thousands of women who have longed for a lipstick with a softer, glossier sheen ...an alluring satin-finish? A lipstick, *not too dry—yet not too moist*...that strokes on so easily, so smoothly, it almost applies itself? A lipstick that stays on—I *really mean stays on?*

After two years of almost ceaseless effort to blend all these qualities into a single lipstick, we, at Tangee, are happy to offer you our new and exclusive Tangee SATIN-FINISH!

SATIN-FINISH, we believe, is the most important announcement Tangee has made in years. SATIN-FINISH means that you now may have—not only Tangee's gloriously clear shades that blend so perfectly with your complexion; not only the famous Tangee cream base that feels so soothing to your lips—but the exquisite grooming of a SATIN-FINISH that lasts for hours and hours.

So whichever shade you like best—whether it's Tangee Natural, the lipstick that changes on your lips to produce your own most becoming color—or the more brilliant Tangee Theatrical Red—or Tangee Red-Red, the rarest, loveliest red of them all... each now flatters your lips with a new and alluring Satin-Finish.

TANGEE RED-RED

..."Rarest Loveliest Red of Them All."...harmonizes with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED

..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade."...always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL

...Orange in the stick, changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose on the lips.

TANGEE *Lipsticks*

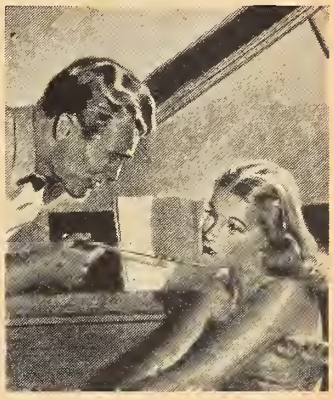
WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH

"A company that has pleased the women of America with over 100 million lipsticks can't help but learn every possible lipstick requirement," says Constance Luft Huhn, head of the House of Tangee. "We've listened eagerly and patiently to thousands of suggestions and comments—yes, and criticisms, too. And we are constantly seeking to improve our Tangee—to give it exactly those qualities you tell us you want in a lipstick. That is how our new and exclusive SATIN-FINISH was created. *You* wanted it—we produced it!"

"It takes a Pretty Smile to Sell a Song—

And yours, My Pet, is on the Blink. I suspect 'Pink Tooth Brush'"

"You're a nightingale, sister! You've got youth, charm, personality—everything, *until you smile.* That's fatal. You can't star with my band until you can flash a smile that travels right from the stand into the customers' hearts."



"Now, no tears, pretty face. It's not that bad. You've just been careless. Box office smiles and 'pink tooth brush,' sparkling teeth and sensitive gums just don't play the same bill. We're booking you first with my dentist. Tomorrow—no, today!"

"Our modern soft foods don't give gums enough work! And sparkling smiles depend largely on healthy gums. Give your gums more work, daily massage." (N.B. A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)

"Am I following that dentist's advice! It's Ipana and massage for me—every day! What a clean, freshening flavor Ipana has! My teeth are brighter—and that stimulating tingle every time I massage my gums seems to signal, 'You're going to make the grade'."

Then on opening night the crowd went wild . . .

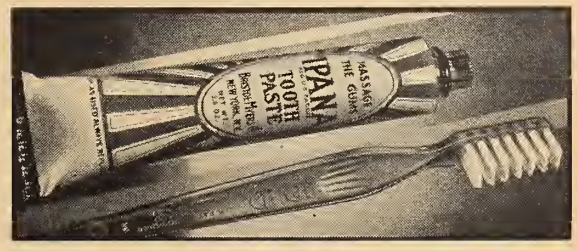
(Soliloquy of a nightingale) "I'm singing the blues but they're not in my heart. I'm the happiest girl this side of anywhere. Listen to that crowd—three encores and they're still banging the china and calling for more. Well, here's one little girl who sees her name in lights and Ipana Tooth Paste in her beauty cabinet forever and then some."

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

"PINK" on your tooth brush means *see your dentist at once.* He may simply tell you that eating too much soft, creamy food has denied your gums the exercise they need for firmness and health. And, like many dentists, he may very likely suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help make your gums firmer. So each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you circulation is increasing in the gums—helping gums to gain new firmness and strength.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier smile!



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APR 16 1942

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

April showers bring Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer flowers. One is a daffodil and the other a daffy-downdilly.

★ ★ ★ ★

"I Married An Angel" and "Rio Rita".

In the former Nelson Eddy is the "I" and Jeanette MacDonald is the "Angel".

★ ★ ★ ★

But in the latter Abbott is not "Rio" and Costello is not "Rita".

★ ★ ★ ★

These are two excellent starring combinations and two excellent pictures.

★ ★ ★ ★

Anita Loos—a neater screen writer we never knew—made "I Married An Angel" into a photoplay.

★ ★ ★ ★

She had as a basis the celebrated Broadway (and points west) stage success produced by Dwight Deere Wiman.

★ ★ ★ ★

This was a musical adaptation by Rodgers and Hart of the play by Vaszary Janos.

★ ★ ★ ★

W. S. Van Dyke II directed. And an adroit job, too. He has missed none of the charm.

★ ★ ★ ★

The idea: Nelson Eddy, disillusioned with the quirks of matrimony, asks for an angel. Heaven obliges. She arrives wings and all.

★ ★ ★ ★

The entertainment is down-to-earth.

Getting down-to-mirth, consider "Rio Rita".

★ ★ ★ ★

This is the biggest enterprise the King Zanies have ever graced.

★ ★ ★ ★

Abbott and Costello are their funniest. The film is all theirs.

★ ★ ★ ★

But one or two renowned and attractive personalities augment the proceedings. You can't not-mention Kathryn Grayson or John Carroll.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Bud" and "Lou" in their first big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer opus will have you rolling in the aisles.

★ ★ ★ ★

So let's go rolling down to "Rio Rita".

—Leo (Rita)

MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

Gorgeous Hunk—*Vic Mature* 26
The Divorce That Couldn't Happen—*Payne-Shirley* 30
Juke Boy—*Jimmy Dorsey* 34
Made in Heaven—*The Holdens* 36
How They Spend Their Money 42
Superman's Kid Brother—*Bob Sterling* 44
The Marriage That Couldn't Happen—*Brent-Sheridan* 50

COLOR PORTRAITS

Susan Hayward 54
Priscilla Lane 55

FEATURES

"I Married an Angel" 32
Academy Award Winners 38
Candidly Yours 84
Buy for Victory! 108

BEAUTY

Hold That Smile 56
Modern Screen's Smile Chart 58
Speak Out for Beauty 61

FASHION

Around the Clock in Color 62

DEPARTMENTS

Movie Reviews 6
Movie Scoreboard 9
Our Puzzle Page 10
Co-Ed 16
Portrait Gallery 19
Good News 46
Modern Hostess 72

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Cover:
Ann Sheridan
Appearing in
Warners' "Juke Girl"

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The sky's the limit
in M-G-M's MAGNIFICENT
MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA!
BROADWAY'S SENSATIONAL MUSICAL COMEDY HIT
BRINGS LAUGHTER AND SONG TO THE SCREEN!
AND THIS PAIR FROM PARADISE IS GLORIOUSLY REUNITED!
JEANETTE
MacDONALD • NELSON EDDY
In
I Married an Angel
with EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • BINNIE BARNES • REGINALD OWEN
DOUGLASS DUMBRILLE • MONA MARIS • JANICE CARTER • INEZ COOPER
Screen Play by ANITA LOOS
Directed by MAJOR W. S. VAN DYKE II
Produced by HUNT STROMBERG
An M-G-M Picture
Hear famed Rodgers and Hart song hits including:
I Married An Angel
Paris In The Spring
The End Of A Dream
Twinkle In Your Eye
and others

MOVIE REVIEWS

REAP THE WILD WIND

Dynamic always has been the word for De Mille. His pictures have the flash and roar of an exploding firecracker and the color of a roman candle; they're as subtle as a blast of dynamite, but just as exciting. De Mille makes movies the way Americans celebrate the Fourth of July—with noise, color and a handful of talk.

"Reap The Wild Wind" tells the story of the Florida coast a century or so ago. Down where the Atlantic meets the Gulf of Mexico lies Key West, surf beaten and hurricane swept. There, in the days when the clipper ships sailed the waters, was the home port of the tough and weathered salvagers who swept out in the gales when ships ran aground on the treacherous shoals. Their job was to save the cargo before the ships foundered and sank; it was dangerous work, a gamble with fortune and death. Key West was home port for outcasts and cut-throats, for adventurers and thugs.

It was home port, too, for beautiful, rebellious Loxi Claiborne (Paulette Goddard), who asked favors of no one and whose schooner raced out with the salvage fleet whenever the wreck call echoed over Key West. Loxi . . . Queen of the Keys, who knew the answer to a stormy life, stormy weather and stormy men.

But men and weather can be unpredictable; and Loxi found herself caught up in the passions of two men, violent as the cross currents of a gale. Jack Stuart, handsome young captain,

driving, ambitious; stranded in Key West after his ship foundered on the shoals. And Stephen Tolliver, whose charm had tinkled the sedate cut-glass of Charleston.

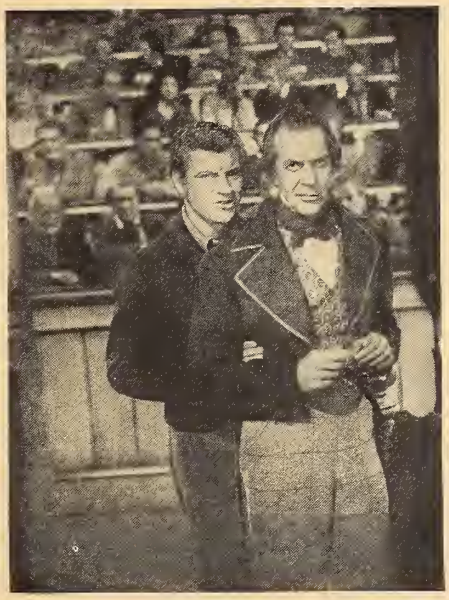
She was caught up, too, in the rivalry between these two men. For Tolliver was a director of the fleet, one of whose ships Stuart had commanded; and both, in the past, had fought each other bitterly. Tolliver came to Key West to investigate suspicions of piracy and the rising rate of wrecks in the Keys; and in pursuit of Loxi.

But there was no time for rivalries in Key West; and precious little time for romance. For over the town lay the ominous shadow of King Cutler (Raymond Massey), ruler of the Key West underworld, ruthless and powerful. Events moved swiftly as Cutler fought Tolliver's investigation; and Loxi was ensnared in the dangerous game.

In the stormy waters off Key West, the drama winds to a climax. There in a hurricane, the threads of destiny weave their final pattern. There, King Cutler, meets his judgment. And there, Loxi makes her final choice between Stuart and Tolliver.

It's no easy choice. Both men have claims on her heart. And before she makes it, there's the terror of another wreck on the shoals; and a scene of tense suspense when both men dive beneath the treacherous waters to a wrecked ship. The story of these three is as storm-swept as Key West in a gale, as warm as its sun-drenched streets, as exciting as its fighting schooners sweeping out to a wild sea. (*Continued on page 12*)

BY ZACHARY GOLD *



* For biography of Mr. Gold, see page 103 in Good News.

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish contains Chrystallyne**

Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels; and this polish "stays on" amazingly

Thousands and thousands of women know the special brilliance and beauty and luster and life, of Dura-Gloss Nail Polish. No other polish ever became so popular, so quickly. The blessed way it *sticks to* your nails—the happy surprise that it doesn't get dull and ugly-looking for days on end—doesn't "peel" or "fray"—is all because of a *special ingredient* in Dura-Gloss, CHRYSTALLYNE*. This wonderful substance gives Dura-Gloss its lovely sparkling highlights, *and* unparalleled adhesion-qualities. Dura-Gloss is a remarkable nail polish. No other polish is like it. Enjoy its wondrous gleam and sparkle, now, today. Have the most beautiful fingernails in the world, with Dura-Gloss.

*Chrystallyne is a special resin-ingredient developed by chemistry-experts who were dissatisfied with existing nail polishes. Before being blended into the superb Dura-Gloss formula, it looks like glittering diamonds.

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3 New Colors for Spring
Blackberry
Mulberry
Wineberry

LORR LABORATORIES
Paterson, New Jersey
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

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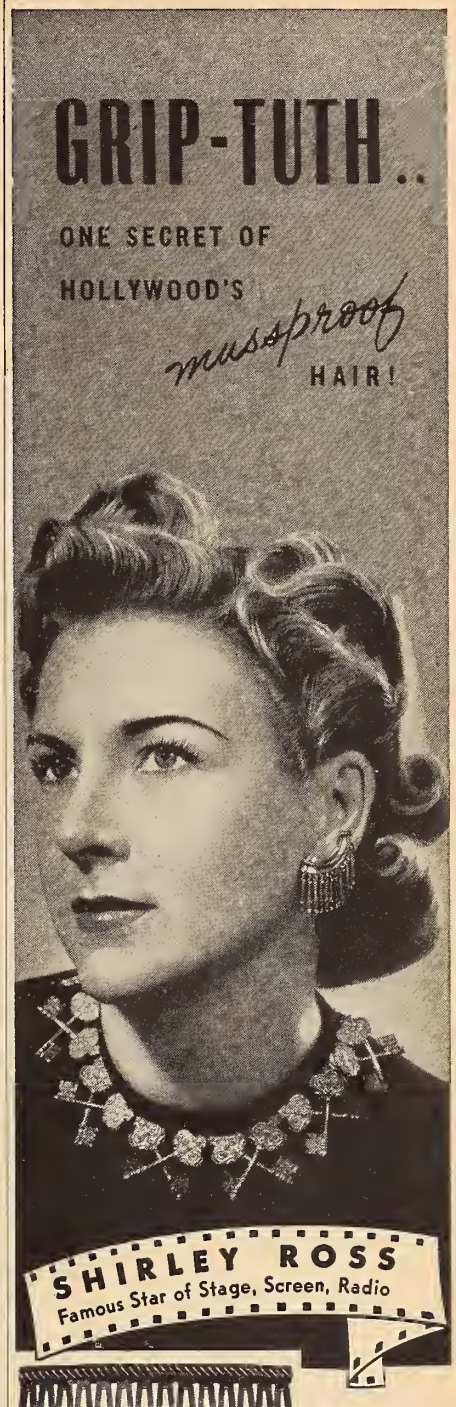
It's DURA-GLOSS *for the most beautiful fingernails in the world*

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating
A Yank on the Burma Road (M-G-M)	2½★
All That Money Can Buy (RKO)	3½★
All Through the Night (Warners)	3½★
Apache Kid (Republic)	3★
Arizona Bound (Monogram)	C 2½★
Babes on Broadway (M-G-M)	4★
Bad Man of Deadwood (Republic)	2½★
Bahama Passage (Paramount)	3★
Ball of Fire (RKO)	3½★
Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Belaw the Border (Monogram)	2½★
Birth of the Blues (Paramount)	3★
Blonde from Singapore, The (Columbia)	2★
Blondie Goes to College (Columbia)	2½★
Blue, White and Perfect (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Blues In the Night (Warners)	3★
Body Disappears, The (Warners)	2★
Bombay Clipper (Universal)	2½★
Born to Sing (M-G-M)	3★
Borrowed Hero (Monogram)	2★
Burma Convoy (Universal)	2½★
Buy Me That Town (Paramount)	3★
Cadet Girl (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Call Out the Marines (RKO)	2★
Captains of the Clouds (Warners)	3★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Charlie Chan in Rio (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia)	2½★
Confirm or Deny (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Corsican Brothers, The (United Artists)	3★
Death Valley Outlaws (Republic)	2½★
Design for Scandal (M-G-M)	3★
Devil Pays Off, The (Republic)	2½★
Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M)	2½★
Doctor's Don't Tell (Republic)	2★
Dumbo (RKO)	C 3½★
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbia)	2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO)	2½★
Feminine Touch, The (M-G-M)	3★
Flying Cadets (Universal)	2★
Forbidden Trails (Monogram)	2★
Forgotten Village, The	3½★
Frisco Lil (Universal)	2½★
Gay Falcan, The (RKO)	2½★
Gentleman at Heart, A (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Go West Young Lady (Columbia)	2★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Gunman from Bodie, The (Monogram)	2★
Harmon of Michigan (Columbia)	2★
Hellzapoppin' (Universal)	3½★
Henry Aldrich for President (Paramount)	C 3★
Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Columbia)	4★
H. M. Pullham, Esq. (M-G-M)	3★
Hold Back the Dawn (Paramount)	3½★
Honky Tonk (M-G-M)	3★
Honolulu Lee (Columbia)	2½★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Hurricane Smith (Republic)	2★
I Killed That Man (Monogram)	2½★
I Wake Up Screaming (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Internationanal Lady (United Artists)	3★
International Squadron (Warners)	3½★
Jesse James at Bay (Republic)	2½★
Joan of Paris (RKO)	3½★
Johnny Eager (M-G-M)	3½★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists)	4★
Kathleen (M-G-M)	3★
Keep 'Em Flying (Universal)	3★
Kid From Kansas (Universal)	2★
Kings Row (Warners)	2½★
Ladies in Retirement (Columbia)	4★
Lady Be Good (M-G-M)	3★
Lady For a Night (Republic)	2½★
Lady is Willing, The (Columbia)	2½★
Last of the Duanes (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Law of the Tropics (Warners)	2½★
Look Who's Laughing (RKO)	2½★
Louisiana Purchase (Paramount)	3½★
Lydia (United Artists)	3½★
Mad Doctor, The (Universal)	2★
Maltese Falcon, The (Warners)	3½★
Man at Large (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Man From Montana (Universal)	2½★
Man Who Came to Dinner, The (Paramount)	4★
Married Bachelor (M-G-M)	3★
Marry The Boss's Daughter (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Masked Rider, The (Universal)	2½★
Men in Her Life, The (Columbia)	3★
Mercy Island (Republic)	2½★
Missouri Outlaw (Republic)	2½★
Mob Town (Universal)	2★
Moon Over Her Shoulder (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Moonlight in Hawaii (Universal)	2½★
Mr. Bug Goes to Town (Paramount)	C 3★
Mr. and Mrs. North (M-G-M)	3★
Mister V (United Artists)	4★
Navy Blues (Warners)	C 3★
Never Give A Sucker An Even Break (Universal)	3★
New York Town (Paramount)	2★
Night of January 16 (Paramount)	3★
Nine Lives Are Not Enough (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
No Hands on the Clock (Paramount)	2½★
Obliging Young Lady (RKO)	2½★
One Foot in Heaven (Warners)	3½★
Pacific Blackout (Paramount)	2★
Paris Calling (Universal)	3★
Pittsburgh Kid, The (Republic)	2½★
Playmates (RKO)	3★
Public Enemies (Republic)	2★
Quiet Wedding (Universal)	3½★
Red River Valley (Republic)	2½★
Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Riders of the Badlands (Columbia)	2★
Riders of the Purple Sage (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Riders of the Timberline (Paramount)	2★
Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Roxie Hart (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Royal Mounted Patrol, The (Columbia)	2½★
Saddle Mountain Roundup (Monogram)	2★
Sailors on Leave (Republic)	2★
Secrets of the Lone Wolf (Columbia)	2½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M)	2½★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists)	3½★
Sing Another Chorus (Universal)	2★
Sing for Your Supper (Columbia)	2★
Skylark (Paramount)	3★
Smiling Ghost, The (Warners)	2½★
Smilin' Through (M-G-M)	3★
Son of Fury (20th Century-Fox)	3★
South of Tahiti (Universal)	2★
Stork Pays Off, The (Columbia)	2½★
Sullivan's Travels (Paramount)	4★
Sundown (United Artists)	2½★
Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Suspicion (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Tanks a Million (United Artists)	2★
Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M)	2½★
Texas (Columbia)	3½★
They Died With Their Boots On (Warners)	3½★
Three Cockeyed Sailors (United Artists)	2★
Three Girls About Town (Columbia)	2½★
Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO)	4★
Tonto Basin Outlaws (Monogram)	2★
Too Many Blondes (Universal)	2★
Treat 'Em Rough (Universal)	2½★
Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M)	3½★
Unholy Partners (M-G-M)	2½★
Weekend in Havana (20th Century-Fox)	3★
What's Cookin' (Universal)	3★
When Ladies Meet (M-G-M)	3★
Wild Bill Hickok Rides (Warners)	3★
Wolf Man, The (Universal)	2½★
Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M)	4★
Woman's Face, A (M-G-M)	3½★
Yank In the R. A. F. (20th Century-Fox)	3★
You Belong to Me (Columbia)	3★
You'll Never Get Rich (Columbia)	4★
You're in The Army Now (Warners)	2★

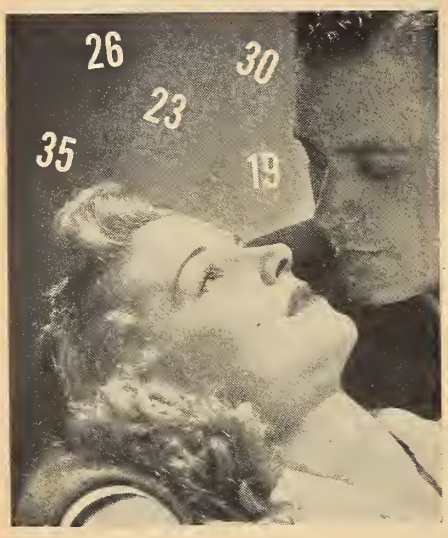


Here's one Hollywood trick you may not know. Many a star depends on Grip-Tuth to keep her hair camera-perfect! Pins are unsightly. Combs fall out. But Grip-Tuth slides discreetly out of sight—*locking each curl exactly as you want it*—taming those straggling ends! Want a bow or flowers in your hair? Grip-Tuth holds them securely. And a Grip-Tuth sewn inside in your hat anchors it against the stiffest wind! Only 25c for card of two (or one extra-length, as shown). Get some today. **NOTE:** if notion counter or beauty shop can't supply you, send 25c for card. State hair color.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 46

Nu-Hesive Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated company, are one of our contributions to National Defense

He'd Never Guess Her Age!



New kind of face powder makes her look years younger!

ONCE this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* shade of face powder! It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores.

But look at her now! He'd never guess her age! Is she 19—30—35? She has found her *lucky shade* of face powder—the shade that *flatters* her skin, makes her look young and enchanting.

How old does your face powder say you are?

Are you sure the shade of powder you use doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a bit older?

Why take that chance? Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder *today!* Try them one after another and let your mirror tell you which is the *perfect* shade for you!

Lady Esther Powder is made a new way—blown by *TWIN HURRICANES* until it's softer, smoother by far than ordinary powder. That's why its shades and texture are so flattering.

Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Powder. Mail the coupon for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your *lucky shade*—it makes your skin look younger and lovelier!

Lady Esther

FACE POWDER

LADY ESTHER, (78)
7110 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your 9 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

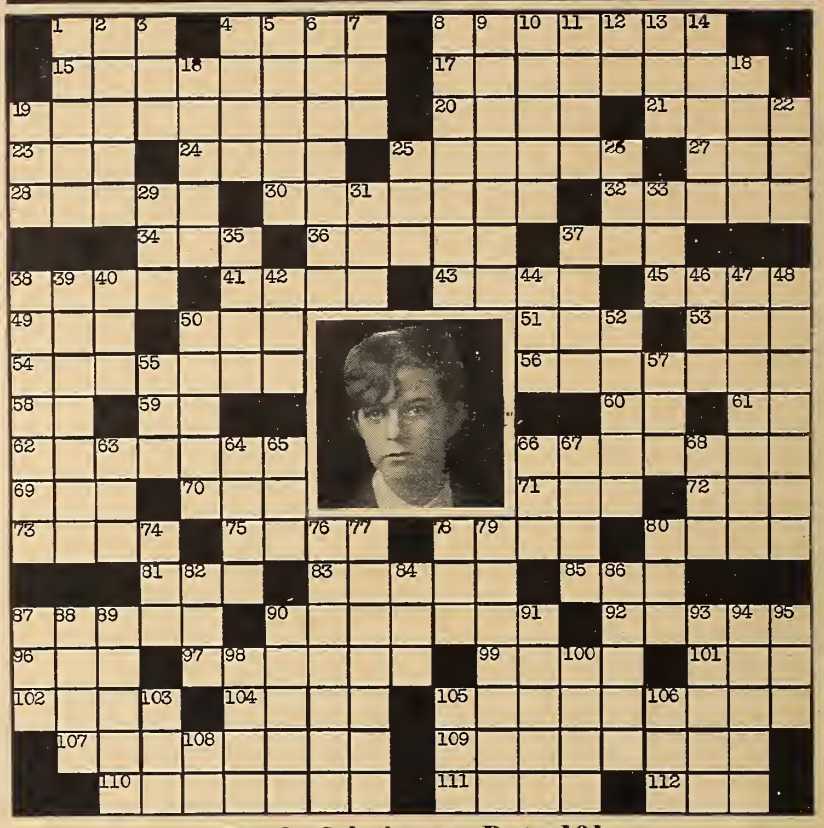
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 101

ACROSS

1. That lady
4. Actress in "Sullivan's Travels"
8. Striking out
15. The actress pictured
17. Resonant
19. Irish actress in "'Til We Meet Again"
20. A film production unit
21. Femme in "The Remarkable Andrew"
23. Swiss river
24. "The Adventures of Martin ----"
25. Other man in "Skylark"
27. Man's name
28. She's now Mrs. Justin Dart
30. Producer of "slap-stick" comedy
32. Star of "Mrs. Miniver"
34. Peggy's aunt in "Double Date"
36. "The Young Mr. Pitt"
37. Comic in "Shut My Big Mouth"
38. Funny guy in "Song of the Islands"
41. Places
43. A film shot
45. Husband of "Model Wife"
49. Room in a harem
50. French agent in "Joan of Paris"
51. "Dumbo's" outstanding feature
53. "Meet John - - -"
54. Brian's wife in "Heliotrope Harry"
56. Famous director
58. "Sta - - ey and Livingstone"
59. Printer's measure
60. At home
61. A Swedish comedian
62. Sportswriter in "Woman of the Year"
66. What movies excel as
69. Triumphant exclamation
70. Silkworm
71. "The Bride C - - - C.O.D."
72. Vehicle
73. Cozy corner
75. Pouches
78. The "Thin Man's" dog
80. A camera's "eye"
81. Grief
83. Central organ of the body
85. Hurry
87. Director-producer of "The Magnificent Ambersons"
90. New leading man in "The Man Who Came to Dinner"
92. Weaving machines
96. Comedian in "Ride 'Em Cowboy"
97. Fields of action
99. Air vehicle
101. Brazilian coin
102. Wife of Charles Laughton
104. Level
105. Pure
107. Soonest
109. Last name of 15 Across
110. Knitting implements
111. Luli D - - - -
112. "Henry Aldrich For Pres - - - nt"

DOWN

1. Bedaub
2. Bing Crosby's real name
3. Period of time
4. Cartoon: "A - - - - in's Lamp"
5. Constellation
6. The "slow hurn" comedian
7. "Summer" to Michele Morgan
8. Forfeit
9. March's co-star in "Bedtime Story"
10. Inactive
11. Johnny - - - - s
12. Irene Rich: init.
13. Bow
14. Her first name's Sigrid
16. In "So Ends Our Night"
18. Withered
19. Prate
22. Our star's husband: Hay - - - d
25. Newcomer in "Dr. Kildare's Victory"
26. Self
29. Diving hird
31. Numbers: ahbr.
33. Screen and radio funster
35. He's in "Yokel Boy"
37. Starred in "The Devil and Miss Jones"
38. Rival in "Appointment for Love"
39. "Roxie Hart's" lawyer
40. Headgear
42. Affirmative votes
44. New Zealand parrot
46. Artificial language
47. Coburn's daughter in "King's Row"
48. Belonging to star of "Sweetheart of the Campus"
50. Chop in small pieces
52. Elevate
55. Male lead in "Juke Box Jenny"
57. Anne Gwynne's title
63. Dawn goddess
64. Gaelic
65. Inlet
66. Priscilla's nickname
67. Oriental nurse
68. Frost
74. Our star has - - - children
76. What "Charlie Chan" is
77. Intersecting line: Math.
78. L - - - ine Day
79. Low horizontal sheet of cloud
80. Pancho in "Road Agent"
82. Mother Gin Sling in "Shanghai Gesture"
84. Admiring exclamations
86. Gal in "International Lady"
87. Johnson's partner in "Hellzapoppin'"
88. Film part
89. Actress in "Among the Living"
90. Songwriter
91. Apportioned
93. Mountain nymph
94. Being between two extremes
95. What Joan is to Olivia
98. Silent era movie hero
100. Irritate: Colloq.
103. Exist
105. Compass point
106. 56: Rom. num.
108. French article

From the stage hit that had A LAUGH FOR EVERY LIGHT ON B'WAY
HENRY FONDA
is the worm that turns from
OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND
to JOAN LESLIE (Sgt. York's sweetie)
in the hit that's got all the priorities on laughin' and lovin'!
"The MALE ANIMAL"
It's women that make him wild!
WARNER BROS.' hilarity-packed hit ... about the college professor who was in a class by himself with the gals!
with JACK CARSON·EUGENE PALLETTE·HEBERT ANDERSON
Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT
Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein and Stephen Morehouse Avery
From the Play by JAMES THURBER and ELLIOTT NUGENT • Produced by Herman Shumlin

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 7)

"Reap The Wild Wind" is highly colored and highly dramatic. It leaps from the genteel salons of Charleston to the dingy dens of Key West. It sweeps through hurricanes and disasters with unfailing vigor. The tides of battle, adventure and romance roar across the scene; but never so brilliantly that they obscure Loxi Claiborne. It's Loxi's heart that gives life to the story.

It's a full and tense canvas done in broad sweeps. Movement is the essence of adventure, and the picture moves from climax to climax; De Mille isn't afraid of big scenes. If talk slows the action a bit, it's sure to be followed by a knock-down and drag-out fight; when human menace fails, he rings in an octopus.

It's brawn and action that make De Mille pictures; for an hour or so in a movie, the world becomes heroic and romantic. There's plenty of meticulous De Mille detail, too, in "Reap The Wild Wind." You're right there when matches are introduced to an incredulous Charleston society; you're on board one of the first steam boats to replace the canvas-bannered clippers. There's a smattering of history and a big dose of atmosphere that goes with every De Mille production. All of this, besides plenty of action, plenty of romance and plenty of wind. —*Par.*

P. S.

This one is No. 66 on the list of Cecil B. De Mille Productions . . . C. B. says it's the biggest and toughest undertaking he's attempted in 30 years of making motion pictures . . . The Mayors of Los Angeles, Charleston, Key West and Washington, N. C. (De Mille's home town), declared June second to be "De Mille Day"—and "Reap" went into production after eight months of study by the research department . . . Four separate units were at work most of the time . . . Location trips used up eight weeks of the shooting schedule . . . Everything, to the last detail, was worked out on paper first. "I make my pictures across a desk," says De Mille. "When I walk out on a set, all I have to do is put my blueprints on celluloid" . . . One of the most gripping (literally) scenes in the film is the attack on Ray Milland and John Wayne by a giant squid on the floor of the ocean. The squid used in the picture has a ten-foot body, a sixty-foot spread and eight-inch eyes. Part of the sequence was filmed in the enormous 1,000,000-gallon tank especially constructed for the picture at the Pacific Marine Museum in Santa Monica . . . De Mille, himself, donned a diving outfit and strode along the bottom of the tank, issuing orders to his actors by means of a telephone hook-up connecting their helmets with his . . . Ray Milland had to learn ventriloquism so he could pull a Bergen-McCarthy with Romulus, his dog. The little mutt has absolutely no personality; was chosen, in fact, because he seemed to be suffering from an inferiority complex . . . Neither Ray nor John Wayne used doubles for the fight scenes . . . Susan Hayward first caught De Mille's eye because she looks exactly like his 6-year-old granddaughter Cecelia—on a larger scale . . . Now that he's worked with her, he's predicting stardom for her within three years.

Forgive us for our error in the April issue's movie reviews. In "Song of the Islands," leading man is gorgeous Vic Mature, not John Payne, as stated.

THE MALE ANIMAL

A note for your nature book: a male animal is a creature found in various parts of the world. His local habitat is a deep, comfortable chair surrounded by tobacco smoke known as "home" or a small enclosed space surrounded by a desk known as an "office." He can be easily recognized since his customary costume consists of two cylinders of cloth known as "pants," as distinguished from the female who wears a single cylinder known as a "skirt." However, through some unexplained peculiarity of the language, the female is commonly referred to as "wearing the pants." The male is reasonable, patient, forgiving and kind; this also serves to distinguish him from the female.

All this is an introduction to a civilized, little comedy that played the New York stages a season or so back. It's been made into a picture, and much of the flavor of the original is intact. The movie is a close translation of the Elliot Nugent-James Thurber play.

It concerns Professor Tommy Turner of Midwestern U., settled into domestic bliss with his wife Ellen, satisfied with

DANDRUFF HAD ME WILD!

My wedding day was only a week away! And my hair hung dull—lifeless—and worst of all, thickly sprinkled with ugly dandruff! I was frantic! Then on Sunday evening, I heard the ***Fitch Bandwagon**** over the radio. The announcer said, "Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the ***first*** application. This guarantee is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms." I bought a bottle of Fitch Shampoo that night. I found that even in hard water it is effective. It really goes into the tiny openings of the scalp. And it certainly rinses out easily! I believe it actually reconditions the hair! "The season's loveliest bride!" they said of me. And today, my husband says Fitch Shampoo keeps my hair as lovely now as it was the day we were married!

***LISTEN TO THE FITCH BANDWAGON** presenting a different "big name" band each Sunday at 7:30 p. m. Eastern War Time, over 117 NBC Red Network Stations.

GOODBYE DANDRUFF

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

Soap Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.

Fitch Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.

Soap Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

Fitch Shampoo

Unlike ordinary cake soaps, Fitch Shampoo does not contain those solids that leave a dull film on the hair. Fitch's rinses out completely without the aid of lemon or vinegar.

Fitch's TRADE MARK

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Copr. 1942 F. W. Fitch Co.

The F. W. Fitch Company • Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles, Calif.

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

his job and asking nothing of life except that it drop an occasional interesting book in his lap. Well, life isn't always as obliging as all that. In a rapid shake or two of the dice, Professor Tommy Turner stands in danger of losing his wife, his job, his peace of mind and a good part of his library.

You wouldn't think an ex-football player could do all that, would you? But Joe Ferguson wasn't a run-of-the-mill athlete. All-Time, All-American, good as they come. That was Whirling Joe, all right.

He whirled into the Turner household like a minor hurricane. Just the breeze of his passing raked up the dead embers of the school-day romance he had with Ellen. And Ellen? Well, how would you like to be belle of the ball again, Queen of the Homecoming Rally? And all just a lark. Absolutely innocent.

It was innocent, that is, to everybody but Tommy. Reasonable, profound, analytical Professor Turner comes to the bright conclusion that his wife is in love with Whirling Joe; and if that is her happiness, he will not stand in her way.

But then, enter the "male animal," which in this case is the urge to fight

for your mate. Does the tigress give up her cubs? Does the sea lion forsake his mate? And is Tommy Turner any different?

To be perfectly frank, Tommy is different. For one thing, compared to Joe Ferguson, he's a flea bothering an elephant, with about as much chance of success. For another, Tommy has a little instrument tucked away in the top of his skull known as a "brain," whereas Joe has a skull all right, but not being one to do things half way, he's all skull. Brains or brawn; which wins the girl?

The issue isn't quite as simple as all that. There are a few complications in the plot: a problem of free speech, a subplot of junior love rampant on the campus. But it all comes out in the end. And quite neatly.

Henry Fonda and Olivia de Havilland play the merry, mad Turners. Jack Carson bulls his way through as the fullback. Eugene Pallette, Joan Leslie and Hattie McDaniel wander happily about.

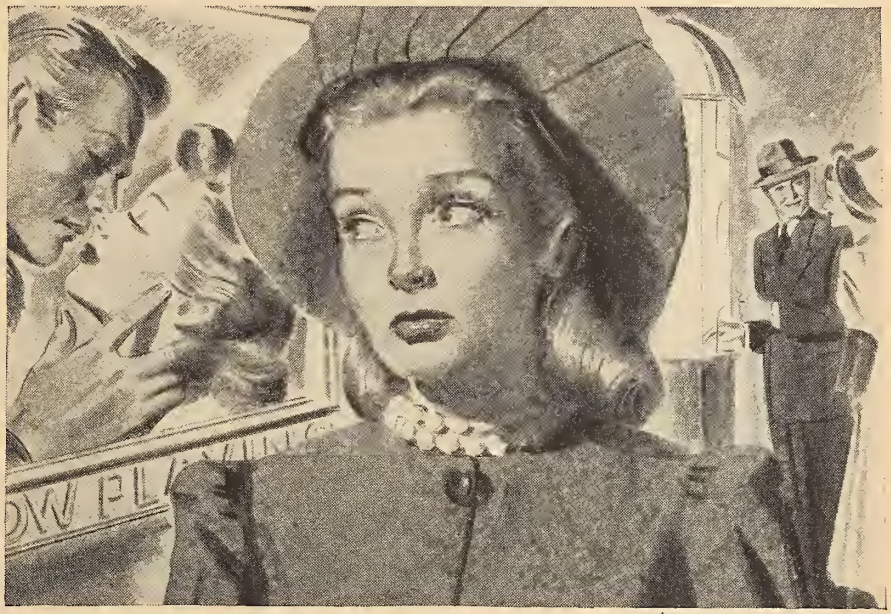
And, oh yes! Midwestern noses out Michigan 15-14 to win the big game. Everybody happy?—*W. B.*

P. S.

"Male Animal" Henry Fonda is always referred to by Nunnally Johnson as "one of our 'Aw Shucks!' boys" . . . Fonda didn't once set foot in the fancy dressing room assigned to him. He left his hat and coat in Jack Carson's cubicle and spent all his time between scenes sitting

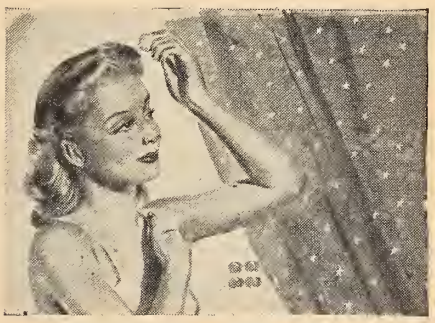
(Continued on page 14)

A "Close-up" was only a Movie Term to Paula, until...



Act 1: Paula is pretty! She sings like an angel and can dance like a breeze. But there are few compliments and dates in Paula's young life, few eligible bachelors—BECAUSE—well, Paula is guilty of one little fault, *she's careless about underarm odor!*

Act 2: (*Enter pretty friend*) Wake up to the facts of charm, my Pretty! Of course you bathe every day—before every date. But a bath only takes care of the *past*...to give your charm a *future,* use Mum.



Act 3: (*Paula's soliloquy*) Now I can play a love scene! Mum is so marvelous—so quick, so easy to use, so sure! Only 30 seconds to use Mum, and daintiness is safe for long hours. Safe for skin, safe for dresses, too!

Mum takes only 30 seconds, effective for hours!

Mum prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration!

Mum is harmless to sensitive skin and to delicate fabrics. Get Mum at your druggist today!

For Sanitary Napkins—*Gentle, safe Mum is the favorite deodorant for this important purpose. Try it this way, too.*

MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

on the steps of the sound stage or working out a little close harmony with a trio of electricians . . . Warner Bros. used Pomona College as the setting for all campus scenes. The "collegians" (250 registered film extras) made the 80-mile round trip by bus every day for three days . . . Olivia de Havilland got all tuckered out doing crying scenes. Had to leave her car at the studio and be driven home . . . The spectacular rally bonfire was constructed of dry goods boxes and telegraph poles arranged around a framework of concealed gas pipes and jets so the flames could be controlled between 'takes.' Studio firemen were on hand, ready to douse the flames with water from a 3000-gallon tank . . . Director Elliot Nugent is co-author with James Thurber of the original play. He played Fonda's role in the stage version . . . Joan Leslie, during production, received 23 invitations to be guest of honor at major university football games this fall. Joan, actually a high school junior, plays a college co-ed . . . Herbert Anderson signed up with the army on completion of the picture . . . Tom Walker, University of Southern California drum major champ, was hired to coach players in the intricacies of baton-tossing. Had to instruct them to the tune of the Notre Dame Victory March, the only record of that type the studio had handy . . . Fonda did the longest scene he's ever made twice in a row without a bobble—a drunk routine running seven minutes, ten seconds . . . Olivia carried on a mild campaign, between scenes, to secure naughtier roles. Says she's getting tired of being a faithful friend and understanding sister.

THIS ABOVE ALL

We forget about people in a war. We talk glibly of battles and strategy and armies of fifty thousand men here and casualties of a million or so there. We look at maps and lines, at charts and production schedules: at meaningless numbers and lifeless machines. It's a necessary adjustment, for the tragedy of human life in a war, if we could imagine it, would completely overwhelm us.

Yet it is just as necessary that we feel the pulse of life in all the cold machinery around us. It's no platitude to say that there is a man behind every gun, and a woman behind every man. And it is the story of these men and women, not the generals and marshals, that "This Above All" tries to tell.

It's a love story whose lovers reach for happiness in a time of death and stress and war. It focuses on two people caught up in the hell of war-torn England at the height of the blitz. And the truth and tenderness of their story is a counterpoint to the blast of the guns and roars of the airplane squadrons.

Prudence Cathaway (Joan Fontaine) and Clive Briggs (Tyrone Power) meet on a blind date one night when she is on leave from her WAAF unit. Drawn toward each other, their love builds lowly and unspoken. It flames when they meet at a time when Prue has a two-week leave. Grasping for their moment of happiness, they go together to a seaside resort.

But there's a secret between them. Clive is not in uniform and never offers any explanation. At the resort a friend of Clive's, Monty (Thomas Mitchell) finds them, and through him Prue discovers that Clive has deserted from the army. It's a curious desertion, though, since Clive went through Dunkirk and had been awarded honors for his heroism under fire. Clive is not a coward. His desertion springs from something deeper and far more disturbing.

For Clive, disgusted by the inefficiency of Dunkirk, remembering his own hard youth, afraid that the war is being fought only to preserve those things he hates and despises, cannot believe that it is worth fighting. It's this struggle

Fitzgerald Twins see amazing proof that

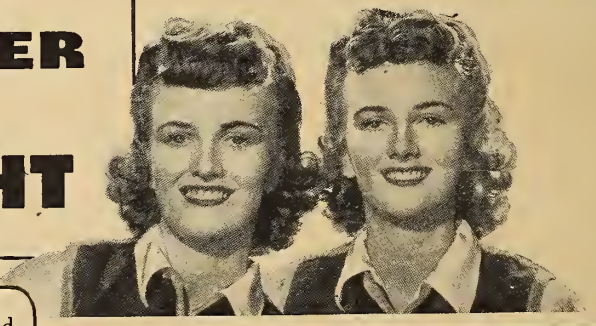
PEPSODENT POWDER

makes teeth

TWICE AS BRIGHT

"CHECK" says Bernice, radio network accountant

"DOUBLE-CHECK" says Bernadette, Chicago business girl



"We used to date teachers and friends to tell us apart. But that was before we made a tooth powdet test. Lucky me! We flipped a coin and I won Pepsodent. Betnadette chose anothet leading brand."

"Who'd have thought it would be so noticeable! Everyone remarked about it. My teeth became *twice as bright* as Sister's. Even Dad marveled that Pepsodent made such a difference...so Pepsodent's the choice of the whole family now!"

"Seeing was believing! Nothing but Pepsodent for us!"

FITZGERALD TWIN TEST
CONFIRMS THIS FACT:
INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT.
BY ACTUAL TEST... PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

For the safety of your smile . . . use Pepsodent twice a day . . .

see your dentist twice a year.

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

with his conscience, heightened and pointed by his love for Prue, that carries the burden of the picture. It is through an amalgamation of these two things that Clive finally finds his answer.

"This Above All" tries to probe beneath the veneer of easy war slogans. It tries to say in terms of Prue and Clive what it is we are fighting for. It depends for its intensity on a simple love story, told every day on every corner; of two people meeting and loving.

Out of the common bricks of everyday life they try to build a shining and splendid palace. They steal their minutes in tea rooms and in drab streets, in a corner of country, at a seaside resort. It's a story that goes beyond the picture. It's in people who, somehow and everywhere, have managed to keep their dreams bright and their love alive; these things above all.—*T.C.F.*

P. S.

Tyrone Power had special permission to come in late on Mondays. He's an air raid warden in his home district and has to be on duty every Sunday between midnight and dawn . . . Toughest costuming problem was getting 300 uniforms like those worn by the Women's Auxiliary Air Force of England. Permission for the use of the actual design and material couldn't be secured. Edward Lambert, head of the studio wardrobe department, rounded up 1,000 yards of plain material, dyed it himself and had the required number of uniforms whipped up, copying photographs of the outfits in English publications . . . Two honest-to-goodness WAAFs, Flight Lieutenant Kathleen Hunt and Assistant Section Officer Iris Houston, were imported from Washington to act as technical advisers. Both women are attached to the Royal Air Force Commission working in the capitol . . . The WAAF camp had to be built indoors to avoid destruction by winter rains. The entire 25,000 square feet of the sound stage (plus an extra 1250-square-foot extension) was covered with trees, shrubs, hills, assorted buildings, telegraph poles, dirt roads and a corrugated steel bombproof cellar. The entire set cost $26,000 . . . Without actually playing a role, Tyrone Power's mother appears in the picture. The prop man, instructed to get a picture of a handsome woman to represent Joan Fontaine's mother, used the first one he found—a photo of Mrs. Patia Power . . . Joan Fontaine invited Ida Lupino, from the "Moontide" set, to lunch with her one day in Joan's dressing room. Next day, Tyrone Power asked if he might join them. Day after that, Ty brought Charles Boyer from the "Tales of Manhattan" set. Each day after that, another star joined the group—referred to around the studio as the Fontaine salon . . . The debris littering the London set actually came from England. Britain shipped the rubble as ballast on ships returning to America after delivering lend-lease material. 20th Century-Fox made arrangements to purchase 100 tons of the stuff and has already used it in two other pictures—"Yank in the R.A.F." and "Confirm or Deny" . . . Only casualty during filming was Director Anatole Litvak's stumbling over some metal dolly tracks. Result was a broken foot . . . Litvak rehearsed his cast for two weeks before starting production, so they'd understand both the script and each other when filming began.

(Continued on page 82)

Smile - Sister, Smile!

YOU'VE got the glooms . . . want to crawl off in a corner and have a good cry. But you keep saying to yourself: "Snap out of it . . . I *won't* be a slacker . . . there's so much to do today!"

Big important things that mean far more than your own fun and frolics. Things that really matter!

Making bandages this morning. A Defense Stamp luncheon. Then you've simply *got* to finish that navy helmet.

And tonight, the boys come home from camp. You'd be a fine citizen spoiling their furlough with a faceful of frowns.

What's the answer? . . . simply give up? NO, a thousand times . . . there *must* be a way to be comfortable and at ease on trying days of the month!

There *is* a way! . . .

Too bad if you're one of those who didn't discover Kotex sanitary napkins long ago! Because if it's comfort you're after . . . you'll find Kotex is *more comfortable!*

For Kotex is made in soft folds so it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

Kotex does things for your confidence, too . . . builds you up and doesn't let you down! That's because Kotex has flat, pressed ends that keep your secret safe. And a moisture-resistant "safety shield" for *extra* protection.

So try Kotex . . . it won't take you long to discover why it's more popular than all other brands of pads put together. After all, that's *proof* that Kotex stays soft . . . the best proof!

Be confident...comfortable... carefree—*with Kotex!**

INTIMATE HINTS FOR GIRLS! New *free* booklet, "As One Girl To Another". Tells what to do and not to do on "difficult days". Mail name and address to P.O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-5, Chicago.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Co-ed

Are too many of your dates one-night stands? Here's a bit of siren stuff that'll bring 'em back for more!

BY JEAN KINKEAD

Ever stop to think how many kinds of dates there are? There's the terrifying first date, the good old "double," the exciting "blind" . . . and each one's kind of a problem child in its own little way—till you know the ropes. By grilling a few "queens," we've accumulated enough date data to make everyone of 'em fizzle-proof, beginning right with

That very first date! When Joe phones, don't let him know that the most momentous thing in your whole life is happening. Talk slowly and calmly. Remember he's ten times as nervous as you. Get all the details straight—time, destination, etc.—so that you're not on tenterhooks the night of the date wondering if he said 8 or 8:30, and whether you're going to look too Madame Queen-y in your red silk.

Then from various sources glean as much information as you can about him (where he lives, who his friends are) for your family's benefit. When in doubt your mother invariably assumes that Joe is some absolute rat with the world's worst intentions, so any evidence you can dig up to the contrary will make her much happier.

Practice a smooth introduction so you're not all teeth on *the* night. "Joe, I'd like you to know my mother and dad. This is Joe Jones of baseball fame, Pop." Always present your chums to your parents, never vice versa, and if possible, give them a conversational straw to clutch at while you're getting your coat.

Now you've closed the door on your nice, safe living room and you're off. Rule No. 1—No matter what state of nerves you're in, display a serene front and make him feel at ease. A few minutes of casual conversation will do the trick, but casual—no frantic jabbering. Discuss where you're going: If it's a movie, quote a kind word from some review of it; if it's a party, ask who'll be at it and act genuinely pleased when you hear. A big smile and "Oh, this is going to be fun" will start things off elegantly.

After the movie, party or where-were-you you lay the groundwork for a second date. Get him talking about himself by such ruses as, "Do you know you're a very comfortable person to be with?" He'll say, "How d'ya mean?" You say, "Oh, you seem to have everything under control. Bet you never worried in your whole life." That's his cue for "Oh, haven't I!" or "No, come to think of it—" Either way, he's off, and all you do is look starry-eyed over your large coke. Get him to take you home while conversation is going strong. Make him feel there's still so much to say that the next date can't come soon enough.

At your front door, tell him how really lovely the evening was and leave him with a warm handclasp. Never, never kiss him goodnight after your first date.

Double date. This is not the time for you and Mary to catch up on your small talk. Nothing drives men crazier. However, why not have a kind of gentlewoman's agreement to play each other up for all you're worth. If Mary has a terribly funny anecdote up her sleeve, say "Oh, Mary, you've got to tell them about so-and-so." This kind of team work is invaluable once you get on to it.

If you and your date are old (*Continued on page 70*)

For Girls Who Want More Glamorous Hair
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO ARRANGE !

Allure—*for your more frivolous moments! Hair swept smoothly up off neck and face. Tuck artificial fruit or fresh flowers behind ears. Hair shampooed with new, improved Special Drene.*

Amazing difference due to hair conditioner now in new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! Leaves hair lovelier, easier to manage!

You'll be thrilled by the difference in your hair the very first time you use new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! For that wonderful hair conditioner now in Special Drene gives simply amazing results right away...leaves hair so much silkier, smoother, far easier to arrange right after shampooing! Just try improved Special Drene once, and you'll see!

Unsurpassed for Removing Dandruff! Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff with the first application. And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and color brilliance.*

So, for extra beauty benefits—plus quick and thorough removal of loose dandruff—try improved Special Drene right away. Or ask for a Special Drene shampoo at your beauty shop! You'll see an amazing difference!

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Procter & Gamble
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother than ever before!

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

★ ★ ★ *Meet*
LIEUTENANT MARY CARTER
of the U. S. Marines!

She's off with the fighting leathernecks on their most thrilling adventures in 166 years of glorious history!

MAUREEN O'HARA, *the breathtaking heroine of "How Green Was My Valley"!*

TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI

A RED, WHITE AND BLUE ADVENTUROUSING HIT IN TECHNICOLOR!

starring JOHN PAYNE • MAUREEN O'HARA • RANDOLPH SCOTT

with NANCY KELLY • WILLIAM TRACY • MAXIE ROSENBLOOM
Henry Morgan • Edmund MacDonald • Russell Hicks • Minor Watson

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Directed by Bruce Humberstone • Associate Producer Milton Sperling
Screen Play by Lamar Trotti • Original Story by Steve Fisher

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

20th CENTURY FOX

Romance is all the sweeter ... when life is dangerous!

Watch for it at your favorite theatre
COMING SOON

Coming! Eric Knight's sensational best-seller!
TYRONE POWER • JOAN FONTAINE
in "THIS ABOVE ALL"
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Ray Jones

Marlene Dietrich

"She is so beautiful I wish all the women in the world looked like her!" said Burgess Meredith of spellbinder Marlene Dietrich. Known as the streamlinedest siren who ever swept $1,000,000 in legal suits out of a courtroom, U. S. Citizen Dietrich, formerly Mary von Losch, has upset the equilibrium of a long list of strong men—Fairbanks, Jr., Von Sternberg, Eric Remarque, Gabin—but won't divorce Rudi Sieber until their daughter Maria, now 16, is married. Before Universal's "The Spoilers" and after a two-year stay-away, Dietrich came East with a broken ankle, affectionately embraced Rudi three times for photographers. Marlene says she's not "hard," contrary to critics' words—simply must always be in love with someone. Always does her own make-up because she knows her own face best, lives on air to keep her 5' 5" down to 118. Love-pirate? Not our Blue Angel!

Mickey Rooney

"I'll marry when I'm 28 or 29," he announced a year or so back, in his pre-Ava Gardner days. Now, at 21, Mickey Rooney thinks he's Hollywood's luckiest married guy. His 19-year-old bride has hitched her wagon to a star and aims to match Mick's No. 1 box office rating, careering up from small $75-a-week extra roles. She's plenty persevering, too—waited until midnite for Mickey to show up on their very first date, a hamburger and chocolate ride. Both admit there's only one real jitter 'n' jiver in the family—and it's *not Ava!* Looks like M-G-M keeps pace with the private life of Mr. and Mrs. Rooney, Mickey's latest bell-ringer being "The Courtship of Andy Hardy." Considers himself too short to be a leading man (Ava tops him by an inch), but Mick's plenty big enough for Bob Montgomery to dub him "the greatest scene stealer in the business."

C-U-T-E—spells Ann Rutherford, the heap biggest dish of feminine dessert ever piled into 105 pounds, 5 feet 3½ inches. Talk about wild life, and Ann will lead you straight to her zoo-zoo room that's chock full of nothing but her 12 canaries, 9 parakeets and 4 turtles. Gab on about clothes, and she won't withhold the vital statistics on her wardrobe: 24 hats, 44 pairs of shoes (not counting skating and riding shoes), 14 bathing suits, 23 blouses and then the things she really wears that would fill the better part of a two-room suite. But Ann really has "the stuff," too. She paints, knits and cooks like a trouper; tennises adeptly, and one date with her convinces anybody ('specially jive pianist Skitch Henderson) why "The Courtship of Andy Hardy" got under way when Andy met up with her. She's a Toronto Canadian, but Ann's typical U. S. A. mm-mm girl in anybody's language!

Ann Rutherford

Clarence Bull

In the midst of war-torn England, Laurence Olivier is happy . . . happy because he's serving the land he loves and because he's with the woman he loves, Vivien Leigh. They're blissfully settled with favorite pussy Tissie in a tiny cottage by the sea . . . Viv doing a cracking good job at housekeeping . . . arising at 6 to breakfast Larry before he motor-bikes to his Royal Fleet Air Arm base . . . giving up the stage to raise a namesake. On special occasions (like his 35th birthday coming up May 22nd) they celebrate by puffing up to London in their 14-year-old car and doing all those gay things they used to take for granted. It took the combined efforts of the British and Canadian governments to drag Larry out of active service long enough to play in Columbia's recent, Canadian-made "The Invaders" . . . which he swears will be his last till the war's fought and won!

Laurence Olivier

Clarence Bull

Donna Reed

It was her pretty puss that upset the applecart! Born on an obscure Iowa farm, Donna spent an uneventful childhood feeding the chicks, minding brattish brothers and sisters . . . and yearning with all her heart and soul to be a private secretary in a tall city skyscraper! Conscientiously enrolling for a stenographic course in high school and college, her 5' 3" chassis and that gorgeous phiz of hers definitely interfered with her work, won her title of "Campus Queen." Studio offers came and went, but it wasn't till after graduation that Donna turned tail on all things secretarial, took a screen test and emerged with a contract a mile long and a chunky part in M-G-M's "Mokey." Satisfies her yearning for the country with home-made bread and churned butter . . . bowls in the 170's, avidly skirts bridge games and typewriters!

Schuyler Crail

Ronald Reagan

He can't help it if everybody likes him. It's just his nature! Ronnie Reagan has so many friends in Hollywood he has to keep three appointment books going at once to be sure everything's straight. Trusts people instinctively, lives within his bank account allotments, insists on planning his own life and long shots though he knows his doting spouse Janie Wyman has had more experience in the ups and downs of the business. He thought they should wait before they had their first baby, she didn't—result, their pride and joy Maureen Reagan, age under one year, familiarly known as Monkeypuss, Nutsy and the IT girl. Ronnie's cute 'n' crazy ways made him the darling of Warners' current "Juke Girl," convinced Janie that golf and horses were more exciting than beer halls and night clubs. Now it's strictly "bring on the outdoors, gang, us Reagans are ready!"

Had it not been for the lure of Florida's sun, she'd probably be wielding a mean scalpel today and listening for "Calling Doctor Keane!" Yup, that's featherweight Veronica Lake, one-time Constance Keane of McGill University, a serious pre-medical student, but not so serious that when Mom and Pop left for Miami, she could resist the temptation to go along. In 1938 she couldn't resist another temptation—Hollywood; and in 1940 she succumbed to the real thing—art director John Detlie. Now they have a baby, but Ronnie's still "Mousie" to John, and he's "Mutt." Paramount musses her goldilocks up fine in "This Gun For Hire." Ronnie 'fesses her method's been to make 'em marvel at her over-one-eye sheep dog hair-do, keep 'em intrigued with her freckled nose, slay 'em with her believe-it-or-not 18½-inch waist. P. S. It works!

Veronica Lake

Gorgeous Hunk

Jack Albin

VIC MATURE SALUTES VIC MATURE—ADMITS HE'S A GREAT GUY!

He ended up in the hospital after refusing to let a double do tough tor-ond-feother scenes.

Bright Boy Mature bought o bike to ride oround Selznick's office. The "GENIUS badge was immediotely oworded.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Vic's soying whether blonde dozzler Lono Turner crashed the poges of "The Incorrigible One"—self-outhorized tale of his own life ond loves for which the curly hoired incorrigible demonds $25,000 of T.C.F.

IN New York last year, somebody asked Moss Hart, the Broadway producer, what kind of a guy this exotic Adonis, Victor Mature, whom he'd signed for Gertrude Lawrence's leading man in "Lady In the Dark," really was.

Mr. Hart is pretty handy with words as a rule, but that stumped him.

"I can't tell you," he replied. "All I can think of is a play I once wrote. Victor Mature is something that happens *Once in a Lifetime!*"

The "great big hunk of beautiful man" has been called plenty of things around Hollywood, Manhattan and elsewhere—most of them flavored with razzberry. He's been termed a "lush Lothario" and an "over-ripe Romeo." He's been dubbed a lens-louse, a publicity hound, a *poseur*, a phony and the pretty boy winner of Hollywood's unpopularity contest.

Right now the impression also prevails in Hollywood that Vic Mature is as nutty as a chocolate bar. On his home studio lot, Twentieth Century-Fox, people shake their heads and grin as he gallops by in khaki overalls with a great white brand on the back—*"GENIUS."*

If you want a genuinely candid opinion on all this baffling business direct from Victor Mature,

He married actress Frances Evans in June, 1939. She filed for divorce in same year.

Gorgeous Hunk

CONTINUED

himself, he's strictly a "2-4-6-8 guy."

What is a 2-4-6-8 guy? Well, the closest translation is a character who knows what he wants and sets about getting it no matter how, when or what. Vic can say it another way: "Day and night I'm all out for Mature!"

That's being frank about it. That's being 2-4-6-8—See? Most of Hollywood is on the 3-6-9-12 side. So naturally they think Vic is cuckoo when instead of saying, "I'm not understood," he comes right out and says, "I'm the most hated man in Hollywood. Today four guys waved when I drove in the studio. I must be slipping!"

Crazy? Well—sometimes it looks like it. On the other hand—it gets results. Every time Vic's progress has been blocked, instead of shadow boxing, he has punched right to the heart of the thing, letting the quips fall where they may. And in the process he's built up the most fabulous personal legend since Valentino.

Take his New York break—the thing that really put Mature on the map. Vic engineered that like a fast express. He was backed on to a Hollywood siding at the time. After "One Million B.C." and the leopard skin sarong, the producers thought all he was good for was a (*Continued on page 94*)

Roach discovered him in "To Quito And Back" and signed him up pronto. Now he's in T.C.F.'s "My Gal Sal."

Martha Kemp, his June 1941 bride, didn't like the love nest he bought, but she won't admit they're rifting.

Gorgeous hunk No. 2—Rita Hayworth, is Vic's gal Sal in their latest. Vic's role was first meant for Don Ameche.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

The divorce that couldn't happen!

Juke boy

It's raining gutbuckets on jivin' James of the fighting Irish Dorseys since he chucked his Caesar for a sax!

The day of panhandling à nickel-for-a-cuppa-java is gone. Now it's a nickel-for-a-slugga-jive. Honest! The rhythm-mad little pickaninnies down south started it, and it's spreading. From Memphis to Mobile. From Harlem to Haiti. And Jimmy Dorsey's the guy to blame. A faster man with a nickel around a juke-box you never saw. Why the kids are even hocking Gene Autry belts to get funds to hear his "Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing In a Hurry" and "I Said No"—and greater love hath no twelve-year-old.

Confronted with the news that he's the official Juke-Box King, J. D. gives you that incredulous stare that involves the bluest eyes you ever saw except on Ivory Soap ad babies. "How'd this happen to me? Gosh, I never wanted to be a band-leader. Never even wanted to be a musician."

Department of gross understatements. He fought against music lessons like a small panther. At four his brilliantly musical dad, Prof. T. Dorsey, Sr., bought him a cornet. It was as big as he was, and Jimmy hated it. He was six before he could even tolerate the thing and well into his teens before he developed a real affection for music. Papa Dorsey, however, was no softie for tears or tantrums, and he had Jimmy and Tommy (two years younger) doing "Stars and Stripes Forever" before they were even old enough to go to school.

"Listen to that, Tess," Mr. Dorsey would say to Mrs. of an evening while they listened to the two infants practicing in the backyard. "Great kids."

"Yes, great." But her heart would be breaking for the pair of them as she thought how tired their little arms were getting and how red their faces. "They'd probably both be insurance salesmen or something if they'd had to depend on me for (*Continued on page 76*)

Cut-up vocalist Helen O'Connell and the gang glitter up Para's "The Fleet's In."

Actually dressed to kill! Tammy, with fist traditionally clenched; little sister Mary, a completely unmusical Dorsey, now married, and Jimmy, hair parted in middle because it wouldn't stay any other way.

Made in Heaven

"Obviously," confide the Holdens, "we're meant to stay together forever and a day or two!"

"I don't especially like *her*," Bill Holden jerks a mammoth thumb in the general direction of his wife, "but she's crazy about me." Mrs. Holden makes a terrifying face at him, and then they throw their arms around each other and scream with laughter. Like a child bride and groom. They've been married eight months, and wouldn't you think they'd be getting a bit old-married-coupleish about now?

"Wouldn't you think?" says Brenda. "But we seem to get worse and worse." And you know darn well she means better and better, and they wouldn't change their beautiful screwball setup for anything on earth.

Incredible thing, when Brenda came to Hollywood three years ago, the one person in the world she didn't want to meet was Bill Holden. She had seen "Golden Boy" on the stage, had gone mad over Luther Adler in the title role and harbored a deep and terrible resentment against Bill for daring to be the screen "Golden Boy."

"Who'd's he think he is?" she'd hear herself muttering insanely whenever his name was mentioned. "Got some nerve." And the first time she actually saw Bill in person (it was on a Warners' set), she skulked behind scenery for hours so she wouldn't have to meet him. Inevitably, of course, they were introduced—"and gosh, I liked the guy. He was kind of

Bill had to give up skeet-shooting on account of a bum arm (dislocated while combing his hair for the President's Birthday Ball). He and chum Glenn Ford hunt with a Rhodesian hunting dog sired by Errol Flynn's pup.

by Kaaren Pieck

They're both terrifically jealous, can hardly sit through each other's cinema love scenes. He's currently romancing in "The Fleet's In," and she's a-courtin' in "Washington Broadcast."

shy and cute . . ." That was September 29, 1938, and romance loomed instantly. However, it was a year and a half before Bill so much as breathed his intentions.

Every night she'd think, "Mm, tonight's the night. I couldn't be looking more glamorous." So they'd go to the movies, and he'd bring her home, and it would be just another case of, "Well, goodnight, hon. See you tomorrow."

The very day after she got her final decree, however, he appeared with the ring. And none of this waiting for evening and a romantic setting, either. "At high noon with egg from his lunch on his face, he put this little box in my hand. No proposal whatsoever. Just 'I love you very much,' in a (*Continued on page 64*)

Oscar was Coop's second oword this yeor. First one wos the Redbook presentation ot which time he gave o huge purse to Red Cross representotive Joon Leslie, (above) his co-stor in "Sergeont York."

Academy Award Winners!

1941 Oscor winners, Lieut. James Stewort ond Ginger Rogers, presented the owords this yeor. Admission wos cut to $11 and white ties bonned.

Armed with o badyguord, chief speoker Wendell Willkie came with Jaon Bennett. Wos given o huge avotion ot start ond end of his speech.

Aword for the best femole performonce went to Joan Fontaine ("Sus picion"). Spouse Brion Aherne flew from the Eost (obove with Myrno Loy).

Despite an early morning air-raid alarm and blackout, there wasn't a single cancellation to the 7:45 P.M. dinner. Above, Betty Grable ond George Roft.

1600 spectotors cheered Gory ot the golo Acodemy Aword dinner ot the Biltmore Bowl.

Prizes for top supporting roles went to Mory Astor for her octing in "The Greot Lie" ond Donold Crisp for "How Green Wos My Volley."

CONTINUED

Academy Award Winners!

Joan had to grab Ginger Rogers for support. Gary forgot to take his Oscar off the platform with him, retrieved it pronto!

Cameramen glued their lenses to both Joan Fontaine and her sister, Olivia de Havilland, snapped this one of Joan the moment the announcement was made that she was the winnah!

Bill and Brenda Holden came with the Reagons, but she preferred a swankier dinner gown.

Lindo Darnell with Carole Landis, the sole violator of the wartime "don't dress" rule.

M. C. Bob Hope gave Jack Benny a special skirt-draped Oscar for Jack's struttin' in "Charley's Aunt," playfully dubbed him "the best cigar-smoking sweater-girl in Hallywaod."

Four hundred pounds of whew! John Payne and Vic Mature escorted each other, alone and wifeless.

The Reagans—Jane Wyman and Ronald—arrived promptly, chose simple attire, beamed all night.

Rival Livvy de Havilland with Buzz Meredith tells sis Joan how swell!

Continued on Page 66

Here's what happens to those fabulous salaries, straight from the budgets of Betty Grable, Anne Gwynne and the Ronnie Reagans!

HOW THEY

Dinners with Roft go sky-high, but moke no dent in the Groble budget! Geo. tips enormously for seots ot o corner toble!

Huge slices of the Groble income go into her platter collection. Troveling expenses hove been cut woy down since the studio ordered her to substitute train treks for flying!

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

SPEND THEIR MONEY

When you've dreamed of being a movie star, have you ever dreamed how you'd spend your money?

MODERN SCREEN picked four Hollywood players—Betty Grable, an unmarried star: Anne Gwynne, an up-and-coming starlet: Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, a popular young couple—and asked them how they spent their salaries last month.

What impressed us most was their common sense. If these four are typical—and we think they are, for we picked them at random—there'll be no ex-stars ten or twenty years hence, haunting Central Casting for extra work. Read how it's done.

Betty Grable

Betty lives with her mother, sister, brother-in-law and little nephew, Peter, in the house she bought her mother four years ago, and for which she pays at the rate of two hundred a month. Rent on a similar place would be as much or more. This way, says practical Betty, you have a house to show for it instead of just rent receipts.

She puts half her weekly salary aside and forgets about it. That's income tax, it doesn't belong to her. The studio puts one sixth into a trust fund—a kind of insurance against temperament. "If I'm a bad girl, they say I can't have it." Sometimes the entire balance goes into savings, sometimes half and half into checking and savings, depending on how her checkbook looks.

Last month, with an accumulation of savings, she bought ten thousand dollars worth of defense bonds and asked the studio to put her trust fund into bonds. She has no patience with the viewpoint of certain players, who refuse to make too many pictures because it ups them into higher tax brackets. "If you don't take it, somebody else gets it, and the government doesn't. Suppose you only keep two hundred out of five thousand and the government gets forty-eight hundred, what's the matter with that to help beat the Japs?"

Food comes to between a hundred and a hundred twenty-five, including Red Heart for three dogs, and practically excluding Betty, who always dines with George. Gas and oil for her mother's Cadillac and her own runs around twenty-five. She keeps a car for at least three years, this being her second. In Brentwood, where everything's long distance, the phone bills are high—about twenty-five. Utilities—fifteen. She's not sure if they use electricity or gas for cooking, but thinks it must be gas. You just turn the thing, and it goes on without further fussing.

Everything's insured—house, furniture, cars, furs, jewels. The minute she acquires an item, it's automatically covered, so she can't figure out just how much her insurance costs. Ever since the square-cut diamond, her engagement ring from Jackie Coogan, was stolen in Chicago, she's been a bug on insurance. She holds life and endowment policies. "I want it fixed so I can get out of this business before I start falling apart. That is, if they don't kick me out first." (*Continued on page* 85)

No matter how little they spend, the Reagans always have a super-colassal time! A first-class romanticist, Janie says, "I wish every girl would send lipstick-impressianed X's to her soldier."

Bob used to peddle neckties at the studios just to get a look-in at the bigwigs. He bucked M-G-M's sales resistance, now it's "This Time For Keeps."

Superman's Kid Brother

BY DUGAL O'LIAM

Bob's been the breadwinner for Pop, Mom and Sis Nell since Pop became ill.

BOB STERLING CRASHED THROUGH HOLLYWOOD'S CLOSED DOORS WITHOUT A VISITORS' CARD—HE RANG THE BELL LATER!

There's something reassuring about meeting a young man who's been a Hollywood actor for a year and a half and who still says, in describing a school-day romance, "Gosh, I was stuck on that girl." People may be slain by each other, on each other's beam or out of this world in Hollywood, but in Bob Sterling's home town—Newcastle, Pa.—they're still getting stuck on each other. And Bob isn't streamlining his vocabulary or his personality to fit the Hollywood groove. Not that he's anybody's Mortimer Snerd. You ought to see the rumba he unleashes occasionally on Saturday nights at Mocambo! It's just that he's a wholesome, unaffected, honest guy who can't put on any other kind of an act.

Listening to him talk about his family, his philosophy of life, his taste in women, you know it's strictly the stuff. No artificial coloring added. His dad, he'll tell you proudly, is "Hub" Hart, an ex-catcher for the Chicago Cubs. (Making him the sole movie star's father who isn't for publicity purposes a tycoon of some sort.) He broke his knee going after a fast one and switched very successfully from baseball to golf. "Hub" was managing a Newcastle golf club before Bob transplanted the whole family (Mom, Pop and Sis) to Hollywood.

They're living in a nice little house in Beverly Hills until Bob can swing a place in the San Fernando Valley. "Nothing swimming pooly, you understand," he says quickly. "Just something with an acre or two around it where Pop can have a garden to putter in." "Pop" recently had a stroke and has kind of lost interest in things, but Bob knows he'll be fine again the minute he has a temperamental tomato or two to worry about. "Mom doesn't have to cook any more," he says wistfully, remembering her indescribable shortcakes. (*Continued on page 80*)

He idolized Garbo, profited by her advice on the set, lived for her applause.

Ann Sothern keeps him guessing, hired his sister Helen as private secretary.

Ward's araund that Jackie Coaper and Bun Granville will merge saan. En raute East with Pat Marisan!

Back fram a six weeks trip ta Mexica, Paulette trekked to New Yark where she charitably treated service men ta ane an Gaddard at each club she visited. Above, with Mary Martin.

Deanna Durbin, Irene Dunne and Bab Hope made things hum an this West Caast braadcast. Bab's just wan a dauble-award far the best pragram and the tapnotch camedy an the airways!

BY SYLVIA KAHN

VIEWS

Dietrich and Mature desert Hollywood for Braadway! Michele Margan inherits French railway depat! Bab Taylar minus a mustache!

The Awful Truth

With Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck looking back on eons and eons of marvelous matrimony, it's kind of funny to recall The Incident that nearly split them up.

Years ago, when Bob and Barbara first put their hearts on the griddle and announced they were meant for each other, their love idyll was suddenly disrupted by the appearance of Another Woman! This young person, a well known character-about-town, telephoned local reporters one black midnight and informed them that she, and not Miss Stanwyck, had taken dinner with Mr. Taylor that very evening!

The reporters, eager as ever for a smack of scandal, smeared the tidbit over their papers, hinting a bust-up, quarrels, jealousies and similar tripe for Barbara and Bob. They knew their informant was publicity-mad, but they were positive she wouldn't dare give them a bum steer.

Faced by a hurt and angry Barbara, Bob flatly denied the story. He insisted he had never dated the girl! However, the young lady, pinned down by the newspaper scribes, declared herself willing to swear on a stack of Bibles that she and Mr. Taylor had dined tête-à-tête!

Finally the controversy reached such major proportions, Bob's studio stepped in and appointed a special representative to get to the bottom of the matter. The movie colony waited with bated breath for the outcome of the investigation: At last the representative emerged bearing the all-important communique.

"Mr. Taylor did dine with the young lady in question," he admitted wearily. "The meeting took place in Schwab's drugstore. Bob was seated at the counter eating a plate of soup and some scrambled eggs. The girl saw him and moved into the next stool. They exchanged a few words. After he finished his coffee, Bob went home. That's all there was to it. The girl has caused us considerable dismay—but she has been telling the truth!"

Micraphabias

Not all ether fright is suffered on the operating table. In Hollywood's Radio City where ether means waves, and not fumes, the mere mention of the word causes panic. For great movie stars who can meet a mob of fans or a horde of wolves without flexing a finger, go limp at the thought of facing a network microphone.

To dispel ether fear, Jack Benny stuffs a stogie between his teeth before every broadcast, only removing it to mouth his lines . . . Irene Rich nearly pulverizes her pencil . . . Red Skelton twists his hat around and around and winds up wearing it upside down. It slays the studio audience, but it also relaxes Red's nerves . . . Bette Davis always arrives for a show with an old

Thot Jeanette MocDonold-Gene Roymond romonce continues bigger ond better thon ever. Gene's volentine to her wos o recording of his new love song, which is dedicoted to wife Jeanette!

Except for one broodcast with Ty Power, Moureen O'Sullivon constantly bedside-nursed hubby Johnny Forrow, stricken in the Conodion Novy. He's goined 10 lbs., plons to direct o pic soon!

High school junior Joan Leslie plays a college senior in "The Male Animal." Off-screen she's one of Hollywood's most active Red Cross workers.

GOOD NEWS

CONTINUED

hankie clutched in her fist. She rolls and re-rolls it and, before she's through, has it torn to shreds . . . Ann Rutherford is another shredder. Her script looks like confetti when she finally puts it down . . . Barbara Stanwyck takes her shoes off . . . Joan Crawford's "mike" appearance is a signal for the prop men to start working. Before Joan will face the Demon Ether Wave, a wooden chair must be nailed to the floor. Joan grips it for dear life while she's acting and collapses into it when she's through.

Didja Know

That General Douglas MacArthur's first wife is the present spouse of Movie Villain Lionel Atwill . . . That the Mocambo, star-packed by night, is used by day as a rehearsal hall for Army camp shows . . . That Jean Gabin, man of the people, has thumbs-downed all dress-up roles? Says one sophisticated Frenchman in Hollywood is enough—and Mr. Boyer is filling the bill very nicely . . . That great actress Helen Hayes has two cows on her farm—one, a beautiful, big-eyed Jersey named Bette Davis, and the other, a sad-faced Holstein called Edna May Oliver . . . That George Sanders is scowling at future "Falcon" roles? Claims he rates nothing but "A" productions from now on . . . That Bill Gargan and wife were remarried in Palm Springs on their 14th wedding anniversary . . . That Barbara Stanwyck thinks her husband looks "just awful" since his mustache bowed to a razor?

That even when they're working at the same studio, Ann Sheridan and George Brent scootle home to spend their lunch hour

Besides second-lieutenonting ond movie-moking ("G-2") for the oir corps, Jimmy Stewort defended Chorlie McCorthy ot his "court-mortiol" oiring!

As soon as Freddie Brisson gets his citizenship papers, he'll start army service. Wife Roz cooks one dinner a week on her own hook!

Now thot Woyne Morris hos turned Ensign, U.S.N., it's mostly hoil ond forewell for him ond wife Pot O'Rourke. Meonwhile, she's coreering.

far from the maddening crowd . . . That Lew Ayres is crooning sweet airs to his new leading lady, Ann Ayars?

That the cute little seven-month-older you'll see with Richard Carlson in "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" is Dick's own son. Baby's salary will go to the infantile paralysis fund . . . That Gary Cooper, Hollywood's Number One Silent Man, made a 15 minute speech in L. A.'s Pershing Square, urging the crowd to buy defense bonds . . . That Michele Morgan recently fell heir to a railway station in Arles, a city in Southern France . . . That the only way Alexander Korda could get to England was to buy the bomber that took him there and donate it to the government on his arrival!

Lucky Partner

We don't know why everyone picks on Errol Flynn. Just because his screen heroism is an endless wonder, local townsfolk expect daily demonstrations of bravery in his private life!

What folks don't seem to realize is that being brave at a studio all day is hard work, and a guy can't go around battling Indians and pirates in his off-hours, too. Anyway, what Errol needs in his private life isn't fearlessness—it's strategy. Ever since his separation from Lili Damita, he's had to face an army as determined as any Custer ever met. Only Errol's assailants aren't soldiers—they're women. And you can't go after them with a six-shooter!

One of Errol's slickest methods of warding off the gals who hope to become the second Mrs. Flynn, is the scheme he's developed with Bruce Cabot, his apartment-mate. Whenever an ambitious female pleads for his phone number, Errol gives her one which is listed in Bruce's name. Bruce answers all calls that come into the apartment and, if Errol is avoiding a girl, tells her Flynn isn't with him, and he doesn't know where he can be reached. If she's a little dish Errol happens to approve, Bruce tells her he's visiting a friend at such-and-such a number—which happens to be the phone across the room. Errol waits patiently for her second call and, unless the gal's bright, she never even knows she's on his private line!

Unfortunately, the stunt has bad as well as good points. While it rids Errol of countless undesirables, it has also lost him many a worthy date. Bruce, it seems, extracts payment for rendering his services by telling the choicer morsels that Flynn has gone to Alaska—but don't go away now, Gorgeous, Cabot is available!

Rhumbatism

Mind you, we don't endorse it. But if you know anyone who's troubled with rheumatism, you might pass on this proven cure, authorized by Gary Cooper's mother.

Mrs. Cooper, a spritely young thing, aged 68, was afflicted with rheumatism two years ago. She was immediately provided with the best in medical attention and, being a responsive patient, managed to find some relief in her doctors' treatments. But not enough. She was accustomed to activity and couldn't bear being left a semi-invalid. So when a new physician advised her to take up dancing, she hopped to it—literally!

It must have worked because the other afternoon, Mrs. Cooper, tall and stately and looking every inch the dignified grandmom, arrived at the monthly meeting of the Motion Picture Mothers of America Club with her dancing instructor in tow—and for one solid hour wowed the assemblage with her snappy interpretations of the conga, rumba and samba!

In the audience, Mrs. Anna MacDonald, Jeanette's mom; Mrs. Anna Le Sueur, Joan Crawford's mother; Mrs. Nell Panky, Mickey Rooney's "best girl," and a dozen others, sat pop-eyed with amazement. When it was all over, Mrs. Lela Rogers, whose daughter, Ginger, is no terpsichorean washout herself, was seen staggering to the telephone "to warn Astaire!"

Name-Calling

Anna Lee's new daughter (her second) has been tagged Caroline after the giddy heroine of Anna's first American movie "My Life With Caroline" . . . Martha Scott's baby (her first) has been christened Carleton Scott Alsop, in honor of his pappy, Carleton Alsop . . . And the Oscar Levants wire that their expected heir (they already have a daughter) will be called Quiz Kid if it's a boy—Question Mark, if it's a girl!

A Woman Scorned

Hollywood has its eyes riveted to the romance of that well-known movie duo whose marriage has been predicted for the past two years. According to their own admission, the pair have been living for the day the divorce of one of them would be final, leaving them free to bee-line to the preacher. (*Continued on page 102*)

In Johnny Weissmuller's latest, "Tarzan's Secret Treasure," he sticks exclusively to a 97-word vocabulary. Above, with the missus at the Kelly shindig.

Nancy and her dad threw a huge party for Mamma Kelly on her recent birthday, invited hordes of Hollywood chums. Mr. K.'s in the business end of the theatrical business while Mrs. is an ex-actress of note!

For this surprise birthday gift to Gearge, Ann had ta have blueprints made by an expert in miniatures. She ond her co-canspiratar made several secret trips ta the harbor ta check details and perfect scoling.

Ann and Gearge must O.K. each ather's staries before production begins. On the Worners' lat, his "In This Our Life" ond her "Juke Girl" possed muster right off.

Ever since the Brent-Sheridan tie-up, Gearge's Russian walfhaund and Ann's French poodle have fought with each other like mad. The poodle was a gift fram Gearge, wha is an authority an dogs af all natianalities.

THE MARRIAGE THAT COULDN'T HAPPEN

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

George Brent and Ann Sheridan gave each other the double-decker freeze from the start . . . so of course marriage was out of the question!

● Once upon a time—as all good love stories should begin—in a little town in Texas, there lived a lanky tomboy with red hair and the confetti of freckles across her nose. Her name was Clara Lou Sheridan. Every time a Gary Cooper picture played at the local movie, she sat through it until she had it nearly committed to memory. Her taste was strictly on the rugged side—she liked her entertainment bang-bang and giddyap, with the villain exceedingly dead at fade-out.

However, when she sought amusement on the suave side, her hero was a young and dashing leading man. Although his parts were limited to drawing room comedy (he himself says, "For seven years I've been the set-dressing against which beautiful women were photographed"), all accounts of his private life indicated a past that would recommend him to a lively girl from Texas. As a youngster, he had been the courier for Michael Collins, the Irish revolutionary who was eventually executed. At this time, a price was placed on George's head, so the kid proved the value of his cerebral equipment by going to the one place considered unlikeliest by the authorities—London. From there he got to the United States. Because of this evidence, Clara Lou decided that the guy must be okay in spite of his fancy clothes, so she tacked up a picture of George Brent beside that of Gary Cooper.

The Brents were importants at the opening of the U.S.O. Recreational Center in Hollywood. Ann donated for scrop iron a medal which the Thailand government oworded her several years back

Lap dissolve to 1936:

Clara Lou has lost her lanky look, her freckles and even her original tag. She is now Ann, and—irritated as it makes her—the name Sheridan is frequently coupled with the noun "oomph." Gary Cooper is still her favorite actor, but she has caught glimpses of the Brent man on her home lot and found him even more attractive off-screen than on.

However, George came on the set one day—where Ann was working in a picture with Jimmy Cagney. Naturally, Mr. C. took George over to present him to Miss Sheridan, who was playing a portable phonograph and practicing athletic dance steps.

"How do you do, Mr. Brent," Ann said, extending a hand capable of the grip of an oarsman.

"How do you do, Miss Sheridan," answered George, returning as good a grip as he got.

Ann noticed his hands with approval. They hadn't the soft palms of the actor; they were calloused, brown and muscular from tennis and boxing. She waited for her original good impression to be strengthened by some amusing conversation.

But that day George was busy talking politics with Jimmy. George, when he discusses taxes, administration and government, is entirely the Irish Republican who became an American Republican. Ann is a southern Democrat. She listened as long as she politely could, then murmured an excuse and dissolved from the spot. "There," she told herself, "is a stuffed shirt and how! A dead-pan guy without a laugh in his whole system."

Mr. Brent thought, "Strictly jitterbug, but her eyes are magnificent. It's too bad that she's so shallow."

THE MARRIAGE THAT COULDN'T HAPPEN

CONTINUED

Lap dissolve to 1942:

Mrs. George Brent (née Ann Sheridan) is seated on the platform at a Warner Brothers' rally along with several officials. Stars and employees file into the meeting. Ann, chaffing the person seated next to her, still manages to keep an eye on the door. Finally George comes in. He lifts his hand in a small salute and Ann waves.

Apparently two inconsequential greetings, but between them flashes a long, uncensored look: a look as old as rain and as new as tomorrow's violets. A look that is fine and clean and lovely as sunlight. A look that only a man and a woman in deepest love can exchange.

P. S. The lady's favorite actor is still Gary Cooper, which proves that a wife can be loyal to her husband without giving up her girlhood hero.

Puzzle: What happened between that refrigerated meeting in 1936 and the Warner rally in 1942 to make it possible for George to place a ring on Ann's third finger, left hand?

The romance, having started at zero, rapidly progressed to zero-zero. They couldn't see each other for frost. They nodded when they met on the lot; they spoke when they unexpectedly bumped into each other in the commissary. But you probably write to your congressman oftener than Ann thought of George or vice versa.

Then, on December 31, 1939, Mrs. Jack Warner gave a party to welcome 1940. Ann says, "Everyone was there—but everyone!" She was seated at a table where stories were being exchanged—typical Hollywood stories, not off-color, but strictly cockeyed. The story about the bird who got caught in a badminton game. The story about the man who wouldn't jump out of a thirteenth story window because he was superstitious.

George ambled over to the table. He listened and laughed politely, but mainly his expression was deadpan. Finally, when a lull occurred, he started a story of his own. This special (which Ann says she has subsequently heard again and again) is a drawn-out history of a talking dog. It has more verses than Old McDougal had animals, and is just about as sensible. George talked on, suavely, smoothly, as only George can. People began to hold their ribs, two cases of laughing apoplexy occurred, and one man nearly strangled of mirth while deadpan Brent talked on.

It was then that Ann discovered one of George's greatest assets. "It's the thing of this twinkle. His entire face remains calm and almost without expression, but his eyes simply dance!"

The next day he asked Ann to have dinner with him on the seventh of January at Harry's Steak House. She said yes, thank you.

On the way home that night she said, "You had me fooled. I really didn't credit you with such a swell sense of humor. How come this dead-pan stuff?"

Tipping back his head, as George does when he allows himself to laugh, he said, "If you'd spent as much time on legit as I have, you'd know how necessary a dead-pan is. For years I had callouses on the inside of my cheeks from closing my jaws hard on the flesh to keep from laughing. It's (*Continued on page 90*)

George hos to go cruising on his friends' boats nowodoys! He'd plonned to honeymoon on his own yocht, but he hod junked his dld engine, ond Wor priorities prevented him from buying o new one.

For that Spring-Lovely Look

POND'S TWIN BEAUTY SPECIAL

Luxurious enough for a princess—soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream is priced for thrifty purses! Use this smooth-as-silk cream for your daily Pond's glamour care. Slather it thick over your face and throat. Tissue it off. "Rinse" with lots more Pond's. Tissue it off again. Do this *every* night—for daytime cleanups, too. Lovely how Pond's takes off every little smitch of soil—leaves your skin so much softer, so much smoother!

Gossamer-light Pond's NEW Dreamflower Face Powder! Your choice of 4 flattering new Dreamflower shades, each blended to give your face a magic touch of glamour-soft color. New smoothness that lends a dreamy "misty-soft" quality to your skin. Adorable new Dreamflower box! The 28¢ size is *free* with your purchase, at the regular price, of the medium-large jar of Pond's Cold Cream in this Pond's Twin Beauty Special!

Get these Two Delightful Beauty Aids—for the Price of the Cream alone

You'll find this Pond's Twin Beauty Special at your favorite beauty counter—the Cold Cream and Powder conveniently packaged together to take right home. Don't wait—this offer is for a limited time. You pay only for the Cold Cream (the medium-large size)—the 28¢ size box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder comes with it free—a gift to you from Pond's!

● "I just love Pond's Cold Cream. It makes my face feel so fresh, clean and soft," says Ann Swanson of Washington, D. C.—one of Pond's lovely engaged girls.

● "I'm so pleased with Pond's new Dreamflower Powder! The texture is lovely—fluffy as air—but so clinging! And the box is simply sweet!" says beautiful Geraldine Spreckels, of the famous California family.

Free *28¢ size Pond's Dreamflower Powder with purchase of medium-large jar of Pond's Cold Cream at the regular price. Such a large jar for so little. At your favorite beauty counter. Sold only in this convenient package, this Twin Beauty Special is for a limited time only.*

Susan Hayward
in
REAP THE WILD WIND

Hold that Smile

BY CAROL CARTER

Carol Adams—Republic player

Give those sparklers of yours the care they deserve if you want the kind of smile that is always young, confident and engaging. Here's how you can do it!

What happens when you smile? Are you suddenly prettier and more animated, or is your beauty dimmed by teeth that aren't all they ought to be?

Radiant, even teeth are important to you, no matter what your ambitions or dreams—whether you hope to be a movie star, to make a success of your job or to hold your boy friend's affection. They make themselves visible with every word you speak, every smile, every wholehearted laugh—and if they are bright and lovely, they add sparkle to your personality. Happily enough, well-cared-for teeth are the useful ones, too, for it takes strong, regular teeth to cut, shred and chew food thoroughly for easy digestion and consequent good health.

If your teeth are just average—neither assets nor liabilities—or if their irregularities make you self-conscious about smiling, they don't have to stay that way. You can make them healthier and brighter by regular cleansing and polishing, daily massage and proper nourishment. And their imperfections can be corrected by dentistry.

Teeth, you know, consist of three principal parts—dentine, enamel and cementum. Dentine is a semi-hard, elastic substance, which comprises the major portion of each tooth and inside of which lies the nerve. Enamel —the hardest material your body produces—encases the part which shows above the gum, while cementum covers the root. When these outer coverings become injured in any way, then your tooth troubles begin, and you make a flying trip to the dentist. Incidentally, he's the one person in your life you should visit twice a year, for he'll clean your teeth thoroughly of stubborn deposits that mar your smile, and he'll check defects before they have a chance to cause you serious difficulty.

But the major job of tooth beautification depends on you. There's nothing glamorous about brushing your teeth, but it's the best smile brightener we know. Choose a brush that's small enough to reach all corners of your mouth, and whose bristles are firm and long enough to penetrate and cleanse all the tiny little crevices and depressions in your teeth. Then, use it after every meal. Whether you use paste, powder or liquid dentifrice is a matter of your own choice, but select one whose texture and flavor leaves your mouth feeling clean and fresh. Then, you'll never be tempted to forego that important service to your teeth.

Hold your brush at a 45-degree angle to your teeth and stroke from the gums toward the biting edges, both inside and out. Then, scour the chewing surfaces thoroughly. Concentrate on two or three teeth at a time, then move on to the next group until all thirty-two of your precious sparklers are thoroughly scrubbed.

If you want your brush to do a good cleansing job for you, do the same for it. After every use, rinse it thoroughly in cold water and hang it where air can get to it. It's a good idea to keep two brushes handy and alternate their use, so one will always be dry and firm. If you work away from home, keep another in your desk, locker, or some other convenient place, so your smile will be as bright after luncheon as it was in the morning. You'll be glad to have a brush handy when you have a special date after work. The effective life of any tooth brush is only as long as the (*Continued on page 89*)

Brush your teeth frequently during the day with a firm-bristled brush and your favorite dentifrice.

Use dental floss carefully every day to clean hard-to-get-at spaces between your teeth.

Keep your mouth and breath fresh and clean by using a mouth wash after every meal.

Chew gum to exercise gums and mouth muscles and to help keep teeth bright and sparkling.

New . . Luscious! Pond's Dreamflower Powder

New Shades—Radiant! They do *more* than merely match your skin! New Dreamflower shades throw a lovely veil of glamour-soft color over your face!

New Smoothness—Luxurious! Dreamflower's fragrant new silkiness clings tenderly . . . Gives skin a wonderful "misty-soft" look!

New Box—Adorable!
Gorgeous big box—only 49¢!
2 smaller sizes, too.

"Pond's new Dreamflower Powder is delightful. It has everything a powder should have —lovely shades, delicate, smooth texture and such a pretty box!"
MISS FERNANDA WANAMAKER

10¢
Also a larger size

Discovered!
Pond's "LIPS"
New! Stays on Longer
Smash-success new lipstick in 5 "Stagline" shades. Yummy colors that stay on and on!

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I should love to try *all* of the new Dreamflower Powder shades so I can be sure of finding the one that is perfect for my coloring. Will you please send me *free samples* right away?

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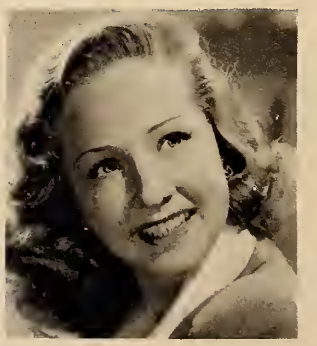
*My address*_____

(Offer good in U. S. only)

modern screen's smile chart . . .

FOR	DO THIS	USING THESE AIDS
Radiant Teeth	Brush your teeth faithfully after every meal with a reliable dentifrice—either paste, pawder ar liquid. Cancentrate an two ar three teeth at ane time, brushing from gums ta biting surfaces, bath inside and aut, then ga an ta the next graup. In arder ta have a dry, firm-bristled brush each time, keep two gaad brushes an hand. Dental flass should be used daily, tao, ta remave faad particles, etc., that accumulate between the teeth. Rinse and cleanse yaur teeth and mauth regularly with a gaad mauth wash. Chewing gum alsa helps ta keep teeth bright.	Dentifrice—either paste, pawder or liquid type, 2 firm-bristled brushes, dental flass, mauth wash, chewing gum.
Healthy Gums	Brush and stimulate yaur gums daily, when brushing yaur teeth. Alsa, massage them daily with yaur dentifrice and a special rubber gum massager ar yaur finger wrapped in clean gauze. Chewing gum and eating hard, crisp faads are ather gaad exercisers. A gaad mauth wash will alsa help ta saathe inflamed mauth tissue and will rinse faod particles fram yaur gums.	Dentifrice, gum massager, clean gauze, chewing gum, mauth wash.
Firm Chin Contours	Rub a rich lubricating cream aver your thraat and chin in upward and autward mavements. Using the backs of your hands, slap under chin briskly. Then apply bracing skin taner ar astringent. At night, apply a rich naurishing cream ta thraat area and leave it on while yau sleep. Chewing gum vigarausly is another gaad malder af lavely chin cantaurs.	Lubricating cream, naurishing cream, chewing gum.
Fragrant Breath	Tharaugh cleansing af teeth as autlined abave is mast impartant, but ta tharaughly cleanse the mauth af faad particles and ta neutralize faad adars, be sure ta use a gaad mauth wash after every meal. Swish the salution araund in yaur mauth a minute ar more. Chewing gum will alsa help to keep yaur breath clean and fresh. Drink citrus fruit juices and plenty af water.	Dentifrice, 2 firm-bristled brushes, dental flass, mauth wash, chewing gum, fruit juices, water.
An Engaging Smile	Make up yaur lips becamingly by selecting shades to suit yaur skin calaring and castume. Keep yaur lips soft by lubricating at night with naurishing cream ar lip pamade and by cleansing lips tharaughly with cleansing tissue and cream before every application af lipstick. Be sure ta use a dentifrice regularly so yaur smile will reveal clean, sparkling teeth. Chew gum ta keep mouth muscles exercised and mabile. Yaur breath is always kept fresh by using mauth wash regularly.	Harmonious lip make-up, lip pamade ar rich naurishing cream, cleansing tissue, cleansing cream, teeth cleansers, chewing gum, mauth wash.

Virginia Gilmore will appear in 20th Century's "Sundown Jim."



Bonita Granville did a fine job in "H. M. Pulham, Esq."

Linda Darnell will be seen in the "Loves of Edgar Allan Poe."

Help your BEAUTY *bloom this Spring!*

Give your skin Ivory "baby-care," doctors recommend

Help yourself to a fresh complexion . . . to go with your new spring clothes. Use as your model of skin perfection the Loveliest Complexion in all the world . . . baby's own!

Do as you do for baby . . . take doctors' beauty advice! Give *your* skin, too, the gentle daily care of New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory Soap . . . now *milder* and faster-lathering than ever!

What finer beauty-care could *your* complexion have than that advised by doctors for baby's lovely skin?

Make your skin **SPRING FRESH**

Avoid WINTER-DRIED "flakiness"

Help bring spring's bloom to your skin by "babying" it this way *every night:* With New Ivory's creamy, quick lather (lukewarm, never hot!) gently massage your skin upward, following facial contours. Warm rinse. Pat dry. Since your skin is "winter-dried" apply lightly a little cold cream.

Avoid OILY-SKIN drabness

Since oily skins tend to *hold* dirt, give yours this *thorough* spring-cleansing each night and morning: Work up a cleansing-mask of quick, thick Ivory lather on your face. Then *scrub* with a washcloth. Rinse. Repeat Ivory-mask cleansing. Warm rinse, then cold. Let New Ivory be spring to your beauty!

I'M MOSTLY COMPLEXION—

To help keep *my* sensitive skin perfect, Doctor recommends New Ivory Soap. It's an improved Ivory — milder than ever, and contains no dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.

ENJOY "BABY-CARE" ALL OVER!

Sink back into a caressing sea of "velvet suds" that quickly creams off your big white floating Ivory cake. Every pore responds to gentle Ivory! Then you step out to untroubled sleep . . . and waken with "Spring-Fresh" beauty!

99 44/100 % PURE IT FLOATS

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care . . . use *New Velvet-suds* IVORY

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

Ladies!

HERE IS SUCH A SPECIAL

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

TO READERS OF THE MODERN SCREEN

WE HOPE YOU DON'T MISS A WORD OF IT

SEND YOUR NAME...WE'LL SEND THE RINGS

SEND NO MONEY

MAIL COUPON TODAY...TEST 10 DAYS ON GUARANTEE OF FULL SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK! The beautiful, sentimental solitaire has a gorgeous, brilliant center replica, nearly ¾-karat size and two dazzling replicas on each side. The mounting reproduces in fine detail the same popular ring styling which has been the rage from Miami to Hollywood. It is the ring of youth, of love, of affection. You have your choice of genuine sterling silver or yellow gold-plate mountings. Remember, we're not trying to tell you these are real diamonds. The originals would cost $100.00, $200.00 or perhaps more. But these replica diamonds *ARE* one of America's greatest imitations. Not too big, not too flashy, it takes the closest inspection to tell the difference. Stage stars, celebrities, social leaders and millionaires don't risk their precious originals but wear replica diamonds without fear of detection.

The solitaire is offered to you for only $1.00. The solitaire and wedding ring to match are specially priced at only $1.69 . . . the perfect pair for only $1.69. Send no money. Just mail the coupon below and deposit $1.00 for the solitaire alone or $1.69 for both the solitaire and wedding ring, plus 10% Federal Excise Tax, and postage charges. Inspect these beautiful replica diamonds. Wear them, see how real-like they sparkle, how amazingly brilliant they are, how envious your friends may be. Convince yourself—compare these replica diamonds with originals. Consider them on-approval, on free trial for ten full days. Then, if you can bear to part with your rings, if you aren't satisfied in every way, return them and get your money back for the asking. Don't wait, but mail the coupon, today!

THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept.504, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR RING SIZE

Use the chart below. Cut out the strip accurately, wrap tightly around middle-joint of ring finger. The number that meets the end of the chart strip is your ring size. Mark it down on the coupon.

Send a Letter or Order From Convenient Coupon

Ladies . . . have you ever wished to own an expensive diamond ring? Well, you know that the marching armies of Europe have brought the diamond centers of the world to a virtual standstill. With genuine diamond prices shooting skyward, it might be a long, long time before your dreams come true. But here's amazing news. If you act now, today, you can obtain a beautiful solitaire *replica* diamond ring, nearly ¾-karat solitaire, one of America's greatest imitations, in a gorgeous sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, during one of the greatest value-giving advertising offers in all history! Simply mail the coupon below. Inspect this remarkable solitaire replica diamond, wear it for 10 days. If you aren't delighted in every way, you need not lose a penny!

HAVE YOU EVER WISHED TO OWN A BEAUTIFUL EXPENSIVE-LOOKING REPLICA DIAMOND SOLITAIRE?

Just think! No other type ring so beautifully expresses the sentiment of true love as a solitaire . . . a replica diamond solitaire, gleaming in its crystal white beauty . . . exquisitely set in a sterling silver or yellow gold-plate ring that proudly encircles "her" finger . . . the perfect symbol of life's sweetest sentiment . . . an adorable token of love and affection. Replica diamonds are decidedly new and very fashionable. So closely do they resemble real diamonds in flaming, dazzling colors, the average person can scarcely tell them apart. So you, too, should inspect this replica diamond solitaire. Mail the coupon, see for yourself that it is one of the world's most popular ring styles. Consider your replica diamond on-approval for ten days. If it doesn't amaze you and your friends, return it and you aren't out a penny.

"The Perfect Pair"

The solitaire replica diamond ring, in either a sterling silver or gold-plate mounting is offered at $1.00. The wedding ring to match is only 69c extra, both the solitaire and matching wedding ring for only $1.69. Mail the coupon today.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODA

THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. 504, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, I

Send for my inspection and approval, replica diamond rings as check below. I will pay the postman amount indicated, plus postage on arrival, on t understanding I can return the rings for any reason in 10 days and you w refund my money immediately without question.

☐ Replica Diamond Solitaire—$1.00 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax
☐ Replica Diamond Solitaire and Matching Wedding Ring—Both For $1.69 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax

Size..... ☐ Sterling Silver ☐ Yellow Gold-Plate

Name.....
(print plainly)

Address.....

SPEAK OUT FOR BEAUTY

By Carol Carter

SPARKLING white teeth, anyone will tell you, are the first requisite of a beguiling smile. But don't count on their brilliance alone to dazzle your public.

The way you paint your lips, for instance, can make or break your smile. And a doubled or redoubled chin will deglamorize the most beaming countenance. Another thing—people associate your voice with your mouth, so it is important to sound as attractive as you look. And lastly, watch your mouth mannerisms, for as the colored mammies always tell the storybook belles, "Yo' has to ack pretty too, Honeychile."

Harmonious and artistic lip make-up can beautify and glorify your smile, so choose one of the clear new shades for spring that will highlight your coloring as well as your smile. If your skin has a golden tone, choose a lipstick with an orange-red cast, or if your complexion is pale or neutral with a faint pink tint, you will look your best in a shade slightly on the blue-red side. Clear red make-up is flattering to all skin types, whether golden tan, ivory or a pale neutral shade.

Rouge your upper lip first, then by pressing both lips together, transfer the color to your lower. Next, outline with your lip pencil and fill in again with color. Finally, remove the excess by taking an impression of your lip rouge on a cleansing tissue. As to shaping your lips, Hollywood make-up experts agree that you should avoid the appearance of a small mouth and thin lip line. On the other hand, if your mouth is too wide or too full, it is best not to outline lips to their fullest extent. If your mouth is of normal size and in correct proportion to your face, shape it clearly, keeping the corners turned up slightly. Use cream or pomade on your lips at night to keep them soft and alluring.

If you don't see what your voice has to do with beauty, try to imagine Deanna Durbin, the smiling Jean Arthur or Joan Fontaine with a strident, squeaky voice. The rich, effective timbre of their voices contributes to that subtle quality of personality just as a smile does. Men, too, comment (*Continued on page 88*)

Deanna Durbin's smile captures hearts. She's just back from a U.S.O. taur ta begin a new picture far Universal.

AROUND THE CLOCK IN COLOR

IF you are like any of the other girls we know, overcast morning skies mean a search through the closet for the brightest, most colorful thing you own. Many of you even have pet gloom chasers. A red felt beret that defies grey clouds or a vivid flower garden of a blouse. Diana Lewis, we hear, cherishes an emerald green flannel jacket for just that purpose. Color, whether unrelieved or sharply contrasted, does something to you. And just as important, it lifts the spirits of those who have to look at you. So these days, when even a sunny morning can turn droopy by grim noonday headlines, why not be smart and stock up on gloom chasers, every variety. The red calf shoes and green ones, too, seen everywhere around town, are doing their walking best to brighten the scenery. And even the conservative, navy-blue girls are giving in to signal green topcoats and violet wool suits. Color is rampant, and the prints are bold, just like we told you.

The southern cotton boll has gotten itself a new lease on life and is going places from morning till night, via the striking new cotton print, made into housecoats, evening dresses and

a wonderful three-piece play suit, including shorts, backless dress and bolero, which can be worn a number of ways. With its gay red background and white cotton bolls scattered here and there, this print is bound to pep you up and chase away the doldrums.

Red it is again, in a three-piece suit of spun rayon linen, with white rayon crepe shirt and trim little butcher-boy vest. There isn't any law that says you have to wear the white shirt with the suit, either. If you have one with stripes or flowers, give that a try.

Now that white has established itself as an around-the-year favorite, you don't have to wait for June to get into the Sunday special above, with panel and pockets of red roses done in dainty petitpoint—simulated, of course.

Perfect print ensembles are ever scarce. By perfect, we mean a print dress that hangs well and can stand by itself, combined with a jacket that converts the print into a smart street costume. The one above does all it should and more, with sailor collar and printed piping. Sprawling red and green palm leaves add a colorful splash to any background, be it sunshine or clouds!

By Elizabeth Willguss

For further fashian information, see page 88.

THEY'RE
Charming
Irresistible
THEY USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME AND LIPSTICK
Mother and Daughter . . . both glamorous, adored and admired wherever they go. Both accent their charm with the exotic lasting fragrance of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. A touch of Irresistible will make you divinely enchanting, unforgettable! Try it today. Now in adorable Mother's Day Box.
10¢ at all 5 and 10¢ stores
IRRESISTI
Mother
USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer . . . smoother . . . . . 10¢

MADE IN HEAVEN

(*Continued from page 37*)

kind of funny voice and a grip on my hand that hurt." And six weeks later they flew to Las Vegas with Brian and Marge Donlevy and were married "by a little one-armed man with a growling tummy. I cried through the whole thing, but Bill was so calm. Little did he dream, poor angel, what a heller he was getting."

Mrs. Holden's one claim to hellerdom is her heckly streak. She doesn't know what possesses her, but she simply cannot refrain from a well-placed heckle. They'll come out of a preview of one of Bill's pictures, and Brenda will be bursting with pride. She'll rave over it all the way home, and then suddenly she'll hear herself saying, "Too bad the old shuffling walk slipped in in that one spot." "Yeah," he'll say in such a miserable voice that she'll feel like biting her tongue off. And there's her silent heckling—a small tug at his tie, a yank at his collar. "It's my vice," she tells you with immense contrite eyes. You'd think she was Mrs. Al Capone or someone.

They live in a dream of an old English farmhouse with a flagstone walk and an acre of land. It has eight rooms, and only the dining room is "anything definite." It's French Provincial. The living room, two bedrooms, den and playroom are lovely mixtures of everything in the world. Bill and Brenda decorated the whole house themselves, and it has taken on a lot of their sort of slaphappy charm. There are pictures hung not quite straight, and pipe ashes lurking under carpets. But you only see the softness of all the colors and the comfortable sat-in look of the chairs and a kind of tangible happiness all over the place.

"Betcha," you think, "these walls have never heard a cross word uttered." It develops you're right.

battle cries . . .

"You simply can't get mad in this nice firesidey atmosphere, we discovered—but where we have really divine brawls is upstairs in the bathroom. Oh divine! We turn on the shower so that no one can hear us, then—mm—the yelling! For all of about five minutes you'd think Reno, Nev., was positively the next move. Then the whole picture will strike us so funny we just stare at each other and hoot."

Once in a while there'll be a killer-diller of a fight that no amount of shower-running will cure. Brenda will sulk off to bed and lie awake half the night brooding. Bill will have terrible nightmares and get up at dawn to write her one of his heartrending notes of apology. "Dear Ardis," he'll write (that's her real name, and he's never called her anything else), "I've been very stupid and I love you very much. Bill." He puts it on her pillow and contrives to get silently out of the house before she sees it. She wakes up, reads the note and cries her head off over his cuteness. "It's his big ugly writing that kills me, and his 'Dear Ardis'—never 'darling' or anything. Half the time the anticipation of one of those notes bedevils me into prolonging a fight overnight. Isn't that awful? I save the things—they're so Billish."

She has yet to get a real love letter out of him. They all begin "Dear Ardis," and go on to say how he is, and how is she? Then after several matter of fact pages, "much love, Bill." "That was the gist of them even when I was on location in Canada last July—a bride of three days!" Mrs. Holden's man Bill admits he's no Casanova. On the telephone however, he couldn't be more Charles Boyer. He phones her daily when they're separated, and they hang on the wire by the hour—knocking the living hell out of their poor budget. ("Serves it right, the damned old trouble-maker.")

That budget drives them crazy. They've somehow gotten into the toils of a fiend of a business manager whose motto seems to be, "If it's fun, it's out." To hear Brenda tell it, their entertainment allowance is virtually non-existent. "An ice cream soda here, a movie there. But splash? Never." As for clothes—well, once ages ago she binged and bought a stunning I. Magnin dress. She has since learned to loathe it, for she's still paying for the thing "out of this miserable, tiny little pittance that man allows me. Haven't had another stitch since, except this suit which I picked up for almost nothing." It sounds grim, but she looks like Mrs. Harrison Williams and they're saving enough money to let themselves retire before too, too long.

her bill . . .

Bill spends most of his clothes allowance on boogie-woogie records. "And God help us all when he's depressed," says Brenda. "He closets himself in the den for hours and plays every Duke Ellington he owns. Then he feels better and starts on Jimmy Dorsey. I happened to look in on him one night around three—not having laid eyes on him since dinner—and isn't he playing an imaginary drum! Then a piano, also phoney. And finally a sax like absolutely crazy. I often wonder how I got affiliated with him—I who ask only for a bit of Kostelanetz of a Sunday afternoon." We happen to know, though, she's aiding and abetting him every step of the way. Smuggles money from the food allowance to buy him albums of Count Basie and Bing. Funny, though, she doesn't associate Bill with jive. He's irrevocably tied up in her mind with "Begin the Beguine" and Cesar Franck's "Symphonic Variations," because those were the two pieces he kept playing for her the first night she was invited to have dinner at his house.

(*Continued on page 67*)

UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

Send todoy for the new, up-to-dote list of Hollywood stors with their correct studio oddresses. It is o convenient size to hondle or keep in a scrapbook. To receive o list, oll you hove to do is write to us ond osk for it, enclosing o lorge, self-addressed ond stomped envelope. Don't forget thot lost item, os no request con be complied with otherwise. Pleose send request to Informotion Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Modison Ave., New York, N. Y.

"A Whole Week Without Polish Chipping" *Mrs. Mervin Lane*

Hand MRS. MERVIN LANE

Polish NEW CUTEX "BLACK RED"

Time 7 DAYS AFTER MANICURE

After a whole busy week Cutex Nail Polish was still wearing like a dream—still sparkling like a dream on Mrs. Mervin Lane's lovely, long nails!

Mother of four active children, a successful illustrator and now a busy war worker . . . MRS. MERVIN LANE. No wonder she's so enthusiastic about the way Cutex stays on her nails! "At the end of a whole busy week there wasn't a chip or peel in my polish!"

Wear Cutex Sugar Plum, Gingerbread, Lollipop, Butterscotch, Sheer Natural, Black Red! See if you aren't thrilled with the way their beauty lasts! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in the U. S.

Northam Warren, New York

Wear CUTEX

APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR

Academy Award Winners!

Sixteen hundred poirs of eyes floshed an Livvy when Jaon's nome wos announced. See o resemblance?

Two-million-dallar Defense Band seller Dottie Lamaur with Novol Commander Bolton, T.C.F. go-between in current Service-film tie-up.

Maureen O'Haro ond husband Will Price smiled while her ca-workers in "Haw Green Was My Valley" won directing, acting honors.

Brendo Morshall and Cory Gront knew they weren't in the running, tolked colmly while awaiting results of 10,000 ballots counted.

by Helen Holmes

minutes longer or until chicken, onions and mushrooms are tender. (Reduce oven heat to moderate—350°F.—for this final cooking.) Remove chicken and vegetables to a hot serving platter, simmer juices in the casserole on surface of range until slightly thickened. Serve over the chicken.

The stars all enjoy the combination of chicken, vegetable and sauce in this next recipe. Sometimes use tender tips of broccoli or asparagus in place of spinach.

CHICKEN MOCAMBO

For this you will need large slices of cold chicken, so we suggest that you boil 1 or 2 chickens and reserve the breast meat. (The meat from the legs, wings etc., may be used for creamed chicken or croquettes.) Cut in slivers, about 12 blanched almonds. Brown them in butter. Add 2 to 3 cups chopped, well-drained spinach, which has been freshly cooked and well seasoned. Make 2 cups of well-seasoned white sauce of medium thickness, using rich milk. When slightly cool, add 1 tablespoon mayonnaise and 1 tablespoon whipped cream. Place spinach in bottom of a greased shallow casserole, arrange slices of chicken over it and pour sauce over all. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan type cheese and brown slightly under the broiler.

You'll also like this very simple recipe for Veal Scallopine, with sherry sauce.

VEAL SCALLOPINE

Purchase veal cutlets, ¼ inch in thickness, from very young veal. Allow 1 for each person to be served. Whack meat with the back of a heavy knife or potato masher to flatten it out. Dredge with flour, seasoned with salt and pepper. Fry in butter on both sides, until tender and golden brown, being careful not to let the butter burn. Remove meat from the skillet and place it where it will keep hot, while you prepare the sauce.

SAUCE

Put a pinch of white pepper in the skillet with ¼ cup of sherry wine. Simmer for two minutes. Add ½ pint of light cream or top milk and simmer until slightly thickened. Add a teaspoon of finely minced fresh spinach. Pour over the veal. Then taste what the cinema lads and lassies eat on their evenings out!

SALAD DE CICCO

(Omitted from last month's "House of Murphy" article)

Shred the hearts of 2 crisp heads of romaine and 1 head of lettuce into a large salad bowl. Make 12 1-inch croutons of French bread and fry them in olive oil. Rub each with garlic. Add to the greens, then break in 2 hot 2-minute coddled eggs. Toss together, then add the following ingredients in the order given, tossing until the greens are coated with the dressing.

½ cup olive oil
3 tablespoons wine vinegar
Juice 2 lemons
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
Dash of salt
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
12 anchovies (optional)

Serve on chilled plates with a sprinkling of freshly ground pepper. Serves 4 to 6.

"Can't Make It— TODAY WAS WASH-DAY!"

Bill is beginning to wonder . . ."It's funny how Jane always folds after wash-day. I see other women . . ."

HOLD it Bill! Washing a tubful of clothes is no pushover. If you saw the time it takes, the way Jane has to rub—*and rub*—just to get your shirts clean, you'd get a shock.

She doesn't *have* to work so hard though. Not if she'll use Fels-Naptha Soap. Fels gives her a combination of gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap that gets dirt out *much* faster. No matter how it's ground in.

She won't spend so much time bending over the washtub if she uses Fels-Naptha Soap. She won't have to break her back, nor ruin her hands, *rubbing*. You'll have whiter shirts and they'll probably wear better . . .

We've been trying to get Jane to use Fels-Naptha Soap—like 'those other women.' Maybe you can persuade her.

Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA *banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"*

Don't "Soap" Your Hair!

GLORIFY IT WITH HALO!

Halo Shampoo Rids Hair of Dull Soap-film . . . Reveals Luster

WANT your hair to have that gleaming, burnished, radiant look men always admire? Then throw away your old-fashioned soapy shampoo! Try that amazing discovery for hair beauty . . . Halo.

All soaps—even the finest—leave a dulling soap-film on hair. A film like the soapy scum that collects in your wash-bowl. But Halo contains no soap, leaves not the slightest trace of soap-film.

Made with a patented new-type ingredient, Halo lathers freely, even in hardest water. Removes loose dandruff the first time! Rinses so perfectly you don't need lemon or vinegar.

Hair is easy to manage, too, after a shampoo with Halo. Easy to curl! Radiant with "life" and gloss, bright with natural color.

Get Halo Shampoo today at any toilet goods counter. 10c and larger sizes.

A Product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet

REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

SITROUX Triple-Tested CLEANSING TISSUES

SOFTER Say "Sit-True" for tissues that are as soft as a kiss on the cheek.

STRONGER As strong as a man's fond embrace. Sitroux is made from pure cellulose.

MORE ABSORBENT Drinks in moisture. Ideal for beauty care and a thousand and one uses everywhere.

AT 5 & 10¢—DRUG & DEPT. STORES

THE DIVORCE THAT COULDN'T HAPPEN

(Continued from page 31)

transforms the world. A couple of weeks later she ran in to her mother's room.

"Mother, mother, I want to bring John up. He wants to ask you something."

Mrs. Shirley was in bed. "Wait a minute, young woman. He may be your John, but I hardly know him. Do you mind if I dress?"

Hollywood was enchanted. Anne deserved the best, which was what she'd gotten in John Payne. He had looks and charm, kindness and breeding, and he obviously adored the ground she walked on. Bless you, my children, here's one Hollywood marriage that will stick.

wedded bliss . . .

I saw her three days after the wedding, and she radiated joy. She talked about the ceremony at Santa Barbara and about the phone call to John's people in Virginia. She bubbled over his brothers. "Now I feel I've got brothers, too. It's a wonderful feeling when you've been an only child for years."

But mostly she talked about John and the wonder and perfection of John, till you got the idea that to be eighteen and Anne Shirley Payne, head over ears in love with her husband, was the most glorious destiny ever allotted woman on this earth.

Well, most girls feel that way, you'll say, three days after marriage. All right, I saw Anne again over two years later, shortly before the birth of her baby. Her happiness seemed just as flawless. She was wearing a new gold bracelet, John's birthday gift. On the heart hanging from it, he had had inscribed: "To match the golden heart you already have."

She talked off the record about John that day, because they'd agreed on no more joint publicity. At the time of their marriage, Anne's position in pictures was established, John was a beginner. Since then, a year's contract at Warner's hadn't done him much good. Not till he went to Twentieth Century-Fox did his career start looking healthy.

He wanted to make his way as John Payne, not as the husband of Anne Shirley. There were to be no more Mr.-and-Mrs. stories. John would talk about anything but his wife and home. Their careers were to be divorced from their private lives. Anne was in full sympathy with his viewpoint.

So when she talked about John that day, it wasn't for publication. Now the reason for keeping it out of print is gone.

That old chestnut, career versus marriage, came up, and Anne laughed. For her there wasn't any versus. She had no burning ambition. She could be happy in pictures forever, she could also be happy if she had to quit tomorrow. Please don't think her ungrateful or disinterested. She was neither. She had the movies to thank for everything, including her present happiness with John. If they threw her out next week, she'd still be grateful. She couldn't expect a million years. She was no raving beauty like Miss Jane Tiddledypush. And if it ever came to choosing between husband and career, what *was* a career? The end of an option, and good-bye. A husband, said Anne, was for life.

She and John had everything they wanted. Which didn't include a town car or a choice assortment of jewels or a yacht. If they ever got such things, it would be very nice. If not, it would still be very nice. She didn't want to sound like a sweet little nitwit, making Pollyanna noises. The fact remained that she didn't see how people with yachts and diamonds could get any more fun out of life than she and John got. It was fun to take walks or pick flowers in the garden or see a good picture or lie on the beach, worrying only about what kind of sun-tan they were getting—or run down to the delicatessen for food when the gang dropped in. Having fun was their hobby. They thought they had the finest friends in the world. "And I know," said Anne, "that I have the finest husband."

Anne's mother, a wise and lovely woman, thought so, too. Anne was so young when she married. "Such a little girl," as Mrs. Shirley put it. To give such a little girl into a man's keeping was a serious thing. Yet she hadn't hesitated. She'd felt that the boy was right and that in the final analysis, Anne's marriage was her own business. She'd never held with women who felt they owned leases on the lives of their children. "Suppose I'd said no, and things turned out wrong. I'd always feel I'd stolen something from her." About John, she had no fear, only hope, that he was what she thought he was.

"He's better than I thought," she said. "He treats her like a little queen. When he looks at her, it's like being in church. After two and a half years, they're still moonstruck. Let them be together, and they don't know anyone else is around. John's more tender of her feelings than I am."

They'd gone, all three, to see "Pygmalion." Mrs. Shirley and John were crazy about it, Anne wasn't.

"Oh, it's just over your head," teased her mother.

"It's not either," John objected and, while Mrs. Shirley chuckled, found twelve good reasons why Anne shouldn't like the picture.

major calamity . . .

What happened in a year to strike at the roots of such happiness? Because we know now that it's almost a year since the possibility of divorce was first broached between them. Meantime, to romantics their marriage remained a symbol, proof that shining young love could flourish on Hollywood soil. After seeing "Remember the Day," I overheard a woman in the lobby tell her companion: "Grand guy, John Payne—married to Anne Shirley—four and a half years and still crazy about each other—" Next morning the separation was announced.

It staggered Hollywood. Never by word

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or sign had either of the two betrayed himself. There had been none of the customary underground rumblings. Mrs. Shirley herself—and no mother has ever been closer to a daughter—didn't suspect.

What happened in the course of that year? A girl like Anne doesn't divorce a man who treats her like a little queen and looks at her as if he were in church. All Hollywood asked the question. Only John and Anne know the answer, and they're not telling. Oh yes, they talked, and when they got through talking, you were still asking, why?

The known facts are few, the conjectures myriad. We know that the idea of divorce presented itself to Anne almost a year ago, and that John pooh-poohed it. His wife was a girl who thought for herself. Nothing happened to disperse the clouds, whatever their cause. On the contrary.

Anne finally reached the conclusion that, for John and herself, separation was best. But how about the baby? What would be best for Julie Ann? At last she figured it this way. Since she and her husband were no longer happy together, who could guarantee that they wouldn't break up a year hence, or two or five? The wrench would be minimized for a child of two and aggravated by each succeeding year. Having found that answer, there seemed nothing to wait for.

They'd been out to dinner one night. When they got home Anne said: "I've got something important to talk over with you."

John had six pages of new dialogue to learn for next day. Couldn't it wait till tomorrow?

"This is more important than new dialogue, John."

He knew then what she meant. They talked far into the night. John had to leave for the studio early. When he got back, she and the baby were gone—to her mother's, he concluded.

But she hadn't gone to her mother's. She'd rented a house with a big backyard. The house wasn't much to look at, but that didn't matter so long as the baby had sunlight and room to play. John took her and Julie back to the house where they'd lived together and moved his own belongings to a hotel.

If Anne doesn't mention the heartbreak through which she moved to her decision, it's because she has no instinct for self-dramatization or pity. Anyway, she doesn't have to. The pain is in her eyes. It's in John's, too. That's what makes the whole thing so incredible.

court proceedings . . .

The divorce papers cite mental cruelty—a legal phrase which may mean anything from a sock in the jaw to reading in bed. Anne calls it incompatibility. Most women speak of divorce in terms of the past—what the brute did to bring her to this pass. Anne speaks of hers in terms of the future.

"We just couldn't seem to be happy together any longer, and I think we're both nice enough people to deserve a happy life. Maybe we can find it alone or, eventually, with somebody else."

Each is quick in defense of the other. John says it must be his fault, it can't be Anne's. Anne says it's nobody's fault.

"We can't point to any one big cause of conflict, so people are going to find it for us, and we'll just have to bear it. But don't you believe them. I'm not in love with anyone else, nor is John. It's just a question of looking ahead five years or ten and doing what must be done now, however it hurts.

"I used to hoot and howl when newly-divorced couples said, we're the best of

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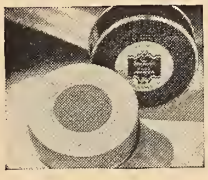

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friends. I used to think if I couldn't dream up a better one than that, I'd keep my mouth shut. Now I feel silly, because I can't. John's one of the nicest people I know. Then why am I divorcing him? Because we're still not happy."

Which brings us right back where we started. For three years they were blissfully happy. What stopped them?

Anne was unfortunately right on one point. People will look for reasons. One nasty rumor had John drinking. He met that charge in the open, if with understandable grimness. Yes, he took an occasional cocktail like you or me. But if someone would tell him how you could work for twelve solid months on end, always be there, always on time, always up in your lines and still be a drinker in the sense implied, he'd be glad to pass the formula on to those interested. For himself, he wasn't.

But the blame, he says, lies on his shoulders. Yes, Anne did bring up the possibility of divorce a year ago but he never believed it would happen. He hadn't been as attentive as he should, but after this picture, he thought, he'd have more time, they'd straighten things out.

blue world . . .

Then came another picture and still another, one overlapping the next, with John working through the twelve-week period of layoff, sometimes Sundays and evenings. No time for picking flowers, having the gang in. No time for people in the garden or lying on the beach or —who used to be more important than anything else. No time even for Anne.

Up at six, he'd reach home exhausted. He wasn't offering alibis or making excuses, just telling what happened. Anne's schedule happened to be less heavy. She'd be waiting at home. Instead of the gay considerate companion, in would come a man often too tired to talk. Or too grumpy for companionship, so that he'd go off by himself to read or write or work on his music. He remembers evenings when they'd planned to have dinner with friends, and because he couldn't face the effort of dressing, he'd let her go alone while he went out with the boys. Nor could he blame it all on overwork, says John. He's a moody guy, not too easy to get along with. Looking back, he can see how small slights, small omissions, small failures piled up till a barrier loomed between them.

That's how John explains it, and people make skeptical noises. It's not enough, they say. Anne's too understanding. She'd make every allowance for the strain of nervous fatigue. If that were all, things would never have reached an impasse. It's an explanation, they say, which doesn't explain. I'm sorry. It's the best I could get. You're at liberty to decide for yourself how to reconcile Anne's statement to Hollywood with what the papers reported her to have said in court—that John had been so rude of late to her friends, her mother and herself that she grew nervous and ill to the point where it was difficult for her to continue her work.

John is to see the baby whenever he likes. Anne sent her to him the first Sunday he was off. On that subject she's passionate. Julie's as much John's baby as hers, he loves her as well, he has an equal claim to her. To interfere between them would be wickedness.

It's been no fun seeing Anne or John or Mrs. Shirley these past weeks. They're three unhappy people, trying to keep their unhappiness to themselves. When you're hurt, your first impulse is toward flight, escape from torturing reminders. Anne and John escaped as soon as they could. The studio released John from a picture he was scheduled to make, and he went to his family in Virginia. The day after her interlocutory decree was granted, Anne left for New York to stay with Phyllis Fraser, her closest friend.

Hollywood watched them go and had nothing to say. Except that we're very, very sorry. Something lovely faded for all of us when their happiness faded.

JUKE BOY

(*Continued from page 35*)

inspiration," she says. "I couldn't get them in fast enough to murder them with milk and cookies." Mrs. Dorsey is sweet-faced and white-haired and very Irish. It's no wonder, you think the minute you've seen her, that the boys are crazy about her.

"Occasionally," she confesses, "I'd go strictly against their father's orders—God help me—and let them out of their practicing entirely. He'd go into town to some concert and tell me to see that they each ran through eight solos before bedtime. Or was it fourteen?—some tremendous figure anyhow. He'd hide their shoes so they couldn't go out. Well, I'd see the two poor little men blowing and blowing, their cheeks like tomatoes, and I'd slip out to the yard with their shoes and two dimes. 'Here,' I'd say. 'Go to the movies a while.' Then I'd quake for three hours imagining Tom, Sr., coming home unexpectedly and finding me out for the sinner I was."

Jimmy says he was about twelve before he could read a note of music, and keeping this item from his exacting dad was no picnic. He finally devised a scheme: numbering the keys on his cornet, then numbering the notes of the score. It was a most laborious operation, but Mr. Dorsey never got onto it and used to brag to his musician cronies about the "magnificent little sight reader" his James was. He never told the kids how proud he was of them, and they grew up completely oblivious to the fact that they were any way unusual. "We were never exactly heroes around the house," Jimmy grins. "Kind of the reverse, what with our terrific tempers and mediocre marks."

junior lady killer . . .

Maybe not around the house, James, but with the local gals a killer diller. A regular terror, we understand. When he was seven, he suddenly got into the habit of coming home from school at impossible hours, like six-thirty and quarter of seven. His straight hair would be mussed, and Mrs. Dorsey would wonder if she'd been seeing too many Theda Bara movies or *was* that lipstick all over his face.

"It's late, James."

"Yes'm."

"Were you kept in?"

"No, mom."

"Well, where were you till this hour?"

"I been playing 'Spin the Bottle.'"

Upon further grilling, it developed that the girls in first year high had taken to giving lots of parties after school at which Spin the Bottle was the piece de resistance. All of the males invited

were eligible fourteen-year-olds except Jim, who had captured their fancy and was always included.

Mrs. Dorsey would be just about to give him a terrible scolding when he'd shove his hands into his coat. "Here, Mom." He'd have every one of his pockets bursting with candy and cake, squashed and unappetizing. "I brung 'em for you."

"Brought, James," Mrs. Dorsey would say, hugging him. And the next day the infant Casanova would be off again enslaving more females.

Growing older, his interest in women waned and his fondness for music grew. The war broke out when he was ten, and he and Tommy fell in love with martial tunes. By the time the U. S. went in in 1917, they had quite a repertoire. "Hey, Mac," Jimmy said one day (Mac's still his name for Tommy), "let's follow those soldiers down to the station and play our stuff." So the two got out their trumpets and ran after the doughboys playing "Over There" and "Stars and Stripes Forever." Eventually they built the band up to five, and they got to be quite famous around Shenandoah, Pa., where they lived.

"That," says Jimmy, "was the original Dorsey Bros. band—and a stinker if you ever heard one." It was no stinker at all if the truth were known. In fact, John Phillips Sousa heard them play and thought them magnificent.

About this time, school was beginning to pall unspeakably. Music was in the kids' very bones, and they begrudged every second they had to devote to anything else. One lone day in high school sufficed to show Jimmy that algebra and Latin verbs were not for him, but that music definitely was. He swapped his Caesar for a saxophone and organized the Dorsey Novelty Six. Tommy was right with him, and before Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey could say boo, weren't they off to a Baltimore honky tonk for their first out-of-town engagement.

"That," says Jimmy, "was in the early 1920's. The F. Scott Fitzgerald post-war era of wine, women and racoon coats. Baltimore was sort of a mecca of early swing musicians, and I especially remember two red hot colored bands—The Louisiana Dixieland Five and Mamie Smith and her Jazzhounds! Gosh that name Jazzhounds tickled us. We kept wishing we'd thought of it. Novelty Six sounded practically Philharmonic by comparison, so we changed it to Dorsey's Wild Canaries. And did that pack 'em in!"

The band was paid $285 a week, and each member got $45 except the pianist, who got $60. "Not that he was any Paderewski. Damn bad, in fact, as I remember him. But he was married, and that was that." Jimmy and Tommy were about seventeen and fifteen at this point, right at the age where any sentimental attachment for home and mother is thoroughly squelched, and any correspondence with same is unthinkable.

big shots . . .

"Never a line out of them," says Mrs. Dorsey, "for months on end. The only way I knew they were still in the land of the living was that their laundry would come home occasionally." Sometimes she'd break down completely and call them up. "'Hello, Jimmy darling, how are you?' I'd say. 'What's that?' a tight little voice would come over the line. 'One moment, please.' Then I'd hear him telling the boys in the band that it was an important business call and to get out so's he could hear himself think. They'd leave, and he'd whisper

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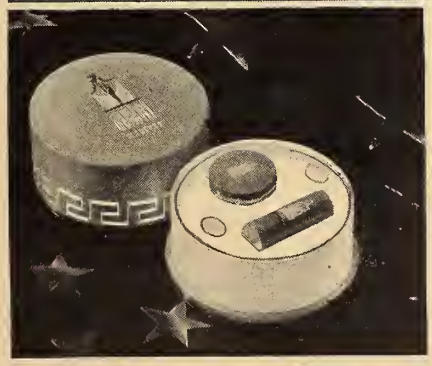

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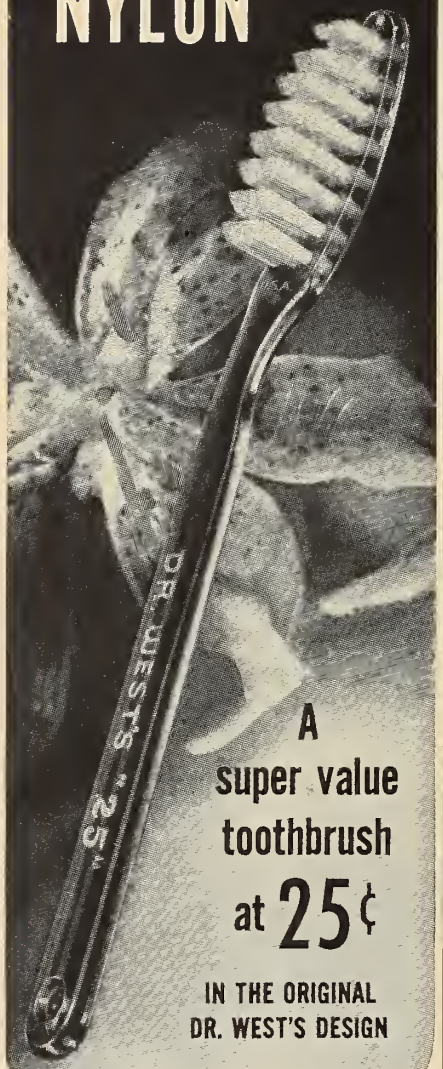

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into the phone, 'Gee, mom. How we gonna command any respect if the boys get on that you call us up? What are we, babies?' 'I just want to know are you keeping good and warm, and do you need your winter underwear yet?' He'd nearly go frantic at that. 'Christmas, Mom,' he'd hiss. 'It's hot down here. This is the South, remember? For the love of Mike don't send any of that stuff. The boys think the cookies and taffy you send is funny enough. Not that it's not swell, Mom—but good night—'

"The telephone operator used to listen to every word, and when I'd ring off, she'd call me back and we'd have a grand cry over them."

When they came home after that, their parents hardly knew them. They were men of the world. "Derby hats and everything, God help us," reminisces Mrs. Dorsey. "And rich as Croesus, the pair of them." From then on they were never home very much.

Jazz was in the air, loud and exciting. Whiteman and Lopez were its more sophisticated purveyors. And there was Bix Beiderbecke, who played a marvelous throbbing new kind of music later to be known as swing. Those were the days of the sensational all-night jam sessions at Plunkett's on Fifty-third Street. Jimmy used to leave his saxophone there after work, dash out for a shower and a bite to eat and come back and play till morning. Bix would be there, and Art Tatum and any number of spectacular colored musicians. They'd stimulate each other, and by three or four in the A. M. they'd be dishing up music that was out of this world . . . Those were the days when gangsters lurked in every night club, and hold-ups and murders were a dime a dozen. ("Closest I ever got to a 'gangster,'" says Jimmy sadly, "was when George Raft m-ceed for our band for a while.") . . . It was the era of fabulous money when a trip to Europe was about as unusual as a week-end in Atlantic City.

"Even I," Jimmy beams, "got to Europe. J. D. who'd never saved a nickel in his life." He'd married a darling little 18-year-old named Janie (a beauty contest winner, incidentally), and that was their honeymoon. "Exactly $1,800 it cost us, and we did it up right. London, Paris, Vienna—"

gay twenties . . .

The terrible twenties. Gay, mad and unforgettable. "Gee what a decade to grow up in! But musically speaking, the thirties were more exciting." Colored bands—Jimmy adores them—came into their own. Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway, Count Basie and Louis Armstrong. You couldn't miss their influence on the old Dorsey Bros. Orchestra which the boys led jointly from 1933 to 1936. And you can't miss it now in Jimmy's own outfit. He's captured something primitive and wild that few white bands have.

Kind of interesting the way the brothers split up. It was on Memorial Day, 1936, when they were playing at the Meadowbrook. Tommy was leading the orchestra, and the piece was "I'll Never Say Never Again." When it was over, some chap in the band said, "Gosh, Tommy. That was kind of fast, wasn't it?" "Much too fast, Mac," agreed Jimmy. Tommy strode over to his brother in a towering rage. Hot words sizzled back and forth, and eventually Tommy stamped off the platform. He didn't come back. Everyone tried to get them to patch it up, but to this day they aren't friends. ' (Though Jimmy says he thinks Tommy's the greatest trombonist the swingtime world has ever known.

Temperamentally, they're millions of miles apart. Tommy's the big-talker. Spiels off for hours about when he worked in the coal mines. Whereas Jimmy's the one who really did, but doesn't talk about it. Tommy's got the jitterbug jargon down cold. Everything's "solid" or "awreet." Jimmy's the chap who—when spoken to in terms of "gutbucket," "blackstick" and "ride"—says, "I don't know much about that stuff. I just blow." Tommy likes flash. His clothes are loud; he has a 32-room house in New Jersey; he dates Lana Turner. Jimmy dresses like a banker, lives in hotels and dates his wife consistently.

They were never soul mates, and each has hit new heights since the divorce. Jimmy sold 5,000,000 records for Decca last year, had nine song hits on his hands (Green Eyes, Maria Elena, Amapola, I Hear a Rhapsody, Jim, My Sister and I, Blue Champagne, Yours, and High on a Windy Hill) and got $75,000 for four weeks of film work on "The Fleet's In" —the biggest money ever paid to any maestro.

pampering papa . . .

All of which made him pretty happy. But you know what really gave him the most colossal kick of all? Being voted Outstanding Father in the Musical World. There was no standing him for days after the award was made. Jimmy—who just smiled kind of abstractedly when they told him his Maria Elena was the year's best-seller with over 1,000,000 sales—grinned and grinned when he heard about it. It's no secret what a nut he is about his ten-year-old daughter, Julie Lou. And vice versa. She's the only thing in his life he's not modest about. "I honestly think she's a little outstanding," he tells you the minute you give him an opening. "You know, pretty, bright. A marvelous kid. Not a bit musical though." She takes piano lessons but isn't so hot at it. Skates like a dream and never had a lesson in her life.

Last year she went to school in Connecticut, and the phoning to Daddy in New York was something scandalous. One night she called, insisting that he come for the Junior Prom the following Saturday. Jimmy happened to be rather tied up at the Hotel Pennsylvania right then, and tried to explain that Saturday night was quite a big night. Much tears and sobbing on the Connecticut end of the line. A very depressed Daddy on the New York end. "Goodbye, then—" almost hysterically. "Bye, honey."

That Saturday Mrs. Jimmy went up to school to bring her home for the week-end. The trip down was mostly devoted to Julie Lou's panning of Daddy. "But," said her mother, "you're too young to go to the dance even if he had been able to get away." "The big kids," announced Julie Lou, "said that if I got him there I could go to it and dance with everyone." "Ah, what a shame." "Oh, don't feel badly, Mommy. I'm used to it, now. This isn't the first time Daddy's loused things up for me. . ."

But let anyone else mention her pop with anything less than adoration, and oh boy! "He's the sweetest man in the world, the smartest, the most marvelous bandleader and the handsomest." Tyrone Power is also handsome in Julie Lou's eyes, but not mentionable in the same breath with Daddy. Glenn Miller is also a good band leader, but ditto. Once she went to the New York Paramount and heard some other orchestra play "Flight of the Bumblebee"—Jimmy's pet piece,

and one he does wonderfully. Julie stood up on her seat. "Stop," she yelled. "You can't play my Daddy's tune."

Julie's in school in Hollywood this year, and the phoning situation is, if anything worse. Now it's can't he fly out to play for the school picnic sing or for their operetta or something.

He's always seeing a bracelet or a watch that he can't resist for Janie. Mom has just about everything in the world he can think of to give her, so when he's stuck for a new present for her he sends her dozens and dozens of flowers.

His own wants are few, and getting presents embarrasses him. Has one great passion though—brocade pajamas—and last Christmas he got twenty-two pairs.

"Now all I need is some time to sleep in 'em," he grins.

Well, gosh, Jimmy—you can't have everything!

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Sammy Kaye.....Victor
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You Made Me Love You
Harry James.....Columbia
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Dick Robertson.....Decca
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"I was a Part-Time Wife"

HOW MRS. E. OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT MARS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. When Bob and I were first married, I thought we'd be the happiest pair in the world. I was a good manager, a good cook. I'd always been considered attractive. But . . . well, Bob became cold, indifferent. The romantic side of our marriage simply fizzled out.

2. One morning after Bob stormed off to work in a temper, my Aunt Sue dropped in. She's a trained nurse. I couldn't help blurting out the whole story to her. "My dear," she said, "when love goes on the rocks, it's often because a woman is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene . . .

3. "It's one neglect," Aunt Sue went on, "that most husbands *can't* forgive. That's why so many *modern* wives use Lysol for intimate personal protection. Lysol solution isn't only cleansing and deodorizing—it kills millions of germs on instant contact, without harm to sensitive tissues. We nurses *know*."

4. Never again will I risk my happiness! I use Lysol regularly now for feminine hygiene. It's so gentle—and effective. Economical, too, because it's so diluted in use. P.S.: Bob and I are cooing like doves again.

6 Reasons for using LYSOL

NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of feminine hygiene solution. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. M.S.-542, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

What A Wife Must Know To Safeguard Happiness

Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene Gives Continuous Action for Hours

● It is all too true that ignorance of physical facts can wreck any wife's married happiness. Yet thousands of women, instead of informing themselves regarding feminine hygiene, either place their dependence on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures, or resort to over-strong solutions of acids which can burn, scar and desensitize delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Informed women have turned to Zonitors—the safe, new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty, snow-white suppositories kill germs instantly at contact. Spread greaseless, protective coating. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet! Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 5507-B, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

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CITY.....

Zonitors

I HATE GRAY HAIR!

Of Course you do! You know tell-tale gray hair kills romance, that it can cause a hundred little heartbreaks, and yet for years you have hesitated to do anything about it! Has fear held you back—fear of dangerous dyes, fear that it is too difficult, that people will know your hair has been dyed?

These fears are so needless! Today you can buy at your drug or department store a hair coloring preparation called Mary T. Goldman's. Pronounced positively harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed), and sold on a money-back guarantee, Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation will color your gray, bleached or faded hair to the desired shade so beautifully and so gradually your closest friends won't guess. It's inexpensive and easy to use—if you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions have used it with beautiful results for the last fifty years, *proving* its merit and safety.

So help yourself to happiness — *today!* Get a bottle of your shade of Mary T. Goldman's—*insist on the original.* Beware of substitutes—others have tried to imitate our product for years. For free sample, clip and mail coupon.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 8478 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.

☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

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Address.....

City.....*State*.....

SUPERMAN'S KID BROTHER

(Continued from page 45)

"She just markets and fusses around. Sis helps around the house and heckles me."

He won't even phoney up a good exotic philosophy of life. His is disgustingly simple, and Nietzsche and Schopenhauer had no hand in it. "It just came to me one night," he tells you, lighting the inevitable cigarette, looking years too young to be touching the stuff. "I firmly believe that you get just about what you give in this world," and here's what makes him think so.

The night before his track team (he was quarter-miler and pole-vaulter) was to meet mortal rivals, the red-headed dream-girl on whom he was stuck—and who turned out to be a small-scale Mata Hari—gave a party. Bob was invited, and so were several lads from the rival school. Well, it was all very jolly, and redhead was never more charming. All Bob's resolves to hit the hay at an early hour were forgotten to the *huge* glee of the visiting firemen who'd arranged the party for the express purpose of keeping Rival Bob up all night—thinking, of course, to bench him for the meet.

Came the boomerang! Bob woke the next morning not even slightly tired. Feeling, moreover, like Superman on one of his good days. He discusses the incredible business dazedly. "Gosh, was I something! Ran the quarter mile in two seconds better time than I'd ever made before, and high jumped three and a half inches higher." He grins. "Those chaps thought they had me in camphor balls the night before, but they really slipped me Jesse Owens' legs for a couple of hours." He's serious again. "See what I mean about getting what you give? There were those fellows dishing out a shady deal and losing a meet they should have won. Gee, the late hours must have agreed with me—if I'd been in my usual form I wouldn't have had a chance."

dream girl . . .

His ideas on the ideal woman are less homespun, but just as sound. And when he talks about her, you know he's thought about the gal a lot . . . isn't just making her up as he goes along. "Mrs. S. is going to love the outdoor and dogs and boats. She's going to dance well, talk well and laugh a lot. She'll insist on steak seven nights a week. She won't be a gold-digger. She'll never whine, and she'll be beautiful in a scrubbed, shiny way. Yeah, and I'll find her, too." If it were two other guys talking you'd be inclined to give them the are-you-kiddin' routine. But it's Bob Sterling, so you shut up. He's been getting what he went after for years now.

First, that junior salesman job ("open to men between the ages of 18 and 20") when he was just 15. Then a wacky series of other jobs acquired God knows how. He'd had no experience in any of them. Soda jerker, singing waiter, credit manager in a tire store. And now, also without benefit of letters of introduction, he's a Hollywood star. Oh, he'll round up that wonder woman all right. You're hooked, wow frau!

It was while he was credit managing in the tire store that he began to dream about Hollywood and his name (it was William Hart then) in 1,000-watt lights. Coincidental with the dreaming binge came a three-week layoff without pay. Three weeks is a long time, seethed Bob. Boy, in just one week I could be out in Hollywood. In two weeks I'd be practically a millionaire. Three weeks—wow! Say, in three weeks I'll be opening at Radio City Music Hall. "S'long boys," he told his electrified co-workers. "See you in the movies."

And in a week he was in California. Then something went wrong. The week he should have started in pictures he was picking oranges at fifteen cents an hour. Subsequent weeks found him patrolling a citrus grove, driving a taxi and eating infrequently. The way he tells it—"I didn't actually miss any meals, but I sure postponed a couple." He spent every quarter he could come by on the third-run movie houses and read dozens of plays at the public library. After six months of it he went to Columbia Studios, told them their search for the lead in Clifford Odets' "Golden Boy" was over.

But his friend Bill Holden had more stage experience and got the job.

Bob was taken on at Columbia for stock work, but was given about as much to do as a WPA worker and at approximately the same salary. Incensed, he got himself an agent (by the simple process of throwing a dart at the agent section of the phone book) whom he put to work getting him a new job. Twentieth Century-Fox next took him on, gave him a part in a remake of "Bad Girl," allowed him to vegetate for weeks. When option time came around and the studio had renewed it, Bob told his agent he would rather not stay there.

"That same night," Bob stated, "I went to a meeting of executive assistants with one of my pals and dropped a hint that I might be leaving Fox. The next morning my agent called. There'd been calls

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A friend of mine took Linda Darnell out on one of her first dates, here in Dallas, at a time when she didn't go out much with boys. They went to a show, and when they came home my friend kissed her goodnight. He said she sure couldn't kiss then like she does now on the screen. He and I both think Hollywood girls sure must have a system all their own on the art of kissing. They should give Dallas girls some lessons on the art of kissing. We boys sure would appreciate it.

A. L. Fields,
Dallas, Texas.

LET US HEAR FROM YOU!

Fans! Be a MODERN SCREEN REPORTER! See your name in print, and win $1!

All you have to do is write us an entertaining *true* story, such as the one above, about some Hollywood star whom you've known or made faces at or met—a story which we in Movietown will never hear unless you tell it to us. Send as many as you like, and FOR EVERY ANECDOTE WE USE WE WILL MAIL YOU ONE DOLLAR.

Of course, we reserve the right to edit and revise all stories we use, and no contribution will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Mail your inside story TODAY to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York City, N. Y.

from three studios! Luckily, I picked M-G-M and here I am."

Yes, the 175-pound Sterling has definitely arrived, and at last he has time to catch up on his living. Time for sports and books and friends. "And hallelujah," he yells, "time to sing in the shower!" That's his vice. (In school they dubbed him Bing. Also "Two-Gun" on account of his name being William Hart. Also "Spike" because of his length. He's six feet one-and-a-half.) The Hit Parade practically in toto every day of his life! Lately the family has banished him to a bachelor suite on the top floor where he plays classical and jive records at all hours and rehearses noisily and interminably in front of mirrors.

He spends his afternoons of leisure on the golf course. Goes around in the 70's, and pros for miles and miles envy his beautiful swing. For violent exercise he boxes, but is admittedly no Joe Louis threat. Is so mad about watching the sport he averages three or four fight cards a week—hence the realistic technique in "Ringside Maisie."

top o' the world . . .

Now that he's able to read more than plays and want-ads, he concentrates on news weeklies, the Saturday Evening Post and current novels.

"The swellest part of the whole new regime," he'll tell you, "is having time for a few old-time friends." There's bowling with his ex-roommate, talent scout Henry Wilson, till the wee hours; shop talk with new star Craig Stevens; beautiful brawls at the Bob Taylors'; dinners at "Butch" Romero's new bachelor home, and discreet luncheons with Ann Sothern.

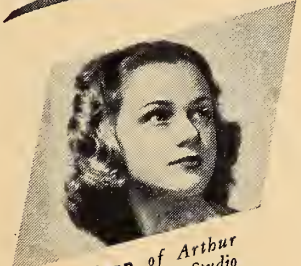
He is a major mystery man in Hollywood in the matter of women. He has few dates, but is highly popular as a dancer and a conversationalist. He is liked enormously for his frankness, his sincerity and his amazing logic. He is invited to almost every Hollywood party of importance and was one of the guests at the Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck New Year's party, Hollywood's top social event. The affaire Sothern started when they co-starred in "Ringside Maisie," and Ann was such a saint about teaching him little tricks of the trade. At Christmas time, Bob gave her a gold cigarette case with an inscription in it that no one but Ann's ever seen. Neither of them will divulge a word of it, and Bob gets positively dramatic when quizzed about it. While we're mentally tussling with the riddle of the cigarette case, he's off on the subject of clothes.

He never succumbed for a second to Hollywood's famous "sharp stuff"—the sunburst tie, mauve slacks and pointed shoes which are practically a uniform out there. He sticks to dark suits, except in spring or summer. Hates striped, plaid or checked suits, but can stand not-too-loud Scotch plaid socks. His sole concession to flash is a camel's hair sports coat and the midnight-blue suede strap on his square gold watch. He heard the other day that he'd been voted one of the three best-dressed men at Metro. "On account of my conservatism," he explains proudly. "How about that with all that stiff competition!" He's not smug about it. Just thrilled. The way he's thrilled about having made a picture with Garbo, and having Spencer Tracy "hi, kid" him. The way he was thrilled when he got his first fan letter. And the way he's thrilled and awed and a little humble about his new life.

Frankly, he's kind of stuck on Hollywood—and it, confidentially, is more than a little out of this world about him!

High-speed camera catches the motion and grace of Arthur Murray dancers in a Conga turn—all on one film.

In Action



Jean Kern *of Arthur Murray's Rochester Studio staff—is band-box fresh after her busiest day!*

use Odorono Cream . . .
Arthur Murray Dancers Do!

• Glamourous Arthur Murray dancer Bunny Duncan rushes through her day like a whirling dervish. Yet you'd find her still enchantingly fresh and sure of her charm at the end of her last lesson! For Arthur Murray girls trust Odorono Cream to guard them against underarm odor and dampness.

Gentle, delightful to use—non-greasy, non-gritty Odorono Cream ends perspiration annoyance *safely* 1 to 3 days! Get a jar! Dance and still be sweet and appealing when the orchestra plays "The Star-Spangled Banner"! Generous 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes at your favorite cosmetic counter.

THE ODORONO CO., INC., NEW YORK

ENDS PERSPIRATION ANNOYANCE 1 TO 3 DAYS

1 FULL OZ. JAR—ONLY 39¢ (Plus Tax)

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Is True Love Just a Dream?

Carole Landis with Victor Mature in "My Gal Sal" (20th Century-Fox). Carole uses Jergens Lotion.

Soft Hands hold a Wayward Heart—

Carole Landis

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

YOU can easily help keep your hands desirably soft, flower-petal smooth as Carole Landis does—by using Jergens Lotion. Helps *prevent* unexciting rough, chapped hands. Gives you almost professional hand care. To help common-looking rough skin to lovely smoothness, many doctors use 2 special ingredients which are in this famous Jergens Lotion. Never sticky! The first application helps you.

JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

Mail this coupon now—(Paste on penny postcard)

The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3736, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

I want to try Carole Landis' hand-care. Please send *free* purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion.

*Name*_____

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(Continued from page 15)

TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI

Hollywood has landed on the Marines and there's quite a situation. Not that it's very novel or particularly original; this situation has done yeoman work for the Army and Navy in the past as well as its full share of civilian duty. It has more service stripes than a leather-faced top sergeant.

John Payne (Chris Winters), arrogant, supercilious but able son of Minor Watson (Captain Chris Winters) reports to Marine Base at San Diego as a recruit under his father's old war pal, Sgt. Dixie Smith (Randolph Scott). Dixie tries to whip Chris into a Marine, but Chris goes his own sweet way with everybody hating his guts.

Except the women, of course.

There are two of them: Mary Carter (Maureen O'Hara) and Helene Hunt (Nancy Kelly). Mary's a nurse and the

light of Chris' eye at the Marine Base. Helene is a beauty out of Chris' past, who knows Admirals and such and wants to get Chris a desk job in Washington, marry him and spend all her time with fascinating diplomats and suave spies.

Things blow up nicely when Dixie loses his Sgt. rating taking a rap for Chris. Mary Carter turns her attractive back on Chris; his mess mates give him the silent treatment. And Chris is ready to take up Helene and Washington. But maneuvers are announced just then and off Chris goes.

There's a climax with Dixie stranded on a target boat. Chris risks life and limb, takes a launch through the shell fire, rescues Dixie and is the hero of the hour. But Chris is still bitter; he's still going to Washington. Helene, here we come.

At the last moment he sees his company marking off to transports for Iceland. That's too much for Chris. He ducks Helene, forgets about the desk job and goes off with the Marines. And on the boat, with enough warmth in her eyes to melt Iceland's keenest blasts, is Mary Carter.

There's nothing much wrong with "To The Shores of Tripoli"; it's standard, fairly slick, funny perhaps, with a quota of Marine scenes in it to make it authentic. Maybe that's all you can ask. No doubt the Marines have an eye for a well-turned ankle; but these days it's more likely that their eyes are turned to Wake Island and a couple of other places.

Hollywood, please note.—*T.C.F.*

P. S.

Maureen O'Hara discovered more men staring at her legs when she wore white cotton stockings, than when she donned sheer silk hose . . . Nancy Kelly, Maureen's rival for John Payne's affections in the film, persuaded the O'Hara to make a bet with her and see which gal could make John spend the most time with her between scenes. Director "Lucky" Humberstone heard about it, settled it pronto by ordering Payne to stay in his dressing room and study dialogue . . . Basil Walker, after playing a Marine for six weeks, signed up with Uncle Sam's Navy . . . Members of the technical crew were trapped in the islands December seventh . . . Photographers with the group filmed some of the ensuing Pacific naval action and turned the results over to the government . . . In one of the last scenes, Payne jumps into a marching regiment of Marines and starts changing his civilian clothes for his uniform. The action was filmed near the studio's business offices, and the windows were crowded with stenographers, watching to see how many takes Payne needed to effect a perfect shirt-and-trouser transfer . . . Randolph Scott has appeared in so many military roles, the part of Sergeant Dixie Smith was a breeze. In the drill scenes of the film, he led real Marines through real maneuvers, earned their respect by doing it perfectly . . . Three technical experts were on hand to check the work of Frank Orth. Orth plays a Marine Corps barber who cuts Payne's hair down to the bone, as per regulations . . . Maxie Rosenbloom accidentally landed a couple of blows on Edmund MacDonald while demonstrating his Sunday punches for the Marines at San Diego . . . He was so thrilled and excited, he immediately challenged Joe Louis—for the 22nd time.

EAGLE SQUADRON

It's no longer news, of course, that in the days before Pearl Harbor a group of Americans flew with the RAF. Some

of them came out of conviction, some for the ride, some for adventure, a few for pay; but whatever their reasons they were in the air in their Hurricanes and Spitfires at a time when England desperately needed trained pilots. The Eagle Squadron is already history and part legend; in this picture the camera rides the sky with its pilots.

Even an air picture has to be earthbound at times for reasons of plot. After all, there is always a girl, there is always love, and no one will begrudge the script the time needed to cover these essentials. "Eagle Squadron" fills these spaces with a sturdy story.

Chuck Brewer (Robert Stack) follows his pal Johnny Coe (Leif Erikson)

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

to England and joins the Eagle Squadron not so much out of conviction as merely to be along with Johnny. On their first sweep over France Johnny is shot down, and Chuck is bewildered and embittered by the unemotional response of the other pilots. He can't understand that their casual acceptance of death is the only way they can preserve sanity in a service that may see their brothers, best friends or even themselves, shot down in flames each time they take to the air.

It takes the love of a girl, Anne Partridge (Diana Barrymore), to show him that English reserve doesn't mean coldness. Their love story is told amid raids, blitz and war duty among familiar English scenes and some not so familiar. And it's carefully done to show as much of England's war work as possible; their love story takes them to air-raided London, out with England's refuge children, to the danger zones of Dover, to air fields and smoky bistros.

"Eagle Squadron" is by no means merely the story of these two. There are a host of interesting characters spotted throughout. Nigel Bruce, John Loder, Jon Hall, Edgar Barrier and Eddie Albert all have parts of consequence. It's the story of a whole group, well handled and with building suspense.

Not the least interesting feature is the sense it gives of the many jobs women are doing today in England. There's a girl, for instance, who ferries planes to outlying airfields; there are women in important jobs in communications keeping radio contact with pilots, plotting the course of air raids over England; women in the WAAF and women driving trucks in the Transport Service. The women of England are doing the job.

But the big story of "Eagle Squadron" is in the streamlined noses of the planes they fly and the details of life among the pilots. For good measure the picture ends with a Commando raid on an airfield in occupied France; the raid, to top it all, ends with an air fight over the Channel. "Eagle Squadron" doesn't skimp on any of these essentials.

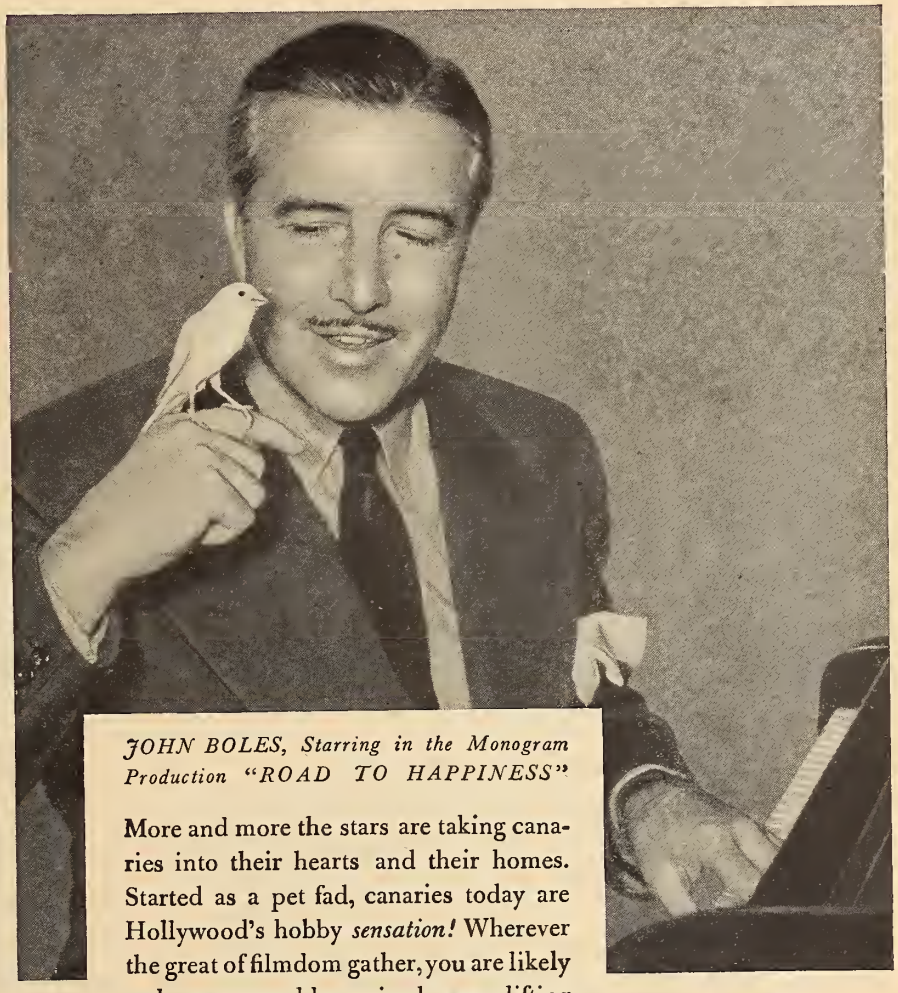
Better than any other medium, the movies have been able to catch the poetry, excitement and reality of flight. Let a camera follow an airplane off the ground, and the screen itself seems to become as wide as the sky. Once in the skies, an air picture, almost by definition, is tense, exciting and satisfying.—*Univ.*

P. S.

The foreword by Quentin Reynolds cost Universal $7500. Quentin says he would have done it for nothing, if they'd asked him. He broke down in the middle of his script when he caught sight of young Gene Tobin pictured in the English footage that ran with his commentary. Gene was the young boy Reynolds was going to adopt, if the lad hadn't been killed on his 21st birthday . . . Altogether, 12,000 feet of English film was used . . . This is the third picture in which Bob Stack plays a pilot. He was a Nazi flyer in "Mortal Storm" and a Polish aviator in "To Be or Not To Be" . . . Jill Esmond, who plays Diana Barrymore's friend, is the former Mrs. Laurence Olivier . . . During production, Director Arthur Lubin bought a station wagon and joined Lewis Stone's Ambulance Corps . . . John Loder, signed to play an identical Squadron Leader role in a picture with Errol Flynn, obtained his release so he

(Continued on page 98)

"You're Good Company for yourself—with a Canary hanging around!" John Boles



JOHN BOLES, Starring in the Monogram Production "ROAD TO HAPPINESS"

More and more the stars are taking canaries into their hearts and their homes. Started as a pet fad, canaries today are Hollywood's hobby *sensation!* Wherever the great of filmdom gather, you are likely to hear some golden-voiced canary lifting everyone's spirits with his happy song.

A canary takes but little care, and will give you matchless hours of loving companionship. Take the canary "road to happiness!" Let one of these gay little pets keep *your* heart buoyant in these trying times.

Send for FREE 76-page illustrated book on Canaries. Just mail your name and address, on a penny post card, to The R. T. French Company, 2483 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

In Hollywood

FRENCH'S BIRD SEED IS THE FAVORITE . . . 4 to 1

Keep your canary happy, healthy and singing. FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit included FREE) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Today—and every day—feed *your* canary FRENCH'S.

THE LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.

CANDIDLY YOURS

Moureen O'Horo won the octing aword at the N. Y. Gaelic Society after her new husband, Will Price, cooched her in "How Green" role.

Sophisticoted sixteen-yeor-old Jone Withers ot an Eorl Corroll porty, jitterbugged the night away with handsome boyfriend A. C. Lyles, Jr., young Paromount publicity mon who dotes most of the young glomorites.

On their return from a vocotian ot Del Monte where they were wed in 1939, the Brion Ahernes celebroted ot Mocombo. They've adopted two war orphans.

Erroll Flynn and Lono Turner took time out for radio ofter he'd gotten his final Americonizotion popers ond skiing vocotion, and she'd evoded oll T. Dorsey gossips!

HOW THEY SPEND THEIR MONEY

(Continued from page 43)

Her philosophy of spending is roughly as follows. If she sees something she likes and wants, she buys it. She won't haggle or go round looking for little shops where she might get it cheaper. On the other hand, she doesn't go in for extravagances in daily living—has no secretary, for instance. Her mother would be glad to take that work off her hands, but she gets a kick out of doing it for herself.

Also she hates to be taken advantage of and cited a man she knew who totes up every item on a restaurant bill. He's willing to pay thirty dollars for a cup of coffee if that's what a cup of coffee's worth, but he won't play the sucker and be overcharged and smile. That's Betty.

She's not terribly clothes-minded. If she were Jo Blow, she thinks she'd wear slacks and be done with it. But a movie star who's not well-dressed harms herself. So she feels it's not smart to economize on wardrobe.

She never says, "I need a new dress, I'll go shopping," but buys what she happens to see and like. Only her suits and evening gowns are made to order, and only on those does she spend much money. Three hundred is par for an evening gown, and she buys them mostly for New York where you have to dress. She and George both hate getting togged out, and she owns dresses she's never worn in Hollywood.

She likes herself best in suits, has them made by a men's tailor and pays between a hundred fifty and a hundred seventy-five. But they wear and wear and never go out of style. She's got four- and five-year-old suits in her closet which she still uses. Hats and gloves cost nothing, she won't wear them. She hasn't bought stockings in years, George just gave her four dozen. Like Anne Gwynne she's extravagant about shoes, can't resist them, pays about fifteen dollars and soothes her conscience by remembering that her sister wears the same size and can step right into them. She indulges herself in the luxury of handmade chiffon panties, embroidered with *Betty*, but saves on bras and girdles. Her figure needs neither.

In addition to the gardener, who comes three times weekly for twenty a month, she normally employs a cook and houseman, married, and pays them a hundred-seventy-five. Right now, she has no one, and thereby hangs a tragedy. One evening, just before her trip East, the family went out. Returning, Betty found her staff on a spree, and Clinker, the beguiling poodle George gave her for Christmas, limp on the road, crushed to death by a car. She could find no words for her woe, but plenty for her wrath. The servants were dismissed. With Betty and Mrs. Grable leaving, her sister refused to have others engaged till they got back.

Weekly shampoos and manicures, plus tips, come to about thirty a month. Betty used to do her own nails, but they kept on breaking. She can apply polish like mad though, and does, sometimes even at the beauty parlor if the girls are busy. No permanents—her hair has a natural curl—no facials, and she plucks her own eyebrows. Occasionally she'll treat herself to a pedicure for the logical reason that she thinks feet are horrible. Ask her why, and she shrugs. "They're just not very pretty, that's all." But toenails painted to match the fingernails takes the curse off—a little.

George gives her perfume. She uses one bottle till it's finished, then fills it with tea and puts it back on her dresser, because the bottles are too pretty to throw away. A pushover for lipsticks and angora socks, she had a lovely time the other day buying five of each at a buck apiece. Why she's so crazy about lipsticks she doesn't know, except that when she uses a fresh one, it makes her feel good.

Change from a dollar always goes into defense stamps for Peter. Of his Christmas gifts, a train and what he calls his "defense bomb book" thrilled him most. Only on horses has she ever thrown money away. George gave her two, both crawlers. Knowing they *can't* win, she still bets on them so their feelings won't be hurt. For their sake and hers, she's glad the races were cancelled this year.

Books and magazines cost about twenty a month. She can't go to sleep without reading. Some books she buys, others she borrows from a lending library. Passing an anti-aircraft station setup near her home not long ago, she caught a glimpse of the kids reading tattered newspapers. Now all her magazines and some of her books go to the kids. So does the weekly carton, sent her by

Wally Westmore *is head of Paramount's make-up department. His good taste is tops in the art of make-up. Here's Wally—behind the scenes, working on a shot for "Dr. Broadway."*

• • • •

Hollywood's and all America's best bet for *better* taste is Pepsi-Cola . . . finer flavored and pure all the way, first sip to last. And when you want a lot, those 12 full ounces do the job for a nickel. Give yourself a big treat today . . . a Pepsi-Cola.

Purity . . . in the big big bottle
. . . that's Pepsi-Cola!

★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★

Chesterfield. She's a cigarette-moocher, not as a measure of economy, but because her own vanish. George smokes Luckies—maybe a pack a week—but keeps a special mooching pack of Chesterfields in his pocket for Betty. He wouldn't have to, she says. For free, she'd smoke anything.

Her toughest job is finding ways to spend money on George, who's a more accomplished giver than taker. In Miami, where she went for the premiere of "Song of the Island," she hunted high and low till she dug up the kind of lovely Swiss handkerchiefs which are getting scarce now. She's having them initialled and thinks George will be pleased. His pet things are handkerchiefs.

For Christmas she gave him a cat's-eye ring. She didn't expect him to discard his favorite star ruby and knew he wouldn't wear two. "I happen to like cat's-eye," she said. "Just wear mine once in a while."

Which does he wear all the time, students? Cat's-eye is right.

Anne Gwynne

Ann thinks if she kept a budget, she could probably cut the corners a little closer. But first, she's too lazy and besides, the Scotch in her acts as a monitor. She used to be more Scotch, she says, but has loosened up since she's got more money to spend. As don't we all?

Her ace-in-the-hole is papa, who pays the rent. He spends about six months in Hollywood, six in New York on business. He hates restaurants, so when he's at home, Mrs. Gwynne does the cooking. Otherwise, because of the irregularity of Anne's hours, she and her mother eat at small places near the apartment. Dinners average between seventy-five cents and a dollar. Only on special occasions like birthdays, do they fly as high as two or two and a half. Anne notes, with a tinge of regret, that she gets more two-fifty meals than her mother, on account of Saturday and Sunday dates. She'd rather not say whom she's dating at the moment, since she's off and on so much that it might be somebody else by the time this sees print. Not that she's fickle, just likes new interests. "No doubt they get tired of me, too," says Anne.

Monthly payments on her car come to forty-one-eighty. After wistfully eyeing a Cadillac, she compromised on a Chevrolet convertible and satisfied her yearning for dash by getting yellow. Seeing a neat primrose job headed for Universal, people say, "There goes Anne." She gets what she calls a juvenile kick out of that.

Gas and oil used to be twenty-five a month. Mrs. Gwynne loves to drive, and every Sunday Anne would take her over the hills and far away to Palm Springs or such. Now, like good citizens, they stay home or travel by train and use the car strictly for business, which cuts bills more than half.

Last month Anne bought a ten-dollar pair of slacks, and that's all in the wardrobe line, but guesses her clothes average about fifty a month. She describes herself as the medium type, between tailored and fluffy, depending on her mood. If she doesn't happen to have what she's moody about, she wears what she's got.

Shoes are her passion, and hats her hate. She pays between ten and twelve for one, as little as possible for the other. By choice she'd go bareheaded all the time, but this annoys Daddy who with true paternal exaggeration says: "Once in my life I'd like to see you in a hat." Anyway, you've got to have an occasional hat for cocktail parties or when you go out at night. Her mother picks them because she's got better taste than her daughter, says Anne. What with birthdays and Christmas, she doesn't remember when she's spent money on stockings.

Phone, including long distance and wires—ten dollars. Utilities and the laundering of household linen are covered by rent. Anne does her own stockings and underwear by her own method, she doesn't like other people fooling with them. Cleaning's an item—twenty a month when she's working. The grease of make-up stains the slacks and blouses you wear to the studio, but you've got to look fresh and can't economize on cleaning.

They don't entertain much. Mrs. Gwynne doesn't like to do things without Anne, and Anne has a busy schedule at Universal. Right now she's up to her ears in "Broadway" with George Raft. Occasionally they take people out to dinner—a two-fifty dinner. When friends drop in for bridge, they serve sandwiches, ice cream and cake. They don't drink, but bought a bottle of whiskey at New Year's—four-twenty-five—for eggnog to serve their guests.

Membership Guild, social security and old-age pension take thirty a month, income tax fifty. Last month Anne contributed twenty-five dollars to various charities. She'd planned to take out another annuity—her present premium is fifty a month—but buys a hundred-dollar defense bond each month instead.

Last month she had no time for movies or sports. Off a picture, she'll take her mother to the movies a couple of times weekly. She rides better than she plays tennis, swims better than either and loves all three. Riding costs her a dollar-fifty, tennis sixty cents, swimming fifty cents. She buys her mother perfume on birthdays and Easter and St. Valentine's, then uses her mother's.

About seven-fifty a month goes in tips. She thinks good service should be paid for and poor service shouldn't.

Once she planned to be a lawyer, and went to business school. What's left of that plan is a knowledge of shorthand and typing, so she rents a typewriter for three dollars to answer fan mail. Gum's responsible for an outlay of two-fifty a month, maybe, because she chews a stick just long enough to get the sweet out of it, but saves a nickel by buying three for a dime. When excited, she chews so furiously people howl at her to stop. She knows chewing's not ladylike, but she doesn't smoke or bite her nails, and a girl must do *something*.

Her ambition is to win the Academy Award some day. Her best friend is Mary Lou Cook of the Merry Macs. It took her two years to find a girl friend she could pour out her soul to. But Mary Lou, says Anne, was worth waiting for.

The Ronnie Reagans

Jane and Ronnie pool their money in one joint income. It's a system which works fine for them though they're frank to admit that, men being what they are,

FREE OFFER!

Mail us your answers to the questionnaire below. If your letter is among the FIRST 1500 to reach us, you will receive a FREE COPY of Dell's gorgeous SCREEN ALBUM—containing autographed portraits and fact-jammed biographies of your favorite movie stars, such as Deanna Durbin, Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Linda Darnell and dozens of others. Letters postmarked later than April 3rd will not be honored. So get your questionnaire into the mail-box this minute!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories or features did you enjoy most in our May issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Superman's Kid Brother (Sterling) ☐
Divorce That Couldn't Happen (Payne-Shirley) ☐
Made in Heaven (The Holdens) ☐
Juke Boy (Dorsey) ☐
Marriage That Couldn't Happen (Brent-Sheridan) ☐
Gorgeous Hunk (Mature) ☐
I Married an Angel ☐
How They Spend Their Money ☐
Good News ☐

Which one of the above stories did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference.....

What 3 bands would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference.....

.....

My name is.....

My address.....City.....State.....

I am ..... years of age.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, 149 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

it might not have worked so fine, had their proportionate earning capacities been reversed. Ronnie's salary has at all times since their marriage equalled or exceeded Jane's.

Their agent picks up the checks, deducts his ten per cent commission, enters sixty per cent in their savings, forty per cent in their checking account. Half their savings are set aside for income tax. This year they expect to hand Uncle Sam, cheerfully, all of Jane's salary and part of Ronnie's in tax, then put the bulk of their surplus into defense bonds. Ten per cent goes to charity. Ronnie has a kind of feeling about tithes.

They've just built a seven-room house at a cost of fifteen thousand, and had it financed by FHA on a twenty-year loan, though this year's income tax would cover the cost of the house. Monthly payments, including taxes and interest, come to a hundred twenty-five. They've seen too many people build mansions, which are swell, says Ronnie, while you're making the dough, but comes the day when you're not, then what?

In building they allowed themselves two extravagances, and only two—an extra large living room, which they combined with the space most people reserve for a den—and two combination bathrooms and dressing rooms, where they can dress from nothing to an overcoat without bumping noses when they're both hustling out for an early studio call.

Monthly food bills for the household of five—papa, mama, baby, nurse and maid—average ninety dollars. Velma, their domestic jewel who believes in no waste, rules that department. They never know what's for dinner, except if it's roast tonight, you can bet five dollars it'll be stew tomorrow. When it comes to fowl, they're Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt. Ronnie can eat no white, his wife can eat no dark, so she takes the breast, and he takes the legs, and they wipe the platter clean.

Velma indulges their whims up to a point, doesn't make Ronnie eat the liver he loathes, but insists on cooking certain despised vegetables for Jane because they're good for her. Feeling abused but noble, she eats them. Velma and the nurse are paid average wages—what, the Reagans would rather not say.

Ronnie's '38 LaSalle and Jane's '41 Cadillac take about thirty dollars in gas and oil. They take no trips, both because of tire rationing, and because it's too tough to find time when they're both off. Anyway, they'd rather stay with Maureen.

Last month, being close to Christmas, they bought no clothes. Jane furnishes her own shoes and hose in pictures. She doesn't budget her wardrobe, just keeps it, like everything else, within checking account limits. Maybe she'll come home and rave about a dress. "Can we afford it, Ronnie?"

"Better wait till next month," says the lord and master. Or: "Go ahead. We've got some money in the bank."

Ronnie maintains a wardrobe of from eight to ten suits at about a hundred per, which calls for, say, two replacements a year and is considered skimpy for a movie star. In a modern-clothes picture, you may have to make fourteen changes. But watch Ronnie closely, and you'll see him step blithely into Scene 16, garbed as he was in Scene 3 but pretending he isn't. When you've worn the same suit in too many pictures, you get a broad hint, which means that somebody's in for a present of clothes. Ronnie can't wear his out off-screen, being a strictly slacks-and-sports-coat guy. To the non-professional Reagan, a suit's something you're occasionally dragged into.

Utilities—twenty-five. This would be less, except that Jane always leaves lights on. It would be more, except that Ronnie trails her and turns them off. Laundry and cleaning—thirty-five. Ronnie will be relieved when they get their Bendix, and the baby's laundry can be done at home. Not that he begrudges his daughter her cleanliness, but only by gritting his teeth can he bring himself to sit down and write out a check to something called the Dainty Dy-dee Baby Laundry, Inc.

Maureen's not an expensive child. The house is so cluttered with dolls and toys, contributed by kind friends, that her parents can hardly kick their way through. She gets the usual baby shots but, since they're administered by the family doctor who doesn't soak the Reagans for being movie players, they cost the usual five dollars per shot. Jane and Ronnie are healthy. Their medical expense is confined to seeing the dentist twice a year and paying him five bucks to clean their teeth.

Each gets an allowance of twenty-five a week, which goes for such items as lunch, movies, golf balls, caddy fees, riding, swimming, cigarettes, magazines, parking, tipping. Ronnie goes overboard on pipes. He hoards paper clips from advertising matter and the rubber bands 'round the morning paper. Jane has no small economies. Small china things in antique shops are her ruin. A couple of weeks ago, she invested ten dollars of her allowance in defense stamps for Maureen. That made her feel so angelic, that the next week she squandered fifteen in an antique shop and had to borrow lunch money from her husband.

P.S.—He made her pay it back.

ALL SMOKERS INHALE—

BUT YOUR THROAT NEEDN'T KNOW IT!

The thing to think about is—*what cigarette* you smoke. Look what eminent doctors found—on comparing the leading favorite cigarettes:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED *MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING*—AND THEIR IRRITATION *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG*—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

No finer tobaccos grow than those in PHILIP MORRIS. *But—in addition*—PHILIP MORRIS give you this exclusive, *proved protection!*

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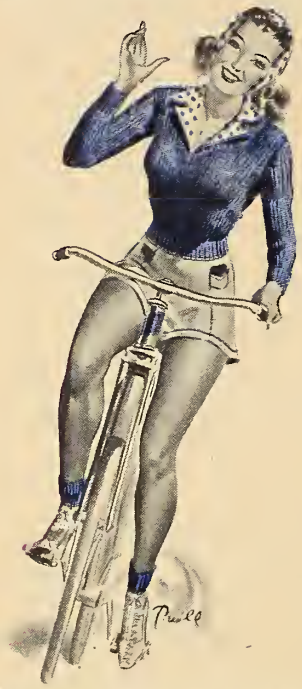
Which Tampon?

WHY—WHEN—HOW!



FIBS—THE KOTEX TAMPON— merits your confidence! Ideal when wearing a play suit, shorts or even a bathing suit . . . with nobody the wiser! Worn internally, Fibs provide *invisible* sanitary protection . . . no pins, pads or belts . . . no chafing, no disposal problem.

FULL DOZEN ONLY 20¢. Not 8 —not 10—*but 12 for 20¢.* And only Fibs are *quilted* for greater comfort and safety . . . easy to insert without artificial means. (When you buy Fibs, you pay for no mechanical gadget to aid insertion . . . for none is needed.) Next time buy Fibs, the tampon you can trust. Fibs save you money, too.

FIBS*—the Kotex* Tampon

NOT 8—NOT 10—BUT 12 FOR 20¢

(★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SPEAK OUT FOR BEAUTY

(*Continued from page 61*)

as frequently about women's voices as they do about their faces or figures. They warn us against the "subway voice," which sounds as though the speaker is trying always to shout down the roar of the trains. A periodic housecleaning to discard outmoded overly used words and phrases has been suggested. Words like "cute," "divine" and "definitely" are all right in their place, but, as the men folks say, their place is not in every sentence.

A vocal mirror, it seems, would give most people quite a shock. If you are not voice conscious, it would be a good idea to check up on your sound effects. You can do this by cupping your ears with your hands and standing a foot away from a flat wooden surface. Listen for harsh or flat sounds and for others that may be too loud, rasping, monotonous, whiny, sing-song or squeaking. Once you are aware of your defects, you have a start on voice beauty. Notice particularly how you pronounce "t" and "d." They should be distinctly controlled sounds. Then, look in the mirror to notice whether or not you open your lips when you talk. If you do, it is an indication of careful enunciation which, even to a deaf person, is more valuable than shouting.

When you go about correcting the faults you may find in your own voice, the first step is to gain breath control. Both speech and singing are produced by the physical act of exhaling. Good posture and diaphragm control and the position of your mouth and tongue help maintain an easy flow of breath, while lack of breath control makes everyday speech sound sloppy and creates hard, nasal tones. You can also help yourself to a beautiful voice by keeping your lower jaw relaxed. Never press your teeth tightly together nor hold your tongue stiffly against the roof of your mouth. Only relaxation can produce a mellow voice. For constantly beautiful speech, try always to be as voice conscious as you are over the telephone. Almost everyone is particularly careful with her voice when using the telephone, probably because one depends entirely upon speech for a good impression upon another person. So we would like to suggest that you speak at all times as though on your voice alone depended a good impression. It does.

watch that chinline . . .

Another beauty spot that can enhance or sabotage your smile is your chin line. The firm youthful contours of your chin, throat and underchin will benefit by simple nightly treatment. After cleansing, apply cream to your throat and underchin. Massage upward over neck muscles, beginning low on your chest and working toward your jawline. Repeat for 5 minutes with firm even strokes, then remove the cream with a cleansing tissue moistened with skin freshener. A profile view of your chin and jawline daily will remind you to keep them in shape. Exercise, too, will strengthen and firm neck muscles. The pleasantest "drill," of course, is chewing gum, so you can work on that chinline even at the ball game. "Star gazing" is also an excellent exercise. Clasp hands at the back of your neck to hold your head down, bringing your face gradually upward to look at the sky. You will feel your whole back straightening. Bring your head back as far as possible before letting it drop forward again. Repeat 10 times at first and increase as you progress. Equally good is the following routine. Swing your head slowly around in a complete circle, first down in front, to the right, then back and to the left shoulder. Describe these circles 5 times each way, right to left first, then reverse. Poor posture is as often the cause of double chins and flabby necklines as age or fat, so resolve with a will to sit straight and to hold your head up. Forsake the luxury of a very fat pillow, too, if you want a youthful chinline.

All this sets the stage for a beautiful mouth and a bewitching smile. So don't spoil the picture with those annoying little mouth mannerisms that lose friends and discourage suitors. Don't be guilty of twitching lips, pursing your mouth or talking to yourself. Such habits betray nervousness and cause it in others. Constantly biting your lips or your nails has the same effect, and it certainly doesn't improve their appearance. Chewing gum is always good exercise for your mouth and chin muscles, but it is good manners only when you chew with your lips closed. Watch the direction of your cough and always carry a hanky to catch a stray sneeze. No one, not even the most enamored admirer, appreciates your lip print on his shirt front; and a smear of red on cups, glasses or napkins makes an unpleasant impression, particularly on your hostess. So blot your lips with cleansing tissue an extra time after making up your lips.

Worse than to have a less than perfect smile is to be known as the girl with a perpetual frown, so perk up and have a gay look. Then see that your teeth, lips, voice, chinline and mannerisms are top-flight. With so much in favor of the happy countenance, you are in no danger of being called a gloomy glum if you give yourself the assurance of a happy smile you will want ever on display.

Remember, a friendly, confident smile attracts more beaux and wins friends, so keep your teeth bright and free of unattractive smudges. Iodent Tooth Paste will aid your tooth brush in keeping your teeth radiant, and it gently but firmly removes accumulations and smoke smudges. If your teeth are easy to brighten, Iodent No. 1 is best for you. If you have stubborn smudges or stains, try Iodent No. 2. Whichever you choose, you'll like the refreshed feeling that Iodent Tooth Paste gives your mouth.

FASHION MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGES 62 and 63

The play suit, evening dress and housecoat made in the All American Cotton Boll print, a Pacific Factag fabric, are available at James McCreery, N. Y., for little coin.

Red skirt, vest and blouse ensemble from Loma Leads, $8.95 at Mabley Carew, Cincinnati; rose print dress and spun linen jacket, also Loma Leads, $8.95, at Crowley Milner, Detroit.

Two Kay Dunhill originals; white with red pockets, $10.98; palm leaf print, $7.98, at Scruggs-Vandervoort, St. Louis, Mo.

HOLD THAT SMILE

(Continued from page 57)

bristles are firm and stiff, generally about two months. The minute one of yours becomes worn or soft, replace it at once.

No matter how carefully you brush your teeth, there are always small spaces between them that even the best-designed brush can't reach, so follow up with dental floss. Pull it gently down between your teeth, taking care not to jerk it and cut your gums. Draw it back and forth carefully until all food particles, etc., are dislodged. This is an important "must" for you girls whose teeth are spaced very close together.

If with all this scouring and polishing, your teeth don't become a sparkling white, don't be discouraged. Nobody's really are. Natural shades vary from pale ivory to cream and some have pink, blue or gray undertones. Teeth only seem to be white in contrast to deeper skin coloring and vivid shades of lipstick.

Your smile may be a honey, but it won't win the admiration it deserves unless your breath is always fresh and fragrant, too. Unpleasant breath springs from so many causes—improperly chewed or volatile food, indigestion, irritated gums, colds, etc.,—that no one, no matter how fastidious, is entirely immune to this social hazard unless extra precautions are taken. Brushing your teeth regularly after every meal will remove food particles that may become odorous, but be sure to use also a good mouth wash after every meal and before you retire at night. Swish it around in your mouth a minute or so until the inside feels clean and invigorated. Another good way to ward off offensive breath is to clean your tongue whenever you brush your teeth. Your tooth brush or a special rubber brush will do the job effectively, or you can use a piece of gauze moistened with mouth wash. Chewing gum during the day is also good insurance for a fragrant breath.

You hear a lot these days about stimulating and massaging gums for healthy bright teeth, and here's why it's necessary. In olden times, people ate coarse, harsh foods which gave gums the invigoration and exercise they needed to keep them hard and strong enough to hold teeth firm. However, in these days of highly refined, easy-to-chew foods, gums are apt to become soft and sluggish, and they require supplementary exercise. To give yours the workout they need, massage your gums with your brush whenever you clean your teeth. And before retiring at night, massage your dentifrice into your gums, using a special finger gadget or your finger wrapped in sterilized gauze. Chewing gum and eating crisp, crunchy foods, such as toast, cabbage, carrots and the like, are also grand stimulaters and toners.

good food for good teeth . . .

Incidentally, I wonder if you realize how important the kind of food you eat is to the health and beauty of your teeth. Your dentist doesn't need psychic powers to tell you when you haven't been drinking your quota of fruit juices and milk. The evidence lies in the condition of your mouth and teeth. To have teeth that do you proud, *now* and when you are an old lady, you need to eat three well-balanced meals daily which include plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables. And do drink some milk every day. Milk, particularly, is an excellent source of vitamin D, also calcium and phos-

Ribbon adds Charm . .

"I'll buy ten cents worth of RIBBON and retrim this hat for Easter!"
"Darling, that's a beautiful hat!"
"And see how perfectly it matches my Easter outfit."

THE LOVELIEST EASTER BONNET HAS Ribbon ON IT!

Of course, ask for

ROYAL SWAN Ribbons

THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY

STARK BROTHERS RIBBON CO. • NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Sleep in Beauty"

Nymphorm GOWN for APRIL chosen by Shirley Ross, star of stage, screen and radio

It will be your choice, too, when you see how its lavish swing skirt flatters your figure! Of gay, printed batiste with edgings and shoulder accents of baby lace. About $1.39 at all leading stores.

Write for store nearest you that features the Nymphorm "STYLE of the MONTH"

MITCHELL BROS.
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FRANCES LANGFORD, APPEARING IN WARNER BROS.' "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

"I'm FUSSY" SAYS FRANCES LANGFORD

"I Tried Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil because it's *APPROVED* by ★Highest Authorities"

If you have dry or sensitive skin, you will be simply delighted to discover these wonderful Special Formula Creams. They were made for *you!*

So fine . . . so pure! No wonder famous stars endorse them. No wonder they receive professional recognition.

Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil is a glorious all-purpose cream. Smooths and softens dry skin . . . relieves that drawn feeling. Grand for overnight use.

Lander's Dry Skin Cleansing Cream is a lovely, fluffy cream that cleans dry skin gently, yet *thoroughly.*

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A big jar of each cream only 10¢ at your 10¢ store. Amazing value. Get some.

★**THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION** accepts these creams for advertising in their Journal because they are fine and pure . . . and because our advertising tells the truth.

LANDER'S SPECIAL FORMULA CREAMS ONLY 10¢ EACH

FOR VICTORY • Buy Defense Bonds and Stamps

phorus—all essential for healthy teeth and firm gums.

Are you ever bothered by gums that are sore, puffy and bleeding? If so, you'd better check up on your habits. The condition may be due to careless cleansing, lack of stimulation or dietary deficiency. Whatever the cause, look to your mouth hygiene and personal health, and hie yourself to a dentist for medication and treatment. One of the best things you yourself can do to stimulate your gums and give them a healthy red color instead of an unattractive white cast, is to brush them when you brush your teeth, lightly at first, more vigorously when they are used to it.

When mother was a girl, a crooked or badly spaced set of teeth was a cross to bear with patience and resignment, but not so any more. These days every girl has an equal chance for an engaging smile, for modern orthodontia (tooth straightening) can realign crooked teeth and "cap" broken or jagged ones so they look as attractive as naturally perfect ones. Even if you are out of your teens, the job can be performed successfully, and it's a good idea to have it done not only for beauty's sake, but for your health. Irregular teeth spoil your "bite" and make for incomplete chewing and poor digestion.

Of course, there is some trouble and expense involved, so if you are still in the formative years (under twenty), watch your habits. Protruding and badly spaced teeth have been traced to sleeping on your hand every night, resting your chin continuously on your hand while you work, breathing through your mouth, etc. And, of course, such habits as chewing pencils, snipping threads with teeth never did any teeth—even grown-up ones—any good, but we don't need to caution fastidious girls about that.

A friendly smile, backed by two rows of sound, radiant teeth is an invitation to friendship and happiness. Give your teeth the everyday care they need and you'll hold that winning smile through the years.

Get out your powder puff—and let Pond's Dreamflower Powder help make you prettier this spring. It's available in six delightful new shades that are warmer, rosier in cast and bring life and sparkle to your skin—natural, rachel, rose cream, brunette, dark rachel and dusk rose. From this selection, you'll be able to find a shade for both daytime and evening that will suit just you and will flatter other make-up. Why not try Pond's Dreamflower Powder today. It's petal soft, clings for hours and gives your skin that enviable, youthful look.

Although it takes a lot of shopping about to harmonize a spring wardrobe, it's easy to ensemble a complete set of mouth hygiene aids. The Pepsodent Company has them all. To keep teeth bright and clean, you can select either a special 50-tuft brush with a small head and synthetic bristles, or a new professional type brush with natural bristles. And you have three types of excellent dentifrices to choose from—paste, powder and liquid. All contain Irium, that ace-beautifier of teeth. Complete the ensemble with a bottle of Pepsodent Antiseptic and use it after every meal to be assured of a breath that's always fresh and pleasant.

THE MARRIAGE THAT COULDN'T HAPPEN

(*Continued from page 52*)

an old stage trick to try to break up another actor."

He went on to tell about the night the blond juvenile appeared in the wings wearing a coal-black mustache. Then there was the case of the chap with rare muscular control who could hold one eye dead ahead while the other revolved in its socket in a small, unhappy circle. This sub rosa stunt was calculated to break up the most seasoned trouper.

Ann asked what had come before those days on the New York stage, so George went back to the Irish period. One has to hear George actually story-telling to appreciate the extent of his vocabulary and the talent he has for turning a phrase. The timbre of his voice, too, lends music to his words.

He told about the grim old castles and the thatched cottages. He told about gnomes who live in Irish dells and about the banshee that wails before a man dies. He told, modestly, about his own escape through strange, forbidding streets; about hiding in doorways, his heart beating loud enough to make his eardrums pop, while a bobby walked by; about being so enamoured of adventure that he didn't realize his danger.

When Ann told him good night at the door, she extended her hand. "Brent," she said, "you're okay."

"Red," said Brent, "the same to you."

Several days later, George met Ann on the lot. "Will you have dinner with me tonight?" he asked.

"Could be," grinned Ann.

"You name the place, Tex."

"Okay. La Bomba."

At that, George executed what Ann calls "his triple-take." His eyes pop wide, his shoulders go up and his neck thrusts out. It's one of the funniest gestures on earth, and George uses it to indicate excessive surprise.

"I beg pardon. Where did you say?"

So Ann explained. La Bomba was a small but colorful night club down near Olvera Street and the old Plaza. The food was excellent, although peppery; the music was strictly maracha.

Mr. Brent, who is good at pantomime, put on an imaginary sombrero and adjusted an invisible serape. "La Bomba," he said, "here we come. Muy bien."

They danced the conga and the rumba, say nothing of now and then a tango. By way of approval Ann told George that he had a pair of educated zapatos (shoes). And she called him Jorge (pronounced Horrhee, the Spanish verson of George).

When they returned to their table, an ambitious young man came over and said with great sincerity, "Could I have the next dance, Miss Sheridan? How about a whirl?" He pronounced it "whoil."

This same thing had happened before, so Ann had a pre-fabricated answer. "No, thank you. I dance only with my escort."

whoil goil . . .

The presumptuous lad didn't get his dance, but he had supplied George and Ann with a permanent catch phrase. From that day on, George has never asked Ann to "dance." He teasingly says, "How about a whoil?" When he thinks it is time to leave a party, he invariably asks her, "Shall we whoil, Tex?"

One week-end, George was entertaining a party of friends on his boat, so he asked Ann to ride down with him. On the way to the harbor, they became two tiny stars in a vast milky way of traffic. The car inched along as George was unable to fight his way to the outside lane which was moving slightly faster. Someone recognized the double prides of Warners Brothers. "Yoo-hoo, George!" someone called. "Hello, Annie!"

That was taken up. As car after car passed there was whistling, shouting, demands for autographs from the holiday crowds.

George's neck reddened; Ann's forehead glowed. They were two horribly embarrassed people, unable to pass off the situation or to escape from it. For twenty miles they endured all kinds of good-natured, but painful ribbing from the lordly public, then George turned into a side road, took a short-cut and scorched the rest of the way to the harbor.

As he helped Ann out of the car, George shook his head ruefully. "Sorry to have subjected you to that, Red," he apologized.

It had begun to be funny to Ann. "Gee," she teased, "ain't fame grand?"

At which point, George confessed later, he fully realized what he had been suspecting for a long time: here was a girl who was a 24-carat good scout. Here was a girl who was beautiful and sincere, unspoiled, level-headed and "aware that Hollywood is a business, but not a life. This town does things to people, but I was certain, then, that it would never change Ann."

High praise, indeed, from a man who rates all artificiality lower than a rat race.

canine capers . . .

That was a year of high adventure—that year of getting thoroughly acquainted. Ann learned about George's three great loves: dogs, boats and Hawaii. He will talk about dogs for hours with any other dog lover. Beg pardon, he will not talk—he will *argue*. He has studied every breed listed, and his memory is phenomenal. He makes it a point to plague one director by engaging him in long discussions of the relative merits of the Doberman Pinscher versus the German Shepherd; or the Sealyham as opposed to the Scottie. No matter what breed the director recommends, George knows a succession of reasons why that particular dog is at fault. All of this discussion is done deadpan, of course, so the director still doesn't know that George is ribbing him.

However, when it comes to a gift dog for a lady, George considers only one animal worthy: he gave Ann a French poodle. At another time he added a South American kinkajou to the menagerie, and a large cat simply attached itself to the group and promptly had kittens. When Ann and George had dinner together or went for long drives along the beach, she told him about the honey bear's attempts to make friends with Mrs. Cat and the thorough boxing he got.

They talked boats, too. George's first boat had been sold to Jack Warner, and his second was the apple of his eye. For his birthday, Ann gave him perfect scale models of both boats. It was one of those thoughtful, planned-for gifts for which Ann is famous.

"Those models," George told friends, "are my favorite gifts of all time." Delicate, intricate and lovely as the models were, when George looked at them he saw more than the workmanship. They

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(from a letter by H. E. H., Lewistan, Me.)

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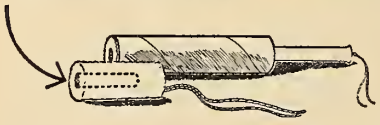

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Meds

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were symbols of Ann's thoughtfulness, of her desire to give him something he could cherish. In Hollywood, the amount of planning that goes into a gift is the measure of its value, because high Hollywood salaries make price an inconsiderable factor.

With parties of friends, Ann and George spent frequent week-ends on the boat, building up memories of moon-flooded decks and the sight of feathery wake spreading out over the dark sea to make the boat look like some gigantic bird in flight.

Frequently George talked about Hawaii—his Shangri-la. He had been in the Islands three times, had bought a ranch on the island of Hawaii (the largest of the group) and was planning to enter the "South Wind" in the summer races to Honolulu.

fireside chats . . .

George told an eager listener about the customs of Hawaii and recited some of the legends. He told her about June 11th, which is Kamehameha Day when all Hawaiians parade in their priceless red and yellow feather capes. He told her about the Pali, a cliff from which the wind tore the last of Kamehameha's enemies after his army had driven them to the promontory. He taught her some Hawaiian words: "Don't give me that hoomali-mali." (Flattery) "What I need is kau-kau." (Food) "Mahalo," thank you; "Ipo," sweetheart; "Keoki," George. To this day, Ann frequently calls her husband "Keoki."

He told her the story of a certain mountain tribe in the Islands, who believe that it is sinful to eat any animal product. They refuse to touch eggs or milk. The missionaries found that the growing children were in desperate need of a calcium food, so they supplied the Polynesians with canned milk.

"I don't get it," said Ann. "Didn't they figure out that canned milk also came from cows?"

"That's the catch, Tex. The wise padres gave them nothing but Carnation canned milk—which, as everyone knows, comes from flowers."

During this halcyon time they had only two minor differences of opinion. At Christmas, George wanted Ann to go shopping with him, and she loved the idea. But George is one of those persons who remembers everyone from the dog catcher to the King of Kapurthala. When it comes to open-handed generosity there is no one to beat Brent.

For instance, on his list were (1) a tailor who had once made a suit for George—at a fancy price. (2) A filling station attendant who had once helped George change a tire in the rain and who had been handsomely rewarded at the time. (3) A carhop who had given big-hearted Brent a hard luck story about an ailing mother who needed an operation—and how about a screen test for herself?

Ann checked over the list then said quietly, "I know that Christmas means a great deal to you, Keoki, but you remembered these people generously last year, and you haven't even seen them since."

"Oh well, Christmas comes but once a year."

"Lucky thing for you, Brent. It takes you about two months to earn what you spend in honor of that one day."

In the second discussion, George assumed the role of financial adviser.

Ann had purchased a five-acre tract in Encino—a lovely district in San Fernando Valley—and was planning a house. George went over the plans and estimated the cost, a good, juicy five-figure sum.

"Pooh," sniffed Builder Ann, "it won't run into any such amount."

George lifted his eyebrows and looked at the redhead out of the corner of his eyes. "Better take my word for it—I've been through this building business. I know whereof I speak."

Ann, ignoring his advice, went blithely on with her plans. Shh—George was right! But she hasn't told him yet; she's keeping it a secret.

Between financial flurries and general good times, they were making plans. Or, rather, George was planning out loud, and Ann was planning sans speech. He was going to sail the "South Wind" in the Dole Cup Races. He studied charts and bought provisions. Ann made arrangements, in accordance with Hawaiian custom, to place on the boat a number of live chickens and a young pig—traditional good luck symbols inducing fast sailing and clear weather. When George reached the island, this livestock would appear, beautifully roasted, at the feast along with the shark killed by his island friends. What George didn't know was that Ann planned to be on the dock in Honolulu when he arrived.

It's possible that, had these plans worked out, they would have been married in Hawaii, because—early that spring—George had given Ann a magnificent, hand-worked white lace mantilla. Anyone could tell at a glance that this mantilla was meant for the head of a bride.

Then, to prove that it was true love, everything began to go wrong. The boat races were cancelled. That was a blow to George who had talked, planned, dreamed, prayed *Dole Cup—Dole Cup* for two years. Moody, as all Irishmen are, he wanted complete privacy. He didn't want to see people or to talk over the cataclysm. He wanted to have a quiet steak dinner with Ann, take her home early and betake himself to his own house in a hurry.

Ann? Ann still wanted to have fun. A boat race was a boat race—and there was always another year.

About this time, George gave an interview to the effect that he had no plans for immediate marriage. George and Ann are both extremely cooperative with the press; when a charming writer whom George likes asked for an interview on his matrimonial views, he went over all the dangers to conjugality represented by

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Hollywood stars receive frequent offers from people who volunteer to say prayers for them at a very modest fee. There are countless dozens of generous souls who offer themselves as marriage partners to the biggies. And then there are the less pretentious, like the pair who wrote to one of the top-notchers to tell him they had named their pet, highly-prized flea after him!

—Look Magazine

DO YOU KNOW THAT

In 1937, Producer Joe Schenk's involuntary contribution to the cards and horses amounted to $64,894.15, including $30,905 lost in a single day. In another year, he tossed more than $20,000 overboard, Herbert Bayard Swope capturing $12,190 of it, Harpo Marx $4,711, and Darryl Zanuck $2,400. But Schenk felt awfully good about the $15,000 he cleaned up in election bets.

—Look Magazine

Hollywood. He was speaking in general, impersonal terms, and it never dawned on him that he had given such a good story that it might hit the front pages. Which it did—with Ann coming in for particular attention.

She went to him in her direct, unhesitating way. "How about this?" she asked, grinning up at him.

He looked sick—which, as a matter of fact—he was. "I'm sorry, Red. I wish I could eat every word. I just didn't realize. . . ."

"I knew that was the way of it," Ann answered. "It's okay. Let's skip it."

Shortly after that George went back to the hospital for further surgery. The recurrence of an old trouble made it necessary for him to spend some time dedicated to clinical thermometers, fever charts, five A.M. face-washings and general detention between the sheets.

that bedside manner . . .

Ann spent every spare moment with him. She brought him books about sailing and chart-reading. She brought him copies of Don Blanding's Hawaiian poems and a book of Island legends. She helped various groups at the studio rig up gag presents—everything from hot water bottles that looked like Flora-from-the-Follies to pink bassinets.

"It's swell of you to spend so much time with me," George said, looking at her as though he could eat her up.

"I'm morbid. I love hospitals," answered the gal from Texas, but observers noted that her expression was not so much Florence Nightingale as it was Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

As if disappointment and illness were not enough, dat ole debbil Career began to rear its ugly head. George and a non-professional couple who are close friends of his, asked Ann to go down to La Quinta (pronounced La Keenta) for a week-end. It is a heavenly spot, twenty miles south of Palm Springs on the road to Indio. The sunsets are pure strawberry sherbet, and the desert verbena is a breath from Elysian Gardens. Ann promised to drive down on Friday night.

Well, she had to work all night Friday and all night Saturday—so she spent a miserable Sunday alone.

Another week-end, a group of six planned to sail to Catalina and back. At the last moment, Ann couldn't go because she had to pose for fashions all day Saturday. Two weeks later, George and Ann were invited up to the home of friends near Santa Barbara, but Ann had to check in Saturday for wardrobe fittings.

Then George, fully recovered, went back to work, and whenever Ann had some free time, George was busy. Naturally Ann, vital, lovely and popular, couldn't be expected to mope at home. When an attractive man—such as Cesar Romero—asked her to go dancing, she accepted.

In November when someone asked Ann if she and George were "through" she shrugged impatiently. "That's such a dramatic way of putting it," she objected. "You know me well enough to realize that I'm not one of those 'never-darken-my-door-again' people. George and I—and I'm not being corny—are good friends. There are simply times in Hollywood when picture commitments and circumstances make it impossible for two people to see much of one another."

This is known as a declaration of independence, and it was printed far and wide. It was read in Peach Point by Millie Miller, who could have cried—and wrote to the studio about it. It was read in army camps throughout this broad land, and many was the khaki arm that got busy with a pen. Perhaps it was read in Hollywood by one George Brent, who knew that there is always one antidote for the woes of career interference in romance—it's marriage.

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"I do" . . .

Ann says, her eyes soft, "We started to plan our wedding around Christmas time. No one knew. Not even Gwenn Woodford, my secretary, and not even George's secretary—although she may have had her suspicions because she had to make certain arrangements."

So you think the course of true love is at last going into high gear? Wrong again. Ann and George planned to fly to Palm Beach and to be married New Year's Day to commemorate the second anniversary of their meeting at Mrs. Jack Warner's party. However, at the last moment, George was called back to the studio for retakes. He couldn't protest without revealing his plans and exposing himself and Ann to publicity.

So the bride flew to Fort Worth—alone. There her plane was grounded by bad weather, and George joined her somewhat later when his plane was also grounded. They took the train and arrived in Palm Beach in a driving rain. . . . On January 5—four days delayed.

So Ann donned the champagne tulle and arranged the white mantilla George had given her, with a white gardenia in her hair. She wore something old (a locket her father had given her when she was two years old) and something new (her tulle dress.) She wore something borrowed (Gwenn Woodford's sheer sandal hose) and something blue (the ribbons on her bridal bouquet).

She says, "In our wedding picture, George and I look as if someone had just set off a firecracker behind us."

So Prince Charming from Eire and the red-haired princess from Texas were married and lived happily ever after—as all good love stories must end.

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GORGEOUS HUNK

(*Continued from page 29*)

body beautiful, and the public called him a slice of razzberry pie. Vic had acted in some sixty stage plays, and he knew differently. But how to get action?

He was going with Lana Turner. He was going with Lana because he liked her, of course, but also because canny Vic was making it a point to date all the Hollywood sirens. He'd had front page romances with Carole Landis, Liz Whitney, etc., etc., because the word was around that he was a boy beautiful, a pantywaist and a lollypop. "It was romance," Vic grins, "but it was also business." He turned night-club wolf to smash the rumors.

smart stuff . . .

So he was with Lana at Ciro's. At the next table sat curvaceous Betty Grable. Betty was just back from a smash hit on Broadway in "DuBarry Was a Lady." She was holding forth on the subject. Something clicked in Vic's brain. He went right to the point. "Lana," he said, "get me Betty's telephone number!" Such crust! Lana could have shot him. But she smiled sweetly and said something about not having seen Betty for too, too long, and by the way what was her number? Then she wrote it on a slip of Kleenex and slipped it under the table to Vic.

"Thanks," said Mr. Mature. "About ready to go?" Lana certainly was. The next night he had a date with Betty Grable. The first words he said were: "How does it feel to have a hit on Broadway?"

"Swell!" said Betty.

"Tell me—how did you do it?"

"Well," began Bett, "It was like this—"

You see? Victor had an idea. He knew Hollywood needed waking up on the subject of Victor Mature. Smart as a fox, he realized only Broadway could do it. And he knew Broadway should be his meat. But how to get there?

Betty Grable went to Chicago on a personal appearance, right after that.

Victor Mature also went to Chicago, business unknown and unstated. Betty travelled on to New York. When she arrived at Grand Central Terminal, who was by her side grinning for the photographers? You've got it. Victor Mature. Romance? The reporters vibrated. Who was this beautiful guy? Some Hollywood dope, the name was faintly familiar. Pictures. Headlines. And pretty soon telephone calls from Broadway producers. See how it works? Right from Ciro's to the Stork Club because—well—he planned it that way.

Of course Vic had talent as well as crust. But you'd be surprised how far crust can go toward peddling the talent. The saga of Mature in Manhattan is a wonderful lesson. He hocked his car, by the way, and gave his dad a post-dated check for $200 to get there.

He put up at a ritzy hotel and applied the 2-4-6-8 pronto. He started on the second floor. He didn't like it so he squawked to the manager. They put him on the third floor. He squawked again. They raised him to four. He ended up occupying the penthouse for the same price as the second story room! Nuts? Well, let's go on to the night clubs.

Victor Mature really doesn't like night clubs. He doesn't drink. But a little over a year ago he was the prince of the plush, after-hour Gotham bistros. Why? He knew Broadway after dark was the Broadway that set the stages by day.

So Mature's raven locks, his sensual smile, his dark heavy-lidded peepers and his hunk of muscle became props at Monte Carlo, the Stork, the Versailles, Cafe Society and so on around town. Did it pay off? It did. Columns buzzed about him. Debutantes swooned. A gent by the name of Louis Schurr got a load of Mature at Monte Carlo one night and had something like an inspiration. "There's *Randy Curtis,*" he cried, smiting his brow. There was *Randy Curtis,* of "Lady in the Dark." At least there was after a little more 2-4-6-8.

The Brains of Broadway gathered in the theater for Victor's tryout. When Vic saw the big shots he thought fast. He had to sing in the play, and he'd never sung in his life. He knew he'd be terrible. He thought straight, the 2-4-6-8 way. "The only way to impress this bunch," he told himself, "is to play hard-to-get."

He walked up on the stage, hummed a few bars of "I'll Never Smile Again," and it was pretty awful. Then he hopped down off the footlights and started out the door. "Hey," yelled the producer, "where you going?"

"Home," said Vic. "I'm an actor, not a crooner."

They said, "Wait a minute."

"Uh-uh," said Vic. They got in his path. They explained that the crooning wasn't really important. They'd consider him for the contract.

"What do you mean, 'consider'?" said Vic indignantly. "Either you want me or you don't—right now!"

It wasn't done, the producers said. Impossible. Out of the question.

Well, the point is, they'd never seen anything like it before. A practically unknown dope doing nothing in a tryout and somehow making them like it. Then acting like Mister Broadway. They offered him $300. Vic was very nice. "I support nine people," he said. (He supported nobody but himself then, and that not very well.) He ended up drawing $750 a week and the contract signed.

Now, this could go on all afternoon. This Victor Mature 2-4-6-8 stuff. When he finally clicked on Broadway, Vic worked by day—and he worked by night, too. He doubled up on his night clubs. He beamed at benefits, he crashed the 400, he became Mayor LaGuardia's personal appearance stooge and stand-by for public clambakes. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt got to calling him "Glamour Puss." Fans chased him around Manhattan's canyons. One girl made him take her to lunch at the point of a pistol. Papers printed pictures of his Greek statue face

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Nothing can be considered actual waste in an actor's household, because he never can tell what sort of truck will gladden the heart of a fan. Here are a few recent sample requests: paper lipstick tissues; a "piece of gum you have chewed"; three hairs; a "telegram to my cousin on his birthday"; a cigarette butt; a "picture of you in step-ins"; eleven pages of "I love you" written 825 times; a button from a coat; a million dollars in movie money; an "autographed pair of your shorts."

—Look Magazine

and figure. Vic never disappointed anybody at any time. He caused so much furor in and around Broadway that—well—are you getting the point?

Back in Hollywood nobody was missing a bit of this. Vic didn't intend that they should. Pretty soon he got wires to hurry back—quick. Darryl Zanuck had offered $80,000 cash and a big Saturday pay check for his languishing contract at Hal Roach's. That little campaign paid off—and how!

So that shows you how Victor Mature operates. But it doesn't say anything about what he is. And what Victor Mature is, above all else, is a lone wolf. He's a one man corporation. He's an iconoclast. He's a rebel. It is Mature versus the world.

marital mishap . . .

Since I started this, Vic has busted up with his wife, Martha Kemp, New York society girl. Everyone who knew Victor, knew it was coming. He's not meant for marriage. He's not the kind of a man to share himself all the way—ever.

A few weeks ago Vic was late on the set. He's punctual as a time clock, ordinarily, because his career is serious stuff. But this time something happened. Anyway, Twentieth Century called his house to check.

"Why, he's at the studio," said his wife.

"No," they said, "he isn't."

"Then," said Mrs. Mature, "I can't tell you. I haven't seen him for four days."

Being a lone wolf is no new experience to Vic Mature. He got plenty of practice as a kid in his home town of Louisville. Louisville is one of the citadels of the snobbish South where who your folks are counts in big figures. Vic's folks were immigrants. His dad was an Austrian, his mother half Swiss, half French. Furriners didn't rate in his narrow-minded old Kentucky home. On top of this, Vic's dad set about his business in the American way, which further alienated him from the local pooh-bahs. He started at the bottom, grinding knives. The dark, curly-headed, different looking kid found things tough in juvenile social circles.

snob sister . . .

"I used to go to parties," Vic recalls, "that is, for a while I did. But I didn't fit. There'd be the banker's son, the lawyer's son, the sons of the first families. When they came to me they'd pass me by like a dirty shirt. I got laughed at, I got snubbed, I got insulted. All because my dad was making an honest living grinding knives. Pretty soon he could buy and sell a lot of those guys' dads. But that didn't mean a thing. I was garbage. They never let me forget it."

It was about this time that the famous face-slapping event took place. It's a well told Mature tale, but maybe you've missed it. Some local Louisville bluebloods who were on the democratic side, hauled Vic along to a coming-out party. He got up nerve enough to ask a haughty deb for a dance. Her eyes blazed, and she handed him a stinging cut across the cheek. "How dare you ask me to dance," said this gracious, charming daughter of Dixie, "you common son of a knife grinder!"

The sequel to this also packs a wallop. Coming out of the Stork Club one night last year the same haughty girl grabbed Vic by the arm. She was done up in minks and jewels, as ever. "Mr. Mature," she syruply cooed, "I don't suppose you remember me from Louisville!"

"How could I forget you?" said Victor sweetly. "You did me the biggest favor of my life. You started me out to make a name for myself!" The girl was speechless.

Victor Mature's career has been called a career of revenge. That's not quite the truth. It's true he was kicked around pretty thoroughly as a kid. One day, for instance, his father came home to find Vic absent from the dinner table. "Where's Victor?" he asked his wife. She pointed upstairs and shook her head sadly.

Mature, Senior (his name was Victor, too) found his only son stretched on his bed, sobbing bitter tears. He didn't have to ask what it was. He knew about the snubs and insults. He shook Vic gently, then took a hundred dollar bill out of his wallet. "See this?" he said. "That isn't only money—that's friendship." He tore the bill in two. "Now," he said, "that's two friendships." The moral was plain even to a twelve year old kid. Go out and get the money—that's what his father meant.

Victor Mature left Louisville to earn his fortune. That's why he came to Hollywood. He paid his own way. He arrived in town busted flatter than a Brown Derby pancake. The town was terrifying. With his last few cents he sent a wire to his father. "Arrived Hollywood safe and sound. Have eleven cents cash to my name. Love, Victor."

The wire he got back said that, "Dear Victor. I am glad to learn you have arrived safely in Hollywood with eleven cents. Reminds me of the time forty-two years ago I arrived in New York harbor with five cents. I couldn't speak English. You can. Good luck. Dad."

If there's any hidden spur behind the success craving of Victor Mature, it lies

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not in any revenge vendetta with a silly glamour girl, but in Victor's resolve to show his hard-headed father he was a man in his own right.

That resolve broke down once or twice, but when it did Mature Senior's will never wobbled. Once Vic wrote his old man asking for ten dollars. The way he put it, it meant the difference between life and death, and the way he put it, he meant it. His pop never even answered the letter.

Ironically enough, the day Zanuck bought Victor's contract for $80,000 and boosted his salary to $1750 a week, Victor Mature, Senior, died. He left an estate of $687,000. He must have had some pretty good ideas.

There's no doubt Vic's starvation period around the Pasadena Community Playhouse, before he ever got a crack at a camera, fattened his private isolationist complex. He lived in a tent and kept his dog in a piano box. When the rains began, he moved into the doghouse. He kept body and soul together jerking sodas, waxing floors at the YMCA, cutting grass and even minding babies. He spent the rest of his time acting and learning to act and—he admits it—dallying along the primrose path of a few hundred art-for-art's-sake romances. But he was a one-girl-at-a-time man and he never sparkled in a crowd. Those years didn't help to make Vic the life of the party.

But they did help teach him how to take care of himself. How to go all out for Mature. How to think 2-4-6-8.

A while back Vic did "Shanghai Gesture" at United Artists. They gave him a canvas box for a dressing room. He howled to high Heaven. "What are you kicking for?" said the powers. "You ought to be used to tents."

"That's different," said Vic. "I've got nothing against canvas. But I was down and out then. And today I'm a star. I want a star's dressing room." He got one with everything but hot and cold running champagne.

nice guying it . . .

Here's another example: When he had made a name for himself in New York, Vic was contacted by a super sophisticated magazine. They wanted to profile him, quite an honor.

But Vic knew something else; he knew they'd pan him for a mere actor and a new incomprehensible one at that. The reporter arrived at Vic's hotel. He was met by Vic in his pajamas guzzling a warm coke (his favorite drink). Vic went right to the point.

"Look," he said, "I know your magazine, and I appreciate the honor. But I know something else. What you're here for is to boob me. I don't care to be boobed. So—have a coke—let's shake hands and part friends."

The reporter—and a darned good one too—almost fell over. He changed his tack and sat around for all hours. When he'd written his piece he called up Victor. "You're going to get me fired," he told him. "I've actually made a human, likeable guy out of you!"

That's the funny thing about Victor Mature. Something about him—his looks, his legend—hang up two strikes against him at the start. People who don't know him unanimously agree that he's a drip. Almost all who've learned to know the guy, admire him.

Not long ago Vic was proposed for a poker club by a non-professional pal of his.

"That chocolate drop!" snorted the gamboleers. "Nothing doing. No actors in this club—especially not the 'beautiful hunk of man'!"

"Let me bring him over," pressed the sponsor. "Just once, then I'll leave it up to you." They consented. Vic arrived, raked in all the chips, rolled the bones ragged and in general proved himself just a Hell of a guy. When he left he was pals with the skeptics.

I can testify there's nothing drippy about Victor Mature. He's a giant of a gent with hands like hams and size 12-D gunboats. He's direct as a poke in the nose, full of beans as a Boston deacon and masculine as a chew of tobacco. The long curly locks are a professional prop. Actually Vic has little regard for his looks away from the camera.

He lopes around in sloppy, baggy clothes, unkempt and lazy looking. His best suits are old studio wardrobe numbers that he gets for half off. He owns no jewelry save a locket his mother gave him. He wears the wrong ties with the right shirts. But he's scrupulously clean. He takes five and six showers a day and keeps new shorts in boxes scattered around his dressing room, sometimes changing underwear as many times as he showers. He's continually dousing his body with toilet water because as he say, "I like the clean smell."

armchair athlete . . .

He doesn't wear tops to his underwear or bottoms to his pajamas. He hates stiff collars. Anything that's confining at all is out with Victor, which includes all his habits. He's absolutely irresponsible to the point of wackiness about his meals. For lunch he'll start out with a coke, then a cup of coffee and a beaker of grapefruit juice. Along about four he'll wolf a cheeseburger. He might eat dinner at midnight. Or he might not eat at all.

He smokes cigarettes like a furnace, but he doesn't like whiskey. When he's forced to drink something, he pours Scotch over ice and sips it shuddering and remembering his one and only bout with demon rum.

That was when Vic first became a Hollywood personality after "One Million B.C." He had a date with the boss's daughter, Margaret Roach. They went to a party, fashionably late, arriving at nine o'clock. Vic thought it was for dinner, but no dinner. Everybody was drinking instead. Still uncertain about how to act in high society, Vic drank like the rest of them just to be inconspicuous. On the empty stomach it was dynamite. He got boiled. And we really mean boiled.

It isn't any physical culture complex that makes Victor lay off dissipation. He hates the Tarzan peg he's been tagged with. He was scheduled for a body beautiful scene in "I Wake Up Screaming." Vic objected; objections overruled. So he ate like a horse and put on twelve pounds. The body was no longer beautiful—not what you'd call streamlined.

He takes practically no care of his

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famous physique. He's an armchair athlete for the main part although he'll dabble at tennis and swimming if there's no way out. He's been pedaling a bike to and from the studio since the tire shortage. But it's not for exercise.

Mature's campaign for Mature takes care of cooking off any spare calories. Photographers stare at him in amazement when he grabs them going by on the set and says, "How about taking twenty heads of me?" One producer issued an order to cut down on the still pictures of Vic's picture. Now, ordinarily stars hate nothing worse than making still pictures. When Victor heard the order he said, "All right, I'll hire a cameraman of my own." And he did!

The "Genius" campaign at TCF goes down the line with "Assistant Genius Number One," "Assistant Genius Number Two" and so on—all set workers with khaki uniforms supplied by Mature. Emmett, the colored perambulator man in the Café de Paris, gets a five spot each week to call Vic "Mr. Genius."

Victor is frank and perfectly above board about his pattern for fame. He isn't egotistical or superior. He's just consciously colorful, and he admits it. "I'll do anything I can to make the world Mature-conscious," he says, "as long as it is honest and it doesn't hurt anybody." He calls all the money he spends in this way "putting it back in the business."

Matter of fact, Mature is not concerned too much about the check-book end of Hollywood success. "The only money that ever did me any good was the money I gave away," he says. Before his father died, the old man decided to will all his money to Vic. Vic made him change his will and leave it all to his mother. In spite of that precaution, he recently had a good many insurance windfalls light on him, policies he never knew his father had. This disturbs him. "This money is bad," he mutters. "Why, it might make me start taking it easy!"

just a gypsy . . .

Wherever Victor Mature would be would make little difference in his personal life. He has no sense of private grandeur and ease. He'll never be a social lion if he makes a million and kicks Clark Gable off his throne.

He doesn't know the right people in Hollywood yet and probably never will. He never gets invited to swank Hollywood soirees and wouldn't go if he were. It took Vic two years for the waiters at Ciro's to move him out of corners.

Victor Mature's real pals are about five little known non-professional Hollywood people and anybody he runs on to who looks like he's mixed up and needs help. One of Vic's chums was an eccentric inventor who was plugging some Rube Goldberg contraption. When Vic saw him he was discouraged and about to hop in the river. Vic moved him and the invention to his apartment where the latter spread out all over the place. He kept patting the depressed Edison on the back and saying, "You'll do it! You'll sell it!" And sure enough, the guy finally did for $50,000! Nobody was more thrilled than Mature. It's the success that counts with him.

Right now Vic is all steamed up about buying Rudolph Valentino's old hideaway—the fabulous "Falcon's Lair."

Maybe he will and maybe he won't. But if he does, it won't be because he vibrates to the baronial halls and mediaeval splendor of the Sheik's shack.

It will simply be another gambit in the game of making the world Mature conscious. And to that Vic is totally dedicated. To him that's only 2-4-6-8.

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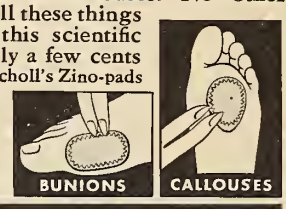

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could take the longer "Eagle Squadron" part . . . During the last war, Loder was a 20-year-old cavalry captain, the youngest British officer in action at the front. He spent six months in a German prison camp before being freed at the time of the Armistice . . . There are 89 separate, distinct acting roles in the picture. Leif Erikson, Eddie Albert, Nigel Bruce, Jon Hall and Albert Dekker—all of them have small roles, but strong ones . . . The Eagle Squadron insignia was especially designed for the boys by one of Walt Disney's artists . . . Director Lubin decreed "No make-up—grim realism is the keynote of this film" . . . Every typist in the studio is at work knitting sweaters for the Eagle Squadron boys in England . . . The first day of filming, Diana Barrymore walked on the set with a blackened eye. Asked for an explanation, she told folks, "My father hit me!"

THE INVADERS

Out with it.

"The Invaders" isn't a very good picture. It's sprawling and overlong. It isn't very dramatic and it looks as if it were patched together. It lacks unity, it's dull in some spots and pretentious in others. Despite its stars, Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard and Raymond Massey, it's not a star production. It was directed with a wide-toothed rake when it needed fine pruning shears. Well, then, should you see it?

By all means.

There are scenes when it speaks with a burning intensity of the things for which we are fighting today; there are times when it spots flawlessly the chinks in the armor of our enemies. It speaks with an honesty and integrity worth yard

after yard of some "perfect" pictures you might name.

True, it doesn't come off as a whole, and you'll have to sit through some dull and bad sequences. But when the good bits and pieces are flashed on the screen you'll know they were worth waiting for. It's a propaganda picture, out and out, and a bit too full of speeches; but that's no point against it. Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt make propaganda speeches, and they've never lacked for an audience yet.

"The Invaders" begins like a melodrama. The U-37, the first Nazi submarine to invade the Western Hemisphere, creeps into Hudson Bay to hole up while the first alarms for it die down. Six men of the crew are sent out as a foraging expedition to raid and loot an isolated Hudson Bay trading post. But no sooner is the party off than an RCAF bomber spots the sub and sinks it, leaving the six Nazis alone in hostile Canada. Since all this was before Pearl Harbor, the Nazis decide to make for still neutral America. The picture traces their progress as they thread through Canada, meeting various groups, being captured or killed, one by one. While it starts tautly, there's soon no suspense left, and the story dribbles slowly to an end. But what of the good things?

Wait for the sequence among the Hutterites, a Christian sect settled in Canada who give refuge to the fleeing Nazis without questioning them. The Hutterites are predominantly German, and the fanatic Nazi Lt. makes an impassioned plea to them as brothers, Germans and Nazis. The simplicity and quietness of their reply throws into high relief the revolting gibberish of the Nazi creed. We have to know always that there can be no argument against decency and freedom. The unassuming triumph of the Hutterites is the triumph of democracy everywhere as a living belief.

There are other good things. There's a true and tragic insight in the story of the Nazi Vogel. "The Invaders" doesn't make the mistake of underrating or over-simplifying the Nazis; the Nazi characters are etched carefully and truly. Theirs is the power of barbarism, but theirs also, are its weaknesses.

Wait for the scene where Leslie Howard, as the dilettante writer, shows off his prizes: a painting by Matisse, a book by Thomas Mann—works banned and burned by the Nazis. There's quiet power and it says a mouthful for our side.

Go to see it, if only to see Laurence Olivier in a backwoods beard, playing a trapper with a French accent; it's something, all right. Raymond Massey, speaking a sort of Canadian-American slang, is interesting if not very convincing. It's all superbly acted. Skipping the stars, don't miss Eric Portman as Lt. Hirth and Niall MacGinnis as Vogel. None of the actors in the picture misses fire, although sometimes you wish they had better material to work with.—*Col.*

P. S.

"The Invaders" took more than a year to film . . . 80 per cent of the production was shot in Canada, the rest in the Denham studios near London . . . The cast and crew used clipper, train, auto and dog sled getting back and forth between Canada and home . . . 17-year-old Glynis Johns was chosen by Director Michael Powell to replace Elisabeth Bergner . . . Miss Bergner, after traveling all the way to the Dominion to play the lead, decided not to return to England to finish her role . . . Biggest problem was getting the Hutterites, members of a religious sect, to cooperate. None of the colonists had ever seen a motion picture. Cameras were classed with mirrors—signs of vanity—and were not allowed . . . Director Powell pleaded with the Leader, explaining that the film would give the world an authentic picture of Canadian life . . . After consent was obtained, the Leader decided his flock was having too good a time and called a halt . . . Powell secured another audience with the head Hutterite and promised him that the entire troupe—actors and technicians—would work in their fields the next day to prove their good spirit . . . Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey and all the rest rose with the dawn and helped the colonists harvest their wheat . . . Once more permission to film the

group was granted, and the men finished the scenes in two days . . . The beautiful Hutterite girl who's caused commotion in the breast of every male who's seen the picture turned down all offers for a picture career. She's 18, 5 feet 4 inches tall, brunette, and has never seen herself in a mirror nor used cosmetics. Name: Elso Reimann . . . In the Indian territory, Powell ran into a problem caused by Hollywood's influence. After agreeing to work for $20 a day, one redskin chief reneged, told Powell he'd just remembered Richard Dix, who wasn't even an Indian, had received more than that for his portrayal. "You pay me as much as Richard Dix," grunted the Chief. "Then me play Indian." They raised his salary $5 a day and started production.

MOONTIDE

A few years ago in some of the dingy, little "art" and foreign language movie houses that dot the bigger towns, you used to run across an occasional French picture whose hero had a down-to-earth reality, a quality of danger mixed with amiability. So despite the fact that the picture may have seemed like a muddled gibberish in a language you couldn't understand very well, you never quite forgot the face of the hero: simple, plain, not particularly handsome. You checked

his name in your memory book: Jean Gabin.

Well, Jean Gabin is in Hollywood now and his first American picture is called "Moontide." It's the story of Bobo, a Frenchy dock worker on the Pacific coast. It's a story haunted by fog and the smell of cheap food and the blare of waterfront saloons.

And a girl.

Out of the thundering Pacific one night Bobo saves the girl Anna from drowning after she has waded far out in the weed-entangled sea, bent on committing suicide. He brings her to his waterfront barge and revives her, asking nothing, demanding nothing. But, somehow, spoken in monosyllables, told by looks, a love grows up between the two: Bobo, the dockworker, always on the move, wanting no ties, and Anna, the girl who had despaired of her life. It's a love that becomes stronger with each passing day, despite Bobo's restlessness and despite his shadowy friend Tiny's insistence

(Continued on page 100)

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that they move on down along the coast.

There's something untold in the friendship between Bobo and Tiny. And there is something hidden and dark in Bobo; there's a streak of violence in him, a violence that could culminate in killing. Anna slowly unravels clues from hints that Tiny drops. And she is faced, finally, with the dread that Bobo may have killed a waterfront character whose murderer the police are seeking.

Against this background, like a summer sky threaded with thunder clouds, the story unfolds. Bobo and Anna grope toward their small happiness threatened by the unseen horror and by Tiny always growing bolder in his demands, hinting exposure of the unmentioned crime. It all explodes violently on the wedding day of Anna and Bobo, with Anna half murdered and Bobo stalking Tiny across the docks and breakwaters of foggy and night-shrouded San Pablo.

Yet for all its violence "Moontide" is a simple picture told in terms of atmosphere and character. Ida Lupino, whose fine performance in "Ladies In Retirement" you may remember, plays Anna. Thomas Mitchell is the evil Tiny. Claude Rains figures importantly as a character named Nutsy. Across them all sweeps the fog of San Pablo, obscuring their destinies, hiding their failures.

Gabin has been called the Spencer Tracy of France, but the comparison is not quite apt. Tracy has a big brother quality about him, Gabin is nobody's big brother. There's a sullen maleness to him that makes him in a way the equivalent of Lana Turner's sweaters. He's not romantic in the Valentino-Taylor-Mature manner; it's something subtler than good looks or a piercing eye, something new to Hollywood and the American public. There's an element of danger and sudden violence always lurking beneath that amiable face. And it has an appeal. At least it did in French. This one's in English, and there's an old proverb that says you lose something in translation.

Go and see for yourself.—*T.C.F.*

P. S.

$100,000 was tacked on to the budget for extra love scenes after studio execs glimpsed Jean Gabin burning up the celluloid of the first rushes with his smouldering wooing technique . . . Director Archie Mayo says Jean can do more with a glance than most actors can accomplish with pages of dialogue . . . For the first time in seven years of picture-making, Ida Lupino wins her man . . . Claude Rains spent six weeks developing the peculiar shambling walk he uses in the picture. Copied it from a fellow he met along the harbor waterfront . . . 20th Century-Fox got a waiver from the State game board allowing them to catch and use sea gulls on the condition that the birds would be returned to the spot at which they'd been trapped. The prop man sent to catch 'em couldn't get anywhere near the beach because of military coastal defense preparations. Desperate, he drove inland about a mile, scattered a couple of loaves of bread around an empty lot, then sat down to wait, fingers crossed. After three hours he had caught 15 gullible gulls which had swooped down for a quick lunch . . . All production came to a standstill while Director Mayo and a couple of trainers tried to persuade bulldog Officer Smith to plant a cold-nosed kiss on Lupino. The puppy, extremely shy, made them wait an hour and a half while he got in the mood . . . $19 was the sum total expended on costumes for Ida . . . One-time society gal Helene Reynolds has had her name yanked from the Social Register, 'cause she plays such "baddies" on the screen . . . Ralph Byrd gets a real chance to play a straight dramatic role. He's known to the Saturday-afternoon-kiddie contingent as "Dick Tracy" . . . Claude Rains got the role author-actor Willard Robertson had written into the book for himself . . . Marlene Dietrich, an enthusiastic advice-giver, visited Gabin daily on the set. Officials had to ask her, please, not to speak French to him, especially when he was studying dialogue between scenes . . . During the last two weeks of production, Ginger Rogers supplanted Miss Dietrich in Jean's affections and promised to show him around New York when both arrived there for vacations.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

"To Be or Not To Be" is a comedy that laughs in the horror that was Poland after Hitler's invasion. The trick, of course, is that it isn't really the Poland you read about in your daily paper, despite the physical resemblance. The geography is by Ernst Lubitsch and the lines by Jack Benny; and beguiling geography and amusing lines they are, too.

It's a comedy melodrama that tells of the Turas, Joseph and Maria (Jack Benny and Carole Lombard) reigning favorites of the Warsaw theater and happily married. But not so much married that Maria is above a pretty compliment or two from a handsome flying officer; or Joseph above a skeptical suspicion or two in return.

But involved as they are in romantic complications over the handsome flying officer (Robert Stack), they are at the same time involved with the Gestapo, and their effort to stop a spy from betraying the underground leaders of Poland. The picture proceeds from bedroom to Gestapo headquarters, from the hams of the Teatr Polski to Adolf Hitler, from melodrama on the stage of a deserted theatre to the not-so-subtle comedy of husband Benny finding flying officer Stack asleep in said husband's bed. It's mad and tense, merry and taut. There's a chuckle to match every gasp.

The famed Lubitsch touch is perhaps not quite so evident as it has been in some other pictures. But the picture is directed deftly with an eye for detail and a sense of pace and unity. The script is studded with good lines and good situations. And comedy being the slight thing it is, the flicker of a director's fingers can make or break a scene. Mr. Lubitsch's fingers are very sure.

The picture is blessed with a perfectly assigned cast. Jack Benny gives a delightfully bland performance in the role of Joseph. Carole Lombard matches him every step of the way with her graceful and incisive comedy. Stanley Ridges, Sig Rumman, Felix Bressart and Lionel Atwill deserve a round of applause. Robert Stack is properly handsome and animated as the juvenile lead.

"To Be or Not To Be," with its oddly prophetic title, was Carole Lombard's last picture. Only the morbid will find it macabre. For, as an actress, she leaves on a peak note, with her audience laughing and asking for more.

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POSLAM SOAP & OINTMENT

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

and gaudy eccentricities sometimes pass for genius, she had a real and solid talent. The screen is an odd master; shadowy and unreal, it is a gigantic mirror for those who pass before its cameras. Every close-up is a huge and monstrous exaggeration, and Hollywood itself, living in its perpetual spotlight, is a challenge and a test. Carole Lombard carried her beauty and ability lightly and graciously and with the great gift of laughter.—*U. A.*

P. S.

When Director Lubitsch wasn't pleased with the scenes, he'd simply say, "Let's do it over again," but when they did a good job, he yelped excitedly, "Good! Fine! Excellent!" At picture's end, Benny said the most musical words in the English language as far as he was concerned were "Good! Fine! Excellent!" . . . Production was held up for more than an hour while the sound department hunted high and low for an echo. Every time Felix Bressart started to speak, the echo of his voice boomed back onto the sound track and ruined the scene. As a last resort, he was moved just five and a half feet, and quiet was restored. Why, nobody knew . . . Prop man Jack Caffee had a tough time finding duplicate automobile plates of those used on Hitler's car, old-fashioned bathtub, Warsaw restaurant toothpicks and horse harnesses! Most spectacular set was the interior of Warsaw's leading theater, which cost in the vicinity of $25,000 . . . Bobby Stack got a week off to go duck-hunting on the condition that he'd bring back some ducks for the cast. Amazingly, he returned with a fowl for every single member! . . . Benny is sick to death of disguises, what with those curls for his part as Hamlet and whiskers for the Polish actor. Says, "I am certainly glad that I wasn't working in a racing picture, for I'm sure Lubitsch would have loved to disguise me as Seabiscuit!" . . . Sound man Jimmy Thompson rigged up a gadget called the payoff bank. Rules were:

1. No language to be spoken on set other than English.

2. Nothing stronger than a faint "damn" to be uttered when swearing.

3. Penalty for "blowing" lines.

The Children's Hospital got the $117.40 collected. Benny led the contributors for his ad-libbing sprees. Lombard and Stack were about even for blowing lines of dialogue.

HIGHLY IRREGULAR

Franchot Tone is an R.A.F. man shot

Solution to Puzzle on Page 10

■	S	H	E	■	L	A	K	E	■	E	L	I	D	I	N	G	■
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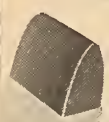

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MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

down in Holland, taking refuge in Joan Bennett's home. Her goofy husband is in a sanatorium, but Allyn Joslyn, a German Major in the Army of Occupation, isn't. He pursues Joan, so does Franchot, who is in turn bothered by the not unsuspecting Axis bunch. Fake divorce, possible bigamy, secret radios, the Gestapo, enemy submarines and old ladies all play their part in finally uniting Tone and Joan on the home front.—*Col.*

THE SPOILERS

Blood and thunder rule the day, and Marlene Dietrich, owner of the most glittering gin palace in gold rush Alaska, rules the men. There is claim-jumping galore, murder, robbery, train ride shenanigans, sheriffs, bare fist fights and all the go-withs. Hero John Wayne knocks the dickens out of Randy Scott and finally wins Marlene.—*Univ.*

LADY IN A JAM

Psycho-analysis comes up for some light-hearted joshery again as Irene Dunne's lawyer (Eugene Pallette) decides she is a screwball in need of being set aright. Patric Knowles disguises himself as a chauffeur and takes over the psychiatric job. Irene turns the tables on everybody, however, proving that some of our greatest fools are people. —*Univ.*

THE FLEET'S IN

Hollywood shows us again what sport it is to be in the U. S. Navy, where guys like Bill Holden stake their lives for a public kissing of Dorothy Lamour. Jimmy Dorsey's band and Betty Hutton liven the party, complicate the plot and toss World War II off lightly.—*Par.*

BLONDIE'S BLESSED EVENT

The domestic dithers of the Dagwood clan again run the gamut. Blondie's (Penny Singleton) new arrival, a baby girl dubbed Cookie, is only one of many newcomers on the scene. Daisy, the family pooch, simultaneously presents the household with a litter of quints, which Baby Dumpling (Larry Simms) leads Dagwood (Arthur Lake) to believe is his wife's blessed event. Frantically confused, Dagwood delivers a speech to a group of architects on building homes out of potato peels. From there on it's everybody's game.—*Col.*

TWIN BEDS

Newlyweds George Brent and Joan Bennett wind in and out of some funny marital difficulties with the U.S.O., a mad Roosian singer (Mischa Auer) and his meddlesome spouse (Glenda Farrell). When Joan peremptorily has twin beds installed in the apartment, husband George's growing suspicions of his wife's fidelity reach a peak. The situation continues ambiguous through the final scene in 1985.—*U. A.*

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

Gene Autry manages always to be around when Edith Fellows, a fourteen-year-old rich kid gets into trouble on Sarah Padden's semi-dude ranch for semi-debutante lassies. Edith conducts a hilarious, almost tragic, one-girl campaign to get herself sent home from the ranch, but by the time she's through, she's changed her mind about the whole thing. Blame it on Gene Autry's winning ways.—*Rep.*

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 49*)

The divorce came through the other A.M.—but the wedding bells are still a long way off. With the last obstacle to their union removed, the young man has decided he doesn't want to get married, after all!

Quite understandably, he is reluctant to tell the girl about his change of heart. He doesn't want to hurt her, and he doesn't want to hurt himself—as he very well might since his sweetheart has a notoriously fiery temper. Rather than risk her wrath, he's done what he considers the next best thing. He has secured a job which will keep him out of town for at least six months. The lady, held here by her own picture commitments, will be unable to follow.

What will happen at the end—or if the girl discovers the plot—we would rather not think. We always did hate horror stories.

Our British Brethren

We don't suppose anyone will be very surprised to hear that, before the war, Winston Churchill was a red-hot Bing Crosby fan. Owned every record the Groaner ever made. It's pretty well known by now that the Prime Minister is a regular guy who can carry a note with the best of them. However, what is surprising about England's winsome Winnie, is this: He was once under contract to Alexander Korda!

In a long ago, happier day, Korda hired Churchill to write an original scenario. Churchill whipped through the job in two hours, turning out the best darned story Korda ever read. But for some reason, the picture was never filmed.

It's said that Churchill is still enormously interested in American movies—but not so much as his friend, Lord Beaverbrook. M'lord boasts he has seen every Marlene Dietrich flicker at least five times!

Short Shots

Hedy Lamarr has two new house guests. Her beautiful refugee mother and a little Scottie who was Hedy's pet purp Over There . . . Jackie Cooper and the kids in his gang have rented a concrete mixer and will build a bombproof shelter in Bonita Granville's back yard . . . Hollywood is due for a fresh exodus of its stars to Broadway. Marlene Dietrich will lead the pack when she departs to appear in Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband." (Wonder why she picked that one!) She'll be trailed by Vic Mature who will thrill the debbies in a new Moss Hart comedy. Last time Vic went East, he brought back a bride! . . . Sonja Henie's last ice show grossed a trifling $1,750,000 . . . Mrs. Pat Boyer's birthday surprise for her husband, Charles, will be his portrait done by Painter John Decker . . . Richard Greene showed 'em! He put the stopper on those rumors that he was still torch-bearing for Virginia Field when he wed Patricia Medina, a British actress. The ceremony took place in London. Ginny is also scheduled for an altar-march—

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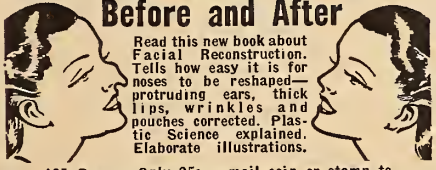

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

with famed radio announcer Paul Douglas.

News About Zachary Gold

Zachary Gold, MODERN SCREEN's new genius of judgment—the man who tells you what movies are good, bad or worse and why—has long been a demon at the typewriter. His easy-to-read style first came to public notice when it was found engraved in the pages of Brown University's Anthology, a collection of pieces nothing but the best. But the best was none too good for Zachary, and before they could pin his coat tails down, he had started to shovel up the shekels that the Saturday Evening Post threw his way. In fact, the stories he wrote for the century-old weekly were judged so super select that they were chosen during three successive years—1939, 1940, 1941—to go into the veddy exclusive Post Stories, a slew of tales than which there are few better. Colliers' carried the torch for him immediately thereupon, and darned if the Cleveland Public Library didn't start to wonder who this young upstart was. When they found out, they gave his works a knockout exhibition. Illinois took up the gun from there, and come Autumn, boys and girls throughout the high schools in that state will be reading a few of his works in a new text book which was chosen from many of its type, but not its calibre. Budding literary lights will be able to study a finished product at first hand. We saw Zachary about a month ago and managed to convince him that he and MODERN SCREEN's review department fitted hand-in-glove—both honest, both tops. Hope you think so, too!

Hollywood in the War

The whole town's working like mad, from the topmost director to the smallest errand boy! Studio doors open at the crack of dawn, don't close till far into the night. Stars rush from set to extra-curricular defense activities. Many leading citizens have left home to go where they're needed. Director Frank Capra is in Washington, heading a Morale Division of the Army. Director John Ford is in the U. S. Navy. Melvyn Douglas, at present in Hollywood, on temporary leave from the nation's capital, has been appointed Chief of the Arts Council in the Office of Civilian Defense. And Bob Cummings is in Arizona flying almost steadily to amass the air hours necessary to retain his pilot's license and admit him into the Service.

On the Local Front

The younger set is following the example of Ann Rutherford who has ditched silk hose for Wartime cottons . . . Perfectionist directors who require twenty "takes" before they get an acceptable one, are learning to mend their wasteful ways. A new ruling imposes a "three take" limit, to conserve film . . . Due to the auto shortage, John Shelton gave Kathryn Grayson a motor scooter instead of a new car on her 20th birthday . . . Vivien Leigh, invited to return to these shores for another picture, indicates she will remain in England, close to her husband, Laurence Olivier . . . Studio writers are being urged by the War Department to inject the phrase "Keep 'Em Flying" into their pictures as often as possible.

An ad appeared in the Hollywood Reporter advertising the sale of two French Poodle Pups . . . "But Not Vichy!" . . . Brenda Joyce is living in an auto court near Camp Roberts where her husband, Lieut. Owen Ward, is stationed . . . Gene Tierney won't let the fans forget soldiers Richard Greene and Bob Shaw. She insisted that their photos

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

be conspicuous on her dresser in "Rings On Her Fingers" . . . It's Defense Bonds instead of fancy duds for Binnie Barnes and Michele Morgan. They're buying fewer clothes and swapping wardrobes with their friends when they need something new . . . And speaking of Bonds, Paulette Goddard has $36,000 worth already—and she's not through! . . . Loretta Young is preparing for the day all her tires go flat. The other afternoon she made her calls in a horse-towed buggy with a liveried driver at the reins.

Rudy Vallee, a third class seaman in World War I, has been appointed an honorary flight cadet . . . Gas masks for young 'uns may be decorated with Mickey Mouse designs, so they won't scare the kiddies . . . Wednesday night is Bundles for Bluejackets night at the Milton Berles. Guests bring playing cards, cigarettes, books and sweaters for the boys in Service . . . 400 Paramount employees have each poured a pint of their blood into the Red Cross blood bank . . . Donald Crisp is a blood-donor who deserves special mention. Though over age, he insisted on giving his share . . . The Hollywood Swimming Pool set has been asked to keep their swimmin' holes filled at all times. Pool water may be needed if a bombing cuts the local water supply.

The Way to a Man's Heart . . .?

Friends are telling the newly-wedded Maureen O'Hara that the first year is always the hardest. Not that Maureen isn't finding that out for herself! Another domestic crisis like the last one, and she'll be running home to Mother!

Maureen's marital troubles started when she picked up a volume entitled "Advice to the Bride" and learned that all men love to start their day with a big breakfast. That sounded reasonable, so the day she and Will Price moved into their new apartment, Maureen began conducting her kitchen according to the book.

The first morning, Will downed his fruit juice, cereal, eggs, toast, coffee and buns, with relish. The second and third days he cleaned his plates but a little more slowly. By the end of a week, he was approaching the table reluctantly. And at the end of a month, the very thought of breakfast was making him ill.

Maureen, cheerfully following the rules, failed to notice that anything was wrong. Each morning, she stacked Will's food higher and hovered over him till the final morsel was gone.

The other day, Will cracked up. Snatching Maureen's hand as she slid another pancake into a dish, he drew her onto his lap.

"Honey," he said, "I'm going to tell you something that may hurt. But remember that no matter what I say, I do love you. These breakfasts," he continued, "you've gotten up every morning before dawn to prepare them. And I've devoured every last crumb. Now there's something you must know. I can't stand the sight of them! I've been strictly a coffee-and-toast man all my life, and if I ever have to face another seven-course breakfast, I'm going on a hunger strike!"

How to Win Friends . . .

Joan Crawford and Glenn Ford say it's only friendship, and they ought to know. But whatever it is, we suspect that Glenn—perhaps without his own knowledge—is being strongly influenced by those dinners and set-visits with the elegant Crawford. Anyway, we hope so. An up-and-coming actor like Glenn, still wet behind his career ears, has much that's good to learn from a star like Joan.

Joan, for one thing, has never snooted a fan. She knows that it's the autograph hounds and the celebrity seekers who put her on the top of the heap, and she's grateful to them. That this same quality of appreciativeness is growing in Glenn, is obvious from the following story.

The day he went to work in "Martin Eden," Glenn received a letter from a housewife in the Middle-West who told him how swell she considered him as an actor and how hard she was plugging for his success.

"I know you're too busy to answer this," she wrote. "But in your next picture, could you do some little thing that will let me know you've heard from me? Could you walk into a scene, tugging at the lobe of your ear? If you do that, I'll know it's meant for me. That will be my answer!"

Glenn didn't say "crackpot" and toss the letter into a wastepaper basket. Instead, he tugged at his ear in one scene—and in another for good measure! Unless his "message" lands on the cutting room floor, it will be the first time a star has used a million dollar production to answer a fan letter!

Disa and Data

Glenn Ford, a ciggie smoker, acquires that man-of-the-world feeling by puffing one big black cigar a day.

As soon as materials are available, Ann Sheridan will have special quarters built for George Brent, across the driveway from her main house. The two structures will be connected by a wooden bridge . . . Hedy Lamarr, who probably owns more jewels than any other movie star, hasn't taken her pretty baubles out of the vault since she came to Movietown. She doesn't like 'em . . . Gene Autry says thanks for the compliment, but he "does not choose to run for Senator of Oklahoma." . . . It took four shopping trips to Vermont, but the Henry Fondas finally got their new home furnished with pieces all over 100 years old . . . Out of respect for Judy Canova's feelings, Republic will not use the title "Moonstruck" for her latest picture. The studio recalls that at the time Judy sued for an annulment of her marriage to Corporal James Ripley, she averred she had been "hit on the head by a big yellow moon" . . . When Artie Shaw split his band, most of his men were snapped up by Chico Marx, who's embarking on a new bandleading career.

What's in a Name?

It's all settled. Ronald Colman will play the part of Rochester, and the first guy who snickers can answer to David O. Selznick, personally!

No, dear moviegoer, you who shifted uncomfortably in your seat while Don Ameche

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

portrayed Stephen Foster, and who found Mickey Rooney's Young Tom Edison just as hard to take—Mr. Colman is not going into blackface.

Last year, when Selznick announced the production of Emily Bronte's famous novel, "Jane Eyre," he also announced that he might give Jane's lover, Edward Rochester, a new name. He was afraid, he said, that audiences would howl at a romantic lead whose name reminded them of Jack Benny's favorite darkie!

Immediately, Bronte clubs all over the world bombarded Selznick with protests. If the producer changed so much as a hair, they vowed they would boycott his picture —and call on the ghost of Emily to aid them!

The battle raged for one solid year. The other day Selznick revealed it was ended.

"Ronald Colman will appear as Rochester," he said. "And I promise that when he's finished with the role, movie fans will be laughing at Eddie Anderson—because he hasn't got an English accent!"

More Disa and Data

Jimmy Stewart and Olivia de Havilland are closer to the altar than anyone thinks . . . It was different in Abe Lincoln's day! Bob Young's daughters had to travel such a great distance to their school, Bob and a few of his neighbors chipped in and established a schoolroom of their own, closer to home, with a qualified teacher in charge! . . . Alice Faye, expecting her fan mail to dwindle when she retired to await her baby, is thrilled with the way it zoomed beyond its previous record . . . 20th Century-Fox is paying U-No, a 36-year-old trained mule, $1,250 a week for his appearance in "Ten Gentlemen From West Point"—an amount in excess of the combined salaries of Maureen O'Hara and George Montgomery who are the stars of the picture! . . . George Sanders' original tune, dedicated to Norma Shearer, has music publishers pounding at his door . . . You can't sneeze at a business that pays 208,000 persons an annual salary of $407,000,000!

The torch Marlene Dietrich is bearing for Jean Gabin is bigger than the Statue of Liberty's . . . The John Sheltons call their three cocker spaniels Hinky, Dinky and Parley-vous, and their sheep dogs, Itch and Scratch . . . Six of Chris-Pin Martin's grandchildren will make their movie bow in "Across the Border," Chris-Pin's latest . . . Samuel Goldwyn was afraid that "damn Yankee" feeling still exists below the Mason-Dixon line, so he polled 500 representative citizens in representative Southern communities, asking if they'd object to "Pride of the Yankees" as the title of Gary Cooper's newest starrer. The 500 r. c.'s responded with a unanimous "No!" . . . If she has her way, Joan Crawford will become M-G-M's first full-fledged woman producer . . . Louis Bromfield, who receives fabulous prices for his novels, is the new editor of Humphrey Bogart's fan club magazine! He's doing it free, out of friendship for Bogy.

Grace Notes About Bob Eberly

Years and years ago, Bob Eberly won a Fred Allen Amateur contest, played a week at Roxy's and then went slinking home again to Hoosic Falls, N. Y. sans contract, sans dough. A broken man. Locally, however, he was still Caruso, and firemen's benefits and things kept him in the chips and in chronically elegant voice. One night in 1936, he was asked to sing at a police ball in Troy, N. Y.—a colossal item for which 10,000 tickets had been sold and for which the

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Dorsey Bros. orchestra had been engaged. Bob, who usually accompanied himself on the guitar or banjo, let the Dorseys take over the job, and it was like champagne and caviar, Abbott and Costello, and all the other divine combinations you can think of. When the Dorseys left Troy, Bob was with 'em. He stayed with Jimmy when the brothers rifted. Says he wouldn't leave him for a million . . . Ex-newsboy, ex-high school pitcher, he's currently most fan-mailed singer in the business. There still is no Mrs. E. to gloom up the picture, but he's shopping. Wants an intelligent brunette with a sense of humor. It'll help if she's a Debussy addict, 'cause he is; and a good cook, as his appetite's phenomenal . . . He's five feet eleven, weighs 167 pounds. Always looks Greek god-dy, but doesn't care much about clothes. He smokes Camels, has flat feet and stays awake till dawn over a good mystery. Hates beer, single-breasted suits and being alone. The last "hate" is purely imaginary, we feel, as he's got more friends than anybody.

Grace Notes About Helen O'Connell

Blonde glamour puss Helen O'Connell was a child career-woman. Has been supporting herself since she was 13, no less—all of nine years ago. Taught dancing to other pint-sized Pavlovas for a while in her home town, Lima, Ohio; then discovered she could sing and got a job with one Jimmy Richards' orchestra. Her 17-year-old heart, however, wasn't quite in it, on account of her terrific crush on another Jimmy's band. Yep—old J. Dorsey's. Used to invest all her money in his recordings and sing along with them. Eventually she got to New York with Larry Funk's orchestra and—she still doesn't believe it—was discovered by dream guy Dorsey . . . Five feet six and 121 pounds, she couldn't be shyer in real life. Is constantly amazed at her own antics on the bandstand. Was stunned when she saw herself cutting up in her first movie, Paramount's "The Fleet's In" . . . She's about the only blonde Bob Eberly can tolerate. " 'Cause she's got a brunette personality," he alibis. We, however, know it's because she's straight O'Connell and just plain irresistible. Look at the record: Polls taken by swing mags, "Downbeat" and "Orchestra World" last year gave her top popularity honors among all gal vocalists; last year's senior class at Harvard voted her "Sweetheart of 1941"; and the block around any theater where she's appearing is invariably like Times Square on New Year's Eve. And if that's "brunette personality," boy, wrap it up, we'll take one.

Stoodents!

So many fans ask Constance Bennett for advice on clothes she's written a booklet for them called "Your Grooming I.Q."

Highlights: Never, she warns, dress too consciously with or against fashion . . . Always remember simplicity is the basis of smart dressing . . . When you've assembled a complete costume, practice wearing it around the house so you'll feet at ease.

Two Way Stretch

Toughest costuming problem of the month confronted Designer Royer when he picked up the script of Hal Roach's "Brooklyn Orchid." A pixy-ish writer had developed a scene in which Florine McKinney was to romp through a series of strenuous exercises wearing a skin-tight evening gown (to be created by Royer)—and emerge from the tussle with every dress seam intact.

Royer cursed the writer and slunk off to dream up the impossible. Lo and behold, he returned to the set a couple of days later with the dress. "Here you are," he smirked. "This will give Florine a real body-hugging. And it won't pop a single seam, either—they're all held together with elastic thread!"

This is as good a time as any, incidentally, to clear up a question we're asked at least a dozen times a day. No, the stars do *not* own the clothes they're pictured wearing. Local stores lend their merchandise to be photographed on the gals, but often, as in Bette Davis' case, the star likes something so well, she buys it. And pays full price for it, too, in case you're wondering about discounts!

Good News About K. T. Stevens

Don't call her "Katie"! It's K. T.—most emphatically—K. T. Stevens, up and becoming-famous daughter of a famous father, a girl who changed her name because she refused to cash in on her father's reputation when looking for a job . . . substituted initials for a full label in the first half of her moniker, pulled "Stevens" out of the bag, and set out full sail on her own career . . . Blushingly she admits that she's head over heels in love with her new life, but she puts a giant question mark over any other possible loves that fall closest to her heart . . . forthrightly announcing, however, that one of them is NOT social colossus Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, as is publicly rumored . . . because she doesn't like the competition from his horses! Any interested bidders for K. T.'s hand will have to forego one of life's greatest pleasures, furthermore . . . because she "can't stand men who eat vanilla ice cream" . . . it makes her think the men might be as colorless as the confection . . . chocolate sauce or no chocolate sauce! Fair Lady Stevens confesses to having attended several dramatic schools, but, in her own words, "none of them were of the kind in which the pupil is required to sit on a table and act like an apple." . . . At the same time her mother insisted that she learn to play the piano, said she'd regret if it she didn't learn . . . evidently, though, mom was wrong, judging from K. T.'s current admission that "I don't even like to *look* at a piano!" Biggest onstage worry she's had has been her hands . . . "What to do with those huge hunks of paralyzed flesh hanging from the ends of my arms! I'm over this now, thank heaven, but it took me nearly four years to whip this phobia." . . . maybe because she tried to emulate the person she most admires, Mrs. Hepburn's older daughter, Katharine . . . K. T. claims she rehearses under any roof or tree, no matter where she is . . . usually, she says, her pre-performance carryings-on occur on busses or in subways when she's studying . . . "I look up to find people all around me staring as if I'd lost my mind. For a minute I'm not sure, either." Her favorite expression, she's discovered, seems to be "You're so right, chum." Her one make-up can't-do-without is a lipstick brush. Asked if she had any endearing vices, she countered quickly with "You'll never be able to pin me down to name what vices are endearing." Her favorite director? We'll quote her in full on this one . . . "I'd like to say William Wellman but can you imagine what would happen to me when I came home to dinner if I said that! P.S. My father is Sam Wood. So let's call this a tie between Mr. Wood and Mr. Wellman." Ooops . . . we let the cat out of the bag . . . but K. T. Stevens, the slopped-up-in-cold-cream-and-paper-curlers Gertie of "Kitty Foyle" comedy fame really is a career girl on her own. She can't help it if her father's famous, too!

GOOD NEWS—HOLLYWOOD DIARY

Fri., Feb. 27th: Still drowsy after las[t] Academy Award dinner. What a w[ild] evening! Didn't have the glitter of Academy nights 'cause all the gu[ests] asked to leave their formals at ho[me] come in either street or dinner dress[es] Wendell Willkie and Dr. Hu Shih, Ambassador to the U. S., who were th[e] pal speakers, more than compensated lack of sequins and shiny shoulders.

Accepted Adrian's invitation to loo[k] the private showing of his Spring [Col]lection. When I heard he was exhib[iting] Ready-To-Wear line, I thought I'd disc[over] the perfect shopping place for MG[M] SCREEN's working-girl readers. Should[n't] known better. Turned out Adrian's Ready-To-Wears start at $69.75!

The show didn't have a swank cocktail mosphere, though. Only thing served was a slab of gum at the door. Funny thing about my invitation. Greta Garbo's name was crossed out and mine written above it. Expected to find my seat behind a screen or post, but it was right out in the open near Gracie Allen's, Jeanette MacDonald's, Janet Gaynor's and Greer Garson's. Maybe that's why G. G. wouldn't come.

Stopped at Robert's Drive-In for a quick Pepsi. The place is famous for its "Remember Pearl Harbor"-stamped butter pats!

Wed., Mar. 4th: Walking by Hollywood High this morning and noticed a mob of kids surrounding an instructor who was showing them how to douse incendiary bombs. Found Jean Gabin in the crowd of onlookers. Jean doesn't look as strained as he did when I met him the week he arrived from France. California has loosened his taut war nerves. Says he prayed the Axis plague would never strike here. But he's happy, as we all are, that West Coasters are pitching in cheerfully and without panic.

Coincidence! Saw Jean again this evening —with Ginger Rogers in a little restaurant in Beverly Hills. And only yesterday, Ginger's personal p. a. announced she was on her farm in Oregon—and was not seeing Gabin!

Mon., Mar. 9th: Here I am, completely hornswoggled by the news that Gary Cooper delivered a long speech at Pershing Square, when Gary deals me another shock! On the "Pride of the Yankees" set we got to talking about Gary's 5-year-old daughter, Maria, and Proud Papa didn't stop talking for an hour. Mostly about how superbly Maria skis and skates at Sun Valley. Guess Gary isn't so silent after all. Just hates to gab about Cooper.

To the Ballet Russe at the Philharmonic, this evening. Met Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith, Michele Morgan, Hedda Hopper and Lili Damita in the lobby. Also, Humphrey Bogart, the sissy! Bogey tells me he'll only go to the Ballet if he's driven, but once he's there he loves it.

Bogey had a funny story to tell about the ballet troupe. When they were at Warners making shorts, they almost disrupted the studio. Other Warner stars would stray from their own sets to watch them, and directors were driven frantic trying to locate players when they were needed. Eventually the situation got so serious, the ballet set had to be closed to visitors. However, bewhiskered Monty Woolley wouldn't be kept out. When the studio cop refused him entrance, Woolley thought fast. Hearing the strains of "Tales of Hoffmann," composed in the middle of the 18th century by Jacques Offenbach, Woolley glared furiously at the studio cop and snapped, "That is my music they're playing! I am Offenbach!" The abashed policeman pored out apologies and banged open the set doors. "Go right in, sir," he gulped. Woolley

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save tires. Nor is the rest of the town. Understand the Beverly Hills License Bureau registered 1,200 new bicycles in the last four weeks.

Wed., Mar. 18th: Joined Kirt Baskette in the Fox commissary for his interview with Vic Mature. Vic swears, word of honor, there's absolutely no connection between his separation from his wife and Rita Hayworth's from her husband, so soon after they co-starred in "My Gal Sal." Rita's charge that Eddie Judson "inflicted great and grievous physical and mental cruelty upon her" rocked the town that thought the Judsons' 5-year-old marriage was on a reasonably solid foundation.

Cesar Romero and Carole Landis stopped by. Both are up to their necks in war work. Last week, Cesar gave a big party at his home and invited the Ray Millands, Fred MacMurrays, Alan Joneses, Gary Coopers, Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling, and Hedy Lamarr and George Montgomery. The party didn't break up till 2 o'clock. But at the stroke of 12, Cesar waved his guests good-night and trundled off to bed. He had to report for State Guard maneuvers at 8 A.M. the following day and needed a good night's rest! Carole says she's under doctor's orders to slow up her national defense efforts. Seven nights a week and every free afternoon are too much for one frail gal, according to her medico.

Had dinner at the Streets of Paris where Wingy Manone toots the trumpet with the band. Wingy hasn't stopped glowing since his Las Vegas elopement with Lois Murphy. He's kind of ashamed, though, of the way he gummed up the ceremony by tossing jive patter at the preacher instead of the conventional "I do's." Wingy had to apologize like a naughty child before the preacher would go through with the ceremony!

Mon., Mar. 23rd: Brown Derby-lunched with Ida Lupino and June Duprez. Lots of rubbernecking when Ida and June began to hum, "Time Stops," the ditty they co-composed. I suppose it's good, but the stares focused on us were so discomforting, I hardly heard the tune! The spotlight finally shifted to Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith, seated at a table close by. Strange thing. Every time the Derby photographer tried to snap them, Agent Myron Selznick popped up from the next table and shooed the camera boy away. Can't imagine why. It's no secret that the Goddard-Meredith deal is a robust romance.

Over to the Palladium this evening to dance to Tommy Dorsey's band. Leopold Stokowski stopped in unexpectedly. The entrance of the Maestro didn't disturb the hepcats. They just ignored him. But I think The Great Presence shook Dorsey and his boys. Not that Stokowski came to criticize. He raved about the band and dealt a special complimentary pat to drummer Buddy Rich. Stokowski says Buddy reminds him of the drummers he heard in Central Africa!

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Albert Edwards

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PORTRAIT OF A WALLFLOWER

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She came from a good family.
She went to the very best schools.
Then she "came out"—
And NOTHING happened!
Here she is at a party, all dressed up,
And no heart to break but her own.
Dainty, sweet, and her nose CAREFULLY powdered,
She wears just the right shade of lipstick,
But her eyes are a *BLANK*—
They just don't register!
One day Annette learned about MAYBELLINE,
Just as you are doing—and,
Look at Annette NOW!

MORAL: *Many a man has been swept off his feet by fluttering lashes!*

nnette's lashes now ppear long, dark and vely, with a few simple rush-strokes of IAYBELLINE MAS-ARA (solid or cream orm—both are non-marting and tear-proof).

nnette's eyebrows now ave character and ex-ression, thanks to ne smooth-marking IAYBELLINE EYE-ROW PENCIL.

or a subtle touch of dded charm, Annette lends a bit of creamy IAYBELLINE EYE HADOW on her eyelids -her eyes appear spark-ng and more colorful!

Give *your* eyes thrilling beauty . . . get genuine MAYBELLINE, the Eye Make-up in Good Taste.

Maybelline

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

RITA HAYWORTH
Columbia Pictures Star
with her own Chesterfield vanity-cigarette case

IN MY CASE *It's Chesterfield*

In mine too say millions of satisfied smokers . . . for a *Milder* and *decidedly Better-Tasting* cigarette, one that's *Cooler-Smoking*, you just naturally pick Chesterfield.

And of course the big thing in Chesterfield that is giving everybody so much more smoking pleasure is its Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos . . . *for regardless of price there is no better cigarette made today.*

MAKE YOUR NEXT PACK CHESTERFIELDS . . . and enjoy 'em *They Satisfy*

Copyright 1942, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

MODERN SCREEN

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF CAROLE LOMBARD

Nature's lovelier now... *you can be, too!*

"Beautiful like me!"

Baby's complexion is by far the World's loveliest. Baby's beauty counsellor is Doctor. He recommends gentle Ivory Soap for baby's sensitive skin . . . and *yours!* New Ivory—*milder* than ever—brings you safe beauty-care. Give *your* skin New Ivory's "baby-care!"

Give your skin Ivory care that Doctors advise!

For 'tween-season DRY SKIN!

Your mirror, your fingertips reveal how dry and sensitive winter months have left your skin. Refresh it with Ivory's gentle "baby-care." Doctors advise Ivory for sensitive skins. Just a daily gentle washing with Ivory's velvet-soft, lavish lather and *lukewarm* water, never hot! Avoid icy rinses, too. This method is approved by skin specialists. Doctor's beauty counsel is best. *He* says: New Improved Ivory Soap. It's *safe!* Contains no dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.

Flower-fresh all over . . .

that's how your skin is, after a lovely, lathery Ivory Bath! Warmly caressing New Ivory suds foam up faster than any leading bath soap. And that fresh, clean "Ivory" smell is so delightfully dainty. Lather up with that big white floating cake—and get "baby-care" all over!

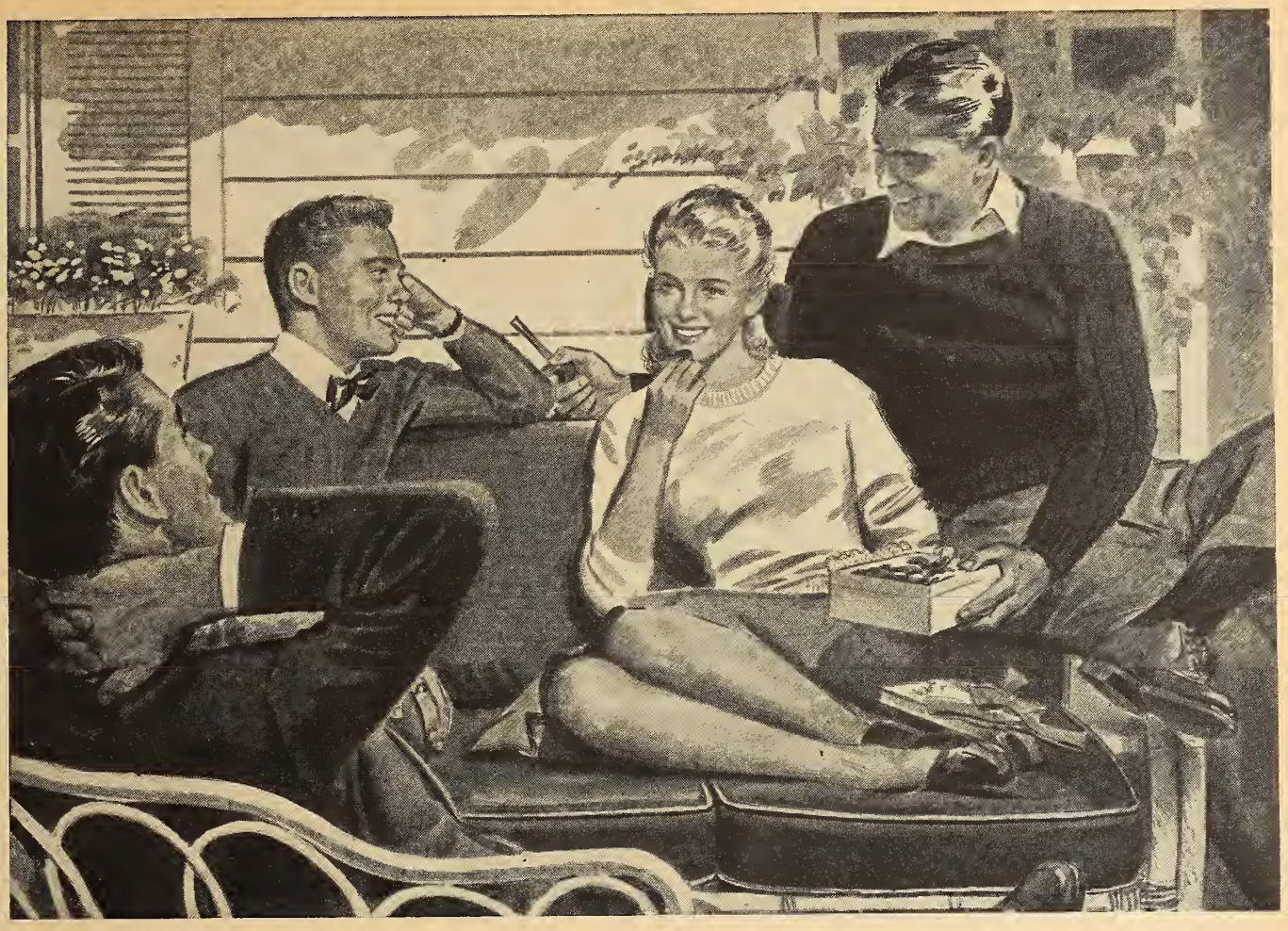
Warmer weather . . . OILIER SKIN!

Don't let more active oil glands blemish your beauty now. Let Ivory's mild cleansing help keep your skin looking cool and lovely instead of hot and shiny. With Ivory's thick, quick lather and a washcloth, *scrub* your face in *lukewarm* water. Follow with warm and cold rinses. Repeat this cleansing at least 3 times daily. This method is approved by skin specialists. More doctors advise Ivory than any other brand of soap. Use New Ivory *faithfully*, and you soon will use it *exclusively!*

99 44/100 % PURE • IT FLOATS

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care . . . use *New Velvet-suds* IVORY



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

You'll "star" in your own crowd—if your Smile is right!

For a smile that wins friends, invites happiness—help keep yours sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

THUMBS UP, plain girl! You don't need beauty to make your dreams come true.

You can win what you want in life, *if your smile is right.* You can be popular, successful—a star on the stage of your own special world.

But your smile must have *magnetic appeal.* It must flash freely and unafraid, lighting your face with beauty. It must be big, warm-hearted, winning!

For that kind of a smile you must have bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on *gums that are healthy, gums that keep their firmness.*

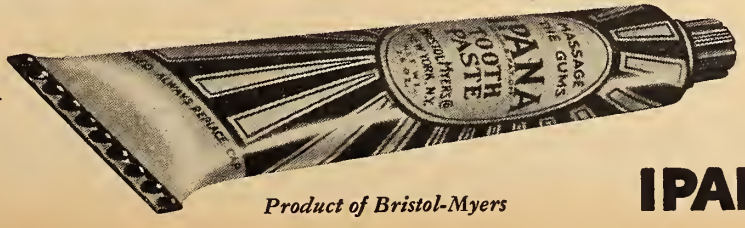
Never take chances with "pink tooth brush"

So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist right away!* He may tell you your gums have become tender and sensitive, robbed of exercise by creamy foods. And, like thousands of other modern dentists, he'll probably suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue, helping your gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste from your druggist today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.



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Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

MAY -1 1942

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

"Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!"

★ ★ ★ ★

This was John Milton's idea of the gladsome month.

★ ★ ★ ★

Leo's idea is bounteous, too,
In bringing "Tortilla Flat" to you!

★ ★ ★ ★

Based on John Steinbeck's best-selling novel. A more mirthful group of folk than dwell, and love, and gambol in the place called Tortilla Flat you never did see.

There are new laurels to pin on Spencer Tracy as *Pilon*—an authority on those three essentials of the gay life—Wine, Women and Song!

★ ★ ★ ★

There's Hedy Lamarr, as Dolores. They call her "Sweets". You'll soon see why.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's John Garfield, as Danny, who inherited two houses and a watch. But his eye for an attractive female was his own to begin with.

★ ★ ★ ★

Others? Lots of them, and all good. Frank Morgan, Akim Tamiroff, Donald Meek, Connie Gilchrist, Henry O'Neill. A veritable galaxy. The director? A fellow named Fleming. Victor Fleming. Maybe you've heard of some of his many pictures—"Gone With The Wind", for instance. "Captains Courageous" too. A capable chap, you'll agree. Screen play by John Lee Mahin and Benjamin Glazer.

★ ★ ★

On the horizon also is Leo's speedy musical "Ship Ahoy". Coming to you in a breeze on waves of laughter with a cargo of stars and songs and swing-tunes and saucy sirens. The sirens are ship-shape.

★ ★ ★ ★

Salutes to the care-free crew: Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Bert (Stage-Star) Lahr, Virginia O'Brien and the justly-famous Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★

Ahoy there Director Eddie Buzzell and screen play writer Harry Clork for a see-worthy entertainment.

★ ★

To "Tortilla Flat" and "Ship Ahoy" Leo gaily tips his Spring bonnet.

—Leo

©C1B 541164

MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

Last Will and Testament of Carole Lombard 26
What They Expect From a Date 28
He Wakes Up Screaming—*Red Skelton* 32
Swell Gent—*Bill Lundigan* 34
Ready for Love—*Linda Darnell* 38
"Ecstasy" Girl—*Hedy Lamarr* 40
"My Poppa Done Tole Me"—*Dennis Morgan* 44
They Knew What They Wanted—*Gene Tierney* 47

COLOR PORTRAITS

Shirley Temple 43
Robert Taylor 46

FEATURES

Let's Go Bowling! 30
Candidly Yours 36
"Tortilla Flat" 50
Every Penny Counts! 102

BEAUTY

Beauty Is In Your Hands 52
Modern Screen's Nail Beauty Chart 54
Fashion At Your Fingertips 56

FASHION

In the Swim 79
The Nadocky 80

DEPARTMENTS

Movie Reviews 6
Our Puzzle Page 8
Modern Hostess 14
Movie Scoreboard 16
Portrait Gallery 19
Good News 58
Co-Ed 64

Cover: Carole Lombard, appearing in U. A.'s "To Be Or Not To Be"

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GANGWAY! HERE COMES M·G·M's CARGO OF MUSICAL FUN!
ELEANOR
POWELL
"Red" SKELTON
"SHIP AHOY"
On waves of laughter comes a boat-load of stars and songs and swing-tunes and saucy sirens. Eleanor Powell taps her way to new breath-taking heights. Red Skelton never funnier with riotous Bert Lahr and Virginia O'Brien and a screenful of melody by Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Ship Ahoy! Oh, Boy!
with BERT LAHR · VIRGINIA O'BRIEN
and TOMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Screen Play by Harry Clork
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS
The Dorsey Dervishes send you aquiver with "Last Call For Love", "Poor You", "I'll Take Tallulah" and other hits.

Between scenes of "My Favorite Blonde," Hope was busy chairmaning Paramount's Red Cross.

MOVIE REVIEWS

MY FAVORITE BLONDE

The world of Bob Hope, like Alice's Wonderland, becomes curiouser and curiouser with every picture; and funnier and funnier. "My Favorite Blonde" co-stars a roller skating penguin with Rapid Robert, the fast man with a gag. But funny as the penguin is, he waddles in a bad second to the incredible Mr. Hope. From splay nose to that infectious Pepsodent grin, Bob Hope is a riot, on or off roller skates, from North to South Poles.

Modeleine did chorcool sketches of procticolly every member of the cost. Amused set members with clever coricotures of pompous Woshingtan big bugs!

Item: Bob and his penguin are taking bows at the end of their vaudeville turn. Bob points to the penguin, and the applause wells up like summer thunder; Bob bows for himself and someone claps politely. Says Hope jealously to the penguin: "Relatives in the house?"

Item: Madeleine Carroll bursts into his dressing room and whips off a dowdy sports hat. The famous Carroll blonde hair shimmers like sunshine on water. Says Hope wistfully: "Is that your real hair or did you scalp an angel?"

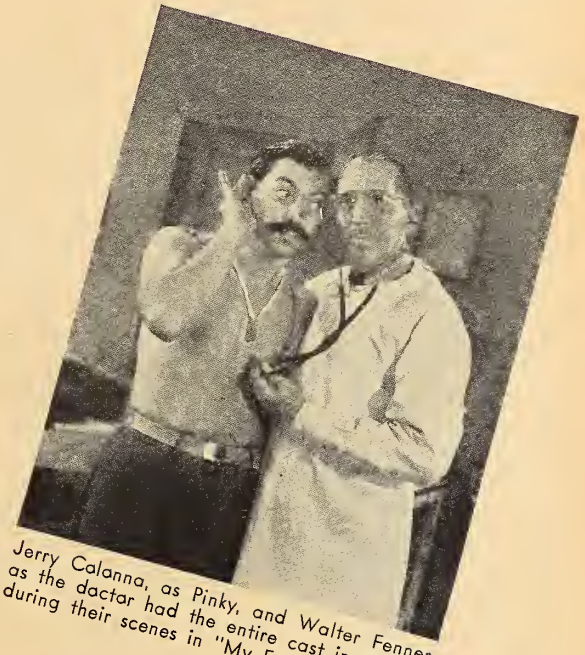
Item: Cornered by two ugly gentlemen, one sporting a gun, the other a four-inch blade, Bob is trapped against a locomotive. A sudden puff of steam blinds them for a moment. Says Hope impishly as he skips off to safety: "Your knife is showing."

Item: Outside a loft building Bob pauses to grub a match from a loafer leaning idly against the wall. The loafer, unannounced and uncredited, is Bing Crosby. Bob takes the match, lights his cigarette and strolls off. Ten feet away he stops, his eyes light up with the glint of recognition, he half turns. Then he shakes his head, shrugs his shoulders. Says Hope: "Couldn't be."

You get the idea.

And the idea is that this is the funniest Bob Hope picture so far in his immensely successful series. The story picks up Hope as a (*Continued on page* 10)

By Zachary Gold



Jerry Calanna, as Pinky, and Walter Fenner as the dactar had the entire cast in stitches during their scenes in "My Favarite Blande."

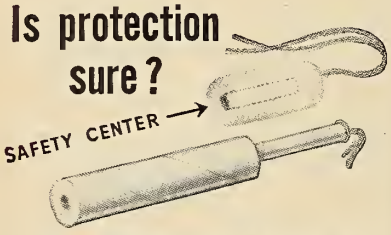
Pete the penguin, famed far his skill an roller skates, duets with Bob in the picture!

Madeleine Carrall (Karen Bentley) is the cause of all Hape's (Larry Haines) trials and tribulatians!

I wish you'd ask me about Tampons!

As a nurse, I *know* tampons make sense. The freedom and comfort of *internal* protection are wonderful! But, there are tampons and tampons! Do you wonder which is the best—the *right* tampon for you? Let me give you some answers . . .

Is protection sure?



The secret of protection is quick, sure absorption! Meds absorb *faster* because of their exclusive "safety center" feature. Meds—made of finest, pure cotton—hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

What about comfort?

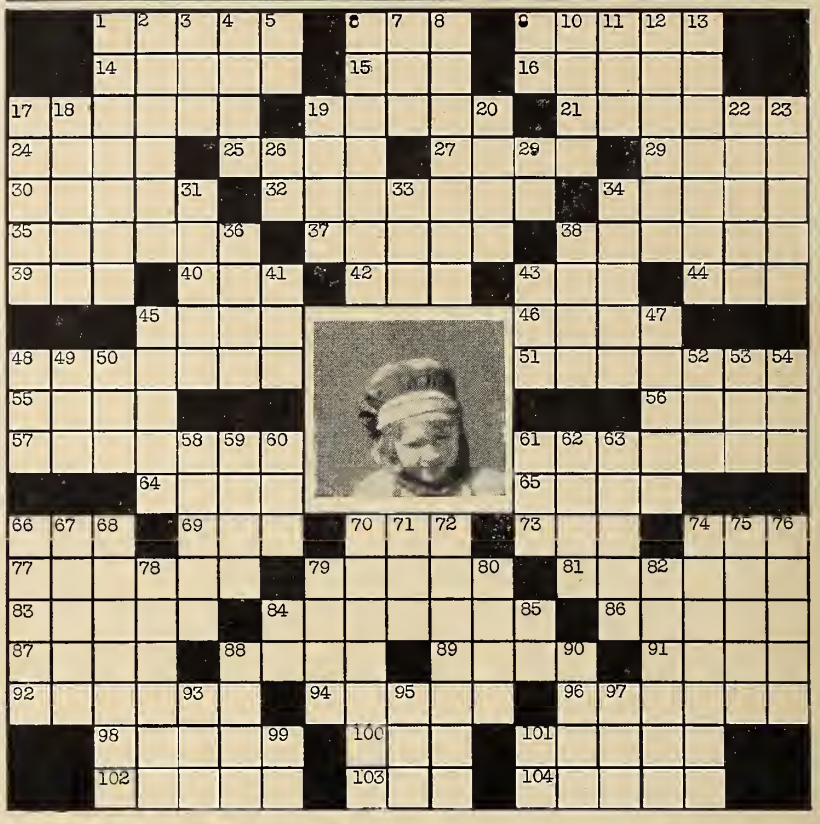
For comfort a tampon must *fit!* Meds were scientifically designed to fit —by a woman's doctor. Meds eliminate bulges —chafing—pins—odor! Each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator . . . so *easy* to use!

And Meds actually cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators . . . no more than leading napkins. Try Meds!

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

The Modess Tampon

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 101

ACROSS

1. He made "The Magnificent Amhersons"
6. Brilliant movie lights
9. Actress in "The Maltese Falcon"
14. Actor in "Ladies in Retirement"
15. "Saps at - - -"
16. Judge in "Courtship of Andy Hardy"
17. Salts
19. Metrotone sports announcer
21. Reporter in "Confirm or Deny"
24. Molten rock
25. Silkworm
27. Comic in "Mexican Spitfire's Baby"
29. Press
30. Imbecile
32. Famed person often in news reels
34. Speak out abruptly
35. Sewing implement
37. Unit of work
38. Traveling hag
39. Always: poet.
40. Tell a falsehood
42. George - - - est
43. Affirmative answer
44. 88-Down was called "The "Swea - - - Girl"
45. To make trim
46. What Deanna sings with ease
48. Afternoon film showing
51. Idaho birthplace of 88-Down
55. Genus of olive
56. What 88-Down is to fans
57. Opposite 88-Down in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"
61. The "slow hurn" comedian
64. Cooking pot
65. Great Lake
66. - - - alind Russell
69. Joan's role in "Little Women"
70. Enthusiastic movie attendant
73. Continually find fault
74. Studio grounds
77. Male film players
79. Ex-hubby of our star
81. Bristly
83. Lad in "To Be or Not to Be"
84. A surprise hit film
86. Sensational
87. Actress named Kelton
88. A film's principal player
89. Petition
91. Newcomer in "Courtship of Andy Hardy"
92. Layers
94. Rims
96. Cold
98. Levels
100. Suffix denoting profession
101. Desire
102. English Academy Award winner
103. "Rings on Her Fing - - -"
104. One-time "It" girl

DOWN

1. Hero in "The Invader"
2. Opposite Ann in "Juke Girl"
3. Cora - - - Collins
4. Russian river
5. Vicki in "We Were Dancing": init.
6. Starred in "You'll Never Get Rich"
7. Richard G - - - ne
8. Opposite "West Point Widow"
9. Because
10. Sad-faced comedian
11. Popular juvenile in "Niagara Falls"
12. Virginia's dad in "Born to Sing"
13. Enlist
17. Loretta Young's sister
18. Hindu princess
19. Location
20. Gas in theater signs
22. What Autry's Champion is
23. Come in
26. He's in "To the Shores of Tripoli": init.
28. "H - - ky Tonk"
31. Gal in "The Remarkable Andrew"
33. Manager: ahhr.
34. "Heavy" in "Paris Calling"
36. Geraldine Fitzgerald's homeland
38. Dancer in "Louisiana Purchase"
41. Piece out
43. Steer wild
45. Instrument Oscar Levant plays
47. Buddy in "The Lady Is Willing"
48. A silent shot
49. Lofty mountain
50. Small mound
52. Soft drink
53. "The Bride Came - - -"
54. Expert at bridge
58. With 88-Down in 28-Down
59. Shade trees
69. Actor in "Reap the Wild Wind"
61. Lead in "Juke Box Jenny"
62. Periods of time
63. E. Clay Benham in "Roxie Hart"
66. Grates
67. Group of eight performers
68. Played the leading role
70. Gained fame as "David Copperfield"
71. Consumed
72. Pincers
74. March's wife in "Bedtime Story"
75. Species of willow
76. Boy's nickname
78. Folded in eight leaves
79. Wings
80. Slippery fish
82. Last name of 88-Down
84. Compass point
85. Concerning
88. M-G-M star, pictured
90. Absent without leave
93. "The Big - - -"
95. "Johnny Ea - - -" starred 88-Down
97. Starlet Stewart
99. "Kathleen": init.
101 Star of "Skylark": init.

sister against sister!

Love made them hate each other!

THE MEN IN THEIR LIVES

BETTE SAYS: *"What I want I go after—and I get it!"*

OLIVIA SAYS: *"I'm going to be hard—just as hard as she is!"*

A sensational novel throbs to life! The cast is one of WARNER BROS.' best—the picture is one of Warner Bros.' biggest!

BETTE DAVIS · OLIVIA de HAVILLAND · GEO. BRENT · DENNIS MORGAN

in

"In This Our Life"

with

CHARLES COBURN · FRANK CRAVEN · BILLIE BURKE · *Directed by* John Huston

Screen Play by Howard Koch • Based Upon the Novel by Ellen Glasgow • Music by Max Steiner

POINTING WITH PRIDE TO A BIG PICTURE

COLORFUL! THAT'S the WORD that best DESCRIBES REPUBLIC'S newest DRAMATIC hit—"IN OLD CALIFORNIA"... COLORFUL characters—MEN and women CAST together into THE maelstrom of drama AND action that was AMERICA'S last frontier ...TOM Craig—played BY handsome JOHN WAYNE—who beat the LAWLESS strong-arm MEN of bloody SACRAMENTO at THEIR own dirty GAME . . . Britt DECKER—played BY ALBERT DEKKER—THE overlord and UNCROWNED king of THE underworld...Lacey MILLER—it's BINNIE BARNES' most UNFORGETTABLE ROLE—whose heart OF gold beat BENEATH the brass AND glitter that BESPANGLED her ...IT'S excitement they BRING you—and pulse-POUNDING romance—ENACTED by a cast as GREAT as the story they TELL...JOHN WAYNE—AND ALBERT DEKKER—AND BINNIE BARNES PLUS such oustanding FAVORITES as DICK PURCELL and funny PATSY KELLY and lovely LYNNE CARVER...With THAT combination of STARS—with a setting SO vivid and PICTURESQUE—with A story charged WITH action—great ENTERTAINMENT is ASSURED you . . . SO don't miss "IN OLD CALIFORNIA" . . . IT'S

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 7)

small time vaudevillian whose penguin act has been called to Hollywood. Madeleine Carroll, escaping from pursuing Nazi agents takes refuge in his dressing room. She is carrying flight plans to bombers about to take off from California for delivery to England. Slipping the plans into the unsuspecting Hope's pocket, she makes him an accomplice in her job.

From then on, it's Hope against the world. Never quite knowing what it's all about he dodges knives, spies and imminent death in a bewildered frenzy. The story skitters across country, nonchalantly tosses off a murder or so and involves the unwilling Mr. Hope with union truckdrivers and a small convention of women waiting for a lecture on the care and feeling of babies.

But the joy of the picture is neither in the plot nor even the beauteous Miss Carroll. It's pure Hope. Sociologists, a hundred years or so hence, might do worse than take an occasional peek at some of Bob Hope's pictures. Besides laughs, they'll get a slant on the typical American. For Hope is as natural as ham 'n' eggs and as native to the scene.

He's the corner drug store cowboy, down to the corny jokes, with a touch of white-collar pride and ambition. He has a normal eye for a well-turned ankle and a normal yen for the same. He minds his own business, but he's prey to the great American sympathy for the underdog. He scares, but not enough to stop him. In any pinch he does his best. With wisecracks added.

As for the production, Sidney Lanfield directed the picture beautifully; there's not a dull moment from the opening shot to the final fadeout. The pace starts at a gallop and never drops below a brisk canter.

Madeleine Carroll dispels her icy reputation and tussles gaily with the situations. She's a charming foil for Bob Hope's comedy with no small comic gift of her own. The supporting cast is effective but blacked out by the Hope blitz.—*Par.*

P. S.

"Pete" the Penguin has the most important role of his career in this one . . . the little waddler really gets around on those roller skates of his. He was so good, in fact, that Hope dashed out and bought a pair for himself so he could practice up for their skating duet . . . For the first time since the outbreak of the war, a movie company was allowed to shoot pictures within a defense area. Final scenes were filmed behind the Lockheed Aircraft Factory in Burbank. Every studio employee working with the "Blonde" company had to present proof of American citizenship and wear special, numbered badges at all times . . . Hope rides in a coffin for a couple of the scenes, so they built a nice, roomy one for him—3 inches longer and 3 inches wider than the standard models . . . A running gag, started when Hope was working with Bing Crosby in "Road to Zanzibar," always confuses visitors. Seems a man, wearing a cap like a train engineer's comes around every few hours to test the air-conditioning on the set. Bing and Bob got to kidding with him, and now, when he appears, one of the boys always inquires, "Well, Chief, what time does the Streamliner get in today." And the "Chief," playing it straight, takes out his watch, looks at it solemnly and gives 'em the time! . . . Crosby, incidentally, plays a small bit as a truck driver, just for laughs . . . Madeleine Carroll, on the verge of a nervous breakdown for a while from overwork, worked hard all day and spent her evenings entertaining boys from the local service camps. Took them on tours of Hollywood and Ocean Park, California's Coney Island.

SUNDAY PUNCH

Not even the new-found dignity of a pennant contender can dim the reputation of Brooklyn as home port for all the world's slightly nutty characters. It's something in the Flatbush climate, no doubt. So well-founded is this bit of folk lore that it's likely to go down in history as a fact. In official Chamber of Commerce literature, Brooklyn is listed as the Borough of Churches, and its neat little houses stretch block after block with scarcely a dese-dem-dose guy to be found. But to the world at large Brooklyn is funny; and that's that.

So it's no surprise in "Sunday Punch" to find a collection of pugs making their home where the sun shines on Gowanus Creek. Corralled together by their astute manager to keep them pure while they train, they live in a house watched over by a Swedish house-mother and a tough trainer. Rule number one at this odd establishment is that no women be allowed within its sacred portals.

It causes little less than a subway rush hour riot when a young and beautiful female niece of Ma Galestrum, the housemother, turns up to live in the joint. So ends the period of paradise in this Brooklyn Garden of Eden. Love blossoms gently among the cauliflowers.

More specifically it blossoms in the bosoms of Ken, college graduate and ex-medical student, and Olaf, the huge janitor at the place. It's Olaf who has the Sunday punch. There's no polish to him, no skill, but in any given fight he's likely to uncork a right that will drop his opponent in the third row.

The story winds through complications and misunderstandings and ends in a burst of leather when Ken and Olaf meet to decide who will fight the champion. It's a love match instead of a grudge fight, but you'd never be able to tell it from the way the two boys tear into each other. In the end Olaf wins, but Ken gets the girl, so everyone is satisfied.

But the charm of "Sunday Punch" is in the intimate peek it affords into the lives of the assorted pugs. A strange tribe, these fighters, full of odd little foibles

(Continued on page 12)

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish contains Chrystallyne**

Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels;
and this polish "stays on" amazingly

What causes the exceptional *brilliance*, the luster and *life*, of Dura-Gloss Nail Polish? How is it that Dura-Gloss brings you such pretty compliments? Dura-Gloss contains CHRYSTALLYNE.* Chrystallyne gives Dura-Gloss all its own glamorous brilliance and blessed powers of adhesion. Chrystallyne is the reason Dura-Gloss makes your nails glisten with shimmering highlights, radiate light and *life!* The reason Dura-Gloss *stays with* your nails not just one or two days, but *many*. The reason Dura-Gloss has carried the United States like a landslide! It transforms your fingernails into ten fabulously beautiful jewels! Make Dura-Gloss *your* polish . . . for the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Twenty shades. At all cosmetic counters.

*Chrystallyne is a special resin-ingredient developed by chemistry-experts who were dissatisfied with existing nail polishes. Before being blended into the superb Dura-Gloss formula, it looks like glittering diamonds.

3 New Colors for Summer
Blackberry Mulberry Wineberry

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10c
PLUS TAX

It's DURA-GLOSS *for the most beautiful fingernails in the world*

LORR LABORATORIES • PATERSON, NEW JERSEY • FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS

(Continued from page 10)

and tender vanities. Natives of the muscle region, their pride in biceps and triceps is enormous. And it's truly a tragedy when one of them has to give up fighting because he's allergic to—of all things—resin. You might as well be allergic to a punch in the nose.

Such expert comedians as Guy Kibbee, Sam Levene, Rags Ragland and Leo Gorcey flavor the dumb-headed, good-hearted roles. William Lundigan and Jean Rogers handle the love interest while Dan Dailey, Jr., is the terrible Swede with the Sunday punch. If you like your fruit cakes and movies slightly nutty, you could do worse than sample this epic of life among the pugs in Brooklyn. Brooklyn alone ought to be enough.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Bill Lundigan's 6' 2" frame got roughed up, but good, during the fight scenes. The script calls for him to tangle with Dan Dailey Jr., and both men put everything they had into their fists . . . Technical adviser Johnny Indrissano said Bill and Dan would make excellent boxers, if they ever wanted to stop being actors. Their footwork technique was particularly neat . . . Jean Rogers learns her lines best if she paints while she memorizes her script. Brought her palette, brush and other equipment to the studio and worked between takes at an easel set up in her dressing room . . . Leo Gorcey loves to 'moider' the King's English during interviews, then wind up bidding the writers farewell in his naturally grammatical manner of speaking . . . Leo's pet hobby is collecting fish. He has 200 different species now, adds a couple of new ones every week. Before leaving for the studio in the morning, he personally cleans out the specially-built glass tanks and feeds every one of the finny folk . . . No decision has been reached, as of this date, on what to do about Ragland's ties. "Rags" loves cravats of blinding color, and on the last day of production, gave one to every male member of the cast. No one has dared to wear his yet, but they know if they don't, "Rags'" feelings will be hurt.

SHIP AHOY

Spies! Spies! Spies! They seem to have reached even Eleanor Powell, and in her latest opus Miss Powell is forced to use those shapely pins for the prosaic job of tapping out an S.O.S. At that, it might be an idea for Military Intelligence to consider. Every spy supplied with a chorus line; Morse Code delivered by 20—count 'em—20 beauties.

"Ship Ahoy," besides being concerned with spies, sets up Red Skelton for another try in the Bob Hope sweepstakes. And a strong entry, too, if you remember "Whistlin' In The Dark." Skelton, the Red, doesn't have to worry about poaching on anyone else's preserves; he has a charm and a character all his own.

The picture spins the tale of Merton K. Kibble (Red Skelton), a writer on a long overdue vacation. There seems to be nothing better to stave off an incipient nervous breakdown than Eleanor Powell, and Red takes the prescribed doses, quite delighted by it all. On board the vacation ship, Red pursues Eleanor from starboard to port, from prow to stern.

But little Eleanor, dupe of foreign spies (Spies! Spies! Spies!), is carrying a magnetic mine to the enemy. And before very long Red, quite innocently, is carrying the mine off the ship at Puerto Rico pursued by more spies, Government agents and the lovely Eleanor. Tossing the mine around, unraveling the mystery and clearing Eleanor takes the rest of the footage.

It's not until Miss Powell taps out the aforementioned S.O.S. that the air is really cleared. Red, of course, with so many things popping around him, doesn't have time for a complete nervous breakdown. He trades it in for a headache.

Ignoring international complications (and do you mind if we ignore them in a musical?) "Ship Ahoy" manages quite a few pleasant songs in the process. There's Tommy Dorsey's band to provide the music, and that sentimental gentleman ignores all the shenanigans except those he can play on his trombone. Bert Lahr and Virginia O'Brien are mixed up in the proceedings. And there are several strictly non-S.O.S. dances by Eleanor Powell.

We don't want to be anybody's crochety old Uncle, but we wish our

Her Fitch Shampoo and hairstyle by Charmode Beauty Salon, Palmer House, Chicago

I Bought His Love

"Not for love or money!" I heard him say. No—Joe would never take a girl with dandruff to the party, and I had the worst case of dandruff in town. Yet, the very next day, he actually begged me to go with him! My white-flecked hair was transformed into a silken glory overnight. Joe saw me as a new and radiantly lovely person, all because I purchased a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at my favorite toilet goods counter.

I discovered that Fitch's Shampoo removes dandruff with the very first application. Its rich lather rinses out completely, leaving my hair shining clean. Actually, it penetrates tiny hair openings, helping to keep my scalp in normal, trouble-free condition. At the beauty shop or at home, I now insist on *my weekly Fitch shampoo* to keep my hair lovely and free of dandruff, the way Joe likes it. When I bought Fitch Shampoo, I bought his love!

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

Fitch's is the only shampoo whose money-back guarantee to remove dandruff is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. Use Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. It reconditions as it cleanses — economical, too!

Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.

Soap Shampoo

3. Microphata shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.

Fitch Shampoo

4. Micraphato after Fitch Shampaa and hair rinsed twice. Nate Fitch Shampaa removes all dandruff and undissolved depasit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

Copr. 1942 F. W. Fitch Co.

FRANK BAIRD, internationally famous hairstylist of New York and Hollywood says, "*Any product that will not remove dandruff in one application won't remove it at all. To remove dandruff in a single application, and for best results in hair styling, I insist on Fitch Shampoo.*"

Fitch's TRADE MARK DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles, Calif.

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

musicals would stick to their music. It takes the edge off a tap dance to know that a magnetic mine may be ticking away down in the hold somewhere. And with all respect to Miss Powell, we'd like to see national defense in more capable hands. At that, Hollywood ought to be more careful. You know: spies! spies! spies!—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Red Skelton gets to wear a tailor-made leopard skin (three yards of fur) for the costume-ball scenes . . . Eleanor Powell dreamed up a couple of dance routines that require more taps from her two feet than ever before. For one of them, she covers a space of more than a hundred feet in less than nine seconds. The camera had to be mounted on a stripped-down racing car, traveling 25 miles an hour around a sixty foot circle. 1000 pounds of ballast had to be dumped onto the car to keep it from tipping . . . Everyone's watch went off the beam the day the prop department brought a magnetic mine onto the set . . . Tommy Dorsey and Eleanor got together and worked out a new dance, combining swing, South American rhythm and a suggestion of tap. They've called it the El-Dor . . . Dorsey says his good luck tune is "Marie." Between takes, he worked out a list of "Anxiety Soothers." In the classics department, he named "Song of India" and the Welsh "All Through the Night"; for hot tunes, his vote went to "Weary Blues," "Beale Street Blues" and "Twilight in Turkey"; for sweet songs, he chose "Stardust," "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," "Who" and "Little White Lies" . . . Dead-pan singer Virginia O'Brien gets a chance to smile and act in this one . . . Bert Lahr, after telling everyone about his experiences in the Navy 20 years ago, suffered a terrific attack of mal de mer during his scene in a row-boat . . . Powell couldn't get any aluminum taps for her shoes. Plastic ones don't make as sharp a sound, so she had to double-strength every single tap!

THE SPOILERS

Everybody and his old man remembers "The Spoilers" because it was the scene of the most famous fist fight ever screened. In the latest remake it seems to have lost none of its old punch. But to a generation nourished on the slam bang of such expert tough guys as Jimmy Cagney it may not seem quite as blood-curdling as it did originally.

But as drama "The Spoilers" is still strong meat. This story of Alaska at the height of the gold rush is a colorful recreation of a lurid period. Nome, in those days, was the capital for two-fisted brawling adventurers who carried the law on their hips. In this land of fantastic millions and quick fortunes, ham and eggs sold for five dollars the plate, and rooms went for fifteen dollars and up.

"The Spoilers" is the story of Midas mine, fabulously wealthy, owned by lean, daring Roy Glennister. After working hours you could find Roy at The Northern, most popular saloon in Nome, owned and operated by Cherry Malotte, quick-tempered, hardheaded and beautiful. Between Cherry and Roy there is a half-spoken romance, but both are too stiff-

(*Continued on page 75*)

First impressions are lasting! Always guard charm with Mum

WHO KNOWS when a chance meeting—an unexpected introduction—will bring you face to face with romance. Are you ready to meet it—sure of your daintiness—certain of your charm—certain that you're safe from underarm odor?

Millions of women rely on Mum. They trust Mum because it *instantly prevents* underarm odor—because it so *dependably* safeguards charm all day or all evening.

Remember, even a daily bath doesn't insure your daintiness. A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come.* Let the daily use of Mum insure your charm. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today!

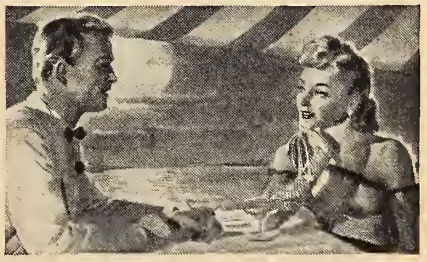
• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Mum is the preferred deodorant for this important purpose, too, because it's so gentle, dependable.

After every bath, and before dates, use Mum! Then you're sure underarm odor won't spoil your day or evening! Mum takes only 30 seconds—grand when you're in a hurry!

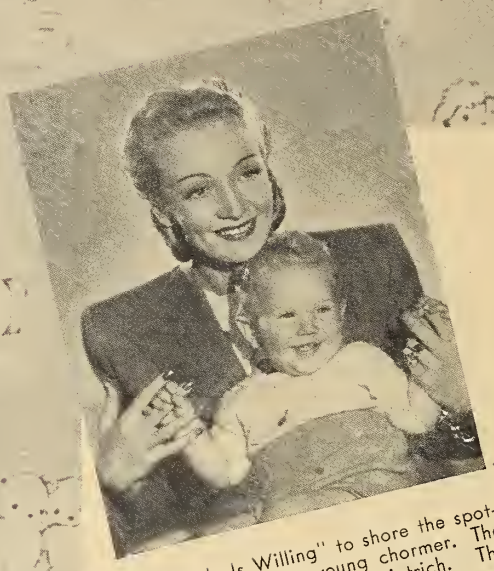
Stay popular with the friends you make this summer. Give romance a chance. With *convenient* Mum you never need risk underarm odor. Mum's safe for clothes, safe for skin, too!

Product of Bristol-Myers



To hold a man's interest, stay sure of your charm! Always be nice to be near! You can trust dependable Mum because, without stopping perspiration, it *prevents* underarm odor for a whole day or evening.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



"The Lady Is Willing" to shore the spotlight with this gay young chormer. The Lovely Lady: Marlene Dietrich. The Lucky Youngster: Wonder Baby Carey.

Baby Stars

A "Wonder Baby" indeed and a true "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is this youngster!

EVEN in this land of opportunity, you wouldn't want to bet on the likelihood of any mere baby achieving equal prominence in a picture which boasts of such famous stars and accomplished troupers as Marlene Dietrich and Fred MacMurray. Should you go further and try to figure out a child's chances of having as pulchritudinous a person as Marlene *fall for him,* literally as well as figuratively—well the odds become simply fantastic! But that is exactly what happened, at the tender age of ten months, to young David James whom you'll be seeing in Columbia's "The Lady is Willing." It was during the making of this movie that Marlene tripped while carrying Davey. Fortunately Marlene's first thought was not for herself but for the youngster. Thanks to this fact he stayed in the cast, unharmed—but her leg went into a cast, broken! Not surprising, in view of this proof of Marlene's esteem—combined with his own good points—that the studio crew forthwith nicknamed him "Wonder Baby" Corey.

But what are these other points that make this youngster outstanding? Well, to begin with he's a 4-H baby—meaning, in this case, hale, healthy, happy and handsome! Right about here his parents can come in and take a bow, because this much-to-be-desired state of affairs is not accidentally come by but is the result of much constructive thinking and loving care. Just such thought and care as we should all give to the bright particular star of our own household—the adored infant around whom revolves a "supporting cast" of admiring parents, relatives and friends intent on assuring his future health and happiness through their own work and sacrifices today!

One of a mother's most important contributions to her child's welfare is made through a careful study of his food requirements, right from infancy, since on her rests the responsibility of establishing correct eating habits, of

Courtesy Cream of Wheat

A nourishing breakfast like this, featuring a bland, *enriched* cereal, does much to give Baby Davey the rosy cheeks and happy smile that go with robust health.

Noah's Ark Gift Paper by Norcross

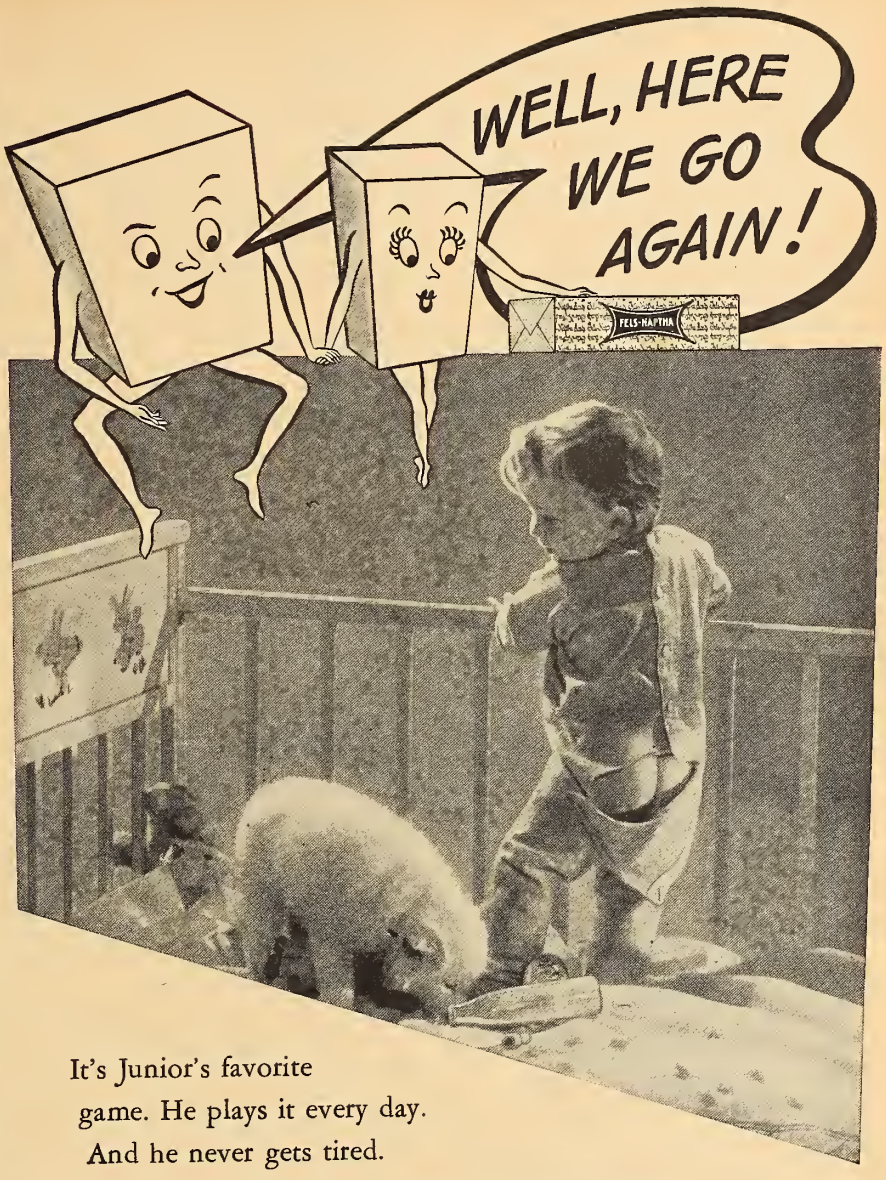
by **HELEN HOLMES**

seeing to it that he gets what is needed for proper growth and development. Like young Davey's proud parent, most mothers these days are fixed in their determination to provide baby with the "building" material necessary to assure strong bones and good teeth. So they start baby on cod liver oil, usually before the second month. Orange juice, too, is given at the earliest possible moment because it is the richest known source of vitamin C, which stimulates growth. Not content with their own far-from-extensive information, mothers of today familiarize themselves with all the facts about vitamins and minerals and with comparatively new — but vastly important — words like "enriched" and "irradiated."

In this last respect it is interesting to note that the combination of "enriched" white cereal and "irradiated" evaporated milk is highly recommended for baby's breakfast or supper. For upwards of forty-five years infants have had, as their very first breakfast food, a bland creamy white cereal, freed from irritating bran particles so as to be more desirable for their still delicate digestions. Now this cereal that has always agreed so well with his young highness has been "enriched" so that it contains vitamin B_1, phosphorus, calcium and iron—as much of that vitamin and actually more of the last three than whole wheat! Yet this new "5-Minute" Cream of Wheat cooks to full digestibility, yes, even for baby, in that amazingly short space of time. No wonder busy young mothers as well as their doctors, enthusiastically endorse it.

Evaporated milk has been given an added benefit also—irradiation—to provide a dependable source of vitamin D. Because of this, plus its economy and digestibility, more children are now raised on evaporated milk formulas than on any other!

Of course you, too, along with the other grown-up members of the family, can derive like benefits from a breakfast that provides the very same food essentials on which Baby Davey and others like him, thrive. Remember, the first hours of the day are sure to be your busiest ones, whether you are a business person or a stay-at-home. So make it a habit to start the day with a substantial meal.



It's Junior's favorite game. He plays it every day. And he never gets tired.

According to the newest rules it's a game for three. Junior, Mother and Fels-Naptha Soap. When these three play, *no one* gets tired.

Let Junior present his most complicated washing problem. Between them, Mother and Fels-Naptha Soap will solve it in a jiffy—with Fels-Naptha's gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap doing most of the work.

Not many mothers play Junior's game the old way any more. It's so much easier and quicker when you use the new rules—and Fels-Naptha Soap.

Golden bar or Golden chips—**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

"I'll take A CANARY as my Favorite Blonde!"

Bob Hope

BOB HOPE
Starring in "MY FAVORITE BLONDE"
A Paramount Picture

Like Bob Hope, many stars of radio and screen are happily caught in Hollywood's newest hobby craze—*canaries!* And you, too, will find there is enjoyment for every member of the family in the ownership of one of these fascinating little pets.

The sweet, cheerful song of a Canary helps bring restful peace and calm to modern nerves . . . provides joyous, living companionship for those whose lonely hours need brightening. Children, too, love Canaries—and learn from their simple care valuable lessons in duty and kindness.

Send for FREE 76-page illustrated book on Canaries. Just mail your name and address, on a penny postcard, to THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY, 2489 Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.

IN HOLLYWOOD
FRENCH'S BIRD SEED
IS THE ★★★★ FAVORITE!

Keep *your* Canary happy, healthy and singing. FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit included FREE) supplies11 aids to song and health. Today—and every day—feed *your* Canary FRENCH'S . . . the largest-selling bird seed in the U. S.

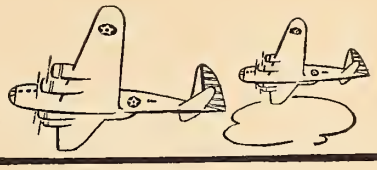
MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 pictures rated this month

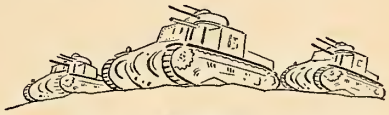
Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating
Adventures of Martin Eden (Columbia)	2½★
All That Money Can Buy (RKO)	3½★
All Through the Night (Warners)	3½★
Always in My Heart (Warners)	C 3★
Apache Kid (Republic)	3★
Arizona Bound (Monogram)	C 2½★
Arizona Cyclone (Universal)	2½★
Babes on Broadway (M-G-M)	4★
Bahama Passage (Paramount)	3★
Ball of Fire (RKO)	3½★
Bedtime Story (Columbia)	3★
Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Below the Border (Monogram)	2½★
Birth of the Blues (Paramount)	3★
Blonde from Singapore, The (Columbia)	2★
Blondie Goes to College (Columbia)	2½★
Blue, White and Perfect (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Blues in the Night (Warners)	3★
Body Disappears, The (Warners)	2★
Bombay Clipper (Universal)	2½★
Born to Sing (M-G-M)	3★
Borrowed Hero (Monogram)	2★
Burma Convoy (Universal)	2½★
Buy Me That Town (Paramount)	3★
Cadet Girl (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Call Out the Marines (RKO)	2★
Captains of the Clouds (Warners)	3★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Charlie Chan in Rio (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Close Call For Ellery Queen (Columbia)	2½★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia)	2½★
Confirm or Deny (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Corsican Brothers, The (United Artists)	3★
Death Valley Outlaws (Republic)	2½★
Design for Scandal (M-G-M)	3★
Devil Pays Off, The (Republic)	2½★
Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M)	2½★
Dumbo (RKO)	C 3½★
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbia)	2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO)	2½★
Feminine Touch, The (M-G-M)	3★
Fleet's In, The (Paramount)	3★
Flying Cadets (Universal)	2★
Forbidden Trails (Monogram)	2★
Forgotten Village, The	3½★
Frisco Lil (Universal)	2½★
Gay Falcon, The (RKO)	2½★
Gentleman at Heart, A (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Go West Young Lady (Columbia)	2★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Gunman from Bodie, The (Monogram)	2★
Harmon of Michigan (Columbia)	2★
Hayfoot (United Artists)	2★
Hellzapoppin' (Universal)	3½★
Henry Aldrich for President (Paramount)	C 3★
H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M)	3★
Hold Back the Dawn (Paramount)	3½★
Honky Tonk (M-G-M)	3★
Honolulu Lu (Columbia)	2½★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Hurricane Smith (Republic)	2★
I Killed That Man (Monogram)	2½★
I Wake Up Screaming (20th Century-Fox)	3★
International Lady (United Artists)	3★
International Squadron (Warners)	3½★
Invaders, The (Columbia)	3½★
Jesse James at Bay (Republic)	2½★
Joan of Paris (RKO)	3½★
Johnny Eager (M-G-M)	3½★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists)	4★
Kathleen (M-G-M)	3★
Keep 'Em Flying (Universal)	3★
Kid From Kansas (Universal)	2★
Kings Row (Warners)	3★
Ladies in Retirement (Columbia)	4★
Lady Be Good (M-G-M)	3★
Lady For a Night (Republic)	2½★
Lady Has Plans, The (Paramount)	3★
Lady is Willing, The (Columbia)	2½★
Law of the Tropics (Warners)	2½★
Look Who's Laughing (RKO)	2½★
Louisiana Purchase (Paramount)	3½★
Lydia (United Artists)	3½★
Mad Doctor of Market Street, The (Universal)	2★
Male Animal, The (Warners)	3★
Maltese Falcon, The (Warners)	3½★
Man at Large (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Man From Headquarters (Monogram)	2★
Man From Montana (Universal)	2½★
Man Who Came to Dinner, The (Paramount)	4★
Man Who Returned to Life (Columbia)	2★
Married Bachelor (M-G-M)	3★
Marry The Boss's Daughter (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Masked Rider, The (Universal)	2½★
Men in Her Life, The (Columbia)	3★
Mercy Island (Republic)	2½★
Missouri Outlaw (Republic)	2½★
Mob Town (Universal)	2★
Moon Over Her Shoulder (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Moonlight in Hawaii (Universal)	2½★
Mr. Bug Goes to Town (Paramount)	C 3★
Mr. and Mrs. North (M-G-M)	3★
Mr. District Attorney in the Carter Case (Republic)	2½★
Mister V (United Artists)	4★
Mr. Wise Guy (Monogram)	2★
Navy Blues (Warners)	C 3★
Never Give A Sucker An Even Break (Universal)	3★
New York Town (Paramount)	2★
Night of January 16 (Paramount)	3★
Nine Lives Are Not Enough (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
No Hands on the Clock (Paramount)	2½★
North of the Klondike (Universal)	2½★
Obliging Young Lady (RKO)	2½★
One Foot in Heaven (Warners)	3½★
Pacific Blackout (Paramount)	2★
Paris Calling (Universal)	3★
Pittsburgh Kid, The (Republic)	2½★
Playmates (RKO)	3★
Public Enemies (Republic)	2★
Quiet Wedding (Universal)	3½★
Reap The Wild Wind (Paramount)	3★
Red River Valley (Republic)	2½★
Remarkable Andrew, The (Paramount)	3★
Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal)	3★
Riders of the Badlands (Columbia)	2★
Riders of the Purple Sage (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Riders of the Timberline (Paramount)	2★
Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Roxie Hart (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Royal Mounted Patrol, The (Columbia)	2½★
Saddle Mountain Roundup (Monogram)	2★
Sailors on Leave (Republic)	2★
Secrets of the Lone Wolf (Columbia)	2½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M)	2½★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists)	3½★
Sing Another Chorus (Universal)	2★
Sing for Your Supper (Columbia)	2★
Skylark (Paramount)	3★
Smiling Ghost, The (Warners)	2½★
Smilin' Through (M-G-M)	3★
Son of Fury (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Song of the Islands (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
South of Tahiti (Universal)	2★
Steel Against the Sky (Warners)	2★
Stork Pays Off, The (Columbia)	2½★
Sullivan's Travels (Paramount)	4★
Sundown (United Artists)	2½★
Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Suspicion (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Tanks a Million (United Artists)	2★
Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M)	2½★
Texas (Columbia)	3½★
They Died With Their Boots On (Warners)	3½★
Three Cockeyed Sailors (United Artists)	2★
Three Girls About Town (Columbia)	2½★
To Be or Not to Be (United Artists)	3★
Tonto Basin Outlaws (Monogram)	2★
Too Many Blondes (Universal)	2★
Tragedy at Midnight (Republic)	2½★
Treat 'Em Rough (Universal)	2½★
Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M)	3½★
Unholy Partners (M-G-M)	2½★
Valley of the Sun (RKO)	3★
Weekend in Havana (20th Century-Fox)	3★
West of Cimarron (Republic)	2½★
What's Cookin' (Universal)	3★
Wild Bill Hickok Rides (Warners)	3★
Wolf Man, The (Universal)	2½★
Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M)	4★
Yank in the R. A. F. (20th Century-Fox)	3★
You Belong to Me (Columbia)	3★
You're in The Army Now (Warners)	2★

KEEP 'EM FLYING...



KEEP 'EM ROLLING...



KEEP 'EM SHOOTING...

...and keep 'em smiling

OUT OF THE factories and shipyards of America are pouring the planes and tanks, the guns and boats to arm the United Nations in the fight for Democracy.

Day by day, week by week our power must grow until, at its flood, it sweeps the earth clean once more so that free men may live in peace and security.

That is our resolve—and from it no power shall turn us.

To carry it through, our minds must be as keen as our swords, our hearts as strong as our tanks, our spirits as buoyant as our planes. For morale is a mighty force—as vital as the materials of war themselves.

And just as it is the job of some industries to provide the implements that will keep 'em flying, keep 'em rolling, and keep 'em shooting, so is it the job of the American Motion Picture Industry to *keep 'em smiling.*

Yes, that is our war-time job. We cannot build combat planes or bombers . . . we cannot make tanks or guns or ships. But we *can* build morale . . . we can give America the hours of carefree relaxation which will make its work hours doubly productive, the mental stimulus that will carry us on and on with heads up through dark days and bright, through good news and bad . . . to victory.

We can—*and we will!*

THE AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

MODERN SCREEN publishes this message in the belief that the vital war-time role of the Motion Picture Industry is of public interest.

IT TAKES A GIRL LIKE Rita TO PLAY A GAL LIKE SAL!

Like old tunes? You'll get 'em.
Like new tunes? You'll get 'em.
Like laughs—riots—fun—stars?
You'll get 'em!

The great once-a-year-musical in Technicolor. See it! *It's swell!*

Rita HAYWORTH
Victor MATURE
JOHN SUTTON
CAROLE LANDIS

Theodore Dreiser's

MY GAL SAL
IN TECHNICOLOR

with
JAMES GLEASON • PHIL SILVERS • WALTER CATLETT • MONA MARIS • FRANK ORTH

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Produced by ROBERT BASSLER • Screen Play by Seton I. Miller, Dorrell Wore and Karl Tunberg

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Six famous Paul Dresser songs! Including "ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH" and "MY GAL SAL" plus four new smash 1942 model hits including: "OH THE PITY OF IT ALL" and "HERE YOU ARE"

WATCH FOR THESE 2 GREAT HITS!

JEAN GABIN
IDA LUPINO
in **MOONTIDE** with
Thomas Mitchell
Claude Rains

Frank Tanner

Greer Garson's hair sets fire to every line I say," Noel Coward shrieked backstage after acting in his own play with the gal. Greer knows it, too, and treats her hair accordingly, refusing to change its color to suit a change in roles, always shampooing it herself and using for a rinse a full cup of champagne. The little Garson stems from a long line of Scotch-Irish and Orkney Islanders. In 1933, Greer (which is short for her mother's Scottish MacGregor) married a British soldier, but five weeks later called it quits when he asked her to accompany him to his post in India. Nostalgic lassie, her favorite dish is Irish stew and potatoes. For breakfast, the Scottish in her says porridge and haddock; buttermilk on the side, and on off days, a tonic of lime juice.

In spite of this strange grub, Greer and her 112 pounds are still the most delicious part of M-G-M's "Mrs. Miniver." Some dish!

IT TAKES A GIRL LIKE Rita TO PLAY A GAL LIKE SAL!

Like old tunes? You'll get 'em.
Like new tunes? You'll get 'em.
Like laughs—riots—fun—stars?
You'll get 'em!

The great once-a-year-musical in Technicolor. See it! *It's swell!*

Rita
HAYWORTH
Victor
MATURE
JOHN SUTTON
CAROLE LANDIS

Theodore Dreiser's

MY GAL SAL
IN TECHNICOLOR

with
JAMES GLEASON • PHIL SILVERS • WALTER CATLETT • MONA MARIS • FRANK ORTH

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In spite of this strange grub, Greer and her 112 pounds are still the most delicious part of M-G-M's "Mrs. Miniver." Some dish!

John Carroll . . . dashing 6' 4", 195-lb. sword brandisher . . . brand-new addition to the swashbuckler contingent, with 30 years of unbelievable adventuring to recommend him to the ranks! A runaway at 10, he earned his bread pulling hot bolts, hawking tabloids, innocently toting packages across the Mexican border at 50c per dash (until a ranger plucked a pistol from one of them)! Bored with landlubbing at 15, he scrubbed decks and loaded freights around the globe for 2 years. Returned to shore where department-store floor-walking gave way to a career as legman to a Chicago newspaperman and a semester at Northwestern. He was sent to Milan to study singing but soon bored of an operatic career, satiated his thirst after adventure deep-sea diving off Florida. Trekking to Hollywood, he proved his vocal and physical prowess with a song and a 2-story leap out the window. Fully convinced, M-G-M's starring him in "Rio Rita."

Janet Blair—something gorgeous to behold, this nifty 5' 4", 110-lb, gal who's fast careering up the ladder in Hollywood! She says it's just her Irish luck . . . or that everlasting rhythm in her soul! At an early age, lil precocious Martha Lefferty (that's her real, birth-certificated moniker) went straight against her dad's wishes and stubbornly insisted on ballet and singing lessons. Came graduation time, and Hal Kemp hit town (Altoona, Pa.) on the trail of a gal songstress. Tryout was a walkaway with Janet capping her solo with a mile-long contract. Warbling from coast to coast, she collected a tremendous following in San Francisco, Manhattan and all the burgs betwixt. At Hal's death and the break-up of the band, she signed a movie contract and right off the reel was given juicy, "unheard of for a beginner" roles. But none so meaty as her current part in Columbia's "Cover Girls of 1942."

Richard Denning discovered that there is such a thing as too much of a good man, sliced fifty pounds off himself, and brought his 230 pounds down to 180 in a year. Diet and digging did it—wielding a shovel to whittle his waistline. From then on Richie was right out of a story book. He slaved through business school winning gold stars and popularity contests, and of nights earned his keep working in his father's factory. In no time he was a flourishing vice president, but big business depressed him, so Mr. and Mrs. Denninger's boy Richard started entering all kinds of acting contests and winning all kinds of pats on the back. Eventually they resulted in one big thunderclap, a contract with Paramount and—look what's cookin'—Para's "Beyond The Blue Horizon," with the lad himself and Dottie Lamour the main traffic stoppers in it. Watch out, Denning's ahead!

Paulette Goddard is still not discussing her private life. But everyone else is, with the net result that much of what is said of the ex-blonde, ex-chorine, ex-divorcee is either untrue or wildly exaggerated. But it's all part of the Goddard get-there game. "The less you tell, the more they want to know," is her motto. By now, however, it's seeped out that she and Chaplin took their marital vows in Canton, China, back in 1936, separated for about six months, reconciled after long talks about ambitions, individualities, careers and party life without interference from each other. Paulette realizes that Charlie loves his work—*first*. Charlie says teasingly of Paulette: "She's so intelligent and so smart. She has more money than I have!" She'll "Reap The Wild Wind" for Paramount, this devilish New York hurricane, this man's woman, this she-wonder!

Spencer Tracy—they love him because he looks so sweet with his hair all mussed up. Spence never was a one to slap himself up fancy. His recent sportin' with Hepburn in "Woman of the Year" necessitated the chopping of his silken red locks, but you'll see them back again in M-G-M's version of Steinbeck's "Tortilla Flat." Spence claims that, two-fisted fellow though he is, night clubs scare the chills into him, and stiff collars feel like knives in his neck. He doggedly avers that he rises at four in the morning although he is not an insomniac, just restless. He still cherishes the first Oscar that the Academy gang gave him, but the second little statue that he won for his "Boys Town" job he has given to the story's inspiration, Father Flanagan. Intimates, who call him "Donkey" for no apparent reason, say he won't wear screen make-up because he's a day-in-day-out natural!

BARBARA STANWYCK says:
"There's a woman like me in every great man's life!
. . . living in the shadows, taking my romance when the world isn't looking!"
BARBARA STANWYCK gives the greatest performance of her entire career!
BRIDE OF THE STORM!
DAUGHTER OF DISASTER!
QUEEN OF THE GAMBLING HALLS!
BARBARA STANWYCK AND JOEL McCREA
in
"THE Great Man's Lady"
with BRIAN DONLEVY
Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN • Screen Play by W. L. RIVER
Original Story by Adela Rogers St. Johns and Seena Owen • Based on a Short Story by Vina Delmar • A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

THE LAST WILL and TESTAMENT

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Loretta Francell, Carale's persanal hairdresser, can't forget the quips that curling Lambard's hair led ta.

# of CAROLE LOMBARD...

A legend of laughter and generous unsung giving is the legacy that Carole left her countless friends.

There's a song of the wailing twenties, immortalized by another dead gallant girl, Helen Morgan, called "Oh Give Me Something To Remember You By." Out in Hollywood, they're still saying that it can't be true that Carole's gone. But if she is—if that shattered plane took away what was gold and glamorous and gay of Carole Lombard—she left a bequest. There's a chest of memories. Not laid up in sickly lavender like the mementos of fainting females of the eighties. But stored in throbbing hearts, in laughter-loving recollections. People gather together, out there on the world's boulevard, and they say, "And then, do you remember—?"

So many of them are treasuring bequests, people in every walk of life. Something to remember her by? Directors have memories, little people in little jobs are leafing through albums of bygone scenes, agents and actors, kids and grownups. Carole's will and testament—she must have thought it was funny to make one, she who was compact of living, afar from dying. But if she'd had her way, she'd have chosen to leave the gay memories, the laughter-ridden ones, the jests and japes of her roistering, fun- (*Continued on page 70*)

Sig Ruman, humph-humph Gestapo man of "To Be Or Not To Be," can't farget the Carale who was advised, in 1932, ta "Drap that stuffed shirt laak. Cut laase like yau da in yaur awn parlar!"

Producer David O. Selznick can't farget the gag-happy Carale wha sent him a burra wearing a quaint hat and "Scarlett O'Hara" label, fallawing the completian af G.W.T.W. They laughed tagether at Club Tracadera in 1939.

Directar Garsan Kanin can't farget the Carale whase gags hilarified him an "They Knew What They Wanted" sets. Now he's in the Signal Corps at Fort Manmauth.

what they expect from a DATE

Bill Lundigan dates Meg Chapman aplenty, but Pres. Roosevelt's the "most interesting" and paised person he's ever met!

Do you, don't you, will you, won't you —take your tips from smoothies Cooper, Lundigan, Montgomery, Romero?

Jackie Cooper and Bun Granville came to watch, but he beat the drums for the crawd.

WANT a date with a glamor boy, f'rinstance? Take your pick of four. You can bowl or skate, drive in the moonlight or dance. You'll have to imagine the sweet nothings they breathe in your ear. So far and no further, said each of our cavaliers, when we brought *that* up. For the rest, step up and step out with Bill Lundigan or George Montgomery, Cesar Romero or Jack Cooper, and see what happens. If we ring in girls whose names are Hedy and Bonita, don't let it throw you. Make believe you're Hedy or Bonita. What can you lose?

George Montgomery

With a special girl—like Hedy Lamarr—George Montgomery used to shiver around for a while before screwing up courage to call. He'd meditate the comparative advantages of phoning or writing, he'd wonder if she'd be more receptive at noon than night. Pulse 110, respiration 50, he'd pick up the receiver and lay it down because tomorrow's Tuesday and maybe Tuesday would be better. Finally he'd send her a note, cuddled among a dozen gardenias. When the answer came, and it

George Montgomery may be drafted, meantime he's cornered Hedy for keeps. Their marriage dote's indefinite but their romance isn't!

Best doncer Romero names the best donce portners: Crawford, Grable, Rogers, Landis, Trevor, L. Young.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

was yes, he sort of melts away, then grabs his mother and waltzes her round the room.

Screen writers are forever beating their brains out for novel boy-meets-girl situations. Here's one from life. Hedy was halfway down a manhole outside her house, inquiring of the workmen what time they thought they'd be through. George came driving along, found his way blocked, honked and all but passed out when he saw whose face it was he'd honked up from mother earth.

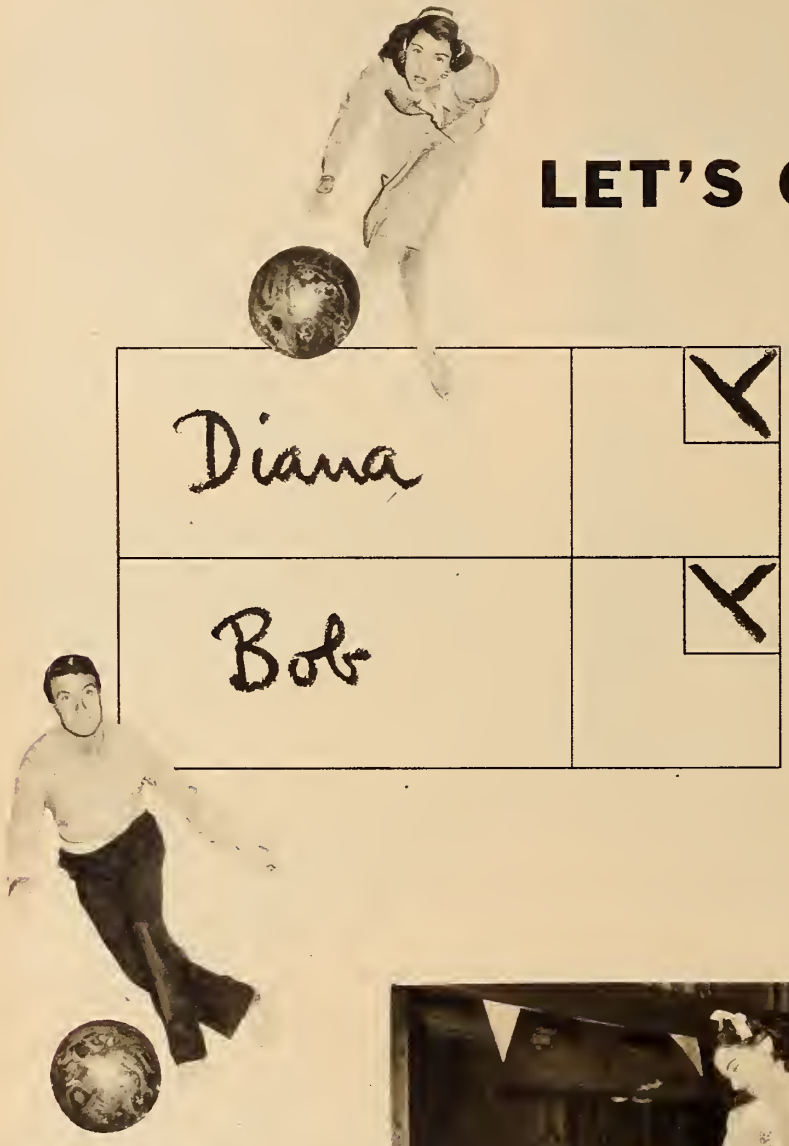
In pre-Hedy days he'd send a girl a corsage of white orchids because white goes with anything. Since Hedy, there are no other girls, and she doesn't like flowers to wear, so he just sends roses or something she can stick in a vase.

She doesn't care about dressing up, he loathes it, so they get along swell. George calls any costume demanding a tie dressing up, but bows to convention. He'll even go so far as a tux for a premiere and has finally mastered the art of inserting studs without reducing the shirt to a crumpled ruin. The only pleasure he gets from a tux is the dim reflection of his mother's pleasure. She deplores his preference for blue jeans on all occasions. "Why don't you wear a nice suit?" she inquires sadly. When he's all dolled up in a dinner jacket, she beams. "That's *nice*."

Suppose he's taking Hedy to dinner and a movie, as he often does. (No night clubs. They like dancing but hate crowds). He shaves, sings in the shower and climbs into a dark suit. The tie comes out crooked the first four times—vertical instead of horizontal, if it's a bow tie. He inspects his feet to make sure they're encased in shoes. This stems from his first high school dance. Not till he planted foot on the lighted porch of the girl's house did he discover that he'd walked off in bedroom slippers.

He doesn't expect you to be ready when he calls for you. Few women are, says George. He'll look at the paper or talk to the dog. The dog generally has a ball in his mouth and wants you to throw it for him. Being kept waiting may or may not annoy him. It depends on the length of time, how intelligent the dog is and whether the girl's Hedy. (*Continued on page 67*)

LET'S GO BOWLING!



Stack teasingly dubbed Diana "Miss Ballantine" because of her triplicate earrings! Hollywood takes its kegling seriously! The inter-studio bowling league (producers to office boys) meets regularly once a week and plays for prizes totaling as much as $7,000!

Take your date to the alleys! It's a muscle-builder, fairly cheap—and lots of fun! Here's how Bobby Stack and Diana Barrymore roll 'em in Hollywood!

Stack's date with Diana Barrymore was strictly from friendship and mutual love of the sport. First got acquainted on set of Universal's "Eagle Squadron." She's marrying Bramwell Fletcher soon and is already shopping around for a nest. She'll move in right away and get it shipshape for groom Bram, who's boarding with her famous dad, John B., until the wedding bells ring!

Both kids prefer the fabulous Sunset Bowling Center (above) which justifiably calls itself the bowling showplace of the world. Built over the hallowed ground of the old Warner Stage 1, it has 52 alleys (largest built on one floor), cost a million and a half, employs 185 workmen, uses $15,000 worth of current, what with electric scorecasters, foul lines. Contains all kinds of club rooms, has its own radio program!

Diana's been bowling nigh onto 5 years, averages a score of 125. No spot bowler, she looks at the pins, throws a slow, straight ball with a forward hook. Has sensational flashes in an otherwise ordinary game. Likes to play with men, sturdily bowls as many as 5 straight games in a single session!

Discussed their game over giant hamburgers on the way home. She enjoys an occasional game of duck pins, but Stack prefers the regulation set-up. Knocked on wood that they'd never been injured. A spot bowler, Stack tosses a fast forward hook that ends in a split more often than not! He's pretty steady, claims he's on the low side with an average of 170! Started in 6 years ago, plays once a week for as long a time as he can. Likes to bowl with women, queries, "Why do you think I go bowling?"

He wakes up screaming

Red's ducks know a crock shot when they see one . . . thot's why they won't fly owoy. Besides, they're wooden, ond the gun's o foke.

Red Skelton calls his wife Mummy. This dates from their early-day tiffs, when Red would yell and Edna take refuge in silence. Not that she's anyone's meek Griselda. But when Edna gets mad, she cries, which interferes with speech. Besides, Red talks faster. Before she could meet one argument, he'd be off on another. So she'd go mum on him—hence Mummy—then march out and bang the door. Red would laugh. A little later he'd stop laughing. A little later he'd squawk, "*Mummy!*" and Mummy'd come running to comfort the big stiff.

She was fifteen, he seventeen, when she became his helpmeet in all senses of the word. She celebrated their marriage by bulldozing the manager of the walkathon Red was emceeing into a twenty-five-dollar raise, since then she's handled the business end. In the days of prosperity, he bought her a diamond ring on instalments. Allergic to diamonds, she never wore it but found it a good investment just the same. They could always hock it and frequently did. "That way," she says, "we didn't have to ask favors."

They worked and went hungry and spent their last dollar together—thirty cents on meatballs and spaghetti, eat all you can hold—twenty cents on the movies to

Red must hove his pipe, never smokes; digs into a worn book, never bothered with school after third grade; calls the Boston "Spottie" though it isn't, gives the purp a corncob to complete the wacko pose.

Cut-up Skelton gives his M-G-M latest, "Ponama Hottie," o four-eyed going over. The unlit cigor's a steody prop, the rest of the troppings fulfill his powerful omoteur movie-moking urges.

BY JEANNE KARR

cheer them up—fifty cents on food for two days. Then Red earned another buck.

At last he got a job. When a manager told him he was okay as a comic but his material stank, Edna turned writer. "People laugh hardest," she decided, "at silly little things they see happening every day." A man dunking doughnuts in a restaurant gave her the springboard for Red's famous doughnut routine. She used to do all his writing. Now she collaborates with gagmen. Red contributes ideas, acts as a court of last resort and can always be counted on to hypo a dying script back to health.

He's the dynamo, she's the balance-wheel, and they make a perfect team. She proceeds on the principle that it's up to her to do whatever he won't. This started through necessity and continues through habit. It's Edna who sees the bosses at M-G-M, comes home and tells Red he's got two new parts.

"Yeah, honey? Any good?"

She's so small and demure-looking that the image this conjures up is of a sparrow wresting concessions from eagles. The sparrow does okay. Makes mistakes but learns that way, and Red (*Continued on page 85*)

Red and his missus married when he was a man at seventeen, she was fifteen. After three manths they split, rejained three manths later, have never been apart since. She's at least 50% af his success.

"Well, shet mah mauth, Caakie! Y'all say y'all have ta caak this stuff befare I can dig in?" The Skeltan refrigeratar has an autamatic siren attached ta thwart wauld-be midnite raiders.

Titterbug Red Skelton tears his wife's hair when he "creates"

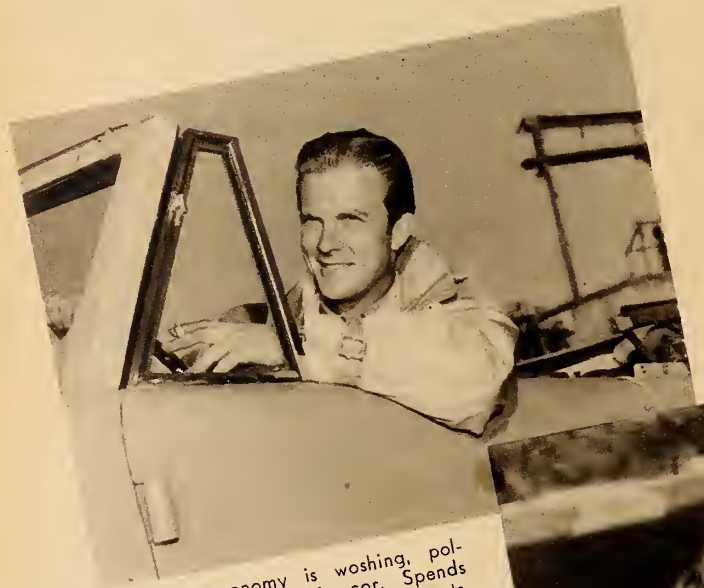
—she's left holding the gag!

"SWELL GENT"

HE'S NEVER KISSED THE BLARNEY STONE, BUT THE O'LUNDIGAN SWEARS HE LOVES EVERYBODY—WHICH IS SOMETHING FOR THE FUTURE MRS. BILL!

The only thing Bill Lundigan hates is jive music. The only people he hates are one or two who have done him dirt. He's a naturally blithe spirit. Life's too full of a number of things, all fascinating, to be wasted on grievances. Hating, says Bill, is for him a villainous business. He can't unhate. He can't be sure that a sight of the enemy won't lead to pitched battle. That's the touch of black Irish in a nature sunny with tolerance. He resents having to hate even one or two, but the proportion is negligible since he numbers his acquaintances by the hundred and has a single epithet for them all, irrespective of gender. "Swell gents!" he calls them.

In his four and a half years at Universal and Warners, he copped just one good role—the trailweary bum of a brother in "Dodge City"—the role that made Hollywood conscious of him as an actor. Under such circumstances, you take for granted sour cracks by the player about the studio. You don't get them from Bill. From the cop at the gate (*Continued on page 91*)



Bill's pet economy is washing, polishing, perking up his car. Spends real dough on up-front theater seats.

Bill tells it to Jean Rogers in M-G-M's "Sunday Punch." Nice going for a guy who won't be 28 until this June 12th. He's a southpaw, loves plenty of rare steak to fill his 6' 2" frame!

BY KAAREN PIECK

Master magician Chester Morris has so many wizardish tricks up his sleeve, the Amateur Magicians' Society elected him honorary president. Mrs. M.'s an ardent fan!

When Franchot Tone wed 18-year-old Jean Wallace, he handed over 100 smackers to Buzz Meredith. Had wagered he'd remain a "bach" till after the war, but "couldn't resist her."

The Evelyn Ankers-Glenn Ford nuptials, originally scheduled for Christmas, were postponed on account of career trouble. Engagement's broken—in name only!

Candidly yours

LENS LION BOB BEERMAN CATCHES 'EM BEFORE THEY CATCH WISE—SNAPS THEM LIKE SO . . . . .

They're exquisitely blissful—Milton Berle and his newly-acquired missus, Joyce Matthews. She's just 22, was divorced in 1940 from a Venezuelan colonel.

Latest addition to the Vallee entourage is cute Mary McBride. Director Preston Sturges, owner of the Players Restaurant (above), hankers to turn Rudy into a character actor!

The Bentley Ryan approach—snapped while lights were off and the band whispered, "Dancing in the Dark." As soon as Eve Gabor gets her divorce, they'll take it to a preacher.

Nowadays Myrna Loy's all wound up in an ancient red farmhouse which she's redecorating. Is reputedly divorcing Arthur Hornblow. Above, Edw. Arnold, Screen Guild prexy.

Bobby Stack's the newest angle to that Jimmy Stewart-Dick Barthelmess-Bill Lundigan-Natalie Thompson dilemma! Nat's a socialite actress under contract to M-G-M.

Ready for Love

No more "crushes" for Linda Darnell—

she's busy dreaming up her Galahad—

a slightly super sensational gentleman!

Vic Orsotti's eyes were full of nothing but Darnell at the "Reap The Wild Wind" premiere. Linda won't date actors, says they never stop posing!

Publicity agent Alan Gordon drives the flashiest car in town, borrows a friend's when he takes Linda out in order not to embarrass her unduly!

Long legged glamour kid at 11, then known as Monette Eloyse Darnell, fourth child of the Dallas postal clerk.

By Cynthia Miller

In October, 1941, a romantic, dark-eyed man, aged 25 and named Jaime Jorba (pronounced Hymie Yorba), married his first cousin in Mexico, D. F. Oddly enough, that ceremony closed a chapter in the life of an eighteen-year-old beauty in Hollywood, California.

Linda Darnell says with quiet sincerity, "I think every girl in the world should fall overwhelmingly in love sometime during her high school days, with a boy she can't possibly marry. It gives her poise and establishes a set of values for the future. I wasn't hurt when Jaime wrote to tell me of his approaching marriage, because I had suspected—when I visited in Mexico City last summer—that there were too many obstacles between us ever to be overcome. You know, he was proud and wanted

Linda's birthday cake lost year had eighteen condles, loased her from her mother's apran strings, let her set her own curfew an oll dates. Her latest T.C.F. pic is "The Laves of Edgor Allon Poe."

to take care of me—wanted me to give up my career after marriage; on the other hand, I didn't want to sacrifice it. Then, there was the family thing. Neither my family nor Jaime's approved of any match between us."

So that's that. But don't think for a moment that this wasn't love—the real thing—because it certainly was, quite as much as if Linda had been 24 instead of 14 when she met Jaime. The dividends that Linda brought out of the experience were (1) an emotional overcoat of asbestos and (2) a spiritual depth that won't hurt 20th Century-Fox the next time they're looking around for Dramatic Understanding.

However, fame and fifty-grand a year aren't Linda's idea of the whole of existence. (*Continued on page 94*)

In a cozy 5-raam Hollywaad cattage, Linda lives with her ma, mavie-ambitious kid brather Calvin Roy, Jr., age 11, and sister Monte, 12. She alsa baasts two alder sisters and a big brather.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

"ECSTASY" GIRL

She may be a fabulous legend to millions—but to those who know her best, Hedy's a thorough-going homebody who gags on champagne and caviar!

One day five years ago a black haired girl walked into a publicity office at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, her blue eyes round with bewilderment, her alabaster brow wrinkled with doubt.

Hedwig Eva Maria Keisler laid a newspaper under her press agent's nose, pointed to a story about herself and inquired innocently,

"What does this word mean, anyway—this word 'Glamour'?"

Since that day Hedy Lamarr has had plenty of opportunity to find out.

No star in Hollywood has ever been showered with more of the stuff Webster calls "deceptive and alluring charm." No star has ever become such a model for feminine copy-catting or masculine sighs. Not in years has a name signified so completely seductive allure, sophistication, exotic luxury—all the out-of-reach fascinations of the movie world—as has the name Hollywood tacked on Hedwig Eva Maria Keisler of Vienna.

What Helen Wills was to tennis and Sally Rand to fans, Hedy Lamarr for five years has been to the fabulous feminine legend of Hollywood—Miss Number One. Bob Hope, Jack Benny and Fred Allen bandy her name about as a stock catchword for socko bowl-'em-over sex and beauty. Artists paint her famous features into magazine illustrations. Shopgirls, society girls, Judy O'Gradys and Junior Leaguers—even other movie stars—ape Lamarr's make-up and manners. The army, navy and marines tack her sultry features on barracks walls and forget k.p. and fatigue. No one is immune to the Lamarr legend.

The day Hedy married Gene Markey, Clifton Fadiman stopped the quizzing on "Information, Please." "Gentlemen," said the scholarly Cliff in melancholy tones, "we will now observe a minute of silence. Hedy Lamarr has just been married!"

A Petty drawing, a Powers model, a Gibson girl—Cleopatra, Salome, Madame Pompadour—all the womanly witchery of the past and present lives in the Hedy Lamarr legend—through good pictures, through bad pictures—it makes no difference.

And yet—

The same Hedy Lamarr who stands for all this in public, privately is the girl who gags on champagne, who hates night clubs, who sits at home with her dates, who has the most prosaic

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

This spring, Hedy welcomed her mom (Mrs. Keisler) and her pooch from England after a 5 years' separation!

romances in Hollywood, who thinks every girl should have a husband and babies, who likes fudge sundaes at drive-in restaurants, who has never done anything spectacular or glamorous in her Hollywood life!

Hedy's manner of living, her personal tastes, her friends, her men all shy completely away from the popular picture of a charmer like—say, Marlene Dietrich. In private, Hedy just isn't the type. On the contrary, she is one of the plainest, most conservative, naive and untheatrical stars Hollywood has ever peeked at.

Hedy herself says, "I have a peasant's tastes." She set about proving that from the minute she first arrived in the land that thrives on acts and poses. Oddly enough, Hedy was then a fugitive from very real and super sophistication as the wife of the Austrian millionaire munitions king, Fritz Mandl.

Hedy ran away—literally—from the most luxurious Continental life a woman could have. From a mansion and servants. From dining on the delicacies of Europe off solid gold service, surrounded by ambassadors, princes and the rulers of states. She had more fabulous clothes than she could wear, more luxuries than she could enjoy. She couldn't stand it, so she ran away, came to Hollywood and immediately let down her long dark hair.

She has kept it down.

Hedy's first house was a cottage atop Benedict Canyon overlooking Beverly Hills. She stocked it with chickens, ducks, rabbits and all sorts of barnyard life. She got a crush on slacks and stacked what fancy clothes she had left from the millionaire days. They've stayed stacked ever since. When occasionally she drags some of them out, she's a sensation.

The other day Hedy showed up at M-G-M in a pert and obviously expensive hat. Immediately it set all the fashion hawks and clothes gossips chattering. They simply had to know what great designer had whipped up a creation for Hedy. Obviously it was the latest thing. Hedy was pried with questions. Her eyes expanded.

"This hat?" she said, "New? Oh no—I got it six years ago in Vienna." Then she took it off and carried it home. She's never had it on since.

Actually Hedy is a hat hater. They make her feel uncomfortable and spectacular just as do all extravagant clothes creations. One of the greatest headaches Adrian had before he left M-G-M, was luring Hedy Lamarr into his swank salon for glamorous drapings. Knowing her weakness for the hokey-pokey man, candies, ice creams and such simple girlish fare, Adrian used to work a trick. He'd call the Good Humor man and have him stand by the salon door tinkling his chimes. That put Hedy in such a happy humor she could be talked into stepping inside for a few gimps and gussets.

Hedy's real taste in clothes runs to dark tailored things. Black and blue are her favorite colors. She

Hedy's converted that gargeous red rose and yellow daffodil patch in her back yard into a humble "defense garden," works it herself. In her current "Tartilla Flat," she sports pigtails!

acquired the black taste as a Vienna schoolgirl when she wore black dresses with white collars, an adult variation of which she often affects today. She hasn't many evening gowns left (she arrived in Hollywood with a trunkful, but has given a lot of them away), but what she has are on the plain side and exquisitely fashioned. Hedy is no half-way-measure girl when it comes to clothes or anything else. She either likes to be togged out in the most formal fashion or else she wants to be completely relaxed. She doesn't own one "afternoon" dress.

Hollywood once gasped when she showed up at a fashionable Beverly Hills party wearing a big sparkling diamond in her black hair. The town also did a double take when it saw her strolling down the shopping district in slacks. But that's Hedy. She does what she likes, and she usually does it well. Right now dirndls are her favorite off-set costumes. And it doesn't matter a whit to Hedy that dirndls had their American vogue some five years ago. She's just as relaxed about her hair.

The other day Hedy arrived for a studio portrait sitting wearing pigtails. "How (*Continued on page 82*)

Shirley Temple

Stonley Morner, Jr., 7, got his ole mon, Doddy Dennis Morgon (stoge nome), 32, into proper shope for big role in Worners' "In This Our Life."

"My Poppa Done Tole Me!"

Daddy Dennis Morgan has to be a wise father to know his own kids—but he's learning fast!

Kristin, 4, got her pop oll smudged up with white shoe polish climbing up to his shoulder. Stonley, Jr., hos ombitions to reoch Dennis' 6 feet 2 inches, be o cowboy or o soldier.

A junior citizen, aged seven and already lacking one highly noticeable front tooth, came to his parent with a problem. "Look, Dad, this other fronty is loose," he announced. "Don't you think we should pull it before it falls out in my sleep or something?"

Pop took a look at the doubtful molar and suggested the old string and slamming door method. "Aw, can't you just tie a string to it and hold the end while I fall backward onto the floor?" Junior wanted to know.

After four or five tries, the tooth was still clinging like a quaking aspen to its moorings. Every time the seven-year-old fell backward, the string simply slipped off the tooth—probably because pater couldn't quite bring himself to tie the string good and tight. Finally he said, "Well, son, I guess this tooth business is like an arithmetic problem. There are some things a guy has to manage without help. It's up to you."

Junior squared his shoulders, nodded and repaired to the bathroom. Several moments later he returned, grinning around a great open space. "Thum fun. Don't I look thuper?"

The senior citizen in the above drama was none other than Dennis Morgan, a deucedly attractive daddy, no matter who applies the term; the lad with the A.W.O.L. incisors was Stanley Morner, Jr. Stanley and his four-year-old sister, Kristin, use their legal name, Morner, in preference to their father's cinematic name, Morgan, on all occasions—with but one minor exception.

Dennis was out of sight on a sound stage one day when he heard a familiar juvenile voice ask, "Where is my father?"

The officer on duty, to tease Stanley, asked, "And who is your father, lad?"

The voice drew itself to fullest height. "I'm Dennis (*Continued on page 88*)

In the Morgan San Fernanda Valley hame, the nursery and music raams are the most impartant. Dennis wed Mrs. M., the farmer Lillian Vedder af hamestate Wiscansin, 8½ years back, still happy.

Big brather and all-'raund tease, Dennis invents excuses far extra exercise, maws the lawn with the kids after he puts away a cauple af sets af tennis and an hour ar sa in the paal.

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

Robert Taylor

BY KAY PROCTOR

They Knew what they Wanted

Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini let the rest of the world go plop—knowing their love would outlive all scorn!

It is difficult to define the atmosphere in the little white cottage at the end of a dirt road in the hills of Hollywood which the Cassinis call home. There is an eager air about it, as if its people desperately wanted to be liked and understood. There is a slightly defensive air, too, as if those same people still expected to meet criticism and were ready to stand up to it. And there is a warming air of two young people terribly in love and breathlessly afraid of time running out on them.

The cottage is unbelievably small, which adds to the impression of two moon-struck kids playing at housekeeping, or young lovers keeping a secret rendezvous. There is a living room, done in early American style with chintz drapes, hooked rugs and knotty pine and crowded with Gene's prize antiques—an old Franklin stove, a Boston rocker, an enormous Lazy Suzan, an old clock and a cobbler's bench cleverly converted into a coffee table. They dine here each night by candlelight on a drop-leaf table which is put away by day.

There is a bedroom with white-washed walls, a slanting ceiling and tall white cupboards ranged against the walls. It holds a small dressing table, a chintz chair and an enormous bed—7 by 7 feet—which is covered with a white chenille spread. On the walls are pictures of both mothers, quaintly framed in white petticoat lace.

The one bed is their insurance against sleeping on a quarrel, a well-known antidote for spats which, given time, might grow into serious issues. One night, Gene admits, she made a grand gesture of leaving the room after an argument which had begun to wax hot.

"The love-seat in the living room was the only other bed space," she giggled at the memory. "After lying all cramped up for half an hour I decided maybe I wasn't as mad as I thought and crept back to Oli. And that was the end of that quarrel."

There is a small bath and a cozy, old-fashioned kitchen with a big table in the center and racks of blue and white Enoch Wood (*Continued on following page*)

Now that Gene's tolents have been tried and found true, sociolions from Miss Porter's swank deb school quietly admit she's an alumna.

Designer Oleg says: "Clothes must reveal the woman, but with delicacy." Gene's T.C.F. contract nixes all bathing suit poses.

crockery on the walls. The table is the nerve center of the household and usually is littered with books, Oleg's paints, Gene's scripts, housekeeping accounts, playing cards and other odds and ends.

Actually, the cottage is a temporary abode while the "big house" on the property is being renovated. The big house boasts three more rooms and sits in the midst of a grove of fruit trees 100 yards or so above the cottage guest house. The Cassinis are full of plans for their estate.

"We got a wonderful buy!" they enthuse. "Only $10,000 for the property and both houses. When we move into the big house, we plan to rent the cottage, and use the rent money to pay for the renovation costs. Now we ask you—how's that for sharp business acumen?"

French Madeleine, who comes in by the day, runs the household. Madeleine is far more than a servant to the two; her position is a unique one of friend, confidante and mother confessor. It is just as well, however, that she happens to be an excellent cook. Both Gene and Oleg are woefully lacking in experience along that line. On one occasion when Madeleine was away and Gene was down with a cold, Oleg volunteered to prepare some soup for Gene. He puttered in the kitchen in mysterious activity and finally emerged with a steaming bowl.

"Ugh!" Gene screamed after the first unsavory taste. "You're trying to poison me!" (*Continued on page 87*)

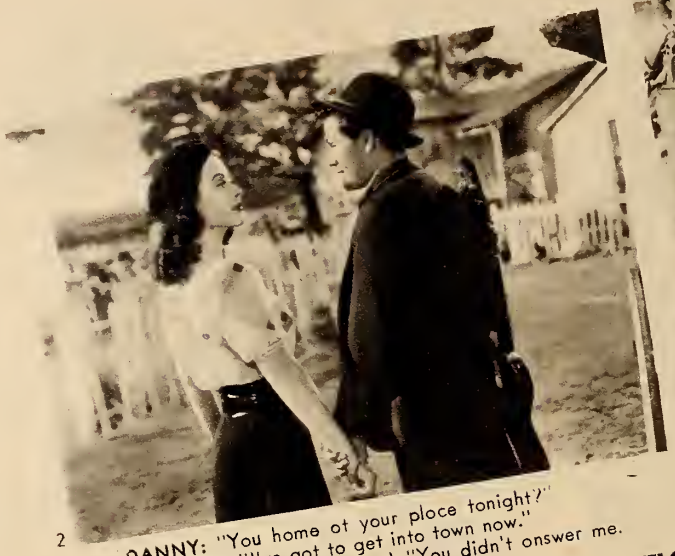
Gene and Oleg scrutinize blueprints for their dream-house to the last nail and splinter. Hard-to-get materials delay completion. There'll be a bomb-proof cellar.

Gene competes with Oleg for original design honors. This lid's her own creation, made of fresh lettuce, celery, a carrot, apple blossoms and avocado trim. It's a Tierney exclusive!

The Countess Cassini poses for her husband in the kitchen. It's part of the guest house which they'll occupy until the mansion's completed.

Oleg and Gene drink a toast to her new T.C.F. film, "Thunder Birds." She's "little Cassini", he's "big Cassini" to her in-laws. They adore rumba-ing together.

1 PILON: "Mrs. Teresino! When did the new boby come?"
MRS. T: "Yesterday . . . I was picking beans." (Seeing wine) "But you are corrying something, too, eh?"



2 DANNY: "You home ot your ploce tonight?"
DOLORES: "I've got to get into town now."
DANNY: (Blocking her woy) "You didn't onswer me.

STORY

At the time it all started, Pilon felt one might call it a visitation of the saints—if one could but picture as saintly either the smug little lawyer called Señor Cummings or that old gila monster who had been the father of young Danny's father.

Two fine houses and a watch! In Tortilla Flat, a legacy of two houses and a watch was the equal of a great fortune.

Who less likely to inherit such riches than Danny, languishing in the jail? Pilon had interrupted a lazy afternoon's schemings with his good friend Pablo, to guide the unctuous advocate thither. But already he had new schemes. If Danny were to pawn the watch with Torelli, the junk man—how (*Continued on page 96*)

3 PILON: "Good morning, Mrs. Moroles."
MRS. M: "Need any more woter this morning, boys?"
DANNY: "No."

4 PILON: "Thot is a fine ploce to look!"
PABLO: (sputtering) "But—but—"
PILON: "Shut up!"

5 PIRATE: "I think I remember. St. Froncis, he looked ot me ond smiled, like a good soint. He soid, 'Be good to little dogs, you dirty mon.'"

By Jean Francis Webb and Kay Hardy

"TORTILLA FLAT"

PRODUCTION

The bushy beard Frank Morgan sports in this one looks like a poor man's version of Monty Woolley's famous jaw-warmer. Half-way through production, Frank discovered it was being used as a luxurious playground by a dozen or more happy fleas whose home base was the bodies of the many dogs in the picture.

Even the pleasure of smoking was denied to him, until he found a special type of ladies' cigarette holder in a local shop. He used it constantly, ignoring the taunts of his pals and the worried glances of the fire chief assigned to the set.

Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, Morgan, Akim Tamiroff, Allan Jenkins and John Qualen pitched in and helped the wardrobe departments age their costumes. The complete wardrobe list read something like this: 4 old hats, 6 ditto shirts, 6 assorted lumber jackets in various stages of wear, 6 pairs of blue jeans, one thin sweater, one white crepe wedding dress (for Hedy Lamarr) and 2 thin blouses and skirts.

Priorities experts gathered up all the rubber fish owned by the studio, so the cast had to resort to clothes-pins clamped over its noses between takes while the prop department tried to whip up some plastic fishes that wouldn't deteriorate under the hot lights.

Assistant director "Red" Golden wore himself to a nub trying to cure Johnny Garfield of the habit of popping his chewing gum. "Red" tried threats, cajolery, (*Continued on page 98*)

6 **JOE:** "Ow! Hey! I anly taok a little of it!"
PILON: "What did you do with the rest of it?'
JOE: "The parch! I buried it under the porch!"

7 **DANNY** and **DOLORES** dance well, gazing into each other's eyes.
PILON: "Quiet! Quiet! We will now hold the roffle for Danny's guitor. Now thot he is married he will not need it any more!"

beauty is in your hands

Hands are busier than ever in 1942. They've taken on extra jobs for defense and victory. Next to keeping them active, it's patriotic to keep them beautiful. Well-groomed, comfortable hands make work easier—and graceful, tinted fingertips are the best little cheerer-uppers we know. So if you're the smart girl we think you are, you'll do your bit—and keep beauty in your hands!

Shapely fingernails are always ten points in your favor—whether over a dinner for two or when you're sewing or knitting—so treat yours to a manicure once a week—even oftener if your hands come in for an increase in heavy work. The best way to do a good job is to provide yourself with all the aids that you need and keep them together in a convenient place—so you won't skip a single important step. Here's a list of the essentials: a small bowl for sudsy water, an emery board or file, polish remover, nail brush, cuticle softener, orange stick, nail white, cotton, buffer, cleansing tissue, polish base, lacquer and a colorless aftercoat.

Begin by removing all old polish with a special remover and a bit of cotton or cleansing tissue. Then with your emery board, or fine-grained file shape your nails to graceful ovals, being careful not to file too deeply at the sides if your nails are thin and brittle. Dip your fingers into your bowl of sudsy water and scrub them vigorously for a half minute with your brush. After nails are dry, work your orange stick wrapped in cotton and saturated with cuticle softener around the base and tip of each to remove dead tissue. Put a little nail white under each tip to clean and bleach discolorations, then scrub your nails once more in sudsy water. Now, with nails well groomed and shaped, you're ready to think about polish.

Buff the nails about ten times, always in the same direction, and then apply your waxy polish base which will give nails extra protection against chipping as well as provide a smooth surface to which your polish will cling faultlessly. Then apply nail lacquer in a few bold strokes, outlining the moon first and covering the rest of the nail in about three or four parallel strokes from moon to tip. Choose a cheerful new spring shade to harmonize with your skin tone and complement your favorite costume colors. "Fashion At Your Fingertips" on page 56 will suggest to you flattering polish and costume harmonies. After your polish, comes a colorless aftercoat—which gives nails resistance and adds a high lustre to lacquer.

If with all your extra rushing about this summer, your nails become bone dry and begin to split and break, don't jump to the conclusion it's the polish and leave that off your nails for a while. Far from being harmful, that cheerful coating with its base and aftercoat is a triple threat against blows, drying liquids and dust—all causes of nail splitting. Then look to your health and diet. Although (*Continued on page 74*)

Well-groomed fingertips are ten points in your favor whether you want to score in business or in romance.

Elizabeth Fraser, who will next be seen in "The Constant Nymph," uses care in shaping her oval nails.

BY CAROL CARTER

After sooking her fingers in sudsy woter, she scrubs her noils vigorously for 30 seconds.

She uses cuticle remover to dissolve the stubborn tissue at the base ond sides of her fingernoils.

She keeps her honds velvety soft by opplying soothing hond lotion or creom frequently during the doy.

MODERN SCREEN'S

FOR	DO THIS	USING THESE AIDS
brittle nails	Before manicuring, saak noils in worm nail ail. Buff noils carefully eoch night obout 10 times in ane directian and lubricote cuticles and tips with noil oil or creom ar special conditioner. Leove excess lubriconts on overnight. To repoir a braken nail, remove polish ond patch with Scotch tope or apply an artificial noil. Cover aver with palish.	Noil oil Buffer Cuticle oil or creom Noil canditianer Scotch tope Artificiol nails Polish
hangnails	Prevent hongnails by keeping the tissue oround noils trim and neat. Use cuticle softener or remover regulorly, applying it with an oronge stick wound in cotton ond working it gently around the bose of eoch noil. Before retiring, massage eoch fingertip with cuticle creom or oil.	Cuticle remover Oronge stick Cottan Cuticle ail or creom
stained fingers	Sook honds in worm soopy woter for o few minutes. Then scrub fingers with o firm-bristled noil brush. If some stoin remoins, apply stoin-remaving preporotion with cotton-waund oronge stick. Noil tips moy be effectively whitened with noil white, either pencil or cream.	Soop Noil brush Stoin-removing preparotion Oronge stick Catton Nail white
rough, dry hands	Wosh hands with mild soop ond woter. Be coreful to rinse ond dry thoroughly. Or cleonse honds with hond or cold cream ond remove excess gently with soft cleonsing tissue. Then opply protective hond lotion ar cream. Before retiring, opply rich lubricants to honds ond leave on overnight. Weor soft cotton gloves ta protect bedcovers.	Saop Cold cream Hond creom ar lotion Cleonsing tissue Catton glaves
perspiring palms	Wosh honds frequently with mild soop ond soft-bristled hand brush. Rinse ond dry honds carefully, then opply hand lotion, remaving excess with tissue. Apply ostringent or skin freshener frequently to help keep polms dry ond comfortoble. Sprinkling honds lightly with tolcum will further help ta obsarb excess oil ond maisture.	Mild saop Hond brush Hond latian Cleansing tissue Astringent or skin freshener Tolcum

NAIL BEAUTY CHART

IF YOUR NAILS ARE	SHAPE NAILS AND APPLY POLISH THIS WAY	USE THESE POLISH SHADES	
oval	With o long, eosy-to-bend file, shope noils into moderote ovols, slightly deep ot the sides coming to o rounded point. Then smooth over rough edges with the fine side of an emery boord. The effect will be more pleosing, if you leave o hoirline tip ond the moon free of polish.	Clear red, medium or brown-red and most blue-red ond oronge-red polishes ore becoming to aval noils.	
little and round	Shope noils to becoming ovols, but ovoid filing deeply at sides. If noils ore thin, use only fine-groined side of emery boord for filing. Apply polish from tip to bose, leaving narrow morgins ot the sides, to moke your noils oppeor longer.	Light, soft shades af polish ore best for this type of noil, os deep shades will make them oppeor too smoll. Try noturol, rose, orange-red or blue-red shodes.	
square	File noils deeply ot sides ond shope to rounded tips to moke noils oppeor more ovol. When polishing, leave curved tips ond moons. If noils ore lorge, leove o slight morgin ot the sides unpolished to creote o more slenderizing effect.	Deep rose shodes or ony of the soft shodes of blue-red or oronge-red ore becoming.	
long and slender	Flotter this type by filing to o long norrow point. This shope is more exciting when completely covered with polish or with just o tiny moon and tip showing. Or you might try leoving only o fine hoirline ot the tip free of polish.	Dromotize slender, long nails with deep or stortling shodes —deep or bright crimsons, dusky reds, deep blue- ond oronge-reds. Or, weor lighter tones, if you prefer.	
large	File lorge noils to grocefully rounded or slightly pointed tips to give the oppearonce of long, slim proportions. When you opply your polish, leove only o norrow moon ond tip or cover the nail entirely. Leove norrow morgins ot the sides.	All deep, soft rich tones are becoming, olso light rose, pink, noturol or very light blue-red or oronge-red tones.	

Fashion at your fingertips . . . BY CAROL CARTER

Keep your hands in style with lacquer to match accessories and highlight your costumes.

● Short sleeves, long full sleeves, tight sleeves with flaring cuffs of organdy or lace—all are high fashion this spring. There is but one fashion, however, for the nails on the lovely hands which emerge from these sleeves, the same style that was correct for the hands which appeared beyond grandmother's leg o' mutton sleeves. "Well groomed" was then, as it is now, the vogue for any girl's fingernails.

But in another way fingertip fashion is not at all what it was 50 years ago. Granny spent hours buffing her nails to gain a faint lustre, while granddaughter brushes her nails with lacquer from a bottle, giving them not only a glossy polish but bright color which makes them an important costume accessory. And each season brings forth nail enamel in brand new color schemes—both brilliant fiery shades and mellow smoky ones. This spring it's deep burnt colors from the hot countries and frosted tints from the cold countries, not to overlook courageous Yankee shades inspired on the home front. But if you want to be ultra smart, don't choose your nail polish according to your mood alone. As ten accessories in one, your nails must match your other cosmetics, particularly lipstick. And if you are really beauty-alert, you can attract lots of admiration by painting buttons or costume jewelry, such as earrings with the same nail enamel you are wearing on well shaped fingernails. Try it, and see how impressed all of your even slightly color-conscious friends will be. Another striking "match trick" is to choose a belt or neckerchief, exactly the same color as your favorite nail polish; or vice versa, pick polish which matches your pet accessories. It's equally effective to couple polish with such standard accessories as bags, gloves and shoes or the band of your new summer straw bonnet.

When it comes to your dress or coat, the (*Continued on page 81*)

Madeleine Carroll, star of "My Favorite Blonde."

SHE'S *Engaged*

(below) *SALLIE HAMILTON* and her fiancé, Ralph James White, will have a military wedding—in the famous West Point chapel. Sallie is descended from one of the old and distinguished Hudson River families. She is another lovely engaged girl who uses Pond's Cold Cream to help give her skin a flower-soft look.

HER RING is a large solitaire with baguette diamonds on each side of the perfect center stone, exquisitely set in platinum.

When Jim was on week-end leave this Spring

SALLIE HAMILTON HAS DELICATE WHITE SKIN, FRESH AS SWEET-PEA BLOSSOMS

SHE'S *Lovely!*

Sallie's days are crowded with first-aid classes, defense work, wedding plans—but, like engaged girls everywhere, she senses that one of her important jobs these days is also to look just as pretty as she knows how.

"No matter how rushed I am, I'm *not* going to let my complexion get that dull, neglected look," she says. "That's why I'm so careful never to skip a day with my Pond's creamings."

Sallie prefers to give her lovely face a *twice-over* creaming with Pond's:

SHE SLATHERS Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats—quickly, gently. Then she tissues the cream off.

SHE RINSES with more Pond's, and tissues off again. "It leaves my skin just beautifully clean, and so soft-to-touch," she says.

Use Pond's—Sallie's way—every night—for daytime cleanups, too. You'll see why Mrs. Lytle Hull, Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan—more women and girls everywhere use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Buy a jar at *your* favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big* jars.

She uses Pond's!

—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream

For the first time in history Bing Crosby's ponies are bringing in the shekels! He's leosing 'em out to the studios. Above, with Bob Hope and Hedy Lamorr on a Screen Guild Theater airing.

Bomb-builders dub Lamour morale-gal . . .

MacDonald denies retirement rumors . . .

Brisson leaves Roz for army . . .

Granville Broadway-bound . . .

Gable to tour nation . . .

Major mystery solved!

Taylor makes vocal debut . . .

GOOD NEWS . . .

BY
SYLVIA KAHN

HOLLYWOOD DIARY

Thurs., Apr. 2nd: Must have acrophobia. Just back from Gene Tierney's mountain home where Kay Proctor was interviewing Gene for the June M. S. And I'm still whoozy! Why must people live on mountain ledges! Gene and Cassini are billeted in a three-room cottage, high in the hills, till their new home, which is higher yet, is completely renovated. They selected a hilltop hideaway because Gene hates neighbors. Well, she needn't worry about any Federal Housing project moving up there! Her nearest neighbor is Ingrid Bergman, whose home on the next mountain peak is barely visible!

After the interview, we plodded up the path from the cottage, to inspect the new house. Gene expects it to be ready for occupancy in about two months. By that time, Cassini will probably be in the army. He was reclassified, the other day, and placed in 1A. Even if he's gone, Gene will move into the place. It'll be lonesome, but she'll have her maid, Madelaine (who calls her "Countess") and Oleg's father to stay with her. I gather the elder Cassini is much closer to the pair than the elder Tierney!

Gene invited us to come again, but I remember the time Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow visited the former occupants of the house, the late writer Douglas Churchill and his wife. Their car stuck in the muddy mountain road, and they were eight hours getting free! Uh, uh, I'll leave the place to the Cassinis—and the squirrels!

Dinner at the Hollywood Brown Derby. Vic Mature stopped by on his way to join John Payne at another table. Says he's living with John at Payne's beach house. Watched them for a while and can't honestly report that either has that "lost" look they're supposed to have. For a pair of newly-divorced gents, I should say they're standing up quite well!

Tues., Apr. 7th: Bonita Granville phoned bright and early. Would like us to print a line or two about the state of her romance with Jackie Cooper, just to let her fans know the truth. She says: "All those rumors that Jackie and I had had a quarrel and were splitting up started when I went to New York with Mother, and Jackie went on a tour of army camps. We talked everything over one night and agreed it would be silly for either of us to refuse invitations from other people while we were apart. I certainly couldn't—and wouldn't—ask Jack not to go out with other girls. As for myself, I'm sure I'd have been in a rut in no time, sitting in a hotel room night after night!

"We still see each other three or four times a week, but we make other dates, too. We think that's the best way. We're not ready to marry, and, besides, the future is so uncertain. We may both change a lot in the next few years. And, of course, there's the possibility Jack will have to go to war. . . .

"I can't understand why there's been so much fuss. It isn't the type of publicity either of us wants."

Saw Jackie later in the day, when Ida Zeitlin interviewed him for her Dating Story. (Page 28.) He talked cheerfully, but the sadness thrown over him by his mother's illness and death is still evident. And more than ever today. He was going to the warehouse after we left to look over the furnishings of his old home. It'll be his job to separate the items to be disposed of from those he wants to keep as mementos.

Mon., Apr. 13th: Set-called at Columbia. Started with "Three's a Crowd" where Cary Grant, Ronald Colman and Jean Arthur are weaving some sophisticated nonsense. Found Colman chin deep in a copy of "Winston Churchill." He reads furiously between scenes. Only takes time out to scratch. And I do mean scratch! He's wearing a beard in this one, and the blamed thing itches horribly! He dropped "Winston Churchill" and told me about it. The beard, I mean. Seems he can't raise a really luxurious beaver, and the one he's wearing is half his and half false. That's why it tickles so awfully. It amuses him, though, every time he glances in a mirror. When he heard he was going to portray a bearded professor, he wanted something heavy and beautiful that would hang to his chest. But the studio heads hit the ceiling. Said they were paying too damn much for the use of his face to cover it up!

Lunched and then stopped in to watch Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas make "He Kissed the Bride." Just missed meeting Mrs. Colin P. Kelly, Jr., the lovely widow of World War II's Hero Number One, who was visiting with Hedda Hopper. Strange that both Joan and Mrs. Kelly should be on the set today, as the result of plane tragedies. Joan stepped into the "Bride" role originally intended for Carole Lombard. And Mrs. Kelly is here in California to fill a job as private secretary in a local aircraft factory, which will enable her to support herself and her son.

Douglas popped his head out of his dressing room to say hello—and good-by. When he finishes the picture, he's returning to Washington to resume his post with the OCD. Says efforts of certain hostile agencies to force his resignation have failed. He'll stick to his job till it's done—and he won't collect a dime for his services, either!

Wed., Apr. 15th: Ran into Frances Dee at the Farmer's Market, shopping for some groceries she can't get in the neigh-

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

The eternal Groble-Roft duo at the Brown Derby. He's sponsoring boxing matches known as Geo. Raft Caravan of Sports for army boys stuck in camp. He referees and pays bills!

Bob Hope tossed a big party for Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young on their recent ninth wedding anniversary. Above, the Youngs at Ciro's which has just reopened after temporarily closing down at the outbreak of war.

Bentley Ryan's been up to his ears in work since low partner Greg Boutzer turned over all his business to join the Naval Reserve. Above, Ciroing with Nancy Kelly.

barhood of the McCrea ranch. Frances seldom comes into town any more. Hasn't been here more than twice since she finished "Meet the Stewarts." She tried coaxing her sons, Jody and David, to make the trip with her this morning, but they turned her down cold. They're real country kids and the city holds no lures for them. Frances tells me they attend a little school with 60 other pupils and walk a mile each day getting there and back. Most of their classmates are Mexicans, and Joel and she are flabbergasted at the way their young 'uns toss off long conversations in Spanish—shutting out their mom and pop, completely!

Couldn't make the Linda Darnell—Cynthia Miller confab, but Cynthia called to say Linda looked weird! Not her face. Linda couldn't look anything but gorgeous if she were dressed like a zombie. But her clothes! She had to run out in the middle of a fashion portrait sitting to keep her date with Cynthia—and she ripped into the Publicity Dept. garbed in a white, quilted satin hostess coat splashed with purple and red flowers! The robe parted while she talked, and Cynthia gulped at the sight of Linda's shapely gams, sheathed in cotton hose toned a beautiful robin's-egg blue! According to Linda, it's a preview of what the well-dressed female will be wearing when the silk situation becomes acute. Colored cottons will be a common sight, so we'd better make up our minds to like 'em!

Tues., Apr. 21st: Looked in on Fredda Dudley and Dennis Morgan in the Warner Bros. Green Room, then went on to the "Constant Nymph" set. Joan Fontaine "died" this morning and was gone for the day, but Boyer and Alexis Smith were doing a scene. Alexis is more than five feet ten inches tall in high heels, and Boyer is just a little shorter. Diminishing Alexis' height for their shot together was a problem, but Director Edmond Goulding worked it out. He had Boyer hurry into the room, rush up three steps and then talk down at Alexis. On the screen she'll look inches shorter!

Met Brenda Marshall on the lot. With Bill flirting with the army, Brenda's already begun the mental adjustment to life without him. She's vowed that while he's gone, she's going to work and study so hard, she'll be the best actress in the business by the time he comes back! She wants him to be really proud of her. As though he weren't now! Must remember to tell her what I heard this evening. Samuel Goldwyn caught her last two pictures and hasn't stopped raving since. That's high praise from a master of the trade. Seems to me she's made a swell start toward that top rung, already!

The Lucille Boll-Desi Arnoz merger is still blissful. On their first onniversary, he gove her an exquisite ploin gold brocelet sentimentally engroved, "I love you more than ever—Desi."

Morried at 15, divorced at 18, momma of on 8-yeor-old, Mory Martin found the real thing with outhor Richard Hollidoy whom she wed in Moy '40. Their daughter, Mory Heller, is six months old this month.

Didja Know

That George Montgomery's a good bet to leave Hollywood and Hedy Lamarr for a stretch in the Navy . . . That Rosalind Russell's groom, Freddie Brisson, will be in a soldier suit by the time you read this . . . That Luise Rainer and Paul Muni, unforgettable team of "The Good Earth," are Hollywood-bound to co-star in Pearl Buck's latest, "China Sky" . . . That Columbia Pictures has two Stevens College (Mo.) alumni on its payroll—Jean Arthur, ex-student, and Joan Crawford who waited on tables there . . . That Robert Taylor is screen-warbling for the first time in "Her Cardboard Lover" . . . That a caller at Lili Damita's home who asks for Miss Damita, is frostily told "Mrs. Flynn" will be right down . . . That years ago in England, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., wooed and nearly won the daughter of Lord and Lady Halifax? The Halifax's were so upset by the unseemly match, they shipped their child out of the country!

That the mountain of sandbags in Shirley Temple's back yard conceals the family air raid shelter—once Shirley's doll house . . . That in M-G-M's "Tulip Time" Ann Rutherford, Kathryn Grayson, Cecilia Parker and Dorothy Morris will have names like Peter, Albert, Victor and Cornelius. They'll play daughters of a stubborn father who wanted sons . . . That Mrs. Melvyn Douglas (Helen Gahagan) will run for Congress-woman from California . . . That Jean Cagney's off-screen resemblance to Olivia de Havilland is so strong, Brother Jimmy calls her Miss de Cagney . . . That under a new RKO ruling, only villains will be shown using automobiles promiscuously? Heroes and good guys will travel by street car or on foot . . . That Bob Hope, Fibber McGee and Molly, Vera Zorina and Alfred Hitchcock have been admitted into snooty "Who's Who"—1942-'43 edition?

That Alan Hale is doing a booming business distributing stirrup pumps, recommended for bomb-dousing . . . That Clark Gable is planning a national bond-selling tour . . . That Bonita Granville will have a crack at the Broadway stage in an up-and-coming George Abbott production . . . That George Brent has offered his services to the government? If he's accepted, Ann Sheridan will find herself back where she started—living in her new house . . . alone . . . That Jeanette MacDonald is *not* retiring from the screen as has been so widely rumored . . . That Lew Ayres won't be Dr. Kildare-ing anymore . . . at least until the war's over? He's doing non-combattant work in an Oregon conscientious objector's camp.

Dotty Discovers America

Hollywood is so proud of Dorothy Lamour, it's pretty near bustin'! After selling $25,000,000 worth of defense bonds on her tour for the Treasury Dept. and losing so many pounds her sarongs won't stay on, Dotty's ready to hit the road again. In May she'll be off on another cross-country trip, this time to sell as many bonds as there are Japs and Nazis combined! When we talked to Dotty the other day, she was full up about her last trip.

"There isn't a thrill that can compare with it," she told us. "I had a chance to look America in the face. And it's a darn nice face. Take a good look at it yourself. It's strong and cheerful and decent, and it'll be around a long, long time!

"This is what I mean. One morning, I went to the Maryland Dry Docks to speak. I stood on a platform, and below me there were five thousand men, grim-faced and in overalls. I looked down and beyond them, and I could see half-built ships and the sea. It was a picture! I was nervous, but I talked.

"I finished my speech and then someone called, 'Dotty, will you sing for us?' I said, 'I can't. This isn't a personal appearance. This is business.'

"Then they started shouting. They said they'd buy bonds—sure—but would I sing first.

"So I said, 'Yes, I'll sing, if one of you comes up and sings with me, and all the rest of you join in "God Bless America"!'

"One big man, hands calloused, face dirty, jumped up grinning and put his arm around me. I put mine around him, and we faced the crowd. We had no piano, but we sang, five thousand of us—with the ships and the sea behind us—'God Bless America'!

"When I turned away I bumped against my public relations aide—a tough, hard ex-newspaperman. I looked at him. The echo of the song was still in the air against the sky. And this fellow's eyes were filled.

"I thought, 'Oh, God, this is it. This'll lick them off the face of the earth. All these people, together. We can't lose!' "

Inspiration

Dotty brought back a chucklesome story, too. Seems months ago she asked permission to visit the Martin aircraft plant. An executive of the plant turned her down, saying, "When a

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

Jinx Falkenburg and Poulette Goddard came to the "Reop the Wild Wind" premiere dressed to kill. Jinx wants to drop her last name, claims it would sove marquee electricity for defense!

"Reap" is the 66th solid hit produced by Cecil B. De Mille (above, with his wife at the Hollywood premiere). He'll be 61 this Aug.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Berle and Laird Cregor at the premiere. Laird has authored the script, music and lyrics of a forthcoming Broadway production.

beautiful woman walks through, all the workers stop working. It costs us a thousand man-hours of labor. Dorothy Lamour? She'd cost us half a bomber!"

Dotty thought she'd never get to see planes in the making. However, when she arrived at Curtiss-Wright, President Curtiss called thousands of his employees from their machines. Hushing the crowd, he nodded toward Dotty, standing at his side:

"I hear another plant won't let Miss Lamour in because it'll cost half a bomber," he said, with eyes twinkling. "Well,. I don't agree. I've given all of you twenty minutes off to meet Dotty. And do you know why? Because I think after you've heard her, you can go back and make *two* bombers!"

The Proof of the Pudding

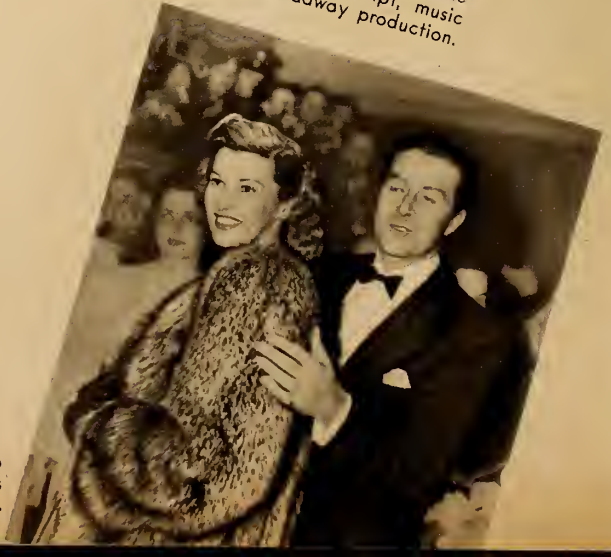
After one year of wedlock, Gene Tierney is just beginning to feel like a bride! After twelve suspenseful months, wedding gifts are finally pouring in, old friends are phoning and wiring congratulations, and Gene and Husband Oleg Cassini are flooded with invitations to "bride and groom" dinners in their honor!

Gene and Olie are taking the sudden recognition of their marriage in stride. Only they think it's funny the world didn't accept their union from the start and admit the Tierney-Cassini nuptials were for keeps.

"When we eloped," Cassini confides "we were deprived of all the parties and presents usually showered on newlyweds. The ugliness and family fuss that followed our wedding made people think our marriage wouldn't last. Instead of getting together to wish us happiness, they got together and made bets on when we'd separate! As for gifts—they weren't going to waste *their* money!

"But I guess the probation period is over. At last we're being looked on as normal married folks. For Gene's sake, I'm very happy."

(*Continued on page* **98**)



An ex-boxer in World Wor I, Ray Milland was so adept at fisticuffs in "Reap the Wild Wind," his fighting double was fired! Above, with Mrs. M.

"Will YOU give one month to winning a ROMANCE COMPLEXION ?"

See what Lux Toilet Soap Active-Lather Facials will do for you

1. "It's lovely soft skin that wins Romance," says this famous screen star. "So it's important to use a real beauty soap.

"Make Active-Lather Facials with Lux Soap your regular care. First, smooth the creamy lather lightly in—

2. "Then rinse with warm water, a dash of cool . . . You'll be delighted with the satin-smooth feeling this beauty care gives your skin.

3. "Pat to dry with a soft towel. This gentle care's a wonderful beauty aid! Try it for 30 days. See what Lux Soap Active-Lather Facials can do for you!"

YOU want the soft, smooth skin that wins romance—a lovely Romance Complexion! Lux Toilet Soap removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—gives skin protection it needs.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Co-ed

Here's how to be a wedding belle whether you're maid of honoring it or casual guesting. Also how to make graduation your social victory!

By JEAN KINKEAD

Lots of you far-sighted chillun have been plying us with questions about weddings and graduations and other June-ish festivities, soo-oo-o we got an idea! Supposing we turn you from coeds to co-editors and let you take over this month. We'll use nothing but your very own questions—and nothing but the truth from us!

My best friend's big sister is getting married. I couldn't be fonder of her, but couldn't be poorer at the moment. Can you think of a present with much splash at a tiny figure?

A big and elegant salad bowl with fork and spoon to match is useful, impressive and around $3.00 at any fair-sized department store. If the couple is anyway musical, they'd love an album of records. You can get a Beethoven symphony for around $5.00. Or how about four colossal crystal ash trays at $1.00 per? Shop around till you find gargantuan ones. In your desire for "splash," don't be dazzled by very inexpensive atrocities in plated silver, glass or china. Stick to simplicity, and you can't go very wrong.

I know you shouldn't congratulate the bride, but what does one say if she's a total stranger, and you can't launch into how lovely she looks, etc.?

You simply smile at her and say, "I know you and John will be awfully happy" or "All the happiness in the world!" To John you say, "Congratulations!"

A family friend is marrying a girl I've never met. In this case isn't it permissible to send my gift to the boy?

No, the bride always gets the gifts, and they become legally her possessions, you know. It is permissible to send the groom an additional gift if you like, but this is rarely done except in the case of doting godparents, etc.

My one virtue is getting places on time, and I especially make a point of being early for weddings so's to get an aisle seat. However, nine times out of ten some oldish dame will arrive fifteen minutes later and glare me into moving in for her. Would it be terribly rude if I just refused to budge?

Not a bit! That aisle seat is as much yours as a reserved one at the theater, which you wouldn't relinquish to any doddering number under the sun. A young man is even entitled to retain his aisle seat in the face of glares from dowagers and debs alike. Of course, you rise to admit other people to the pew or at least get your knees out of the picture as much as possible.

Please tell me what clothes are appropriate for morning, afternoon and evening summer weddings.

A gay print with a cunning flower hat is perfect for both morning and afternoon weddings either in the country or city. In the country you can even get away with a pastel suit or an extra pretty cotton frock with a great big romantic-as-all-get-out hat. Don't forget your white gloves if you'd be ultra-elegant, though for the duration of the war that much formality isn't a bit necessary. By the way, did you know that "pardon my glove" or the removal of one when you shake hands is now as passé as a

Willkie button? You can shake hands till doomsady with your gloves on, and with nary an apology. Any wedding after six o'clock is a long-dress event. You can go utterly glamorous in your most formal gown or be equally right in a dinner dress. Some churches, of course, require the wearing of headgear, in which case any small excuse for a hat will do: a bit of veiling caught with a flower, a chiffon kerchief wound into a turban—practically anything goes as long as it's vaguely hatty.

I've been asked to be a bridesmaid and at first I was thrilled. However, I've now become paralyzed with fright over the expense. Do I pay for the entire outfit, and must I give a shower? My allowance is infinitesimal.

Unfortunately, being a bridesmaid does run into a bit of money for you must pay for the dress, shoes and hat yourself. The bride's sole contribution is the flowers. However, she always confers with her attendants about their dresses, and invariably they speak up if she's partial to one with too steep a price tag. Don't be a bit shy about this! Try to sway her in the direction of a really cute dress that you can gad in all summer long, and be adamant about a becoming color. You're in no way obligated to give a shower. Let the more moneyed "senior" bridesmaids attend to that.

I'm going to a wedding in a strange town where I don't know a soul but the bride. Could I possibly invite a local swain to take me? If not, how best to avoid wall-flowering it at the reception?

If you know the bride very, very well, ask her if you may import your own man. Never bring him without her permission. However, if you go unattached, think of the potential conquests! No one needs to introduce you to anyone at a wedding, you know. Every man is fair game, and with the atmosphere simply supercharged with romance, what could be sweeter? For a conversation starter with any solitary lad you see lurking about, there's always how ecstatic the couple looks, and you certainly hope he's the very best because she's such an angel. This generally leads to a eulogy on the groom, and in the course of the conversation you garner bits about the chap you're talking to with which to keep small talk going indefinitely. If you get bored with him, on to greener pastures.

We have a child bride on our hands! The very first one of our cronies is being married next month, and we want to give her a shower. There are seven of us involved and not one bright idea among us. Please help.

Why not make it a lingerie shower? But instead of just doling out the presents in the usual unimaginative way try this little fillip. String a wide, white ribbon across the room, clothesline fashion. Then with the tiniest of clothespins, hang up your things. Be sure to put your card under the clothespin so she'll know which is from whom. You can make the party a dessert bridge (dessert consisting of indescribable chocolate

BE A MODERN SCREEN REPORTER!

Have you ever had any personal contact with any of the stars? Write us about it, and for every amusing story that we publish we'll send you ONE DOLLAR! AND you'll see your own name IN PRINT below your story! For complete details of the contest, turn to page 70.

Which Face Powder
GIVES YOUR SKIN COLOR-HARMONY?
THE TEST OF A FACE POWDER, my dear lady, is how its color blends with your skin; but woe betide you if the blending is imperfect, because that means garish streaks and noticeable blotches.
TRY THIS TEST. With the tip of your finger press out a bit of your present face powder against the hard surface of your mirror. Now can you see little streaks of raw color? Don't trust that kind of face powder to blend harmoniously with your skin.
FOR NATURAL, GIRL-LIKE COLOR HARMONY in your complexion, switch to Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. So perfectly is the color blended into Cashmere Bouquet it gives your complexion an all-over veil of delicate beauty . . . a color harmony so natural you can detect no flaws. Scented too, with the "fragrance men love" . . . exclusive with Cashmere Bouquet.
6 Ravishing Shades of Color. In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.
Cashmere Bouquet
FACE POWDER
COLGATE-PALMOLIVE-PEET CO.
Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder
A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

layer cake, ice cream and iced coffee) and save yourselves the fuss and expense of a lot of elaborate food. Have your refreshments and bridge first, then on with the gifts—which, needless to say, are in another room.

We get very few invitations to our graduation. Would it be proper to send out a lot of announcements to people I can't possibly invite?

Graduation announcements are considered in rather bad taste, and most schools no longer distribute them. They're really sort of gift come-ons and are frequently resented by recipients.

The family and various relatives are planning to send me flowers for graduation. Should they be sent to school?

Customs vary in every school, so we'd advise you to check with your pals about this. If their flowers are being delivered to school, you naturally don't want to feel orphan-ish without a bloom; on the other hand, you don't want to feel star-of-the-occasion-y if no one gets them but you.

I'm at a girls' school and have to invite a boy to our graduation dance. The boy I'd really love to ask has been to our house a couple of times with his family, but we've never had a date. Would I dare? And what tack should I use to make dead sure he'll come?

Invite him, by all means; he'll be flattered to death. Write him a friendly little note along the lines of: "It was so nice seeing you last week, and I did enjoy our chat ever so much. Lately we've been terribly busy trying to get smart for our exams, rehearsing for plays, etc., but on the sixteenth we're taking time out for fun. It's a prom—with divine refreshments and music—and informal, no less! Could you come? Have lined up at least a dozen gorgeous things who're dying to meet you, and can guarantee you'll be the 'beau' of the ball. With fingers crossed, Jane."

It's traditional at school to have everyone write in your yearbook. What's a good thing to put in a boy's book?

Something unsentimental—and something you won't mind your hubby and children coming across years hence. People hang on to yearbooks forever, and you never know when one's going to cross your path again. "Best of everything" plus your full name is the ticket for boys you hardly know. "Best always, Jane" is slightly warmer for the chaps you know quite well, but is definitely nothing you could pin a breach of promise suit on. For the favored few, something like "Don't you dare forget Janie" is heart-warming but harmless. Avoid anything lovey, and try not to put the exact same thing in every book.

After graduation there's always a dance at school. I haven't a date for it yet, and I don't know whether I want one. I live in dread of being horribly "stuck." Are there any ways to unstick oneself? Should you apologize to the boy if he's waltzing you round by the hour?

You get yourself asked to that dance! (Read up on "date bait" in our January Co-Ed—yours for ten cents sent to the Modern Screen Subscription Department, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.) And here's how not to get stuck. Brush up on your dancing so you're really good. Then look your very most heart-breaking—nice shiny hair, radiant complexion, your prettiest gown. Before you leave for the dance, get a stag's-eye-view of yourself (that's from the rear, remember) and check on attractiveness of hair (it may be gorgeous from the front, sad from the back), invisibility of shoulder straps and need of a girdle. Once at the dance, concentrate on your date. If you and he look as if you're having a wonderful time, the rest of the boys will be intrigued. Don't get grim if a few pieces are played, and you're still with him. However, before it becomes chronic say to him, but casually, "Gosh, Bill, I hope this isn't going to be one of my off nights. I think I'll go glam up a trifle while you talk me up to your cronies." When you come back he'll have rounded up some chums. And once the stags see you being cut in on, they'll cut, too. Of course, one tried and true popularity insurer is to have a few couples to dinner before the dance. Then when you get there, your little group sort of stays together, and everyone's a belle.

I need money for college next year and want a job this summer. Please, please offer some concrete advice.

Ah! That's another story. See you next month with ideas on how to make this summer count—financially, romantically—you name it, we've got it!

Dancing "Overtime"

Arthur Murray Teachers use Odorono Cream for Sweetness Sake

• *Bunny Duncan* is busier than ever these days teaching dancing to men in camp and on leave. Like other Arthur Murray dancers she chooses Odorono Cream as her favorite line of defense against underarm odor and dampness.

Odorono Cream ends perspiration annoyance *safely* 1 to 3 days! It's non-greasy, non-gritty, non-irritating! Generous 10¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes, plus tax. Get some today!

THE ODORONO CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

1 FULL OZ. JAR—ONLY 39¢ (Plus Tax)

Gervais Wallace, of the Washington Studio, sparkling and fresh after hours of dancing!

ENDS PERSPIRATION ANNOYANCE FOR 1 TO 3 DAYS

GIVES YOU MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

•

ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—REGULAR AND INSTANT

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we hove it for you—thot up-to-the-second chort of your favorite "Westerns" you've been begging for! Imagine hoving ot your fingertips the reol names, birthploces, birthdotes, heights, weights, how they got their start and studio oddresses of over 60 of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains ond wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse opries"! Mode up in a most ottractive form, it will moke your album proud as onything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below ond your new revised chart is os good os lossoed!

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

I om enclosing five cents in stomps or coin, for which kindly send me your chort of the Western Stors.

Nome.....

Street.....

City.....Stote.....

Please print name and address plainly

WHAT THEY EXPECT FROM A DATE

(Continued from page 29)

He opens the door of the black Cadillac convertible, gets in beside you and drives to Tale of the Cock, a little loghouse restaurant where the food is good, prices reasonable and swing bands anathema. If you want a cocktail, you'll have to take it alone. George drinks milk. His favorite meal consists of salad, filet mignon, baked potato, any vegetable, ice cream or fresh fruit and more milk. At dinner you gab about everything under the sun and decide what movie you'll go to.

Whether or not you hold hands at the movies, depends. If it's a cold show, you don't. (Q.—Even with Hedy? A.—Don't be silly.) The cream of the evening follows—a drive to the beach, radio tuned to a symphony, waves lapping, star-spangled sky stretching off to infinity. On the way home, orange juice or something at a drive-in because Hedy loves drive-ins.

A couple of weeks ago they stopped at the Farmers' Market, loaded up on groceries and drove to Sunland to spend the week-end with Hedy's hairdresser. The girls cooked, George and the hairdresser's husband did the dishes. George says his girl looks gorgeous in an apron. He won't talk much about her, says what's the use, he could never do the subject justice. But his face talks for him—turns kind of still with worship.

He calls her Penny—his lucky Penny. For Valentine's Day she gave him a money clip. As he unclasped it, a penny fell out. "That's me," said Hedy.

Bill Lundigan . . .

Since Bill Lundigan's current dates are non-professional, we won't drag their names in. That leaves the field open for you.

He phones for a date and makes it short and sweet, because he hates phone gabbing. "Also easier on my Irish ego," he explains, "if I get turned down. Why linger over pain?"

"Busy tonight?" he asks. If the answer's no, "Would you like to be?" If the answer's yes, "Dinner? Okay. See you at seven."

He thinks there's something routine and mechanical about date-corsages and prefers to send flowers between times. He can't get dressed without yelling, "What happened to my shirts? Where in thunder's that blue tie?" Since one brother got married and another joined the army, his clothes do fewer disappearing acts. But he still yells.

"As I don't wear them, darling," his mother replies, "I really can't say." Then she breaks down and finds them for him. There's also a parting gag, carried over from the days when she sent the boys off in knickers. "Remember who you are and what you represent."

"Yes, momma," he assents, pinches her dignified cheek and is off.

He's tolerant about being kept waiting. Having been late himself on occasion, he knows how it is. Besides, it gives him a handle for wisecracks, strictly high-school stuff, like: "Why don't you sell the cow and move into town?"

If you want to see the gleam of approval in his eyes, wear something black and simple, with a touch of white and a single clip. And admire his Lincoln Continental, it's his baby. Hopefully he leaves the car top down till you ask him

"For a Morning Glory Skin... try my Beauty Nightcap"

PAULETTE GODDARD, NOW STARRING IN "REAP THE WILD WIND," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

says Paulette Goddard:

"Tomorrow, you have to face close-ups, too. So try my pet beauty treatment--a Beauty Nightcap with Woodbury Cold Cream. Special oils in Woodbury help relieve dryness--which may lead to dread lines. Try it--for beauty's sake!"

Every night, Paulette cleanses with Woodbury, then spreads on a fresh film for all night. She can trust her complexion to Woodbury, for an exclusive ingredient is constantly acting to purify the cream right in the jar.

Says Paulette, "Let morning find you lovelier".

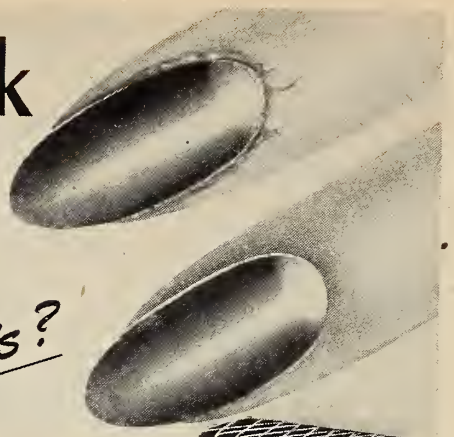
WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars

Follow Paulette Goddard's advice. Today get Woodbury Cold Cream. Large jars 50¢ to $1.25. Introductory sizes 10¢ and 25¢.

For special skins—special creams. If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need. If oily, cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream. If dry, use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream at night. For any skin use new Woodbury Foundation Cream for a powder base.

Cuticle Look



Get CUTEX Oily Cuticle Remover

● Don't gnaw at ragged cuticle! Soften and loosen it with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover! All *you* do is wipe the dead cuticle away with a towel! Have your hands admired! Get a bottle today! *It contains no acid.*

Saturday is "Manicure Day." Look for the special display of Cutex accessories on your favorite cosmetic counter — Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil, Brittle Nail Cream, Orangewood Sticks, Emery Boards.

Northam Warren, New York

Used by more women than all other Cuticle Removers combined

SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"

to put it up. His soul may be blighted for the moment, but conscience tells him it was a dirty trick to leave it down in the first place, especially if you're going where the coiffure really has to be coiffed.

For food, music and atmosphere he'll take you to Bublichki. He loves the intimacy induced by candlelight, softly-cushioned chairs and Chico's violin, and will deepen said intimacy by dousing the candle on your table. He can't resist the hors d'oeuvres and doesn't have to, his capacity covering seven meals a day. As the main dish, he'll suggest shashlik, beef Stroganoff or chicken Kiev—and won't serve the chicken himself, not any more he won't, not since he tried it once and sent butter squirming in all directions, chiefly his eye. Now he lets the waiter do it. He also tried halvah once. The more he chewed the thicker it got in his mouth. So he avoids Russian desserts and winds up with coffee.

After dinner you'll drive out to Charley Foy's in the valley to catch Phil Silver. You can dance at Charley's, too, though the floor is small. Bill's an ad lib dancer, never knows what step he's doing till it's done.

Lousy or not, he loves to dance. So if you insist on a dancing smootheroo, maybe you'd better go skating with Bill. He'll pick you up at five, take you to the Brown Derby for a sandwich, then on to the Westwood Skating Rink, cosily patterned after a Swiss chalet. There you'll spend three hours or so, enjoying the music as much as anything else—the rhythm and grace of waltzes played by a deep-toned organ. You meet friends and sit out to chat and smoke and sip Pepsis, then you skate again and probably flop—everyone does—and Bill picks you up and dusts you off and makes comforting sounds, after which *he* flops.

By nine-thirty you've had enough, and want to eat again. So you go to Schwab's. Schwab's is the famous drug-store at the corner of Laurel Canyon and Sunset. At one time or another they've staked half the players in Hollywood to meals, and some players don't forget. It's the rendezvous of big names and small—the country store of Hollywood—all it needs is a potbellied stove to spit at. You bump into Bob Taylor and Jack Benny, and Ray Milland's at the cash register, making change because the clerks are busy. Bill sits you on a stool, slithers behind the counter, cooks your hamburger and mixes your soda himself. You get more laughs per hour at Schwab's than per month at fancier places. You don't ever want to go home.

But it's getting late, and Bill's working tomorrow, and if you've had a good time and want to reciprocate, you say let's drive home with the top down—and boy! do you rate.

After leaving you, he gathers up the morning papers to read in bed—covers the headlines, sports, movie stuff, Runyon, Durling, Bill Henry—and falls asleep like a cherub surrounded by newsprint.

Jackie Cooper . . .

A minor quake rumbled through Hollywood columns a while ago, because Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper went out one night, but not with each other. It was just a little experiment they were trying and didn't mean a thing. Bun is still Jack's girl.

They don't go out dancing very often these days. Not only because of the recent death of Jack's mother, but because times being what they are, it seems silly to spend a lot of money at nightspots.

Their dates are frequent and informal. Jack phones. "Want to do something tonight? Early movie and bowling?" Bun says yes and, "Let's have dinner here. Six-thirty so we can catch the first show."

When they eat out, he makes her happy by donning a white shirt, one of his two blue suits and a red-and-blue-striped tie. Overdressing, he calls it, but she calls it lovely. In return, he keeps after her to wear more color. Averse to anything even faintly showy, she favors beige and brown. So Jack makes a deal. "I'll wear my blue suit if you'll wear a print."

Tonight he wears his own favorite rig—brown or gray slacks and a sports coat. Hair slicked down with grease else he looks like a Ubangi. A short tie with a large knot. Knize-Ten toilet water. His dresser is stacked with gift bottles but, except for Knize-Ten, they're just pretty bottles to him. A white handkerchief for his breast pocket and a special technique for its arrangement. "What's the patent, Coop?" ask the boys.

"Just fuss with it till it comes out right."

Bun meets him at the door. Dinner, preceded by little cocktail sausages—they don't drink—is served promptly, this being Mrs. Granville's contribution toward getting them out on time. They have steak or roast beef because Jack likes red meat. If the roast is large, he carves it. Mrs. Granville gets a kick out of that. They have baked potatoes and three vegetables, because Jack likes baked potatoes and a lot of vegetables. Ice cream's the only dessert he cares about, so he gets ice cream even if the others have cake. Bun's crazy for sweets, but thinks maybe she shouldn't take dessert. Jack shoves the plate under her nose and grins as she says, "I won't, I won't," but does. For reasons he can't explain, he loves to see her eat.

In theory, Bun's ready to leave right after dinner. Through long, hard experience, Jack's resigned to a fifteen-minute wait. She has to change bags, she has to rub off her lipstick and put it on again, she has to muss up her hair and comb it out again. Jack thinks there's something girls like about keeping a fellow hanging round the living-room. He used to fume but gave it up. Where does it get you? Now he sticks a record on the machine and, like Montgomery, plays with the dog. It's his own dog. Bun took him when Jack moved to an apartment. "Treats him better than I did. Worries about his food and brushes him every five minutes."

Like Lundigan, Jack's a fervent top-downer, and Bun rides with her head done up in two neckerchiefs—actually an emergency head bandage as Jack learned to make them when he was a Boy Scout. If a Spencer Tracy picture's showing, they go to that, sit through the cartoon and newsreel but not the second feature, as Jack's eyes get sore when they're fixed too long on the screen. When the plot thickens, Bun squeezes his hand. Sometimes she likes to tell him what's going to happen, a procedure he discourages.

Next stop—Hollywood recreation on Vine. They take off their coats and put on bowling shoes. Maybe they'll find a little competition in the next alley and bet a nickel or dime on a game. They're both average players. Jack doesn't really like to bowl with four because, after making a good shot, he can't wait to get up there again.

After an hour or so they've had

enough and go on to Carpenter's Drive-in at Sunset and Vine, perhaps dropping by at the Music Shop for a record. The radio's always on, tuned to record programs or dance music, preferably Dave Rose or Kostelanetz or Tommy Dorsey. Over coffee and hamburgers with melted cheese or chicken sandwiches, all white meat, they chew the fat about pictures and performances and the war and "things to do in the future." They're making no personal plans till the war's over. "How can we?" says Jack. "I'll be twenty in September. Twenty to kids nowadays means just one thing."

He gets Bun in not later than twelve or twelve-thirty and takes two good-night kisses home with him—one from his girl, one from his girl's mother.

Cesar Romero . . .

Last, a glamor-date with Cesar Romero. They don't happen often. Cesar's outlived the night club phase, prefers informal get-togethers at the homes of his friends—Ann Sothern, the MacMurrays, Powers, Millands, Walter Langs. Besides, you think twice nowadays before shelling out for things that aren't Red Cross or USO or defense bonds. Finally, he's on duty three nights a week as first lieutenant in the California State Guards.

All of which isn't to say that he's turned recluse. He steps out of a Saturday night with Ann Sothern or Carole Landis or Priscilla Stillman. Whether they go formal or not is up to the girl. So far as Cesar's concerned, a dinner jacket's as comfortable as a suit coat. Ann likes to dress. With Carole, it's a toss-up. If she decides against it, Cesar wears any business suit that's not a tweed.

While bathing, he sings an improvisation that makes no sense, and he can't sing in the first place, but it sounds like a million dollars in the shower. To make himself smell pretty, he uses an old-time preparation called Florida Water, very cheap, very clean and pleasant to the nose.

He doesn't send flowers because most girls find them a nuisance. Either the pins leave marks or your dress has little thin shoulder-straps, and you have to stick the corsage on your purse where it gets in the way, or carry it and look silly.

If he likes your dress, Cesar will tell you so. If you go in for midriffs, which he loathes, he'll keep his mouth politely but significantly shut. In either case, he'll say, "Shall we go to Romanoff's?" and you'll say yes. The food's superb, and the music doesn't blare. Cesar recommends the split minute-steak with potatoes and a green vegetable and nothing beforehand to take the edge off. If you're going to have a good steak, says Cesar, enjoy it. Don't stuff yourself first with shrimp salad and soup.

At Romanoff's you always meet people you know. Maybe you take your vodka martinis to a friend's table till the steaks are ready. Cesar drinks milk with his dinner and coffee after it. No exotic desserts. Ice cream or a piece of good apple pie.

His manners are a nice blend of American informality with Latin courtesy. He never says, "Let's do this," always, "What would you like?" If you like entertainment, there's the Little Troc where Lena Horn sings and Katherine Dunham dances. You can dance there, too, but the floor is small. So if you'd rather just dance, how about Ciro's?

It needn't cost you a fortune, Cesar points out, to go to Ciro's. You can order a lot of drinks and wind up with a check that looks like the war debt. Or you can get away with four or five

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dollars. He's gone to Ciro's with girls who didn't want to drink, and they've sat all evening over a Pepsi. He doesn't say Ciro likes it, but he's out to please, not Ciro, just a girl and himself.

You sit out a lot, enjoy the music, dance maybe five or six times. Cesar likes the tango and the good old fox-trot, and will rumba if you wish, though he doesn't much care for it. As for the conga, he thinks there ought to be a law against people hopping around in hideous contortions.

You stay till closing time, which is two, then if you're hungry again, drive to the Brown Derby, open all night, for scrambled eggs. At your door he'll tell you what charming company you've been, and he hopes to have the pleasure soon again. If he's not caught in a blackout, he'll be home by three-thirty. Once anti-aircraft started popping, and Cesar worked with the wardens till seven.

Sometimes he'll have dinner at Ann's house or she at his. They'll play gin rummy or go down to Olvera Street where the Mexicans sell their wares from colorful booths, or drive out to ride the roller-coasters at Venice. One of their pleasantest evenings was recently spent at the Ft. MacArthur Canteen. The boys were a little shy at first, but Ann soon had them around the piano, singing their heads off. A couple of homesick Cuban kids from Key West took possession of Cesar and chattered Spanish with him. Later they played gin rummy and chewed the rag over coffee and doughnuts. The boys enjoyed it, but no more than Ann and Cesar who made a date to come back in two weeks.

Any more questions, girls? Will he kiss you good night? Certainly. To send you home happy? Hell, no. To send himself home happy, logically enough!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was at the World's Fair "Girlie Show," and the barker called out in his typical barker manner, "Beelieve me, folksies, if'n this here show's good enough for Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, then by gum it oughter be good enough for you!" And sure enough, there were Joan and Walter coming out of a side door. Surprise! Funny thing, while we were nearly dying from the heat, she was wearing a smart fur jacket, looking entirely unconcerned.

Ann Corrigan,
1080 Stuyvesant Avenue,
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● ● ● ●

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LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF CAROLE LOMBARD

(*Continued from page 27*)

poking days. "A little sign to say that love cannot die—" laughter, too, cannot die while we remember Carole. And she's remembered—

They were full-bodied and lusty, those jokes of Carole's. "Vigil in the Night" was a grim picture, shot in long, still corridors, silent and sombre. George Stevens, the director, was a duck-hunter, and it appealed to Carole to break the solemnity of the picture-making by suggesting a shooting week-end in the Gables' blind near Bakersfield. "Uh-uh," Stevens said, "the best duck hunting is in Imperial Valley around Salton Sea." So he went there, and he didn't find a duck. Monday morning he came back onto the "Vigil" set and stared. Dead ducks hung from the chandeliers, draped the walls, a decoy stared at him with beady eyes and six live ducks quacked from a cage. "Personally," read Carole's card attached to this greeting, "we didn't have any trouble finding ducks."

Equally imaginative was her Christmas gift for Myron Selznick. Carole, rummaging through trick presents of her own, found a little tank complete with toy soldier and gun. That offered possibilities, given a phone and a metal worker to consult. When Myron, a few days later, heard a clatter at his door, he saw a toy tank advancing across the floor, with a soldier in it methodically putting his thumb to his nose in perfect rhythm as he advanced.

"What do you want for Christmas?" she demanded. She had money now, and people wanted things, and to sturdy Carole there was no sense in waste. "What do you specially want?" Loretta Francell, nicknamed "Bucket" by Carole whose blonde hair she dressed for thirteen years, had an equally practical notion. "The bathroom seat has been damaged," Bucket suggested. "How about a gorgeous new white Church seat?" So Bucket found the plumber attending to this Christmas task, proffering the card that went with the remembrance "To dear Bucket and Ralph—when you use this, remember Carole loves you."

endless giving . . .

Loretta was Carole's long-time friend. Their birthdays, October 6th and October 3rd, linked them under an astrological sign, and like all who were close to Carole, Miss Francell found her warm and affectionate and eager. There was the Ford car that Carole bought for Loretta's birthday, and, bursting with excitement, had to tell her about a month before. There was the philosophy that spilled over. From Carole's bequests, Loretta remembers this. "I'm tired of helping people," the hairdresser scolded. "My husband and I have taken more youngsters to live with us, and as soon as they get going good, they leave us without a thank you. But I never learn. Just the other night, the daughter of a friend of mine needed going over. So I toiled out and gave her the works, and fixed her up. She looked pretty when I finished."

"Gee," Carole said, "I wish I could have looked in and seen you. And maybe could have helped. You know, Bucket, you can't get tired of helping, really. If you're where you can—that's really what the whole thing of living is about,

don't you honestly and truly think so?"

That's the way she felt about it, and that's the way she behaved. Money, advice, help—if you needed it, you told Carole and she came through.

Sick? Betty Hall, Carole's stand-in for six and a half years, doubled for Carole in the long, dreary rain-in-the-night scenes in "Vigil." Pneumonia followed. Betty was afraid, facing weeks of hospitalization, worrying about her job. "Don't worry," they told her, "someone is taking care of everything." That wasn't the big shots, who might not have found out—that was Carole, who did. When Betty came back and found the seasonal shut-down in jobs going on, she also found two weeks salary in the mail from Carole Lombard.

Sick? Lots of people phone the florist and have flowers sent around with a card. Those friends of Carole Lombard who were ill, have a bequest of memory more sturdy than this. Flowers came, sure.

last laughs . . .

Pretty, of course. But you look at flowers awhile, and they begin to smell of the sick room. You watch the door and wonder. Is there ever going to be anything happening again? Carole made things happen. After the flowers, she telephoned the Brown Derby chefs and suggested your favorite dish, nicely arranged. "And in through the door came that!" Johnny Engstead, photographer, remembers. "Then it was time for a laugh, and Carole could always figure out a gag. And then came what she called 'the important gift'—something that a person could keep after the hospital days were over. When Mitchell Leisen was ill, she sent him a handsome comforter, for instance, and one of the girls at Paramount was given a stunning bedjacket. And finally Carole made a personal call. She followed this routine on all occasions. No one knew how she found the time—but she did."

Carole could always figure out a gag—

That's not a bad way to be remembered, for Carole's were funny and good, and as ego-deflaters, they worked. Carole couldn't get over being surprised at being 'way up there with the big shots. A yellow-haired gal—right in among 'em. Every now and then those boisterous spirits broke through. They remember those gags in Hollywood, they chuckle, and they mop their eyes and remember—

When Danny Winkler, big-shot at RKO, moved into his new berth, Carole was working on one of the four films she made for his company. She wanted his first day on the lot to have "something to remember her by." So she phoned her florist. "Get me all the old dead flowers that you can. Make up a giant good luck horseshoe of wilted carnations and stuff and toss wilted flowers around the carpet. Stick 'em in the vases. And send in some white doves to fly around to add the right touch." Mr. Winkler walked into this bower of wilted posies, encircled by white doves —with love from Lombard. He remembers!

And there was Harry Stradling, cameraman, who likes things artistic, shadows falling. Twigs and branches, shadow-etched on the film. In "Vigil in the Night," the little man with the twig was always there, running around holding it "a little higher, a little lower —shadowing Lombard's cheek." There was nothing the matter with Lombard's cheek! On the final day's shooting, she grabbed Harry's hand. The huge stage door opened, and outside, standing on the studio street, was a great, beautiful, full-

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grown olive tree. "Here's your tree, Harry," Lombard cried.

There's a sequel to that. Stradling lived in an apartment, no room for trees. So he went out and bought valley acreage for his tree, and he's a rancher now.

Carole's gags: When a holy gent running the studio had decreed "No gentlemen allowed in ladies' dressing rooms," Carole forgot. She wanted to talk contract with her agent, Frank Joyce. Talking with Carole was fun, and shouts and howls of merriment assailed the ears of the pained studio head.

"Have you a man in your room?" he phoned Carole.

She waved for Joyce to climb into her clothes press in French farce fashion, and—

"Come over and see!" she told the inquirer.

He stomped in, he saw, he blushed and apologized. And then a muffled sneeze from the wardrobe betrayed the invader, and the French farce was complete. Everybody blushed but Carole. They remember, today, how she laughed.

She didn't like stuffed shirts. The producer of several of her best films impressed her that way. But discipline is severe in the films, and Carole had to go through the motions. She knew a girl whose father and mother were deaf. Carole had always been entranced by her friend's fluent use of the sign language. Now she found a use for it. "Teach me the signs for 'you're an old fool' and some other similar notions," she begged.

Carole met the gentleman with her choicest smile. But there was something he never quite understood. "Funny gal, Lombard," he said to a friend. "I wonder what she means by all those signs she makes with her hands?"

George Stevens, quiet-spoken director of "Vigil in the Night," was no stuffed shirt, but he was new to Carole as a type. In the middle of the day's shooting, he would retire into introspection, and no Carole cajolery could blast him out of it. Lips tightly folded, he would sit in deep thought in his chair. At three o'clock one morning Myron Selznick, her agent, had a phone call. "Yes?" he asked sleepily.

"Myron," Carole's decisive tones informed him, "I have just discovered what Stevens' silences mean."

"Oh, yeah?" said Selznick. "What?"

"Not a darn thing," said Carole and hung up.

the hand is quicker . . .

Selznick remembers that and another time as well. Contract renewal time was round again, and Carole opened her mail to find the new Selznick contract ready for her signature. The madcap in her burst loose again—that wild, gay child who was forever amazed at this rigamarole of papers and ink. She phoned Russell Birdwell, her press agent. "Bird," she said, "I'm playing a swell trick on Myron. Get a printer to imitate the contract type, and we'll have fun." Selznick signed his copy of the contract, and two weeks went by when Carole's attorney called him and asked for an accounting for Miss Lombard.

"Accounting," said Selznick, "who's crazy? Why does she want an accounting from me?"

"Because the contract you both signed calls for ten per cent of your profits and complete control of your books," replied the attorney. "Take a look at it."

Selznick looked and turned green. It was there in black and white . . . "and for one dollar and other good and valu-

able consideration, I, the undersigned, Myron Selznick, do give ten per cent of the profits of my company and do promise to open my books—"

She spoke every language, saltily, vigorously. "Come over here," she told a surly five-year-old. "I'm going to kick you in the shins," he informed her. "And if you do," this amazing grownup returned softly, "I'll knock those pretty little baby teeth of yours right down your throat." He stared—and grinned. And the next day he brought her an apple. She knew how!

Her speech was racy, charged, vital. And she would detour for a pun when one offered. Sig Ruman, Gestapo chief of her last film, "To Be or Not to Be," recalls the day they were doing the scene where, as Colonel Erhardt, ("So they call me 'Concentration Camp Erhardt,' eh?") he visits Maria Tura (Carole) in her Warsaw rooms. Erhardt was nervous, he paced up and down. "You make me nervous," Carole told him. "Sit down." He couldn't, he said, "I've got to concentrate on my lines and I concentrate better walking back and forth."

"So that's why they call you 'Concentration Camp Erhardt'!" Carole exclaimed, as she dodged. "If you concentrate too hard, Sig, you may have concentration *cramp*—"

Something to remember her by? The memories are legion, close packed, glowing and rich. Helen Hunt's little six-year-old daughter, Beverly, remembers the white kid gloves and scarf that she'd specially wanted. And Carole "happening by" with them on Beverly's birthday. The models, the studio crews, her staff, all remember actual gifts. Irene of Bullock's-Wilshire remembers the engagement book gift "so you won't forget appointments"—a gentle, Caroleish reminder. The girls Carole's size who got her dresses remember. Once, when a charity wanted an old Lombard gown to be auctioned off, she wrote a check "because if I send a dress, the kids will miss out," she said. And Clark remembers, among other things, the time when Selznick International studios auctioned off its stuff and closed. Carole bought shovels, rakes, pitchforks, picks—"These will be swell for Paw."

forgetting no one . . .

Those were things purchaseable with money. Carole stinted not at all in more precious gifts of time and attention. Margaret Tallichet, now wife of Director William Wyler, remembers when she took a newspaperman to Carole for an interview and found the star staring at her instead of concentrating on the reporter. And presently Carole telephoned an agent—Zeppo Marx—telling him to drop around and see her. She called Adolph Zukor and asked for an appointment. She bullied him into giving Margaret a part-time acting contract while she went on with her job as a secretary.

"And then," Mrs. Wyler remembers, "she arranged for the studio dramatic coach to give me lessons, and she had Loretta Francell, her hairdresser, cut and dress my hair. And after that she asked for a portrait sitting for me." The lonely little Texas girl went to dinners and parties at Lombard's, and presently her career was launched.

They remember these things in Hollywood—"a little sign to say that love cannot die—"

She was no cold and glittering star, gleaming aloft, not Carole. But how they remember! The rocking horse, wreathed in flowers, that she presented to Director Mitchell Leisen in memory of his fondness for the ponies. The huge carnation-covered "set piece" for Garson Kanin. The real horseshoes bound in red ribbon for her cast members. The trained bear for Director Norman Taurog who'd wearily coped with a bear through "We're Not Dressing." Taurog raged at his gift then—now he blinks and smiles, and remembers—

She loved parties, and she gave them with gusto. Roman parties with guests in togas. Cuban parties with rumba orchestras, a Hallowe'en party with bales of hay all over the floors and chairs, an appalling sight for evening guests who'd been told to come in white ties and tails.

She did that till she tired of it—and then it was the ranch and hard work and Clark. And finally, service for the country she loved so richly.

"If I make pictures, I make money, and I can spend it. People depend on me and I have responsibilities." So she worked, and she made $468,000 in a glorious year. Surtaxes? Sure—that's where it came from and she meant to go right on making it and giving it back in hunks "for the duration." Her tax money would buy ships and guns and ammunitions. She wasn't quitting.

She wasn't quitting even though, on those slender, squared shoulders, there rested a burden that few strong men could have handled. She wasn't quitting, and she wasn't satisfied. She wanted to do something personal, tough, real.

So a plane crashed in flames, and in the pyre there perished what was physical of Carole Lombard. But the legend grows and grows, and above that pyre, there's the sound of laughter because she lived for laughter. Let that be her last will and testament—that because she lived, a garland of memories grows green and gay forever around her spirit.

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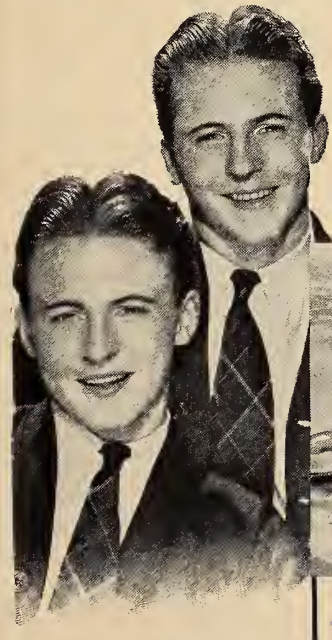
makes teeth

TWICE AS BRIGHT



Jack and Alan, the Sampson Twins of Norwood Park, Illinois, champion swimmers, tournament golfers, team up in a new contest.

"Honors are usually pretty even between us, in swimming, golf, or track...almost any sport. But when we made the tooth powder test... wow! Jack beat me a mile because he was using Pepsodent... I had chosen another well-known leading brand."

"It wasn't even close! At school, friends knew Jack at a glance... because his teeth were *twice as bright!* No question about it—Pepsodent made the difference! That's why the family began using it, too, even before the test was over!"

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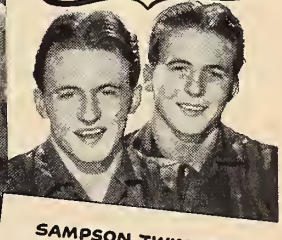

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"Keeps you KISSABLE"

BEAUTY IS IN YOUR HANDS

(*Continued from page 53*)

your fingernail isn't a living part of your body, it grows from vital cells beneath the visible part of your nail, and this area is nourished by the bloodstream. Whenever your body lacks sufficient water or those nail-building materials found in milk, orange juice, fresh vegetables, butter and cream, fingernails become dry and brittle. Extreme fatigue, overwork, nervousness or any depression in your health also show up in nail imperfections, so organize your hours to allow time for rest and regular living habits.

However, you can give brittle nails more resiliency and pliancy by extra lubrication. Use oily preparations when manicuring, and several times a day massage cuticle oil or a special manicure oil or cream around the sides and under the tips. Then keep the surrounding area of your fingers soft and smooth with hand cream or lotion. Before retiring at night, dip your nails in warm manicure oil and let them soak for a few minutes. Last, massage your hands with a soothing cream or lotion and leave on all lubricants overnight. If you wear soft cotton gloves, you'll protect bedcovers from being soiled.

Tapered, becomingly tinted fingernails are desirable attributes of charm, but they deserve hands that are just as carefully groomed. Hand lotions and creams are your allies in keeping skin soft and protected, so keep them handy wherever you work and apply them before every job, before going outdoors and always after washing hands. To make the most of their softening, soothing qualities, massage them well into your hands stroking downward as if you were drawing on tight kid gloves.

And wear real gloves as much as possible—durable work ones for such heavy jobs as housecleaning, gardening or painting—and rubber ones whenever you need to keep your hands in water for any length of time. And don't miss a good fashion bet by neglecting to wear gloves on the street—spring or summer. They're not only smart accessories to any outfit, they are important hand protectors.

Washing your hands properly has a lot to do with their beauty, so never be satisfied with rubbing them together with a piece of soap and drying them hurriedly. Take a few extra seconds each time to do the job right, and you'll be rewarded by hands that are whiter and softer. Scrub your hands briskly in lukewarm water using mild soap and a soft brush, and concentrating on knuckles and fingertips to remove any fine grime or dust that may mar the texture of your skin. Rinse your hands carefully in clear water and dry them thoroughly, pushing back the cuticle on each finger with your towel. Then, of course, follow up with lotion or cream.

Come summer and short-sleeved fashions—and elbows come out of winter hiding to add to or detract from your appearance. If they're rough or dry, they're most deglamorizing, so let them share the nightly beauty treatment you give your hands. It's worth your while.

lady fingers . . .

Knowing your hands are lovely to look at builds up poise which expresses itself in confident gestures, but even so, pay attention to hand behavior if you want it to say flattering things about you. If movements are easy and natural, they denote charm and self-assurance, but short, nervous mannerisms make you appear awkward and ill at ease. Why not sit in front of a mirror while chatting with a member of your family or a friend and see just what impression your hands convey. Since their grace and expressiveness depend so much on the flexibility of wrists, keep yours limber by the following exercise each day: Drop your arms loosely at your sides, then shake them vigorously from the wrists for a minute or two. Then, whenever you reach for something, lead with your wrist and let your fingers follow through naturally. This action is ever so much more graceful than rigid arm movements. But beware of affected mannerisms. Hands which wave wildly about in meaningless gestures or which finger with beads or with other objects distract attention from your conversation and are every bit as unattractive as tightly clasped or clenched, nervous hands.

Useful hands are the fashion for 1942—but so are shapely, expressive hands that are well groomed and lovely to look at. Not only do they do their work more capably, but they have an appealing charm that begets and holds romance.

* * *

Why worry about the hosiery shortage? Warm weather is here and you can pour yourself a filmy pair of hose with Miner's Liquid Make-Up for the Legs. It spreads on in a jiffy, won't rub off and is waterproof. And you have your pick of five shades: Rose Beige, Golden Mist, Suntan, Hawaiian or Nut Brown. Miner's Liquid Make-Up for the Legs comes in generous sizes at inexpensive prices, so forget about runs, etc., and pour yourself the hose you need.

Now, as never before, time is at a premium, so let Kleenex cleansing tissues help you with your beauty rituals. With it as your right-hand beauty assistant, you don't need to waste time in keeping track of special cloths for different good grooming uses. Kleenex, which comes in convenient boxes of varied sizes, is what you need for removing cream, make-up, nail polish, etc., and it's equally helpful in spreading on lotions and fresheners evenly. Not only is it a beauty convenience, but it's a hygienic aid. Why not keep Kleenex handy in your bathroom, kitchen and wherever you work. You'll find just dozens of uses for it.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

necked and proud to announce it outright.

With the arrival of law in Nome in the form of Judge Stillman, Cherry runs into competition. For with the judge comes his niece Helen Chester, a fashionable beauty attracted to Roy. And with the law, too, comes a sudden and mystifying upsurge in claim jumping. The judge, in reality, heads a crooked bunch whose aim in Alaska is to get control of The Midas.

Worked out in the best action tradition of the movies, the picture moves from climax to climax. Glennister and his men storm the claim-jumped Midas aboard a train, crashing through the barricades, sweeping into a gun fight with the crooked gang. Cherry, using her best weapon, her beauty, corners the tough and crooked Gold Commissioner, McNamara, while Roy retakes the mine. It's on Roy's return to the Northern that the famous fist fight takes place. Sweeping through several rooms and landing some beautiful haymakers, the men battle it out savagely.

There's a stellar cast in "The Spoilers." Marlene Dietrich, who earned her spurs in "Destry Rides Again," plays Cherry Malotte. John Wayne is Glennister, Randolph Scott draws McNamara. It's a two-fisted cast rounded out by Harry Carey; and don't miss Richard Barthelmess in a supporting role.

"The Spoilers" is tested and proved action drama. It has all the sweep and excitement of a Western, set against Alaska's snows and blizzards. Here are all the familiar and satisfying old favorites: guns blazing in a darkened room, horses outlined against the sunset, fists pounding, a tough, smart villain, a two-gun hero, the old settler and the courteous drunk and the beautiful, self-willed woman.

Put them together and more often than not they add up into an hour of sheer entertainment. If anything is native and original to the movies, it's the rip-roaring Western. The movies were weaned on it in their early days. They've never quite forgotten how to do them.—*Univ.*

P. S.

In the original "Spoilers" brawl, Tom Santschi's first swing broke William Farnum's nose. Farnum thought Tom had done it on purpose and waded right into him. That's why the fight looked so terrific and remained for years the classic of all screen scuffles . . . Frank Lloyd called in thrill expert "Breezy" Eason to direct the 1942 version between Randy Scott and John Wayne. The two men, following almost precisely the action Rex Beach set down in his book, completely wrecked a barroom set, tore Dietrich's boudoir to shreds, then finished it up in the muddy streets of the town . . . Beach never sold the rights for more than seven years at a time. The story has been filmed four times and earned its author more than a million bucks . . . Marlene Dietrich's hair-do was an exact copy of Charles Dana Gibson's original sketches of his famous "Gibson Girl." The wig she used was kept in an oven on the sound stage, so it would retain its shape . . . Randolph Scott commuted 260 miles a day from his 1000-acre ranch near San Diego . . . Marlene's giant-size portable dressing-room-mirror was a

ON THE BRIGHTER SIDE . . . Jantzen ingenuity to line up your figure for shore beauty . . . with bras that really uplift . . . with foundation control in charge of slimming, trimming, smoothing and such . . . with exciting Lastex yarn knitted fabrics in rich lush colors that hold their loveliness through sun, through water. Left—"Midriff" . . . sleek Velva-cord, 5.50 . . . right, "Sweetheart" . . . new light-weight Velva-lure with white pique trim, 5.95. Other models 4.95 to 10.95 at leading stores throughout America.

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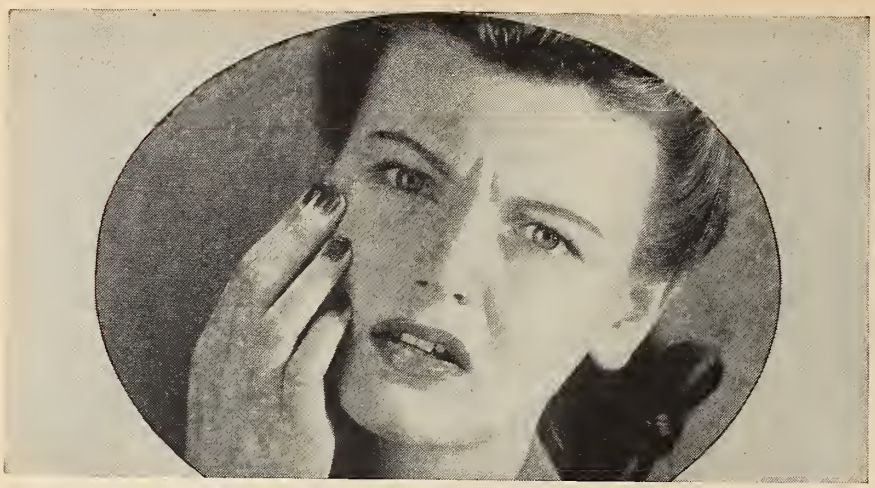

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DON'T think there's "nothing you can do" about externally-caused pimples, ugly chapped lips, rough, dry skin! Instead, try NOXZEMA, the famous *medicated* cream that was first acclaimed by scores of nurses as a grand complexion aid!

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MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

present from her Universal crew while she was working in "Destry Rides Again." When she moves her things over to another studio for a picture, a Universal crew member always turns up the first day of shooting, sets up the mirror and sees that a single red rose is placed on the table underneath . . . On the set, a visiting astrologer told Marlene that the Normandie would be righted, and that she would be among the first passengers to go to France after the war is over!

THIS GUN FOR HIRE

Peeling a cautious weather eye into the skies over Hollywood these days you might be able to spot a trend forming North by North-East. It's not a brand new, just-out-of-the-box trend; it's been in hibernation in some out-of-the-way cave around Beverly Hills. It's the old gangster epic, shined up a bit, slanted for the times and touched with international treachery rather than the pure Chicago brand. But it still carries a gun.

"This Gun For Hire" begins in a cheap San Francisco boarding house where an odd character named the Raven wakes of a morning to go about his business. Without putting too fine a point on it, his business is killing; it's his gun that's for hire. And it's hired by some of the damnedest people this side of the Axis territories. There's a bulky gent, terrified of violence, loving ice cream sundaes and peppermint candies: a crochety chemical magnate, complete with wheelchair, who sits behind three sets of barricaded doors and chortles at every killing while he sips his milk mush.

It's not all blood and thunder by any means. For Veronica Lake is mixed up in the proceedings, and where Veronica is, you're likely to find Cupid as well. There's a spot of singing, too, for Miss Lake plays the part of a night club entertainer and they manage to find room for a production number or two. But the whole business winds up in a skyscraper with bullets winging and dead bodies strewing the elegant floors.

Sounds complicated? Well, it is. "This Gun For Hire" follows the trail of the murderous Raven and the trail of a highly important chemical formula as they weave through the lives of several people. Half the impact of a picture like "This Gun For Hire" is in the complicated crossing and criss-crossing of the plots, all tying into a neat knot at the end.

Stacked up against some fairly recent thrillers like "The Maltese Falcon," "I Wake Up Screaming," "Johnny Eager"—"This Gun For Hire" doesn't quite make the grade. But for all of that, it's different, tense and worth an hour or so of your time. There are some odd and unprecedented characters with a sort of weird fascination. Of the three great Hollywood themes—make 'em laugh, make 'em cry or make 'em shiver—this one sets out to do the shivering job. It doesn't quite succeed; but maybe that's a reflex from today's headlines. There's little left to make us shiver, that's sure.

Sad to say, Veronica Lake seems to be slipping back into that dead pan style of delivery. She's still startlingly beautiful and wondrously photogenic; maybe that's enough. Laird Cregar and Robert Preston handle the other main roles. Cregar, who's really a hunk of man, adds another feather to his cap; a very clever actor, Mr. Cregar.

In the none-too-sympathetic role of The Raven, Paramount has cast its new discovery, Alan Ladd. He turns in a nice job, neatly conceived and tautly projected. But from the one smile he ventures on the screen, it's easy to see that he's due for better things than this role. He can come out from behind the gun; the world is waiting for a bit of sunshine. All things considered he's not really up to the old triumvirate of gangster killers, Muni-Cagney-Robinson, Inc. He's a good deal more handsome, though.—*Par.*

P. S.

"Ronnie" Lake receives her first screen kiss from Bob Preston. It was really eight, so the cameraman could get all the angles. Said Preston: "I'm giving my day's salary to charity." Commented jittery Veronica, "I—I'm going to ask for a stunt check" . . . Laird Cregar, 6' 4" tips the scale at 280 and looks mighty, mighty big alongside 5' 2", 96-pound Veronica. Laird once worked at Paramount as a member of the swing gang, moving furniture between sets . . . Coincidence Dept.: Laird once used the name of Alan Ladd Miles. He's already made two pictures with Alan Ladd, who has the lead in this one . . . Ladd is the 24-year-old actor hailed as the "find of the year." His agent, who plugged long and hard to get him a break, is former star Sue Carol . . . Veronica and the second femme lead, Pamela Blake, once worked in a picture together ("Sorority House") when Veronica was known as "Constance Keane" and Pamela was "Adele Pearce" . . . The pic has two locales—San Francisco and Los Angeles. Every scene shot in traditionally foggy San Francisco is bright with sunshine. The Los Angeles scenes, shot in pouring rain, are going to make the Chamber of Commerce very unhappy . . . The studio had to rent $6000 worth of tropical fish to fill the huge bowls in the "Neptune Club" . . . Veronica again climbs into men's clothes for a few scenes and gets all mussed up being dragged through gas houses, alleys and such . . . Mr. Cregar, for all his avoirdupois, can kick 'way over his head and turn perfect cartwheels!

THE GREAT MAN'S LADY

Roll out the wailing wall. For "The Great Man's Lady" is a bad picture; silly, overly sentimental and pointless. It would be easy enough to pass it off with a wisecrack or two and leave it to blush in its flat black cans; but it's bad manners to joke at a wake.

If it were a jerry-built quickie, shot on the cuff with a cast of amateurs, the result might be understandable. But "The Great Man's Lady" flaunts top-notch stars, Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea, a grade A director and three or four name writers; obviously time and money were lavished on the production. How come?

The picture is laid in the late eighteen hundreds when the West was opened to settlers. It tells the story of Ethan and Hannah Hoyt, in the forefront of the pioneers, eager to found a city in the wilderness. Now an idea like that is creditable and important. Surely the sacrifice, sweat and tears that went into

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

the building of the West is worthy of record. But the idea is lost in a shuffle of melodrama and easy sentiment. Hoyt City, instead of being the focus of the story, becomes an almost apologetic tail pinned to an incredible story.

The picture is told in a series of flashbacks. Starting from the present with Hannah Hoyt a wizened old woman, it uses the unveiling of a statue of Ethan Hoyt as a point of departure for a series of incidents. That's the root of the trouble. The picture must stand or fall on the power and integrity of these separated scenes. For "The Great Man's Lady," the script writers gathered up all the bedraggled clichés they could lay their hands on.

There's actually a line where Mr. McCrea says to Brian Donlevy: "Take your hands off my wife." Miss Stanwyck gives birth to twins only to see them die in a flood. Mr. Donlevy plays a gambler with a noble heart. Miss Stanwyck gives up Mr. McCrea to clear his road to fame and fortune. Mr. McCrea, believing Miss Stanwyck dead, marries again and then is confronted by her at a crucial point in

his career. Miss Stanwyck becomes a hostess in a glorified gambling saloon in San Francisco. Mr. McCrea, in a white beard, finally dies in Miss Stanwyck's arms just as you expected he would ever since reel one.

Now, such a list of calamities and banalities calls for the greatest care in handling. But they're dealt out as casually as a gin rummy hand. Catastrophe upon catastrophe pile on the screen without a moment of true tragic import seeping through. Tragedy is an exacting master; multiply it needlessly and pointlessly, and it merely becomes embarrasing. Here, too, the technique of the picture stumbles over itself, since we know from the very beginning that Hannah Hoyt will end up a chipper and contented old woman.

So what's all the crying for?—*Par.*

P. S.

This is the fifth time Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea have teamed up as co-stars . . . Barbara Stanwyck figures she spent 110 hours on tests and being made up for her portrayal of a 100-year-old woman. Wally Westmore purposely changed her appearance so she'd be unrecognizable, working on the assumption that no one at the age of 100 looks like he did when he was 20 or 30 . . . Barbara spent an afternoon at a local Old Ladies' home and found the women very alert . . . She patterned her own characterization after one particularly brilliant woman . . . Anna Q. Nilsson gets a

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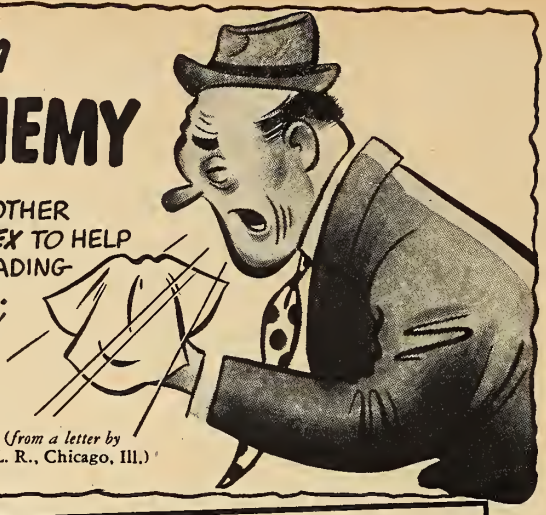

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(from a letter by D. L. R., Chicago, Ill.)

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(from a letter by G. C. T., Pomona, Calif.)

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

chance to make a comeback in this . . . Waldo Twitchell, research expert, gathered together a volume of more than 100,000 words on the various locales of the story . . . The studio had trouble finding the particular type of chinaware they used back in 1852. They finally found some, but there was a blue line around the edge. The prop department painstakingly painted out every line . . . It took 21 days to construct the huge equestrian statue of Joel McCrea. Designed by Gabe Kohn, the real thing would take from 18 months to two years to make.

MEET THE STEWARTS

"Like them?" I said.

"Them? Who?" My Lady said. "Oh, the Stewarts?"

"Candy and Mike."

"Is that her real name—Candy?"

"Short for Candace. And also yum-yum."

"Call me peppermint," My Lady said. "I didn't think she was so hot. Looked a little run down as a matter of fact."

"It hasn't been easy. Housecleaning, doing the dishes, cooking. Hard on a kid."

"I like that," My Lady said. "What do I do every day?"

"You never had a million dollars or so to throw around in your vanished youth, darling. You were never pampered."

"Was she really that rich?"

"At a quick count."

"What happened to it all? Taxes?"

"Papa didn't like Mike. Cut her off without a cent."

"She looks bright enough to add. Why in the world did she marry Mike?"

"Love," I said.

"Oh," said My Lady. "Love."

"Ever hear of it, darling?"

"That's the stuff you live on—if you want to go on a diet."

"That's what Mike told her."

"But she married him anyway?"

"Like a shot."

"And the grocer took kisses for the milk bill, and the butcher sent steak for every hug, and the moon is made of green cheese."

"Don't be cynical, dear," I said. "They had a budget."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"In the first place Candy ran fifty dollars over on the furniture."

"So they pruned it from entertainment—"

"So they joined a golf club and ran up a bill of $324."

"I don't see how that helped," My Lady said.

"That's what Mike told Candy."

"Very perceptive, Mike is. What did Candy say?"

"Candy got a job."

"Work? The little pampered darling went to work?"

"She went to work and bought a couple of dresses for her new job with the rent money. So they were $324 in the hole at the golf club, $50 behind on the furniture and fresh out of rent money. So Mike—"

"Popped her a couple on the chin, chained her to the bed—"

"No. Mike walked out."

"Just like that?"

"Just like that. He'd had enough, he said."

"Hurrah for our side. So they were divorced and lived happily ever after. Right?"

"Wrong."

"Well, what happened?"

"It's a long story and I'm thirsty and tired, and besides they made a movie of it. They paid any number of charming people to act it out. William Holden, Frances Dee, Grant Mitchell—"

"Good. We'll catch it when it opens uptown."

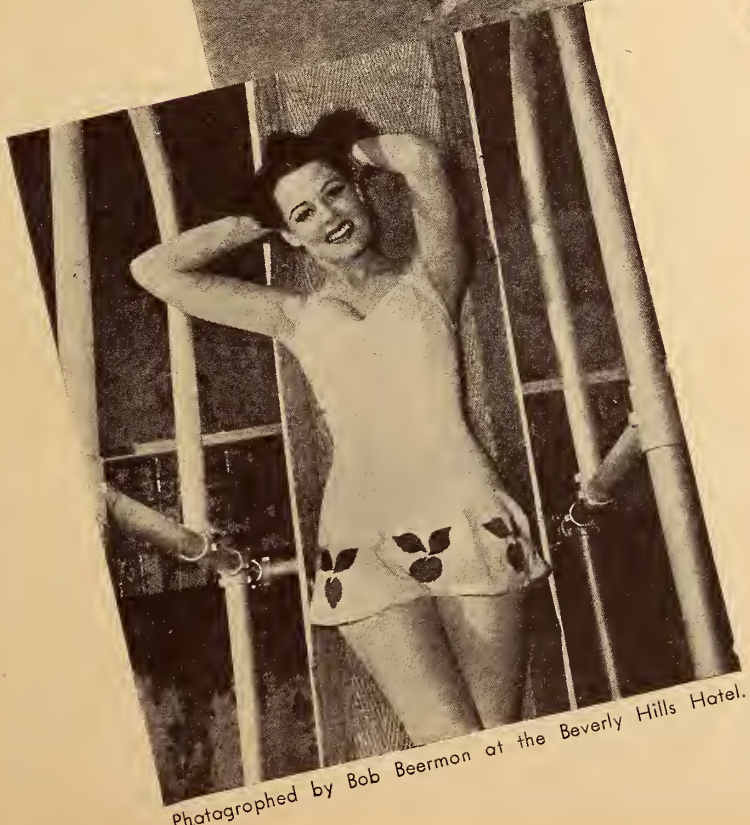
"Uptown?" I said. "We'll see it at a neighborhood theater. After all, it is about a budget."—*Col.*

P. S.

Frances Dee had to get a furlough from her defense position as air observer before she could accept the feminine lead . . . She and hubby Joel McCrea temporarily deserted their thousand acre ranch for an apartment in town, so she wouldn't have so far to travel . . . Dee was given her first break in pictures by Maurice Chevalier, who saw her eating at the next table to his in the studio commissary and insisted she be given the lead in his picture . . . Tommy Dugan worked three weeks in the picture, had exactly eight speeches, each only one word—"Yeah" . . . "Meet the Stewarts" is an adaptation of "Candy," a magazine story by Elizabeth Dunn . . . Grant Mitchell spent his time between "takes" making plans for working a Mojave mining claim . . . Ann Gillis, only 15, is a terrific cake-baker. She puts together a super-size triple-layer job every week and sends it to her step-father in the U. S. Air Corps . . . Bill Holden's first job was keeping an eye on cars parked at the Pasadena Community Playhouse —the closest he came to the "theatah" until he joined a dramatic group in Junior College . . . Marjorie Gateson, daughter, sister, niece and cousin of clergymen, shocked the entire family by deserting her obvious destiny to become a chorus girl on Broadway.

In the swim

Alaine Brandes, up-and-coming mermaid starlet with a future, now appearing in Paramount's "The Fleet's In."



Photagrophed by Bob Beermon at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

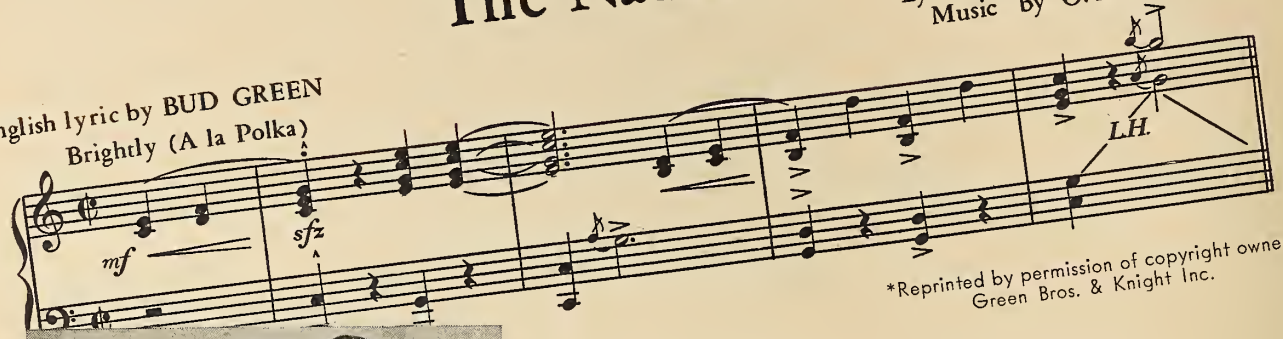
by Elizabeth Willguss

Here are four good reasons why you can stop worrying about any possible swim suit shortage this summer. Alaine Brandes, the original Jantzen model—you know, the gal Petty used for those glamorous black-suit billboard posters—has gone on to fame and Hollywood. But she returned to her first love, posing, long enough to show off some of the newest styles, by Jantzen, of course. One piece with dark panel or fruit motif or ricrac; figured bra and shorts, all of these will hit the waves and carry you out to sea.

The Nadocky

Lyric by EUGENE JELESNIK
Music by O. KOLINA

English lyric by BUD GREEN



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Peasant-inspired, the NADOCKY ushers in a lilting tune, a polka dance and a printed playsuit, all sweeping the country in a record wave of popularity. Listen to the song on the radio, play it on your phonograph and with just a little coaching, you'll be doing the NADOCKY yourself. Here you see how easily one of our Bluejackets, in spare hours, takes to the instructions of the Arthur Murray teachers. Everyone seems to like the last step best of all, for that's when the girl sits on the boy's knee. As gay as the dance, the Freshy playsuit, a two-piece cotton, banded in bright red with large tulips on the full skirt, is fast color and easily laundered all summer long.

FOR FURTHER FASHION INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 97.

FASHION AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

(*Continued from page 56*)

keynote is harmony or artistic contrast rather than matching. Red ensembles are a notable exception to this principle. Nothing, in fact, is such strikingly good taste as a red costume worn with lips and nails that look as though they had been dipped in the same dye vat or painted by the same artist.

For combining other costume and cosmetic colors, here is a guide to selections:

Green—With dark green, wear a bright new military nail polish or a smart berry shade with blue undertones. For olive, chartreuse or blue-green, choose a burnt, smoky red tone with lots of orange in it, and with pastel green, wear pastel polish in a delicious pink or in flesh tints. With bright Mexican green a leathery brown polish will make you look like tomorrow's fashion picture.

Blue—Give bright blue, French blue, or medium blue a lift with a brilliant South American inspired shade of lacquer made with some blue pigment. For powder blue, harmonize rosy or pastel polish in a delicious pink or blue-red tint. Wear these with aqua, too, unless you prefer enamel with a warm coppery orange tone. With navy blue, your principle is one of contrast rather than harmony so you may wear your particular pet red polish with assurance.

Purple—With your purple or wine, choose harmonious purple-toned enamel or a deep red full of blue undertones, or if you wear violet, match it with a fairly intense blue-red shade of lacquer. With orchid, wear shell pink nail polish.

Yellow—With bright or pastel yellow, wear a bright fire-engine or military red or one with lots of orange in it. With mustard or gold, choose a burnt sienna or a new brown-red south-of-the-border shade. If you want to be daring, create contrast with one of the fuchsia nail polishes.

Brown—With all shades of brown, wear copper red, bronze or actually brown shades of polish.

Black—Wear any shade as long as it's red. Sparkling tones worn with black have an entrancing jewel-like effect.

White—Choose nail lacquer according to the color of your accessories.

Gray or Silver—Complement these with subdued orchid or contrasting red.

Beige—Brighten your costume with red-red or orange-red lacquer.

Since beauty rituals must be brief these busy days, yet their effect more gay and gallant than ever, it is important to use a colorless aftercoat with your nail enamel, because it prevents chipping and injury besides adding lustre to your polish. This saves time because less frequent polish changes are necessary. For other suggestions that will make you proud of your fingertips as they accent every gesture, see "Beauty Is In Your Hands" on page 52 and the nail beauty chart on page 54. Whatever the shape of your own nails, you can find an ideal way to flatter them by the way you apply your enamel.

If thus you treat your fingertips with the respect they deserve for their contribution to your beauty, you can have the happy assurance that they not only accent your gestures, but add excitement and warmth to your whole personality.

* * *

When summer rolls around, pretty faces take on deeper skin tones, and eyes more than ever need make-up to bring out their color and beauty. She's a smart girl who keeps her eyes bright and enchanting with a special daily beauty program. To make lashes darker and heavier, she applies Maybelline Mascara, either cream or solid, in a flattering shade—brown, black or deep blue. Then she accents trim brows with smooth-marking pencil and uses a special brush to keep them well-groomed and lustrous. To intensify the natural color of her eyes, she uses shadow artistically, selecting the right subtle shade for daytime and evening. Before retiring, she never forgets to smooth on special eye cream to soften and protect delicate skin. She wins compliments and admiration wherever she goes, so why don't you, too, ensemble a set of Maybelline eye glamour aids.

Once women who wanted beautiful hands avoided work and exposure to weather. These days your hands are busy working for victory, and they are exposed to wind and sun. Still, thanks to Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, your hands can be as lovely as those of the old-time idle beauties. There's no stickiness about Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, only smoothness. And it dries in 10 seconds.

Good taste on the job
Miss Betty Wynne, art director's private secretary, whose job calls for good taste in every way, every day.
★ ★ ★
Pepsi-Cola is on the job all over America. In offices, factories, shipyards—millions prefer its finer flavor and purity, the better taste of those 12 full ounces. Pour yourself a Pepsi-Cola today . . . for a nickel.
BETTER TASTE...
PEPSI-COLA
...BIGGER DRINK

★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★

(Continued from page 42)

in the world," pleaded the exasperated bulb squeezer, "do you expect me to get any glamour into a shot with those queues of yours?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," replied Hedy. "Wait a minute and I'll fix them."

"I'll call the hairdresser," offered the photographer. Hedy shook her head, untied the ribbons and tumbled her hair into the familiar loose center-part. That's all there was to it.

neat as a pin . . .

In fact, Hedy has never changed the style of her hairdress or her make-up since she came to Hollywood, except for picture parts. In private she wears the style which glamour girls from Brenda Frazier on up and down have snitched. The only time she fooled with it was when a friend mentioned her fairly high forehead. Hedy cut herself some bangs that night and regretted it the next day. The bangs bothered her. "I couldn't think," she recalls. So she brushed them back and went around with a ragged hairline for weeks rather than feel a speck unnatural. That's Lamarr. Comfort before glamour any day.

That's not to imply she's the least bit sloppy. Not a bit of it. In fact, anything lax or out of order gives Hedy the jitters. When she powders her face, she slips on a shower cap so the white dust won't fuzz up her hair line. She's extra fussy about how her lipstick sets (although the kind she uses she gets at the five-and-dime); even the cut of her slacks and lounge suits has to be just right. Anything or anybody even slightly out of kilter makes Hedy restless until she has set it to rights.

There used to be a little neighbor girl near Hedy in Beverly Hills who had long straggly hair. Often she'd run up to Hedy's and hang around. That was okay with Lamarr, but the child's tangly tresses almost drove her mad. One day the kid arrived when Hedy was snipping something or other with some scissors. "Whenever I have scissors in my hand something is going to be cut!" Hedy admits. The girl's hair met her eye.

"Come here, dear," said Hedy, sweetly. Then—snip, snip, snip. Before she realized what she was up to, the objectionable hay was gone, and the girl looked neat and natty with a very special Lamarr bob. Of course, the minute she'd done it, Hedy was filled with remorse. She thought the child's parents would be up there after her with the police any minute. Oddly enough, they were tickled to death. "We've been trying to sell Annie on the idea for weeks!" they said. "I don't suppose she'd have let anyone but Hedy Lamarr do it."

It may be the Teutonic blood coming out in Hedy, this housewifely desire for neatness and order. Anyway, she has redecorated every house she has ever lived in in Hollywood, rented or otherwise, and the one she now owns has gone through two or three transformations. Not even Jean Harlow's old dressing room, Hedy's headquarters at M-G-M, has escaped. It gets a workover every few months, or rather, every few minutes. For one quality of Hedy's is that when you talk to her she's never relaxed. She's always walking about or leaning over fixing something.

When Hedy was making "H. M. Pulham, Esq." not long ago, King Vidor, the director, found himself stumped for some "business" for a certain scene—the one where Bob Young packs to leave. He had plenty for Bob to do, but Hedy's action was lining up pretty flat. They called off the shooting while Vidor racked his brain, and his pacings led him into Hedy's set dressing room. Absently talking over the headache with her, Vidor suddenly leaped to his feet and shouted, "I've got it!" And he had. All the time he'd been gassing with Hedy, she had been nosing nervously around the room, fixing this and that. So that's what she did while Bob Young packed in the next scene of "Pulham."

Part of this is nervousness, because despite her placid exterior, Hedy is a little jumpy underneath. She flares up easily and melts as quickly. She has insomnia a lot (she ought to; she sleeps in a hard bed). One jovial director at M-G-M calls her "my charming chameleon" because she changes so suddenly and violently. Like her taste in clothes, Hedy is never "in between." She's either keyed up or relaxed. In either case she's always curious. She's a great parrot for American slang (and usually gets it all wrong). She's a constant set-hopper and loves studio gossip.

yoo hoo, Ann . . .

One of Hedy's best friends and greatest confidants is Ann Sothern. They have the same street numbers—723—on two parallel streets in Beverly Hills. They can shout at each other from back windows and occasionally do. They go to movies a lot together, both mutually admiring Bette Davis and Disney. Hedy has seen "Fantasia" five times. The chumship started when Ann separated from her husband, Roger Pryor, and had her house done over. The carpenters banging away stirred up Hedy's insomnia. So she dropped in to see what she could do about it and discovered Ann. Sothern had been practicing rug cutting along with the carpenter whacks, for a "Maisie" picture. When Hedy discovered she had an M-G-M star for a neighbor, she announced her surprise. "I thought you were a jeeterbug!" she said frankly.

Hedy is always naively frank in her remarks which have had Hollywood guessing for months whether or not she has a subtle sense of humor or is just ingenuous. She appeared on Edgar Bergen's radio show a while back, and afterwards her host asked her what she thought about him. "Charlie McCarthy is very nice," replied Hedy, "but Mr. Bergen has no personality." They didn't get it. When Hedy first came to Hollywood and her great fascination with ten-cent stores was duly noticed, she was also asked once if she had ever seen a five-and-dime in Europe. "No," replied Hedy, innocently, "but I knew Barbara Hutton." Lamarr's sense of humor is still more or less of a mystery.

She does like making jokes on names. For instance, she called her photographer, George Folsey, "Foliage," and she'll occasionally come out with a pun. But by American standards the gags aren't killer-dillers. When Bob Hope, who has been taking Hedy's name in vain for years, finally met her at a party recently, he exclaimed, "Wow! I'm burning up on one side and freezing on the other!" Hedy didn't even smile. "That's too bad," she said, seriously, as if Bob really needed a doctor quick.

This straight approach to life is just another side of always-natural Lamarr. She was stopped by a traffic cop recently during a Beverly Hills safety drive. He showed her how to lock her windows inside to foil any would be fender-hoppers and a few other hints for ladies driving alone. Hedy took it all so seriously that the next morning she went down to the police station and bundled home literature on the safety subject. The station house gang almost fell over.

car crazy . . .

Automobiles are the one thing where a little personal glamour creeps into Hedy's life. She has a weakness for monogrammed and sporty cars. She drives a blue convertible coupe equipped with red leather upholstery and the finest radio money can buy. Radio is one of her great weaknesses. She turns it on the minute she gets in the car. When she takes a walk she carries a portable. She once sponsored a radio program "Nobody's Children" for homeless kids. Hedy has stayed home from big Hollywood events more than once to catch "Information, Please," Bob Hope and her favorite Sunday program, Andre Kostelanetz. She catches popular tune favorites off the air and hums them until her friends go crazy.

Music, in fact, is a major hobby with Hedy. She likes both popular and classic. The ivory capers of Art Tatum are her particular joy, because she can bang the keys a little herself (not too good, however). She has stacks of classical record albums, most of them presents from various boy friends. She doesn't read much, outside of occasional best sellers and magazines. She likes to cut color pictures she fancies out of certain magazines, frame them with mats and hang them around the house. Occasionally

(Continued on page 84)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Los Angeles, May 28, 1937. I stood with many thousands at Wrigley Field, as a busload of stars pulled in to watch the boxing match that night. I saw a great, handsome man emerge in tweed coat and trousers, crepe sole shoes, and hat down over one eye. Behind him, his wife. Carole Lombard, dressed almost exactly like him.

"Clark Gable!" I whispered, and he immediately pushed his hat back and grinned like only he can. I grabbed onto his right arm (Carole was on the other) and buried my head so that the police couldn't see that I didn't belong there, and walked all the way to the gate on Gable's arm. What a thrill! Near the gate, I raised my head and he grinned again. Could I have an autograph?

"Not a chance tonight!" he whispered.

Through it all, Carole just smiled like the sport that she was and like I will always remember her. What a swell couple!

Evelyn Amoit,
975 Shuler Avenue,
Hamilton, Ohio.

KEEP 'EM DANCING-WITH NAILS IN

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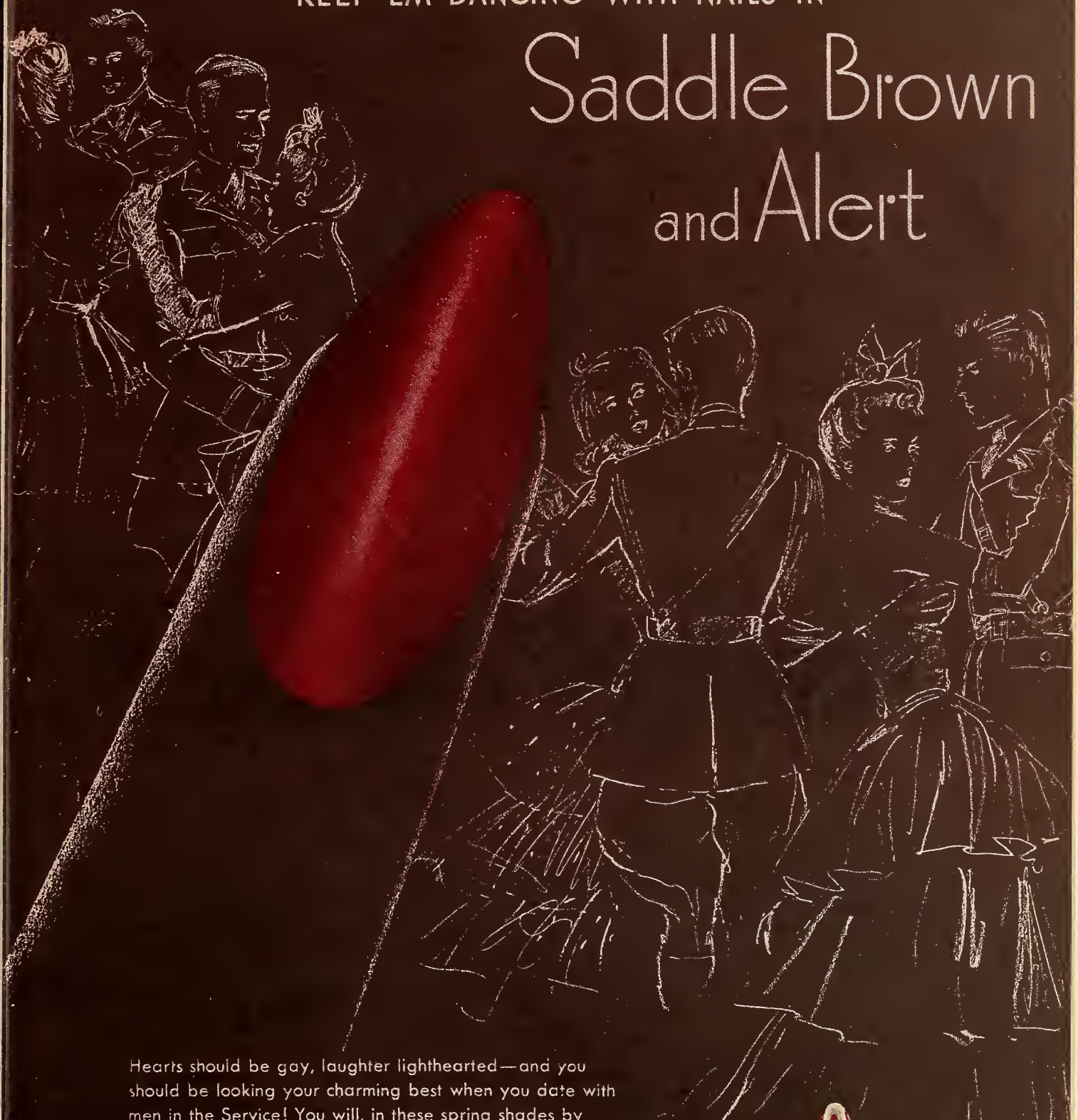

Hearts should be gay, laughter lighthearted—and you should be looking your charming best when you date with men in the Service! You will, in these spring shades by Cutex. SADDLE BROWN—gallant red-brown . . . a particular compliment to your dashing young cavalryman! ALERT—captivating, merry rose-red . . . to keep the memory of your dear hands burning bright! Wear them gaily and—keep 'em dancing! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in U. S.

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For further particulars, consult the nearest travel or transportation agent or your automobile club.

Hotels

OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Room 701, 629 South Hill Street,
Los Angeles, California.

(*Continued from page 82*)

she'll embark on a piece of handwork, like the afghan she started about a year ago. But she ran out of purple yarn, so she quit. In spite of her home loving ways, Hedy isn't too domestic.

She hates to cook, and a sandwich is about the extent of her kitchen lore. Keeping track of grocery, milk and other routine household bills is beyond her; she shoves them off on the cook. Hedy admits she's lazy that way but blames it on the mushy Southern California climate. Still she refuses to exercise violently like most Californians do to keep awake. Hedy will swim a little, because she has a little swimming pool in her yard, but anything more strenuous is usually out. She has never taken a sunbath or acquired even a freckle of tan. She doesn't have to bother about her weight although she's a sucker for all sorts of rich food. A daily massage takes care of that.

Hedy eats a lot of her meals in bed, being a night owl by nature and a late riser except when the studio whistle blows. She instructs the cook to leave her "a surprise" in the icebox each night. She raids it about midnight. Her favorite surprise is cold boiled artichoke.

With the aid of two servants, a nurse and a cook, the Lamarr household buzzes quietly along in the pseudo-Spanish house she recently bought. The members, besides Hedy, include her mother, a pretty and surprisingly young mother, Hedy's adopted boy, Jamsie, Mama Keisler's Scotty, "Cheri," and Hedy's canary "Gretel." Hedy's mother is a smart, pert looking woman who finally arrived here after fleeing Nazidom with more roundabout stops and adventures than a travel book. Hedy took her at once to see her set at M-G-M. The scene was a London bomb shelter. Mrs. K, who had spent weeks in London through Hitler's air blitz, quickly got the heck out of there and back home. "Good Heavens! I ran away from all this, I thought," she said nervously.

home gal . . .

Hedy takes after her maw that way; her home is her refuge from everything. When she first arrived in Hollywood she even stayed there in bed every Friday the thirteenth, just to keep out of harm's way. Hedy's first movie colony friends were people who found their social fun in private homes—Merle Oberon and Alex Korda, the Charles Boyers, George Cukor, members of the quieter Hollywood set. Her trips to the deluxe night watering spots, always rare, slimmed down to almost nothing after the only two even semi-playboys—Reginald Gardiner and Gene Markey—had stepped out of her life. Neither of these, however, was the "screen siren" type of romance.

Reggie Gardiner, a great wit and party man, is far from a suave, polished man-of-the-world, amusing though he is. Gene Markey, personable, universally liked, wrapped up in Hollywood's social goings-ons, was just another American boy who made good in Hollywood. But even genial Gene's tastes for people and parties and public fun were too much for home girl Hedy. She adopted her baby boy right after their marriage and wanted to stick around home like a good wife and mother. That to Lamarr is what women are for; she has often stated, in fact, that every girl should be married, no matter what she is—actress, glamour girl, business woman or what. When Gene preferred to carry on his social whirl, the rift arrived. But from Hedy's glamour aura, anyone who didn't know her would swear it must have been Hedy who insisted on heavy night-clubbing.

John Howard, as a Hollywood wit puts it, was "the pipe type." A comfortable, easy-going, thoroughly adult and relaxed guy, John fitted comfortably into Hedy's romantic ideas. They sat at her home and played records, went out to dinner and a movie or visited John's mother. It was hardly the love affair you'd expect from the number one Venus of the screen. Yet it was all very *gemutlich,* and there's no doubt Hedy was very fond of John Howard. He's the only man on record she has ever given jewelry to. John drew a set of gold "lover's knot" cuff links for his birthday before the romance broke up. In all the time it lasted—about a year—they went night clubbing once—at Mocambo.

Hedy's phone rings constantly, and anxious Hollywood swains still besiege her for dates. She can't be bothered. "Cafes are stuffy," she says, but that's not the reason. Hedy knows, as she has confessed to her close friends, that there are plenty of beaus who want to take her out simply because she's Hedy Lamarr—object—publicity. She's canny that way. She can spot a phony a mile off—and frequently has.

manhole mirage . . .

The way she met her recently announced fiancé, George Montgomery, is typical Lamarr. (And George, an outdoor cowboy type of guy, is certainly no masculine charmer on the smooth side.) Hedy was in the street in front of her house chatting with some street-workers above the clatter of a jackhammer drill when George tried to pass only to see the Lamarr vision in slacks bending over a manhole and definitely in the way. He pulled up and Hedy looked up—and that's how it all started.

Hollywood society hasn't seen much of Hedy and George—and it probably won't. Neither likes night life; neither takes even a cocktail. Two less personally glamorous people you'll hunt a long way to find. What do they do? Well, a few weeks ago Hedy and George indulged in this exciting excursion: With Hedy's favorite hairdresser, Edie, and her hubby they drove to the mountains to week-end in a rough little cabin.

On the way they stopped at the Farmers' Market in Los Angeles where fans ogle movie stars and loaded up on provisions—George in his mountain boots, Hedy in her favorite polo coat with a peasant scarf over her raven locks. Glamorous?—well, not exactly. But whatever Hedy Lamarr does in her private life—for some strange reason—will never make five cents worth of difference in the Lamarr legend.

Hedy Lamarr is Hedy Lamarr to the millions. She always will be—the Hedy Lamarr of "Algiers"—cool, luxurious, orchidaceous, the epitome of glamorous womanhood. That's the funny thing about her. She could live in a poorhouse and tag about in cast-off clothes, and she'd still be glamorous. Hedy is just a woman that people can't seem to forget.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Famously sporty Producer Joe Schenk's bill for flowers and Christmas gifts in one year amounted to a nice round $6336.00! He paid it all off without even taking an aspirin afterward.

—Look Magazine

(Continued from page 33)

really doesn't mind the mistakes.

His own business methods are unique. He refuses to be told how much money he earns. "When a comic knows he's got money, he stops being funny." Edna and the business manager, whose curious name is Boo Roos—they know. They handle it.

Red was enchanted with the checkbook Boo Roos gave him. He had a lovely time, adding deposits to withdrawals—or dividing or multiplying as the fancy took him. On the stubs he'd write: "Guess what I spent this for," or "Darn foolishness," or "None of your business." Now he gets his allowance in cash. And no charge accounts, if they can catch him first.

His sales resistance is zero—minus zero, when the article's red. He'll lug home anything that doesn't have to be paid for till the first of the month. Nine times out of ten Edna lugs it back. The tenth time she connives with him, as when he bought five cases of soap from a man on a corner because once he hawked soap on a corner himself.

He also picked up a six-dollar organ, painted it red and stuck it in the middle of the living room. This, he explained, was for Edna's pleasure, so he could wake her up with his one-finger version of "Good Morning to You." She thought that was fine and had the organ moved to the den. Next day it was back in the living room.

Then there's the motorbike, a red single-seater, on which they go chugging to the neighborhood stores, Edna clinging behind. The office said no to the bike, they might get hurt. Edna sneaked Red the dough. "Could be they think it's undignified, too," she speculates, her feeling being that dignity's a thing you can get too much of.

helter skelton house . . .

Their house in Brentwood is large. It scared Edna at first, but Red, cramped for years in hotel rooms, thirsts after space. He doped it all out. "Two rooms for jokebooks, two rooms for the dogs, two rooms for Lottie May and Bert"—their domestic staff. "That leaves us six, which is normal."

They're furnishing piecemeal as their allowance permits. Red stipulates only that whatever they buy should be big. Neither he nor Edna can play, but he wants a great big piano, because everybody's house you go to, some guy sits down and bangs hell out of the piano. With the aid of some great big music rolls, he plans to sit down and bang hell out of his when he gets it.

To the average eye, his bed suggests a Rube Goldberg nightmare. To Red it's a pearl beyond price. Seven feet square, he nailed bookshelves to the headboard, and mounted the whole on a platform set with drawers for scripts and junk. That made it too high for the animals to jump on, so he built a stepladder for their greater convenience. No bedspread will cover this object. He won't have it painted. But if that's what he wants, Edna thinks that's what he ought to have. It's his bed.

The two dogs are Boston bulls. The cat's a stray who walked in and recognized a good thing when she saw it. On the death of his ten-year-old Boston, Red insisted he'd never have another. Instead of arguing, Edna steered him to a kennel, where he picked out the skinniest pooch with the biggest bat-ears. The second they took from a family who couldn't keep him. The dogs' room adjoins Red's. Edna couldn't understand why, for no apparent reason, they'd suddenly start yapping like mad, till she caught her husband knocking stealthily at the wall to egg them on.

Hers is the only fully furnished room in the house. On Christmas Eve she was writing two scripts under pressure—one for the regular broadcast, one for a special Red Cross show. When her typewriter broke for the third time, she stormed out to finish the job down at NBC, returning to find her bedroom complete with lovely eighteenth-century pieces and a note on her typewriter, reading "Sabotage by Red."

Ask him what he does with his spare time, and he'll give you a blank look. "When I'm not working at the studio, you mean? Sit around and write jokes." Somebody told them they ought to go in for golf. Obediently they bought clubs and went out to the course. The first day Red stood it. The second day he dropped his arm in the middle of a swing. "Do you really like this, Mum?"

Money Secrets of the Stars!

THIS ISN'T HOW the "other half" lives—it's how the "other one-millionth" lives! For here are the most revealing facts about movie stars, those remarkable, one-in-a-million people whose purses can "go the limit!" See what they spend for fun, for servants, for homes. See how they provide for their unpredictable futures; how they make their monied mistakes. Read this fascinating "inside" expose of Hollywood's mighty!

Other Scoops in June Screen Guide:

The "Hopeless Case" of Hedy Lamarr. No screen siren has such innate appeal as she; yet no other is such a problem. See how Hollywood hocus-pocus shapes her career!

Veronica Lake Is Not What You Think! This generation's Theda Bara has become a false legend—but the truth is an inspiration to every girl "who has no sex appeal!"

The Honest Story of Rita Hayworth's Divorce. Don't allow headline-hunters to hoodwink you with rumors; *here* is the authenticated account of Rita's marital tragedy!

Don't Make a Sideshow of Shirley Temple! Every girl grows up to face fearsome realities—in private. See how yesteryear's darling may have to fight them out—in the open!

ALSO: The most thrilling color portraits in any screen magazine; pages of intimate, on-the-spot gossip, beauty hints, fashion news, movie reviews. Get Screen Guide!

SCREEN GUIDE
June, 1942
Crisis in Hedy Lamarr's Career!
Financial Secrets of the Stars!
Color Photos: Marlene Dietrich, Rita Hayworth, Shirley Temple

SCREEN GUIDE

JUNE ISSUE
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THOUSANDS of women miss out on having glamorous, seductive hair, by making one simple mistake. They're still "soaping" their hair.

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That's why Halo Shampoo is such an exciting find. Halo contains no soap, leaves no soap-film. Thanks to a patented new-type ingredient, Halo's billowing lather rinses away *completely,* even with hardest water. No bothering with lemon or vinegar. And besides cleansing hair of dust and excess oil, Halo removes loose dandruff.

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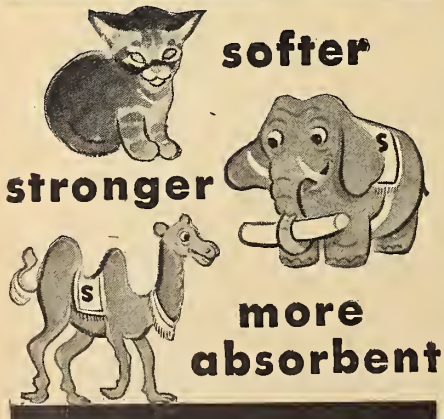

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AT 5 & 10¢ — DRUG & DEPT. STORES

"I think it's silly."

"C'mon, let's go home and write jokes."

They enjoy bowling and the movies but haven't had time for either in months. Edna's days are as full as his. She does the outlines for all his radio and benefit shows, and both wish another word could be found for benefit. They're passionate on that score. "We give 'em a song and a joke, and they risk their lives. Who's benefiting who?"

On Saturday, the boys come in with their gags which are worked into the outline. Sunday, rehearsal and preview. Monday, rewriting. Tuesday, rehearsal and broadcast. Wednesday, the outline for next week. Thursday morning, ambulance corps. Thursday night, drill. Thursday afternoon and Friday, fan mail. Red reads every letter and says how he wants it answered, reads and signs every answer and signs every photo himself.

she works for his living . . .

Edna fits her time to his. On a recent afternoon off, he took a yen to go to Ventura to see the boys of the 143rd Field Artillery, of which he's been made honorary major and Edna honorary sergeant-major. The ring they gave him never leaves Red's finger. Edna went with him and finished her script that night while the major slept. She's used to being up late from show business.

They do no formal entertaining, but people drop in. Lottie May gets her money for the week and runs the house. "She knows her business better than I do," says Edna. Nowadays Red drops invitations right and left. "C'mon up for dinner. We have forks." That's because he took flatware instead of cash for a recent appearance on the Silver Show. "Makes it nice," he says. "Now we don't have to wait till one guy gets through before the next guy can eat."

Except on broadcast nights, they always have soldiers to dinner. If there aren't enough, Red cruises around and picks up more. N.B. to soldiers in Hollywood. Some evening a carrot-topped guy in a green-and-tan car, flaunting the regimentals of the 143rd Field Artillery, may pull up alongside.

"Where you going, boys? Got a date? C'mon over to the house, there's a party." That's Red Skelton, boys, and he's okay to go with.

They have no rules for a happy marriage, just trust to instinct and common sense. If it happens to be an off day for either, the other keeps away or they fight it out. When Red is moved to pop off, he pops on the spot. Any other course, he maintains, is two-faced. "I'm not gonna smirk and smile and wait till I get her home, then turn around and yell, 'Now about that what you said.' By the time I get home, I feel different, anyway." They don't offer apologies for temper—only angels are good all the time, which must be quite dull—and they don't carry grudges.

One point on which Edna won't yield is Red's work. He's impulsive, likely to go overboard sometimes on an idea she thinks might be harmful. Let him rave his head off. She stands her ground, till they find a happy medium or till Red caves in. It's much easier to have him plain mad at her than to have him hurt.

They also differ on the subject of Edna's clothes. Where his own wardrobe's concerned, Red's mind is a blank. He doesn't know the size of his shirts or socks. Edna buys them. He'll wear only plain Burgundy ties. Edna buys them. He won't be measured for a suit, and the tailor has to cut the new from the old. But he's highly vocal on what his wife should wear.

budget bore . . .

She likes sports clothes. He doesn't. He likes funny hats. She doesn't. Her favorite colors are chocolate brown, black and dark blue. He hates them all and screams like a panther for red. He reproaches her (calling all husbands!) for not spending enough. Whatever she owns that cost real money, he bought. He'll saunter into a shop, pick anything red and expensive, have it modeled by a girl her size and send Boo Roos the bill, charged to overhead. She wears what she likes till he gets too obstreperous, then wears what he likes for a while.

One day she was trying to explain a mortgage to him. She should have known better. The figures showed a profit. By the time Red got through with them, he had himself in hock. To switch the argument, Edna had to be the villain.

"And besides that I'm in hock—"

"But you're *not* in hock—"

"And besides that I'm in hock, you don't wear anything but suits. And you don't fix your hair like in the movies. And you don't spend enough time and money on your looks."

"I made her feel bad," says Red mournfully, telling the story. "I made her cry." Edna corrects him. She cried because she felt mad, not bad.

"How'm I going to be a glamour girl and wrestle with five gagmen at the same time?— Anyway, I've got plenty of things besides suits!"

She flung her closet door open. Fifteen suits—Red counted them. Not a dress in sight.

"Okay, you win. You want me to wear slinky dresses. For slinky dresses, a girl needs a fur coat."

"Buy one."

"We can't afford it."

"We can too afford it. I asked Boo Roos when you wanted a beaver, and he said yes."

"You said he said no."

"Because I didn't want you to have beaver. Beaver's like suits. No oomph."

"I still want beaver."

"We can't afford beaver. We can only afford mink. And one of those upsy hairdos. And a red dress—"

"I can't go shopping. I'll get way behind on my script."

"So the sponsors'll worry."

She got the mink, and makes sheeps-eyes at every beaver she passes. She got the hairdo, mashes it slightly lower each morning and expects to be back to normal in a couple of weeks. She got the dress, one of those Paul Revere things. "Two pieces," said Red. "It's still a suit."

To add the last touch of glitter he bought her a star sapphire. "Think she'll like it?" he asked the girls at the studio.

"Who wouldn't!"

"Edna," he replied sadly. "She doesn't like rings."

She modelled the radio character of Junior from Red. Red looks like a brat, and Junior is how he acts. As, for instance, he sees somebody and says something fresh, and Edna finds out. So he hides in her room, leaving Indian trails behind him, on each scrap of paper a message: "I'm a bad boy—I dood it—shame on me—isn't I am cute?" By the time she tracks him down, she's giggling and what's the use?

"*Mummy!*" he yelled the other day, a yelp so anguished that not only Mummy, but Bert and Lottie May came running. He stood at the head of the stairs, clutching a finger, charmed with the sensatioin he'd created.

"I got a splinter," he beamed, holding his finger up high. "Whoever of you bids the highest, gets the right to pull it."

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

(*Continued from page 49*)

"Nonsense!" Oleg said confidently. "This is an old Russian recipe for soup and very good for colds. Drink it down."

Dutifully, Gene swallowed the last mouthful. Later Oleg confessed the recipe was something he had dreamed up on the spur of the moment—a combination of boiling water, one raw egg, a bouillon cube, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, a touch of Kitchen Bouquet and the juice of one lemon!

The only meal Gene ever prepared turned out to be a grand success. It was a breakfast party, and the guests raved about her pancakes.

"But she cheated," Oleg said. "I found out later Madeleine had left the batter already prepared."

"As if that mattered," Gene sniffed. "In pancakes it's the cooking that counts."

Money and the difference in their incomes—he earns $150 a week to her $1500—never has been a source of conflict because they face facts frankly and Oleg, sensibly, has no false pride about her larger salary. They share all basic living expenses such as food, the house, upkeep of their two cars of modest make, Madeleine's salary and entertainment on a 50-50 arrangement. He pays for his own clothes and expenses, and she pays for the extra luxuries she wants plus the over-average wardrobe her position demands. The rest of her money goes into her personal savings account. They contribute from their own earnings to the support of their families.

rush, rush, rush . . .

Their divergent conceptions of the importance of time has been a source of casual conflict. Like most Americans, Gene is driven by a burning ambition and begrudges every moment not spent in pursuit of a goal. "Hurry, hurry, hurry. Time is fleeting" is her credo, and it baffles and irritates her that Oleg should take a leisurely tack. She constantly is at him to plug, plug, plug, but as he put it, he prefers to take time out, now and then, for station identification.

Both have become acutely aware of the word "thrift," although it's something of a new experience for Oleg. Always before he was one of those people "born with holes in their hands," as the Russian proverb has it. Now he is concerned only with protecting Gene and taking care of her and their future together. That future includes babies, sooner possibly than their original plans.

"Frankly, I still hesitate about it," Oleg said. "I don't feel it is fair to Gene's career right now, and with me being in 1-A classification and subject to call at any time, I can't feel it is right to leave her with such a responsibility."

Gene's eyes clouded with brief tears. Normally she would agree with him about the career angle, but if there was a chance Oleg might be lost to her——

"I feel as any woman does," she said simply. "I would want at least to have his child."

Oddly enough, it is Gene who most frequently is guilty of unreasoning jealousy. Oleg has learned to discipline his emotions and wisely accepts many of the unusual situations which arise from Gene's career with a semi-paternal air. She, however, still flies off the handle with a fiery show of temper at the faintest threat of encroachment on her private property. Recently they encountered a girl whom Oleg had known several years ago. The girl laid an affectionate arm around his shoulders, explaining that she had known Oli in Washington.

Sparks shot from Gene's eyes. "Is that the way they act in Washington?" she commented icily. The flustered girl beat a hasty retreat, Oleg squirmed uncomfortably, and Gene went into a black sulk, fed chiefly from the knowledge she had behaved badly.

They bicker amiably over poetry and swing music. Oleg dislikes poetry, especially when Gene elects to read it aloud, and swing stuff gives her a headache. "Chattanooga Choo Choo" became a battle front when, after singing it constantly in English, Oleg broke out with "*Pardonez moi, garcon, est-ce-que c'est le Chattanooga Choo-Choo?*"

Gene got even by reading aloud the stickiest of Elizabeth Browning's sonnets for five straight nights!

Both like dancing (he's a whiz!), the theater and their immediate circle of friends which includes Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, Judy Garland and Dave Rose, Mary Martin and Dick Halliday, the Lee Bowmans, Cobina Wright, Jr., Rouben Mamoulian, Baron Poland, and before they split recently, the Victore Matures. Their rule of thumb in selecting friends, incidentally, is to eliminate those whom Gene doesn't like. They entertain rather infrequently because (a) their current thrift campaign discourages unnecessary spending and (b) they can't "fight in peace" with an audience present. Once they are moved into the big house, they expect their social life to widen proportionately.

Tennis is a serious bone of contention in the household. Gene cannot comprehend Oleg's absorption with the game (he's one of the ranking players of the United States), and he cannot fathom her complete disinterest, particularly after the first lesson he gave her proved she had a natural talent for the game and, with a little practise, could become a first-class player. His mother spotted the danger on their recent visit to her.

"I have analyzed you both," she told Oleg seriously," and I have no fears for your future and your marriage. I am worried, however, about your tennis. In Gene's eyes, your love of the game is almost like the love of another woman."

It was an accurate diagnosis. Recently Gene raised such merry Ned over a Sunday tournament that Oleg was forced to withdraw at the last moment.

"I wanted him to spend the time at home with me," she explained. Though the act had placed him in the awkward position of letting a partner down, Oleg was generous and patient with her. "Some day my lovely one will have time to learn the game," he said. "Then she will understand."

her man friday . . .

Although at 29 he is but 8 years her senior, Oleg is both father and lover to Gene. He guards her health and well-being with the ferocity of a watchdog and constantly seeks to perform little services, even menial tasks, which will take burdens from her shoulders. So acute is his interest in her work and success that in a sense he has pushed aside his own life in the interest of hers.

Yet he does not forget to be the eager lover. There was the succession of gifts he brought her to mark anniversaries. Flowers for the day they met. Perfume for the first date. A lovely watch for an especially happy evening. A perfect jewel for the first kiss. Then one night an enormous box of her favorite candy.

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"What's this for?" Gene asked.

Oleg smiled. "To be honest, I don't know," he admitted, "but I didn't want to take a chance on missing any day."

Naturally they have little habits which annoy each other. Gene frequently yawns in front of company without covering her mouth with her hand. Her ingenious alibi is that she knows better, so it doesn't count. Oleg tried to explode the theory one night by deliberately indulging in careless language and using the same excuse. Gene was horrified, but she still yawns—uncovered. He has a nervous habit of biting at his finger nails, which gives her the screaming willies. She tried to break him once by painting his nails with colorless polish, the idea being that it would taste bad and hence he would desist.

"Instead it almost ruined me!" he recalled with a grin. "I arrived in Washington with my polished nails to hear my brother yell 'Whee! Get the glamour boy from Hollywood!' "

Obviously and admittedly, each has exerted an enormous influence on the other during the year of their marriage.

From the beginning, Oleg had a natural flair and talent for gown designing, as his work in Paris, New York, Washington and in Hollywood under contract to Paramount proved. Under Gene's ambitious program of plug, plug, plug, however, he is climbing into the top ranks of filmdom's free lance designers. More and more the studios are seeking his services to costume such pictures as "Shanghai Gesture" and "Tales of Manhattan" in which he created the gowns for Ginger Rogers, Rita Hayworth, Marlene Dietrich and their feminine costars. He still dreams, as do all creative artists, but now those dreams are harnessed to the production line. Now there is a pattern to his life and work. When he is on assignment, he has offices at the studio; between pictures he works at home, creating new things for Gene's personal adornment and devising costume ideas for future pictures.

Gene has developed mentally and emotionally. Each conflict has added to her stature as an actress, as the studio readily admits. She is in better health and no longer scatters her energy in activities which lack direction. She has gained in self-confidence, which is reflected in her screen portrayals, and has learned to take ideas, study them and make decisions.

"Before marriage, I was like a totalitarian government," she said. "Everyone told me what to do, and I followed orders, blindly and without reason. Now I function as a democracy."

She has a new grace and dignity as a woman, and a depth which was there but unsounded before. She has a new beauty, too, for which Oleg is directly responsible. He taught her to dress well and smartly, capitalizing on the best points of her figure and concealing her shortcomings. Before she had a tendency to overdo in dress and to select things merely because they appealed at the moment.

The other day Madeleine watched in fascination as Gene smeared her face with a white ointment. "It's for sunburn," Gene explained, "but I wonder if this is what he meant."

Madeleine was shocked. "You mean you are putting that stuff on your face just because he told you to?" she demanded.

"Of course," Gene said. "Why else?" Are you listening, Hollywood gossips?

"MY POPPA DONE TOLE ME"

(*Continued from page 45*)

Morgan, Jr.," it announced loftily. But that appears to have been the only time Stanley ever called upon his father's fame for identification. At school, the son of the husky who made such a hit in "Captains Of The Clouds", is called "Stan" or "Morny" or "Giggle Puss." The latter only upon dire risk of an extensive shiner, as he inherited his punch from his old man.

This separation of name may account for an interesting phenomenon of Dennis Morgan's personality: as a father, he is only about 3% parent. The other 97% is elder brother. He carries no succession of progeny pictures around to display, although he has shot thousands of feet of 16 mm. film of them since birth; he didn't have their baby shoes bronzed to keep as sentimental mementos ("my kids are so active that they destroy their shoes completely—nothing left to save"); he doesn't buttonhole passers-by to recount some bright saying or to boast of some small fry accomplishment.

He appears to regard his offspring as he accounts all the good things of life: something to be studied, enjoyed, shared, but not taken too seriously. And he maintains that his youngsters teach him as much as he teaches them.

Take, for instance, that plane flying overhead one Saturday afternoon when he was out for a walk with Stan and Kris. "Being the Pa," he says, he identified the plane.

Stan squinted skyward, then glanced at his dad. Clearing his throat, he said with courteous diplomacy, "It's against the sun, Dad. That's probably why you thought it was a B26, but it's really a B25—notice the split tail."

"Do Jap planes make a different noise from ours?" Kris wanted to know at this point.

Her father said nothing. Stanley explained indulgently that in large numbers, all planes sounded very much alike.

"Then," demanded the air-minded four-year-old, "how can lookouts tell our planes from Jap planes?"

The senior generation retained a dignified silence while Stanley elucidated. "The design—that means the shape—is different, Kris, and all the markings on the wings and fuselage are different. Isn't that right, Dad?"

Dad agreed quickly. On the q.t. he drove to the nearest book store—that night—and invested in a volume identifying American planes so that, hereafter, he would not be caught in flight with his pontoons down.

care and feeding of parents . . .

Lesson No. 2 came a few weeks later. It seems that Dennis—without being remotely aware of it—had fallen into a habit of vocalizing with violent gestures. He would practice scales while lifting his elbows on an even plane with his shoulders and flopping his arms. Like Wee Gillis, this was fine for his lungs, even though it would have been tough on mirrors.

Dennis came in from the garage one Sunday morning to find the two young hopefuls howling like Comanches and brandishing their arms like washed long underwear drying in a whirlwind. "We're

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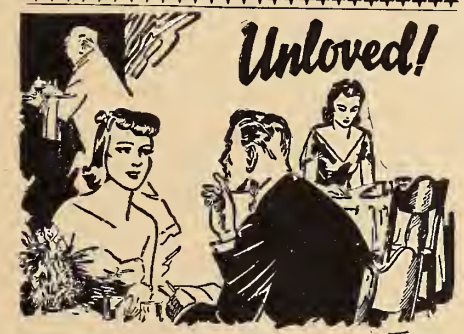

HE—"That lady has a mustache!"
SHE—"How embarrassing!"
HE—"Why doesn't she shave?"
SHE—"I know a better way to treat

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practising our singing," they were chanting. "This is Daddy doing scales."

"It was the first time," says a rueful male thrush, "that I realized what a darned fool I was making of myself. Believe me, when I vocalize nowadays, I do it without calisthenics."

Dennis has developed a theory about his astonishing family. "The children of each generation surpass their parents in intellectual capacity," he opines. He feels that this notion is substantiated by the mere fact that each new crop of youngsters inherits a longer list of gadgets to control, and that successive generations take advantage of accumulated race history. Deep, huh? Well, that's Dennis for you. The man is a brain, no less.

Because Dennis has so much respect for the younger generation, one can understand how difficult it is for him to impose discipline. "I'm lucky," he says, "in that my kids are really well-behaved. They don't take much correction. Of course, they'll 'in-a-minute' a guy to death. And getting them to bed at night is a major engagement."

It was this belated bedtime that brought on a battle between Stanley and his dad. Stanley had been ordered four or five times to turn off his radio. No soap. Then he could be heard running to the bathroom for innumerable drinks of water. At last he gingerly opened Kris's door to find out if she were asleep. About this time, Dennis lost his temper completely. He went up the steps two at a time, picked up Mr. Morner, Jr., and whammed his seating equipment soundly. Stan bit his lips and bore the punishment in silence.

Dennis put his son in bed, tucked up the covers and said, "Let that be a lesson to you. The next time I tell you that it's bedtime, I want you to turn off the radio and the lights and go to sleep. Understand?"

A small underlip quivered. A pair of tear-glazed eyes opened to scan a father's face. "Okay," Stan said, choking off a sob. "Anyhow, I didn't cry, did I, Dad?"

Whereupon, six-foot-two, 200-pound Dennis Morgan patted his son's head and went swiftly out of the room, his own eyes filled with tears and a baseball-sized lump in his throat. "That settles it," he told his wife, Lillian, afterward. "Stan's too big to spank."

trial by jury . . .

Nowadays, when one of the youngsters breaks a family rule, he or she goes to Dad the moment Dennis comes home and explains exactly what happened. If the incident were accidental—like a broken window or a group of drowned baby ducks (Kris gave them more water than they could negotiate)—Dennis explains how the trouble could have been prevented. If the error is simply disobedience, the miscreant and the magistrate agree on punishment. Something like cutting down the allowance or skipping three desserts or missing Lone Ranger or Orphan Annie for two nights. The real haymaker is having to shut off Captain Midnight for a night or so. Captain Midnight gives code directions—Stan has one of the decoders—every night, detailing certain secrets. To be deprived of one of those broadcasts is equivalent to putting W. C. Fields on a three months' diet of lemon phosphate.

Kris doesn't have an allowance yet—"She cadges nickels from her grandfather at every opportunity," Dennis explains—but Stan gets 50c each and every week in exchange for certain work around the yard. He is vice-president in charge of weeds, fence breaks and incidental gophers. His total take goes into Defense

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Stamps. He manages to stir up a little extra work, like watering a rose bush or de-snailing an area, and for this he gets the moola with which he buys candy.

Stan seems to have inherited some of his father's musical ability; he plays the piano extremely well—as long as he isn't *told* to practice. The moment he's ordered to limber his digits, the whole business becomes discipline, and he's bored; but, if left to his own devices, he'll spend hours at the keyboard.

Stan and Dennis share their general approval and amusement with Kris. Stan took her to school one day, as a visitor. That night, in man-to-man tones, he told Dennis, "Gosh, I was sure proud of Kris. She looked so cute. All the guys in my grade are crazy about her. They've got crushes on her."

In the theatricals that Stan prepares from time to time, Kris is always leading lady. One day Dennis heard via operator 52 (mother of the dramatis personae) that a production of "Little Red Riding Hood And The Big, Bad Wolf" was in the offing. He chuckled and said he would be glad to supply any number of wolves for the cast; thereafter, he kissed Lillian good-by and proceeded to the studio.

As he crossed the lot, he appeared to create plenty of mirth. Someone yelled, "That's being frank about it, Denny," without much rhyme or reason, as far as Dennis was concerned. Someone else shouted, "If you hadn't admitted it, I would never have guessed." Not until he reached his dressing room and removed his coat did he find that he had eloped with some of the dramatic company props. Carefully pinned to the collar of his sports coat was the bushy tail from a discarded red fox scarf.

polishing off pop . . .

Despite these adventures, Dennis doesn't see much chance of establishing a cinematic dynasty. He asked Stan one day what he wanted to be when he grew up. An actor, perhaps?

"Naw," chirped Stan. "I want a real he-man's job. Maybe I'll be an aviator or a mechanic. But I want to *work*."

Dennis delights in telling such stories of the low esteem in which he is held by his closest of kin. Another yarn he loves is that about Stanley, an ardent radio listener at the age of four, paying strict attention to a broadcast on which John Charles Thomas faced the microphone for one song, was followed by Dennis, then returned and sang again. "I'm afraid," observed a critical offspring, "that John Charles Thomas sings gooder than my dad."

As a story-teller, Dennis ranks A1 ****. With Stan on one knee and Kris on the other, he spins yarns that rival Jules Verne. Oddly enough—and this tells a great deal about the essential understanding of young hearts that resides in Dennis Morgan—the principle characters in these adventures are always a boy and a girl.

Sample: "Once upon a time, on a summer day, a boy and a girl were swimming out in the ocean near Santa Monica. The boy was about seven or eight, and his two front teeth were out. This was swell for whistling. As he was floating out in the deep water, he saw a periscope break the surface suddenly just a few feet away. He and the little girl swam quickly over and got on the deck of the sub. This boy was hot stuff on guns, and the girl knew all about the hatches on a sub. Now, this turned out to be a Jap vessel, so. . . ."

He doesn't try to include a moral in these stories—they are strictly for laughs and thrills—but the children are subscribers to a group of juvenile magazines, and Dennis and Lillian keep an eye on the stories printed. "They're excellent character builders," Dennis says. "Sugar coated advice. They cut down the number of subjects a parent has to harp on, and so give a person more chance to be—well, kind of a real kid oneself."

One of the kid-pal things Dennis and Stan like best, is an occasional all-day hike, taking along a lunch; on one of the walks they located what Stan fondly called a "hideout." He had brought along his beebee gun, so he and Dennis took turns shooting a tin can off the branch of a nearby tree in a dry wash. Their scores were about even. "I had to watch myself to keep from getting licked," Dennis chuckles.

Saturday after Saturday this went on. One lazy, hazy, golden afternoon, Stanley looked up at his boyish dad. In the lad's eyes was something of comprehension, something of dawning awareness of the changing, moving, puzzling passage of time. "Look, Dad," he began, the toe of his shoe digging a small, unhappy furrow in the sand, "when I'm as grown up as you are, will you still be around to go on hikes with me? Will you still be like you are now?"

Dennis' arm went around the small boy's shoulders; the father's eyes, searching the horizon, saw only a blur of green and brown. When he found his voice, he said huskily, "You *know* I will, Stan. You can count on it." Perhaps, in those words, was all of prayer that strong men ever say.

birds and bees . . .

In the Morgan family, as in all well-regulated homes, the question of dissemination of information about The Facts Of Life recently arose. Mr. Jimmy Fidler telephoned one morning to ask if certain rumors were true. Trustingly the maid who answered the telephone confessed, "Yes, *we're* to have another member of the family in September, but *we're* keeping it a secret at present." This answer must have topped Mr. Fidler's very, very public career.

Kris, who holds all speed records for answering the telephone, happened to come in second on this occasion, but she stood attentively while the conversation took place. Dennis, learning this fact later, realized that he was going to have to have a Quiet Talk with the children.

Now, however, he is just trying to be nonchalant. Seems some guests dropped in the other day, and one of them said subtly, "I hear that good news is in the offing."

"Oh, yes," Kris cut in quickly. "Now that we're living in the country, we're just raising chickens and rabbits and horses . . . and babies."

Stan gave his sister A Look. "Secret code!" he growled by way of warning a junior partner against giving out premature information about a contemplated expansion of The House Of Morgan.

So Dennis isn't sure exactly what he should say. "Put me down," he begs, "as a perpetually perplexed parent."

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our June issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Last Will and Testament of Carole Lombard ☐
What They Expect from a Date ☐
Let's Go Bowling! ☐
He Wakes Up Screaming (Skelton) ☐
Swell Gent (Lundigan) ☐
Ready for Love (Darnell) ☐
Ecstasy Girl (Lamarr) ☐
"My Poppa Done Tole Me" (Morgan) ☐
They Knew What They Wanted (Tierney-Cassini) ☐
"Tortilla Flat" ☐
Good News ☐

Which one of the above stories did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

.....

.....

My name is .....

My address ..... City ..... State .....

I am ..... years of age.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
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*If you received a copy of SCREEN ALBUM last month, let us know, and this time we'll send you THE LIFE STORY OF CAROLE LOMBARD.

SWELL GENT

(Continued from page 35)

to the head man behind the desk, they were all swell gents.

Discretion plays no part in this attitude. By a gentleman's agreement, such cracks are off the record. But off the record you still don't get them from Bill. All you get is a note of sheepish apology. Can he help it if he met up with a set of grand guys and gals? Sure, he was wary on first coming out. He'd been warned against a certain amount of backbiting and knifing. So he finds himself working with people who go out of their way to tip him off to all kinds of helpful dope. No, those four years weren't wasted. Anything but. He made valuable friendships, gained valuable experience. So he's a Pollyanna, so do him something.

He has certain advantages over the average male—wheedling blue eyes, a gorgeous thatch of blond hair, a light heart, a lively tongue, long masculine dimples cutting thin cheeks and a grin that gets you. Lucky Joe he calls himself. The world's his oyster and people are his passion. To be cut off from new and interesting humans is the saddest plight he could conceive for himself. His favorite hangout is Schwab's Drugstore, where actors congregate, and the mob mills and wisecracks pop in a holiday atmosphere of good will to men. A friend, meeting his father, offered condolences.

"Too bad Bill lost his job."

"That's news to me. He went to the studio this morning."

"Why, I saw him jerking sodas at Schwab's last night."

"Schwab's," explained the elder Lundigan, "is our Bill's avocation."

Son of a politician and a clubwoman, both Irish, he comes honestly by his gregariousness and his gold-tipped tongue.

The Lundigan name is woven through the annals of Syracuse. O'Lundigan it used to be, back in County Tipperary. "Did you ever," asks Bill, "see an Irishman who wasn't a seventh son of a seventh son of Brian Boru, including me?"

big time politics . . .

For generations the family's been prominent in the civic affairs of Syracuse. His mother, he says, wielded a mean gavel. His father he describes as a cute guy who never ran for office but was one of the boys in the back room at conventions, smoking cigars and pulling the strings. Even at five, Bill loved to hang round his dad's store, located in the town's biggest hotel, and chisel ice cream sodas from Republicans and Democrats alike.

Growing older, it was their talk that fascinated him. He was just a kid with big ears, Mike Lundigan's kid, so they paid him little heed as he sat bug-eyed, absorbing his first political lessons. He decided to be a lawyer, a thought planted by his father's friends who clapped him on the shoulder, winked an eye and promised there'd be an opening in the office when he graduated from law school.

He bossed his three younger brothers, but an outsider who picked on any of them had all four to fight. Born two years apart and healthy, there were times when they tried the fondest of fathers. His system of discipline went something like this: "Next time one of you lets out a yell or kicks a chair over, you're going to get strapped." Came the next time, and out came the strap. His eldest chuckles, recalling that no man ever missed by a wider margin.

It's a wonderful thing, he adds in a brief moment of seriousness, to be blessed with parents who command the utmost in respect, yet remain buddies. He had only two complaints against them. Every Sunday morning the four boys, dressed as nearly alike as possible, were herded down the aisle of the church their grandfather had helped raise money to build, and plunked into the Lundigan pew. This made him feel like a self-conscious dope. In many matters the kids were allowed their voice. In a few, they were told, "This you do," and they did it. Little Willie, for instance had to take piano lessons. When company came, he was dragged out to perform. Agonized protests got him nowhere. Whether he or the suckers who listened got the worst of it, there's no way of telling. He studied for eight years and can now play the first sixteen bars of "The Desert Song" badly.

He skipped lightly through high school, entered the University of Syracuse at fifteen and was somewhat astonished to

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find that he couldn't get passing grades, as heretofore, without tending to his books. This had nothing to do with the abrupt termination of his college career a year and a half later.

The '29 crash had put a crimp in his father's business, so on week-ends and holidays Bill helped out at the store. He got to know Jack Shannon, production director of the CBS station, located in the same hotel. One glimpse of the pageantry of radio, and Bill decided this was for him. Shannon used him on a couple of programs, found his voice to be natural, suspected his gift of gab would prove no handicap and said: "We need an announcer. Why don't you try out?"

Lucky Joe won the audition. There was no parental opposition to his quitting the law. Even if the folks didn't see eye to eye with him, they were always in his corner. "Go ahead and try it." A couple of swell gents he picked himself to be born to.

For four years he worked himself to the bone and had the time of his life, bathing in excitement, meeting the great of the world, putting men like Al Smith and Lehman and Roosevelt on the air, getting a terrific bang when they said, "Hi, Bill! How's your mother? How's Dad?" He revelled in the fellowship of the studio. Bull sessions were his meat. Having worked from seven one morning till two the next, he'd join the gang at coffee downstairs and refresh himself with shop talk. He wound up as ex-officio production manager and the station's white-haired boy. Yet, loving radio as he did, successful though he was, he dropped it without hesitation for an uncertain spot in the movies, because the movies offered new and untried fields.

His voice had attracted an RKO scout who invited him to New York for a test. Too busy to take advantage of the offer, he didn't get himself down to New York till '37. He was sitting in the office of King Horton, a swell gent who worked for CBS, when Steve Feld, another swell gent, walked in. The amenities over, Steve wanted to know what he'd come to New York for.

"Mostly to see life. Partly for a test at RKO if they still want me."

"Why RKO?"

"They asked me."

"How about Universal?"

"Well, how about it?"

Steve picked up the phone, called Harry Evans, gave him a line of shmoos about a find named Lundigan whom he might be able to snatch from under the nose of RKO if he worked fast, the net result being an appointment for a test next morning.

"I'd like to get a voice level on you," said the casting director. "Can you ad lib something?"

words without music . . .

"Again I repeat," Bill repeats—"Lucky Joe! Ad libbing's my business."

He went into a spiel about one of his broadcasting experiences—how at the last minute he'd been told off to interview a guy, how he knew only that the guy was a naturalist, how the guy appeared just before air-time with two huge boxes, how they lined up a few questions and went on the air, how in the midst of an answer the guy opened a box, produced a chimpanzee and hung it round Bill's neck—"Ladies and gentlemen," ad libbed Bill, "I am now in the strong but affectionate embrace of a young lady named Cheetah, who is a chimpanzee. We're getting along all right unless she decides to choke me to death"—how the guy opened the second box and, to Bill's horror, replaced Cheetah with a snake—how the engineers howled in the control room and his knees knocked, but he clung to the burning deck and quavered, "Look, folks, I am now in the toils of a fourteen-foot python. So-and-so tells me he's well doped. I fervently hope so. If my voice fades out, you'll know that my hopes were in vain and you're minus an announcer in the flower of his youth.—Thank you, gentlemen, you who are looking at the screen test. I have now produced the number of words required by Mr. Cochrane so you could get the level of my voice, so I will scram the blazes out of here."

exit Syracuse . . .

On the basis of this test, Universal authorized a contract. Bill was at home when the message came. "Please, may I have your autograph?" drooled Ted, the youngest.

Not till the train moved out of the Syracuse station did he once ask himself what the hell he was doing this for—and that was the only natural pang of parting. The home town laid itself out to give him a send-off. CBS wouldn't let him resign. "Call it a leave of absence," they insisted. There were parties, public and private, there were hundreds of people gathered to see him off. He was riding high till he kissed Mom and Dad good-by, and caught for the first time in the eyes of these two self-contained people, not tears, but a look that twisted his innards.

In Hollywood he found Syracuse waiting in the shape of a message from Manny Manheim, erstwhile an editor in Syracuse, now a Hollywood writer.

"What are you doing in a hotel?"

"Sleeping."

"If you're not down here in fifteen minutes with your trunks, I'll call the hotel and tell 'em you're Rudolf Hess."

Manny showed him around, introduced him to any number of people, and presently he was swimming in his accustomed element of good fellowship. Bill would never choose to live on a desert isle. "If I had to, I'd be gabbing with the monkeys inside a week."

He lives with his family now, having pried them loose from Syracuse without too much trouble, arguing (1) that he was lonesome, (2) that California was a wonderful place to be healthy in. The boys had been adolescents when he left. He could lick them one at a time or all at once. Now they bore down on him, three bruisers, led by Jack, boxer and gridiron star, who weighs in at two hundred and five. "Who'd you say was boss?" they chorused.

Mr. Lundigan found a large, homey, old-fashioned house in Hollywood—the kind, says Bill, that has glass in the front door shaped like a butterfly. Mrs. Lundigan heard again what to her was sweet music—Bill bawling Ted out for wearing his suede jacket, Ted bawling back:

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Name_____ Age_____

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"You've got three or four of my sweaters down at the studio. How's for bringing 'em back?" The brothers operate by the motto that the first one up's the best one dressed. But with Jack married and Bob in the army, trade's a little slow.

The third floor of the house is Bill's domain. Despite various remarks from his mother at various times, a closet to Bill is still something not to hang clothes in. He drapes his coat over the back of a chair and lays his pants lovingly across it. He can't stand towels on the bathroom floor, but neither can he stand returning them to the rack, so he slings them over the foot of the tub because there they look as if they were hanging up.

spur-of-the-moment man . . .

However early his studio call, either Dad or Mother trips down to have coffee with him. His sports are golf, swimming and hunting with Dennis Morgan in hunting season, but he can't live by the book and will break any date within reason if something that sounds more interesting comes along. He likes good clothes but won't fuss around with swatches, so orders while playing golf with his tailor. "I need a new suit, what have you got that's good?—Okay, build it."

He smokes cigarettes and a pipe, eats huge steaks, drinks two or three quarts of milk a day and keeps one on his table at night in case he wakes up. His car is the object of his idolatry. Ted knew Bill loved him when he loaned him the Lincoln—with trepidation—for graduation night. Bill chortles with joy, recalling Jane Wyman's crack. He'd been talking about the car—as if he tucked it into bed, covered it up and went out himself to sleep in the garage. Jane listened as long as she could stand it. Then: "Do you by any chance dust talcum between its rear wheels?"

He'll dash into a shop ten minutes before closing time to buy his mother a gift she doesn't need and, whatever the season, presents it with "Merry Christmas, Babe." A favorite diversion is heckling his parents. He has only to make a crack about the Irish or some political figure they admire to start the ball rolling. Then he sits back to enjoy himself. "They know I'm just out to draw blood, but—I don't know what it is in an Irishman—they always rise to the bait."

He thinks only a pompous ass would catalogue girls, say he likes this type and doesn't like that. You never know whom you'll like. Of course it makes things easier if she enjoys what you do, and he still enjoys bull sessions more than anything else—sitting around at somebody's house with music in the background—Wagner, if he can get it, or Debussy. Only at these sessions does he break a hard-and-fast rule not to argue about politics or the war. Among friends, you can grow heated, and it doesn't matter; you can call names, and they know you don't believe it. This kind of thing, Bill contends, does for the mind and soul what exercise does for the body.

He's been taking Ginny Simms out lately, on which fact no undue stress need be laid. Kay Kyser's still head man with Ginny. As for Bill, he regards marriage as a whale of an institution, but not for him right now. Eventually, yes. When he finds somebody he can nail down long enough to marry him. Interpreted, this means he wants marriage to be to him what it's been to his parents.

As noted, he likes people. But his special accolade is reserved for the few. If he asks you to drop around and meet his mother, then you've been tapped for honorary membership in the Lundigan club.

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(Continued from page 39)

She has every intention of marrying—fairly soon, if the R.M. comes along—and having children, "three or four, I hope."

This being the case, it seems a good idea to blueprint the boy right now and to keep his description on file under the caption: Wanted—Lucky Lug For Love. Must have following qualifications:

First—he should not be an actor. Linda has never forgotten a date she had many moons ago with a tall, strikingly handsome young leading man who took her to the Trocadero before Hollywood night life was confined to Red Cross classes. He insisted on dancing every dance, but when Linda glanced up at him, she noted that his devoted gaze was not bent upon her, but was—with caution—concerned with a table in the more dimly lighted portion of the room. Finally, he could endure his Lone Wolf role no longer and decided to make Linda a confederate.

"When I whirl you around," he murmured, "look at that table over there and tell me whether Mr. X (a biggie producer) is watching me. He's casting his next picture, and he wants a suave juvenile who can really dance. The minute he notices me, let me know, and I'll give him some routines that will make him remember me."

Linda thinks ambition is swell, but who wants to mix moonlight and options?

better never than late . . .

Second—he should be as punctual as an army bugler. If there is anything that Linda hates, it is to wait for her escort to appear. She is always ready on the dot—maybe even a dash beforehand—and she expects to be shown the same sort of courtesy. One of the contributing causes to the downfall of her romance with Mickey Rooney was the fact that Mick—being swell and all that—was as unconscious of time as a sundial during a blackout. Also, Linda loathes rushing, and Mickey was always in a hurry to go somewhere or to go somewhere else. One afternoon Linda was kept late at the studio and didn't get home until a scant fifteen minutes before her Rooney date was due. In that fifteen minutes she showered, combed her hair, made up, dressed and zoomed down the stairs in time to answer the telephone. Mick was down in Long Beach looking at a boat and would be up as soon as he could make it. He knew she wouldn't mind.

Warning to Linda's future Lochinvar: Hell hath no fury like a hurried woman left cooling her heels.

In the third place, Linda admires a man with a king size sense of humor. Like, for instance, Kay Kyser who is Kwick with Kwips. Recently, she and Kay spent an evening at the beach, riding all the thrill-givers. The chute at Venice is no spot for the weak of heart, so naturally stout fellas Darnell and Kyser were seated in the front of the gone-crazy go-cart. It climbed laboriously on cogs to the top of a steep gradient, then oozed over and headed for h—er— the bottom while Linda clung to the rail with both hands and arms, braced her feet and fastened herself with mental glue to the seat. Mr. Kyser chose this moment to suggest laconically, "Let's play patty cake."

Linda considers that one of the best spur-of-the-moment cracks she has ever heard—on or off a roller coaster.

Furthermore, if his love deal is not to end in divorce, the Darnell Dandy must not object to a girl biting her fingernails. Up until October 16, when Linda became 18, she had no fingernails long enough to pick up a pin; after her birthday she decided to celebrate by growing claws enough to cut a cream pie. So far, she's 90 per cent successful, but the index finger of her right hand is still the worse for wear. And the instant her bright red polish on *any* finger has a nick, Linda scratches it until the nail is peeled. She has one other small, nervous habit: as she talks, she repeatedly lifts and lowers her right eyebrow.

As for amusements: Linda's ideal man should bowl. She herself once piled up a score of 196, but usually the figure slouches around the 120 mark because of a terrific left hook which she has tried both to correct and to take advantage of, with limited success. She likes to ride horseback—practically grew up on a pony down in Texas—and she swims a pretty good Trudgeon stroke. She loves to dance everything from waltz to jitterbug to rumba, but she begins to fold up at one ayem and wants to go home.

Not so long ago there was an 11:30 P.M. curfew imposed on Linda, but that was "a perfect mess. Things would just be getting started when I'd have to leave. Now that I'm eighteen, well criminy Moses, I feel that I should decide for myself what hours to keep when I'm not making a picture. The other night I stayed out until three, and nothing was said about it at home."

Although Linda doesn't want to marry an actor, she thinks that it would be wise for her to marry a man connected in some manner with the industry so he would understand the demands made on her by her work. The typical laboring day of an actress is no pipe course. If Linda has an eight o'clock set call, she rolls out at 5:30—having been awakened by her mother. She tried to use an alarm clock for a time, but the sudden noise gave her heart shock so badly that she was all tuckered out for several hours afterward.

Having leaped into the cold, grey dawn, she puts on her own make-up, which takes about thirty minutes. Her features are so perfect that no corrective markings are necessary, and her hands are so steady that she has no trouble cementing on those incredible Hollywood eyelashes.

This done, she dresses, ties a bandana around her head—the studio hairdresser does her hair because the coiffure is usually too complicated for achievement by two (only) human hands—and then Darnell, the student of world affairs, scans the headlines. She DOES NOT eat breakfast. "In the first place, I'm not hungry early in the morning, and besides, I don't like the things people have for breakfast. Not toast, nor Danish pastry, nor hot cakes, nor waffles."

rugged routine . . .

After reading the paper, Linda consults her Movado wrist watch (yellow gold set with diamonds—a graduation gift) to be certain she's right on schedule, then drives to the studio in her Buick convertible which she was allowed to buy as a birthday present "from myself to myself with whoops of delight."

Around nine or ten o'clock on the set, she has fruit juice and cadges some of the doughnuts and coffee (with cream and sugar) that is regularly served to the set workers. This is rather a breaker-inner for her appetite, because "after that I go on sort of a food marathon. I'm simply famished by luncheon time and eat everything in sight. I have to have fruit, pastry, a sandwich or SOMETHING at four, and then I have a terrific dinner at 7:30."

When she isn't working, she doesn't roll out until she awakens naturally, which is usually on the wrong-rooster side of ten o'clock. And this late awakening is frequently caused by the fact that she has been reading the night before until two, three or four ayem. While she reads, she eats—candy, crackers, apples or Dagwood specials made by her 13-year-old sister, Monteloya, who is a positive genius before an open refrigerator.

She considers no sandwich worthy of the name unless it is an architectural triumph rising four or more inches above the plate. One of her cherished inventions is this recipe: take two slices of bread and spread thickly with creamery butter, after which spread on an equally thick layer of peanut butter. Add several layers of thinly sliced apples; add a layer of toasted marshmallow cooked just enough to squash nicely; add a layer of sliced bananas . . . and who said Joe E. Brown had a monopoly on oral stretchification?

The above is always taken with plenty of iced Pepsi-Cola. Linda loves the beverage and keeps the refrigerator stocked against a midnight thirst. She also adores triple thick malted milks and only wishes she had a personal soda fountain like Ginger Rogers' or Jane Withers'. She can't endure onions—first hand or fumes—and doesn't smoke or touch cocktails. She chews gum occasionally in a movie, but abandoned the habit in public because of a distressing incident in third grade when her teacher drew an awkward likeness between gum-chewing and cow-cudding.

Mr. Linda Darnell will find, like all husbands who wander innocently into matrimony, that he has been wooing a wardrobe as well as a woman. And, boys, that's where your wampum goes!

Linda's great and unchanging clothes

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love is slacks. She has, at present, between 15 and 20 pairs. Several of these are four and five years old and thoroughly disreputable, but she cherishes them with a great and unreasoning affection because they make—in any state—superb garments in which to paint. She can wipe pastels on them, spatter oils on them, darken them with charcoal, and they only become more comfortable. She buys a size 14 for the leg length, but always has to have waist and hips taken in—she's smaller than average in the department that sends strong women screaming away from the scales. For these slacks she pays $7.95. With them she wears bright blouses—usually red or green.

wampum for wearables . . .

Once in awhile she buys a complete slack costume for around $14.00—and these suits are white—her favorite color. Once she paid $29.50 for a suit, but she couldn't see that it was particularly better than the other suits, so never again. These statistics should cheer the most timorous of male pocketbooks.

As for dinner and evening dresses, Linda now has eight fresh enough to be worn in rotation. In Hollywood, the need for vast numbers of formal gowns that can be changed enough from time to time to fool the news cameras is a problem that can blast holes the size of the B 19 in any budget. Linda never pays more than $50.00 for her fancy frocks, although she remembers looking longingly at a luscious little number bearing a $250.00 price tag. "I didn't even try it on," she says, chuckling, "because I knew that if I lost my balance and bought it, I'd hate myself. Every time I wore it, I'd think of the starving Greeks or some such, and I wouldn't have a moment's enjoyment of my extravagance."

Notice that word extravagance. It's heartening to see what Linda considers out of bounds, because she is currently drawing about $1,000 per week, of which the government promptly takes almost half as income tax. The remainder is divided 35%-65%, the 35% going into Linda's trust fund, and the balance used by Linda and her family for living expenses.

But back to clothes. Linda has one silver fox coat that she wears over street clothes and slacks when the weather goes arctic, and one pure white fox coat that she wears only for evening.

She likes to shop alone, so her future husband won't be toted off to perspire beside a millinery mirror or to mumble vague suggestions about that blonde model in a play suit. The only time Linda takes her mother along on buying sprees is when a coat or an important evening gown must be annexed.

Linda's underthings consist of a bra and a satin lastex panty. She NEVER wears a slip. Her evening gowns have shadow-proofing built in, and when she has to wear some thickness under her street dresses, she scoots into a half-petticoat, perfectly tailored and split on each side to give stride room. She wears a size 5½ B shoe and makes no compromise on the heel situation—either skyscrapers or flat as an ungummed postage stamp.

Linda's mother buys her an occasional supply of pajamas, but Senorita Darnell's basal metabolism is active enough to make her want to sleep peeled. Still, Mrs. Darnell awakens her daughter every morning, so Linda compromises; she sleeps in uppers. (According to the latest census, this is a habit indulged in by 93 and 79/100 percent of the male population, so what complaint could there be?)

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palette passion . . .

It would be a good idea for the future head of the house of Darnell to possess an interest in art, because Linda's hobby is serious and takes up a great deal of her free time. Like many great natural talents, Linda's ability was evident during her childhood; she had a neat racket in grade school that paid her five cents per page for perfecting the music notebooks of her contemporaries. Also, she drew dolls and designed clothes for them (remember those cardboard tabs that folded over the doll's shoulders), and for this service she netted five cents per page.

In formal art classes she found still life dull as a drug store steak knife. "I never could see any sense in putting an orange, a banana, a grape and a wooden dog on a plate and then trying to reproduce them in water colors."

But when portraiture came to her attention, she won by a nose—preferably one like Tyrone Power's. "The human face is the most difficult, the most challenging of all subjects. Pev Marley fascinated me from the first" (the chap who took her first test and photographed her first three pictures), "and Lana Turner has a simply fabulous face."

Linda has done Marley and Ty Power in oils, Lana Turner in pastels from a photograph (Linda has never met Lana—a fact that she deplores), Clark Gable in pastels from a photograph, Ann Miller (Linda's best friend) in oils, Cary Grant in oils and Rita Hayworth in pastels.

As for music, the bridegroom-to-be had better dote on the Scheherezade and Nutcracker Suites, and he had better think that "Blues In The Night" is going to be as permanent as "St. Louis Blues," or he'll have a domestic argument on his hands. He might, also, cook up an okay for Glenn Miller's recording of "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" and Duke Ellington's "I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good" to be hearing ear to ear with the Little Woman.

Linda also likes Xavier Cugat's "Jalousie," Artie Shaw's "Begin The Beguine," Woodie Herman's "Frenesi," Paul Whiteman's "Rhapsody in Blue," and she really goes for the Ink Spots' "If I Didn't Care." Dave Rose is her favorite orchestra leader.

In case That Certain Man might be afraid of in-law trouble because of the apparent closely knit kinship ties of the Darnell family, Linda has something sensible to say on the subject. "It isn't my character to confide all my affairs to any member of my family. I'm devoted to every one, but I've always been a little bit of a lone wolf. I like to be an individual first and a member of a group, second—I think it's the only way to develop personality." And those who should know say that Mrs. Darnell—a wise woman—is gradually lengthening the apron strings and plans, eventually, to slip the last knot and to set the lady free.

It would be nice for Linda's lover to like to pet—animals. The presence of livestock in the Darnell backyard is so well known that there is no need to go into more than a census, to wit: 6 rabbits, 5 guinea pigs, 6 ducks, 1 grey goose named "Swoose," 2 cocker spaniels, question-mark number of pigeons, 2 white leghorn chickens and one highly raucous rooster. This menagerie has now been turned over intact to Linda's younger sister and brother as sole owners and operators.

hints for xmas . . .

As for gifts, Linda always welcomes perfume as long as the flavor is violet or gardenia. She thinks books are nice presents, too. Her favorites are "The Nazarene" by Sholem Asch, "The Sun Is My Undoing" by Margaret Steen, and "Keys Of The Kingdom" by A. J. Cronin. She dotes on murder mysteries, the more spine-chilling the better. Speaking of thrillers, Linda is to do the part of the wife in "Loves Of Edgar Allan Poe."

Final note to the going-to-be guy in Linda's life: Better develop a mass of muscles and look so formidable that the very sight of you would discourage a burglar. Be prepared to turn on and off all lights and to investigate strange sounds at night. Because Mrs. Darnell's little girl is still afraid of the dark.

TORTILLA FLAT STORY

(*Continued from page 50*)

much wine, now, might it not be worth?

Torelli, to Pilon's sorrow, had a niggardly answer to this; two gallons only, for who knew whether the gold in the watch was real?

But there was Señora Torelli. Pilon knew how to work her—for that matter, any woman. Four gallons made the start of a fine party. A party worthy of the dazzling stroke of luck which had befallen Danny.

If only he had not chanced to stop, with his liberated host of the evening, at the house of Señora Teresina!

There was a girl in the yard of the next place, a girl with a body made up of long curves like a wave just ready to break; with a mouth that was red and full at its center; with dark hair hanging loose in a cloud. She was new to the Flat, that one, and new to poor Danny, too. He kept staring after her, like a man left too long in the hot sun of noon.

According to Señora Teresina, the newcomer's name was Dolores Ramirez. But for a reason unspecified, she was also called Sweets. A girl who as Pilon tried to warn his friend, looked like she'd have notions of marriage under her soft black hair. But Danny seemed not to hear.

The house to which they were heading—only half the fine legacy, Pilon kept remembering—stood next to that of Mrs. Morales, who needed no other charms when one considered her yardful of plump chickens.

It was as natural as gravity, as a river's flow downhill, that Pilon should move in with his friend; and with him Pablo and Portuguese Joe and Jesus Maria Corcoran. They could do their *amigo* Danny good.

That they could also do him harm was not much considered. Not, at least, until the day they set fire to his house and burned it down.

During the interim, Danny had not been with them long enough to object. A landlord now, a man of substance, he was forever hanging over the fence adjoining Señora Teresina's. He was paying court to his Dolores in earnest—and making a good progress at it, too.

unrequited love . . .

The disaster of the fire, even, he could shrug off with good humor; for had he not another house? But Dolores' abruptly deciding she would have no more to do with him, since he had no job and was

no good and befriended a houseful of no-goods—ah, that was something else again!

In private, Pilon considered it good riddance. But his heart could not help being troubled at the sight of Danny's misery. That Sweets, she had turned the whole world sour for the boy. . . .

If he had not been so busy with other fish to fry, he might have gone past that fatal fence and argued with the girl himself; or hit her, maybe. But the matter of the Pirate was vying for his attention.

This Pirate was one of the mysteries of Tortilla Flat. Five dogs, the queer old man kept with him. It was a known fact that he earned a quarter a day—yes, every day—cutting wood. Yet never had he been known to spend a cent of it. If one kept on piling up quarters, week in and week out, it became obvious what the ultimate result must be.

So, as a first step in his investigation of an intriguing situation, Pilon invited the Pirate to move into the second house with the rest of them. It was not as if Danny was around enough to protest at the dogs. Poor Danny was so much in love with that Dolores, so deep in his madness, that he actually stayed out all day looking for work!

Money which trickled in yet never trickled out. That fascination grew in Pilon, as the days passed, until it was almost as if the unglimpsed accumulation were a woman he hungered to hold in his arms.

Gradually, the Pirate became more at home in the house that had belonged to Danny's grandfather. Pilon then began his easy-spoken, brotherly murmurs. A buried treasure, that was the height of folly. Might not robbers dig it up? Spring rains, might they not wash it away? If it were to be hidden in some safe spot like this house, now—

To his utter amazement, to his horrified disgust, the Pirate did the one thing which was unforgivable. He willingly, freely, without suspicion, turned over his hoard for his good friend Pilon to guard.

Nombre de Dios! One who would have robbed the old man with never a qualm now must protect a wretched sack of quarters with his life!

It was the work of the Devil himself. A cache like that, all glittering silver, being saved to buy a golden candlestick for St. Francis—who had answered a prayer when one of the Pirate's little dogs was sick! Yet there was nothing to be done. Nothing but to face it.

The household was bright at high noon on a hillside, these days. Poor Danny was back in the good graces of his Dolores, who was touched by his efforts. He had bought her a vacuum sweeper, the ultimate in luxury even though there was no electricity in Tortilla Flat. Every evening, he walked her home from the cannery where she worked. He went about with a smile as sickly sweet as a child's penny candy.

Pilon bore all this as best he might. It was only natural that a man should jump to certain conclusions, however.

It could not be said he lied when he spread abroad the tale that Dolores and Danny were about to be married. He was sincerely amazed when the story, reaching Danny's own ears, was greeted with whoops of astonished joy; when Danny tore off to find the lady and confirm it.

ill winds . . .

That his friend was to be met by nothing but disaster, that the treasured vacuum sweeper had been stolen, and Dolores was in a mood to swear she'd have Danny on no condition whatever, Pilon did not learn until later. He was so busy making the Pirate ready to present his gold candlestick that he had time for very little else, thoughts for no one.

The ceremony of presentation was very beautiful, very touching.

Even Pilon had to admit that. He felt a strange goodness inside him, a sort of glow as if he had swallowed some of the candlelight. It was a pity all this should be spoiled by tragedy; by the shrewish accusations and outcries of that girl for whom Danny had turned respectable.

It took the black news quite a time to penetrate. The news that Danny, rejected, had gone on a blind drunk and turned up reeling at the cannery. Pilon had to follow it syllable by syllable. So then the foreman had fought with him? So then Danny had been pushed into the great, whirring machinery? So he was hurt, badly hurt?

Badly hurt! Those were the only words that mattered. Inside him, Pilon felt the light go out. It was black, instead. Empty and black.

Dolores kept screaming at him; telling him over and over that his clumsy lies were to blame for everything. He pushed past her, unheeding, and stumbled along the street. Badly—hurt—

For the first time since he was a boy, he went to the church. St. Francis had answered the prayer of the Pirate, had he not? A nice boy like Danny must be worth saving, even more than a little dog.

Badly hurt in the great, grinding wheels! Must Danny die now—for something foolish that he, Pilon, had said? *For the mate to that handsome golden candlestick, St. Francis? For any offering a poor man might steal or wheedle or—or earn, even? Please, St. Francis!*

It was good of St. Francis to listen. It was good of him to take pity. Even until the day when Danny once more arose from his bed, that sick little core of terror never quite melted in Pilon's heart.

It remained for the wedding day to make him feel good again, as if the candle in his belly had been relighted. The gay party, the music, the red wine, the laughing, were balm at last to the nagging sting like a wasp's in his heart. There was a raffle, and money was raised to buy the bridegroom a fine boat. Yes, it was a good wedding.

Afterward, back home, Pilon got to thinking. Danny was on his wedding journey, now. But how long would that magic last, indeed?

A man knew that women were trouble to him, soon or late. Danny had been happy until that first day he inherited the houses and saw Dolores. It seemed, looking back, that many misfortunes had come of it. Owning houses, that was not good. A man wanted more. A wife, a job—

Pilon's reflections broke off abruptly. There was a wild shout near him. Jesus Maria had accidentally tossed a lighted match in through an open window. Already small tongues of red licked at the warped walls. Danny's second house was going up in smoke around them! Pilon shook his head as he pushed back his hat.

FASHION MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGE 80

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TORTILLA FLAT PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 51)

bribes; talked to him like a father, a Dutch uncle, as one man to another. Nothing worked. John's answer, every time, was a loud laugh and a louder 'pop' of his Double-mint.

Johnny Weissmuller, whose usual picture costume is a muchly-worn leopard skin, wandered onto the set wearing a brand new suit, perfectly draped, expertly sewn. He watched Spence, Morgan and the rest fight their way through brambles and vines for an escape scene, then joined them for a minute after the fourth 'take.' Assuming a nose-in-the-air attitude, he commented "Really—what some actors will do to earn a living!" His pretty suit, for one whole minute, was in danger of being shredded!

Around the set: Myrna Loy, togged out in her Bundles For Bluejackets uniform, appeared bright and early one day and signed Tracy, Garfield, Morgan and Director Vic Fleming to a pledge to contribute $10 a month for a year, to pay for coffee, doughnuts and entertainment for the boys in service . . . John Garfield, who can barely make it around a dance floor without stomping on everyone, spent every available minute rehearsing the tricky native paisano dance he had to do in the wedding scene . . . Allen Jenkins showed up one morning with bags under his eyes and boxes of cigars under his arms. He had just become the father of an eight-pound, ten-ounce baby girl!

There were no location headaches. The Monterey home shots were photographed on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, on a stage 310 feet long, 133 feet wide, 40 feet high. Art Director Cedric Gibbons spent days visiting the paisano settlements in and around Monterey, California, sketching the shacks, the vegetable gardens, the majestic Monterey pines. He arranged to have some of the trees transported back to Hollywood, then went home and dreamed up from his drawings and photographs an ideal set that captured the best points of every one of the towns he had visited.

Tons of earth were poured over the floor of the set, rivers and streams were planned, and dusty roads were designed so that they seemed to fade away into the distance. The set was built weeks before the cast was chosen. Goats, chickens and dogs were moved in immediately so they'd be used to their surroundings and act completely natural when the cameras began turning. Perfectionist Gibbons, worried about the perspective of the background, had all doubts removed the tenth day of production. Gertie, the sea gull hired for $2.50 a day to lend atmosphere, got nostalgia staring at the far-off horizon. With one mighty flap of her wings, she rose from her stone resting place, wheeled toward the panoramic backdrop painted to represent the distant ocean, and banged her big white beak smack straight into a canvas cloud!

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 62)

And for your sake, Mr. Cassini, we are happy. You're a right nice guy!

Modern Screen: Detective

As much as we hate to spike a good story, we think the truth ought to be told about the Mystery of Beverly Hills. For weeks, the good citizens of Beverly have been whispering and speculating about the strange building that has recently arisen in their midst—strange, because though no one works there, it is visited at all hours of the day and night by people like Red Skelton, Fred MacMurray, John Wayne and Patric Knowles!

Wonderful and fantastic tales are being told about the nature of the establishment. We are sorry to say they're all so much Malarkey. The building is not the scene of murder, orgies and spy plottings it has been painted to be. It is merely Polar Pantry, Inc., another prosaic link in the chain of frozen food warehouses which have sprung up across the country.

For $20 a year, Skelton, MacMurray, Wayne and Knowles, as well as Johnny Weissmuller, Lloyd Nolan, Ian Hunter and a dozen other stars, rent individual Polar Pantry lockers. In them they store several months' supply of beef, ham, pork and other meats. By buying in large quantities and storing their food in refrigerated closets, they reckon they can save $100 apiece over a period of twelve months!

"It's a nuisance to go down to the Pantry and whack off a chunk every time my cook wants a steak or chops," Knowles told us. "But that $100 saving—it's worth the inconvenience."

Incidentally, we hear the Pantryites have their own quip about the place. They're spreading the rumor that Skelton stacks his gag books there—to keep his jokes fresh! Ouch. . . .!

The American Way

Worried about democracy in our armed forces? Worried about class, money and position making themselves felt among our fighting men? Well, forget it. America still believes all men are created equal, and this story of Jimmy Stewart's will prove it.

Jimmy was in Baltimore recently, on an Army assignment. When his work was finished, he strode out of the building where his conference had been held and marched smack into hundreds of fans who had gathered to wait for him. From all sides, yells of "Hi, Jimmy," "Hi, Lieutenant," "Hi, Glamour Boy," went up to greet him.

Jimmy flushed with embarrassment, but smiled patiently as he worked his way through the mob. At the end of the crowd, he came face to face with a sailor—a hard-boiled gob who looked contemptuously at the fans and then at Stewart. As the actor approached, the sailor eyed him from head to toe, and—in two words that spoke volumes—he grunted, "Hi, *soldier!*"

Small Change

In the old days, between wives, George Brent was about as sociable as an ostrich. He liked people, but he liked his books, privacy and seclusion more. He wouldn't answer the phone. He wouldn't go to the door. He wouldn't circulate.

But now that he is a married man again—a *very* married man, if you'll notice the way he still makes klieg-eyes at wife Annie Sheridan—George Brent has become a

completely changed person. And how!

He's no longer a hermit. In fact, he now overwhelms neighbors by assaulting them with the toothy friendliness of a Macy floor-walker. If the phone rings, he takes it himself. He talks to everyone. To his friends. To Annie's friends. If the doorbell rings, he almost runs over the maid getting there first, to greet and chat with bill collectors, peddlers, Annie's Red Cross friends and the gas meter man.

Old-timers who knew Brent when his favorite company was the four walls, now cluck their tongues and philosophize on marriage, murmuring, "Yes, this one is for keeps, all right. Just look at what it did to the guy. He loves everyone and everything! The hermit act is gone forever!"

But don't tell that to Ann Sothern!

"Hermit act gone forever?" she snaps. "Nuts! Listen, I decided to give George and Ann a wedding present—a dozen sterling silver sherbet cups. I thought I'd deliver them in person with my own two little hands. I knew they were living in George's home near Toluca Lake. That's about four miles above Hollywood. Well, I had Bob Sterling drive me out one bright morning. Drive? It was a full-scale expedition. We looked for their home all morning and all afternoon, ringing doorbells, hiking through lots, pulling dogs from our calves. We went round and round in a maze of side roads. But we couldn't find the house!

"Still, I wasn't discouraged. The next morning we drove out and tried again. Same thing. Couldn't find the place at all. It was either give up my movie career and continue the search or else—so I turned the present over to Railway Express. Yesterday I got a postcard from Railway Express. They're still looking for Brent's home! Not a hermit anymore, eh? *You* find him!"

No Greater Love

When a gal's willing to dig into her own pockets and give her husband financial aid so he can afford a second love, that, brother, is one for the books! When the gal is Brenda Marshall and the husband Bill Holden—well!—that bears immediate looking into!

It all began when Brenda was at work at the studio, and Bill, out for a solitary walk, saw *her*. It was love at first sight. She was smart, flashy, tricky—and what a chassis! Just his type! Bill's eyes filled with longing. His mouth watered. He had to have her.

Then he remembered Brenda and his business manager. They'd be furious. Bill shrugged his shoulders and decided to forget the whole affair.

Yet, that evening at dinner with Brenda and the b.m., Bill found he couldn't forget. She'd stirred his imagination. Filled him with excitement. But she'd require money. That was the rub. And his business manager wouldn't allow him more than $25 a week. Or would he?

Bill couldn't stand it any longer. He waited for Brenda to leave the table and then confided his secret to the keeper of accounts.

"Nothing doing," stormed the professional Scrooge. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! I don't care if she is terrific! I won't give you a cent for her!"

Just then Brenda walked into the room, eyes blazing. Bill gulped. The time had come to lay his cards on the table.

"Honey, when we were married, you promised you'd understand everything," he said with a pleading puppy-dog glance. "I've got to have money. I need $150."

Brenda was aghast. "What for?" she demanded. Bill gulped again. He thought fleetingly of abandoning his cause, but he'd already taken the step. There was nothing to do but tell the truth.

Did Brenda stand the test? Did she show the wifely understanding expected of her? We are here to report, she did! For six long, torturous weeks she shared her allowance with Bill, doing without a dozen little things she wanted, while he accumulated his own. The six weeks were up the other day.

"And now she's mine, all mine!" boasts Bill. "The snappiest little midget racer you ever laid eyes on! Smart, tricky, and, boy, what a chassis!"

Activities Deferred

These are mighty black days for the friends and followers of Errol Flynn. With word out that Errol is suffering from an enlargement of the heart, those who hold affection for the fighting Irishman will have to face the gloomy fact that for a year at least, all his strenuous activity must necessarily be confined to the screen.

According to his doctor, Errol's condition, known as "athlete's heart" was provoked by his excessive devotion to athletics. Intimates think that the innate restlessness which keeps him constantly on the go, plus his concern over the upset state of his marital affairs, are other factors which prevent him from getting a 1-A health rating.

If he follows the advice of his medico, Errol can hope to be his own robust self by the early part of '43. The doc says athletics are out, and from now on it's rest, rest and more rest for Mr. Flynn.

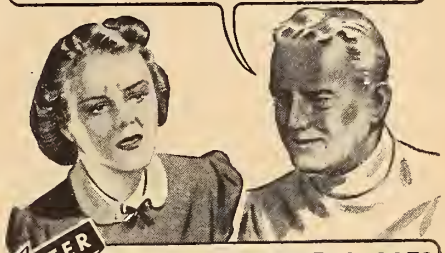
But the doc's a sly one. Though insisting on eight hours sleep every night for his patient, he's given his professional okay to an "occasional night off."

Hedy and Annie

We kibitzed on a strictly feminine gab session between Hedy Lamarr and Ann Sothern the other afternoon and discovered that Ann is the gal responsible for Hedy's new pigtails. It all came about when Hedy told Annie that she hadn't changed her hair style since she was a mere slip of a maiden. Ann thought that was but *too* terrible and set about fixing Hedy's locks some other way. Hedy liked the result so well, she kept the hair-do for some of the scenes in "Tortilla Flat."

We also discovered that Hedy always protects her raven tresses from powder marks by donning a shower cap before wafting a puff over her face. Ann gets entirely dressed and covers her clothes with her favorite blue and white dressing robe before putting on finishing make-up touches.

PAZO RELIEVES THE TORTURE OF SIMPLE PILES



LATER I'M SO THANKFUL, PAZO BROUGHT RELIEF FROM PAIN

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

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She's as Lively as a Youngster—Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

New FOOT RELIEF!

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Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—the new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, callouses on bottom of feet, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction or pressure. Helps ease new or tight shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters if applied at first sign of irritation.

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Dr Scholl's KUROTEX Soothing – Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

BLONDES! - from 2 to 42

AT 2 gentle, safe for children
AT 12 keeps hair light, golden
AT 22 helps hair from darkening
AT 42 brightens faded blonde hair

Try New 11 Minute Home Shampoo!

Specially made for blondes. Helps keep light hair from darkening — brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, it gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair. To give hair beautiful luster and radiance, top off shampoo with Blondex Golden Rinse. For all shades of blonde hair. Both cost little to use. Get Blondex Shampoo and Golden Rinse at 10c, drug and department stores.

Give Your Feet An Ice-Mint Treat

Get Happy, Cooling Relief For Burning Callouses—Put Spring In Your Step

Don't groan about tired, burning feet. Don't moan about callouses. Get busy and give them an Ice-Mint treat. Feel the comforting, soothing coolness of Ice-Mint driving out fiery burning . . . aching tiredness. Rub Ice-Mint over those ugly hard old callouses, as directed. See how white, cream-like Ice-Mint helps soften them up—chase them away. Get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Give Druggist's name and address. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 3209, Detroit, Mich.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Out of the Frying Pan

The story of how maestro Artie Shaw lost his first job sounds like the kind of nightmare that comes after a midnight ice cream-and-pickle feast.

While still in his tender teens, Artie was hired to handle clarinet for a theater orchestra at a summer resort. He worked during the evenings and spent his days toasting his torso on the beach. One day the sun beat down with lots more oomph than usual, and Artie passed out with a mild case of sunstroke. When he awoke, it was dark, and all he could remember was that he had to get to the theater on time. Streaking off the beach, he tore back to town and piled into his seat in the darkened orchestra pit with only one minute to spare before the overture.

Artie tootled gaily and a little shiveringly through the first half of the program, and at intermission time, had one foot out the door when the manager suddenly appeared on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he bellowed. "Night after night you've been entertained by a group of men whose praises usually go unsung. Tonight, I want you to meet the lads whose work has given us all so much pleasure. I give you—the house orchestra!"

Up went the lights, and there, in full view of the entire audience, sat the musicians, every one neatly togged out in snappy summer suits. Everyone, that is, except Mr. Shaw, whose bare chest and legs, gleaming in the spotlight, caused a Class A riot in the audience and a Class A case of apoplexy to the manager!

Good-By To Love

Olivia de Havilland is getting a mite fussed. She wishes people would forget her romance with Jimmy Stewart and stop reviving those marriage rumors every time Jimmy comes to Hollywood. All that love stuff, she says, is deader'n a herring and twice as cold. They called it quits a year and a half ago, she insists, and all that's left is friendship. Period.

"The talk started again," Olivia told us, "when I was at dinner at Burgess Meredith's house, and Jimmy stopped by. Both boys escorted me to a broadcast I was doing that evening. Then Jimmy left to return to camp. We weren't even alone for a minute! Anyway, I don't think there's a place for a girl in Jimmy's present life. He's a 100% soldier, you know. Can't think or talk of anything but the army. The damsel doesn't live who can buck competition like that!

"And I'm not suggesting we'll be an item when the war is over! Jimmy's first and deepest love is acting. When he's released from service I believe he'll turn all his energies to his work, and that Eligible Bachelor tag will probably stick for years!"

Well, Livvy's entitled to her say. But we're entitled to ours, too. We think the little de Havilland is one of the sweetest, finest girls in these or any parts. We think career and duty may be terribly important in the Stewart scheme of things. But shucks. We think a man's a man for all that!

Short Shots

What the . . .! Dept: Paramount announces it is changing the title of "Nightmare of a Jerk" to "Nightmare of a Goon!" A promotion, no doubt . . . Footballer Johnny Kimbrough, up for army duty, has accepted $15,000 in settlement of his contract and quit Hollywood . . . It's thumbs down on Tyrone Power. Ty was nixed as a flying cadet because he's married and isn't a college grad . . . "The Life of Wendell Willkie" is being gabbed about as possible flicker for Director Sam Wood . . . Dennis Morgan is doing all his home vocalizing in his new bombproof, soundproof shelter. At his neighbors' request . . . Robert Donat, recovering from a serious illness in England, is due on these shores for a major part in "Keys of the Kingdom" . . . And Cary Grant's been nominated for the George Gershwin role in Warners' filmization of the composer's life . . . May Robson is putting fret lines on Hollywood's brow. She's not too well . . . Ex-marathon dancer June Havoc once trotted her tootsies over a Florida arena for 2,500 consecutive hours, only pausing for an 11 minute rest period each hour . . . Talk of the town is the lovely new melody tagged "Olivia," introduced by the Merry Macs and inspired by Olivia de Havilland . . . It's Alaska for Martha Raye when she winds her p.a. tour. She'll entertain the service lads there . . . Cesar Romero and George Montgomery are wearing lapel-less suit coats—anticipating the expected-to-be-passed wartime measure.

What's in a Name?

"Blues In The Night" are exactly what Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer had while composing their hit song. Assigned to write a tune to fit a picture of that name, the boys had the entire thing cooking and ready to jell when word came from the powers-that-be that "Blues In The Night" was a lousy title and henceforth the picture would be known as "New Orleans Blues."

Hal and Johnny promptly went into a huddle and for days tried to work the new title into their already completed song, but without success. Finally, when they had decided to call the ditty "My Momma Done Tole Me" and let the clefs fall when they may, word was brought to them, via official memo, that the picture had been retitled and was back to the original "Blues In The Night"!

Now, after both Johnny and Hal have sprouted gray hair worrying about it, Dave Rose and Judy Garland, back from a personal appearance tour, reveal that no one requested the song under its present title. Everywhere they went, audiences asked Dave and Judy to do—"My Momma Done Tole Me"!

Artie Takes a Bride

Speaking of Artie Shaw, when his first three marriages came up they weren't news. His fourth made headlines because the bride was luscious Lana Turner. His fifth is worth noting for two reasons: (a) *Any* guy's fifth marriage would be and (b) the new Mrs. Shaw is Betty Kern, 23-year-old daughter of famed composer Jerome Kern.

Unlike his Las Vegas mating with Lana, Artie's midnight ride to Yuma with Betty was not a spur-of-the-moment elopement. The pair had known each other more than a year and a half before they faced the judge. They met at Hollywood's favorite jitterbug haunt, the Palladium, when Artie and his band were doing a stint there. They had a few dates, never thought of romance. Artie even left town for a while without troubling to say good-by to the girl he knew so slightly. But he returned, he says, because Betty was always in the back of his mind.

When they knew it was love, Artie went to Mr. Kern and asked for his daughter's hand. Papa Kern was all for it. But, please, he asked, would they wait a bit 'til they were sure? Artie and Betty reluctantly agreed. And were it not for Playwright William Saroyan, they might be waiting still.

Saroyan, who's never been married himself, urged them to hurry it up!

The night they decided to marry, Artie dined at the Kern home. He and Betty planned to leave immediately after the dessert—and after they had told Mr. Kern. Dinner was over at eight, but it wasn't 'til 11:00 o'clock that Artie found the nerve and the opportunity to pop the news!

Kern objected. He didn't want his daughter to elope. But he yielded when Artie argued that if they applied for a license in Los Angeles and waited the required number of days, reporters would spring at them, and they'd have no pre-marital privacy.

Shortly before twelve, on the night of March the 3rd, the wedding party—Artie, Betty and Mrs. Kern—set out. Mr. Kern begged off because of an important appointment the following morning, and supposed-to-be-best man, Bill Saroyan, was on a date and couldn't be located. The kids were grateful Mama Kern didn't disappoint them, too. When they arrived in Yuma they found they had no wedding ring, and Mrs. K. had to lend them her own before the ceremony could proceed!

Divorce Scandal

If the true story behind the recent divorce of a top-flight actress and her non-pro husband ever gets out of the hands of the few who know it, the lid will be blown right off Hollywood! Seldom in the history of this town has the stiff, cold language of a legal action hidden a nastier case!

Seems the star, one of the most beautiful in the business, had been at odds with her spouse for some time. When the final break came, she asked him to sit down with her while she outlined her plan for the divorce—a plan which was to terminate their marriage with decency and intelligence. Hubby listened carefully as she spoke, nodded occasionally, but made no comment. When she finished he asked if she'd mind his making a suggestion or two. The star said no. She was eager to settle their problem in complete fairness to both. She wanted to hear his side, too.

Hubby thanked her for her thoughtfulness, sat forward in his chair and began to talk. When he was through, the star was weak and trembling. Her loving mate had presented the cruelest scheme of blackmail she had ever heard! Realizing that an actress' career is only as good as her reputation, he had threatened to go into court and accuse her of shocking indiscretions unless she turned over to him every cent she owned!

Whether guilty or not, no star can stand up under a spot-lighted scandal. As a consequence, our poor heroine, rather than jeopardize her future, must accept her husband's terms. She must remain silent and watch the heel blandly make off with her $50,000 bank account, her automobile and her beautiful new home!

Skelton vs. Skelton

Red Skelton and his wife, Edna, are usually on the same side of the fence in issues at stake, but when the subject of Edna's clothes pops up, they're likely to square off in opposite corners. Edna loves conservative outfits, trimly tailored, with lots of brown. Red prefers her in clothes with dramatic flare and daring color combinations—and he hates brown!

Hats are another thing, Red says, "The screwier, the better." Yet, if Edna had her way, she'd wear sensible sports-like lids exclusively. That's why Red spends so much time at I. Magnin's. On days off, he pops down to the department store, all by his solitary, and shops like mad. Edna can't let his gifts dangle from a clothes hanger, so she wears 'em! Funny thing is, they're both right. Edna's one of the few women who can wear every type of outfit and always look just so!

This Way Out

One of the wealthier, more prominent stars has a nasty habit of ordering the clothes she wears in her pictures to be set aside for her purchase after a film is finished. That's okay. That's every star's privilege. But this one never pays for the duds! She just lets the bills collect dust on her desk, then sweeps through the studio in the unpaid-for creations, looking down her nose at the very women who worked so hard to make her look beautiful.

One afternoon the actress phoned to demand that a certain dress be pressed and readied for her to wear to a premiere that evening. The seamstresses decided to teach her a lesson. Gleefully they got busy and loosened every key thread in the gown!

Promptly at eight that night, our hoity-toity cutie swept up to the foyer of the theater, turning on the big smile every ten feet. Completely unaware that every move she made was gradually loosening those all-important seams, she bowed and waved to her admiring fans. Just as she was throatily informing her public, coast-to-coast, via the microphone, that she was "oh, so happy to be heah" she heard a snicker—and looking down discovered her skirt had slipped to the cement with that gentle whisper of sound usually heard on the runway of better burlesque houses!

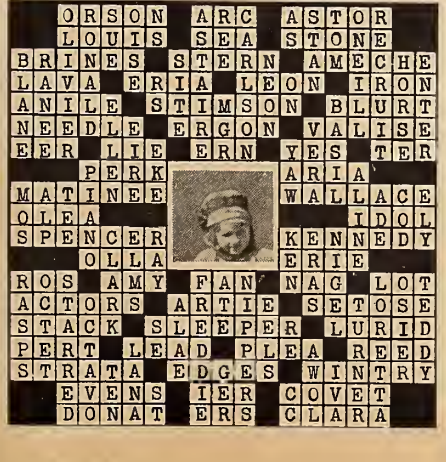
P.S. She paid her bill, in full, the very next morning.

Designed for Working

We saw Barbara Stanwyck stroll into the Paramount commissary the other noon wearing a suit that was the perfect answer to a gal aircraft worker's prayer!

The slim sheath skirt of soft grey, plaited with thin brown stripes, had enormous compartments, like mechanics' pockets, stitched onto it—perfect for toting a flashlight or other emergency equipment. The long warm jacket also boasted roomy pockets and sported a lapel gadget—a nifty-looking pencil that actually worked! Even the pockets on the skirt had a purpose—little coin compartments had been sewed into them! The final utilitarian note was Barbara's purse—one of those slung-over-the-shoulder jobs that leaves the hands free for more important work with maximum efficiency.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 8



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Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

Buy it from your druggist today

YOU MAY ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods and guard against constipation. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stir up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile, today Olive Tablets are justly FIRST choice of thousands of grateful users. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

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Charles Atlas winner of title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

EVERY PENNY COUNTS!

Movies aren't being rationed, thank Heaven. No. The stars are busy turning out new pictures each month for your entertainment—busy as only popular movie stars can be when the cameras are grinding. But with it all, not one has failed to join the ranks of those who are fighting shoulder to shoulder to keep America free. Paulette Goddard has bought $35,000 worth of defense bonds; Betty Grable, $10,000 (just last month); the Reagans put in every cent over what's needed for bare living. We could fill this page listing names.

It isn't only patriotism. These provident, far-seeing stars realize that buying defense bonds is primarily Uncle Sam's plan to help them save. Their money buys planes and tanks and ships—and in a day of peace to come, it will all come back to them with interest. Invested in bonds, it cannot be wasted in the purchase of automobiles and radios and new clothes—those peace-time commodities that are no longer being made, with factory machines geared to war production.

It isn't only duty, patriotism, the burning wish of all of us to defend America against bloody aggression. It's good common sense. Let's make stamp and defense bond buying a habit!

Albert Taloente

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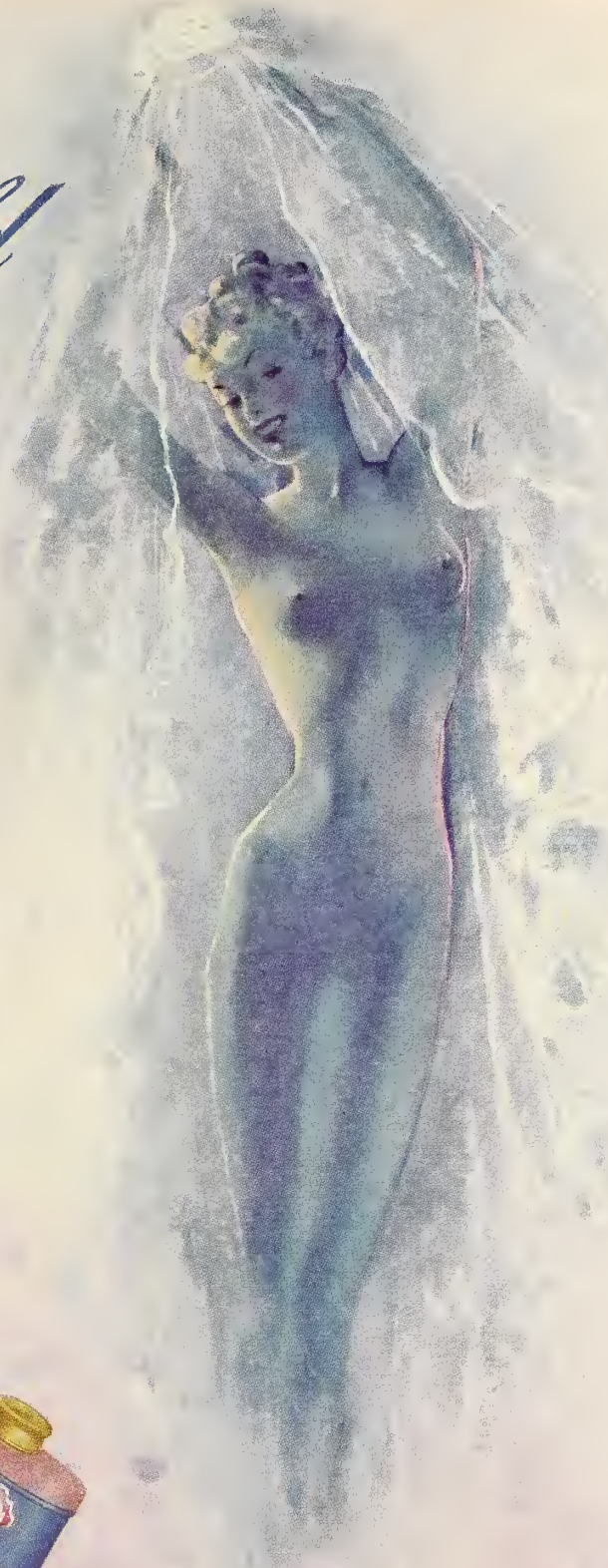
To have and to Hold His LOVE

— be like a Lovely Bride Veiled in Thrilling Fragrance



It's Springtime... it's lovetime! There's a tender, teasing magic in the air that makes hearts gay and mad. Now is when the man you long to attract may be near to falling in love with you. So be sweet... be seductively sweet all over with Spicy Apple Blossom Talc and Cologne. Dash this enchanting cologne on your whole body—then powder every satin curve with this glamorous talc. You'll be divinely alluring! For this exciting Springtime fragrance gives a man ideas—a stolen kiss ... you in his arms ... the bride of his dreams, come true! Get Spicy Apple Blossom Talc and Cologne at your 10c store today... and tonight may bring you love.

LANDER'S TALCS 10¢ EACH

Will He Whisper Praises about your Skin?

go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This exciting beauty idea is based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides.

YES, pretty compliments can come your way! Yours can be a skin that casts bewitching magic! For the Camay Mild-Soap Diet holds this thrilling promise of new loveliness for you!

Without knowing it, you may be clouding your skin through improper cleansing. Or, you may be using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Charles Mathieu, Jr., enchanting Camay bride, says: "I began to hear the nicest compliments about my lovelier complexion when I changed to Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet. And it's such an *easy* beauty treatment."

Tests prove Camay milder!

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is not just *mild*—but actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"

Every night and morning—give your skin this thrilling beauty treatment with Camay! Notice how fresh it feels after the very first treatment! Then look forward to the day when he may find your complexion a joy to behold!

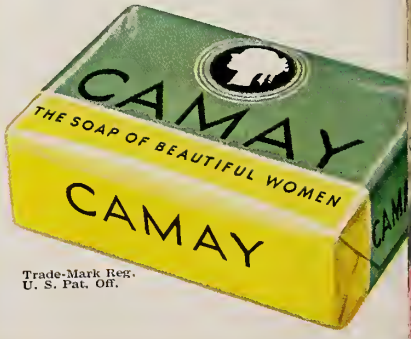
GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the Mild-Soap Diet tonight. Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.

In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day for 30 days. Don't neglect it even once. For it's the regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

This charming bride is Mrs. Charles Mathieu, Jr. of New York, N. Y. She wisely has entrusted her loveliness to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, and says: "It has meant so much to me... I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet forever!"



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It takes TWO to make Love

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"Just a couple of love birds" won't be said about you until you win that man. You *can* if you will be lovable, cuddlesome, sweet! Yes, divinely sweet and soft all over with Lander's Lilacs and Roses Talc and Cologne. This exciting fragrance is an invitation to love . . . for it mingles the maddening perfume of passionate roses with the tender, wistful scent of lilacs. Use this enchanting Cologne as a body rub—then shower yourself with this satin-soft Talc. You'll feel so glamorous . . . so utterly lovely. And you'll find that hearts respond to the lure of this thrilling fragrance. Today, at your 10¢ store, get Lander's Lilacs and Roses Talc and Cologne. Tonight, be ready for love!

For Victory—Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps

LANDER'S TALCS 10¢ EACH

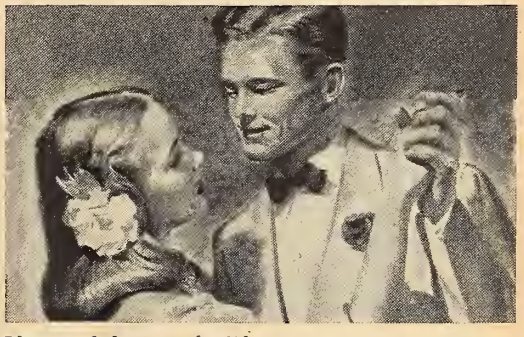
Good Catch, Marion—
but can you Catch a Man?

Luck came your way, Marion! You caught the bride's bouquet. If tradition holds, you should be next to say, "I do!" But how can a girl win a husband if she unwittingly turns men away—if one charm-destroying fault chills their interest? Nothing shatters a man's illusions, Marion, as quickly as underarm odor!

Smart Girls take no chances of missing out on Romance!

Freshen up in your bath or shower! It's a grand start for a busy day or a party evening! But play fair with your bath! Don't expect it to last forever—it takes something *more to prevent risk of underarm odor!*

Keep charming! Never gamble with underarm odor! Every day, and after every bath, use Mum! Then you're protected for a full day or evening. Never a worry about offending those you want as friends!



Plenty of dates make life exciting for a girl! It's fun to have a phone that jingles often—charm that nets you a rush at parties. That's why so many popular girls never give underarm odor a chance—every day—before every date—they play sure and safe with Mum!

Keep your charm from fading. Each day, and after every bath, use Mum!

Dependable Mum has made millions of lasting friends. For women know they can *trust* Mum's sure protection. They like its special advantages.

Mum is quick! Isn't it grand that Mum takes only half a minute. No fussing, no waiting.

Mum is safe! Even after underarm shaving sensitive skins won't resent Mum. It won't hurt your clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Mum is sure! All day or all evening long, Mum keeps underarms fresh. Without stopping perspiration, it prevents odor. Guard your popularity, make a daily habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today.

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—*Safe, gentle Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose. Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum this way, too, as thousands of women do.*

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

JUN -6 1942

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Call us Nostradamus, Jr. At any rate we're following in the footsteps of the eminent foreteller.

We are about to prophesy that the Jan Struther novel, "Mrs. Miniver" will be the First Lady of the Screen for '42.

★ ★ ★ ★

We have our paw on the pulse of the public when we make our startling prediction. We saw William Wyler's production of "Mrs. Miniver" in a Hollywood preview.

★ ★ ★ ★

Let us tell you about that preview.

★ ★ ★ ★

Prepared for the screen by producer Sidney Franklin, who had had an editorial hand in "Goodbye Mr. Chips", there was reason to believe that "Mrs. Miniver" was an equally creditable picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

But it was not certain what the public would say.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was evident that William Wyler, one of the really great directors, had done his finest job . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

That Greer Garson as Mrs. Miniver had been perfection itself . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

And that Walter Pidgeon as Clem had been dream-like casting . . .

It was said that no finer supporting cast had ever been assembled than Teresa Wright, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Henry Travers, Richard Ney, Tom Conway, Henry Wilcoxon.

★ ★ ★ ★

Still, there was a lot to be learned from the first public reaction to this most unusual type of film about a peaceful little life caught in the maelstrom of the moment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Imagine the excitement! Only once before—it was the preview of "Big Parade" —had there been such a tremendous public demonstration in favor of a film.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Mrs. Miniver" had joined the big parade of the screen's noblest.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now it's true we haven't told you about the story. Perhaps we should have done it, because our purpose is to arouse your interest.

★ ★ ★ ★

Sounds selfish, doesn't it?

★ ★ ★ ★

But when you see "Mrs. Miniver" you'll remember whom to thank for the tip—

—*Leo*

MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

SMART GIRL
While their honeymoon lasted, Deanna let Paul rule the roost 26

STRICTLY DYNAMITE
Errol Flynn's playing hard-to-get, harder-to-handle..... 30

MR. AND MRS. "FUN"
A hearthside view of the Judy and Dave Rose inner sanctum 34

SISTERS—AND HOW!
Joan and Olivia admit it at last—with a smile..... 38

LOVE THUMBED A RIDE
He was a welcome passenger on the Lamarr-Montgomery bandwagon..... 44

SO LONG, BUTTON-NOSE
Cavalryman Ronnie Reagan bids farewell to Janie..... 56

LIKE TO READ OTHER PEOPLE'S MAIL?
Then take a peek at these private off-the-record letters... 60

COLOR PORTRAITS

Ronald Reagan..... 59
Laraine Day..... 66

FEATURES

Party of the Month..... 32
"Yankee Doodle Dandy"..... 36
Candidly Yours..... 40
Meet the Champ (Autry and Champion)..... 46
Sweet Sixteen (Jane Withers)..... 90
"Take a Letter, Darling"..... 92
Win $5 in Defense Stamps..... 106

BEAUTY

Beauty and the Bath..... 64
Modern Screen's Good Grooming Chart..... 67
Footnotes on Beauty..... 68

FASHION

—and Stripes..... 53
To Have and to Keep..... 54

DEPARTMENTS

Movie Reviews..... 6
Movie Scoreboard..... 10
Modern Hostess..... 12
Our Puzzle Page..... 14
Co-ed 16
Portrait Gallery..... 19
Good News..... 48

Cover: Deanna Durbin, appearing in Univ.'s "Divine Young Lady"

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MOVIE REVIEWS

By Zachary Gold

After the blitz, the local vicar reaffirms the Minivers' and other townspeople's faith in the future.

Greer Garson, as Mrs. Miniver, and Walter Pidgeon, as Clem Miniver, are heartbroken when Starling, their home, is bombed.

MRS. MINIVER

In the long roster of England's heroes—the incredibly young RAF pilots, the mysterious and somewhat sinister Commandos, the sea-sprayed sailors of the navy, the lean and tough Australians of the Libyan campaign—it may be a little startling to find the trim, sedate figure of Mrs. Miniver. For the world of Mrs. Miniver was contained in a rose, a frilly hat and the unobtrusive excitement of a happy family. Yet through all the eternity of months of England's bombing, through days of fear and pain and death, the Minivers served their country as surely as soldiers at the front.

For all its roses and frilly hats, "Mrs. Miniver" has a greater impact of reality than a dozen of some blood and thunder dramas. It's just that—real. While movies of the armed forces may have more thrills per foot, a greater tendency to set the blood thumping, they are still, in these early days of the war, somewhat foreign, strange, unreal; we may know them to be true, yet, being outside our immediate experience, they're not quite believable at present.

It was the Minivers of England, holding out stubbornly, doggedly through everything, that set the tone for England; that's what's meant by morale. Just as it was the failure of the Minivers of France that contributed to her tragic defeat.

The Minivers' younger children, Christopher Severn and Claire Sanders, sleep in their air-raid shelter.

Before turning him over to the outhorities, Mrs. Miniver administers first oid to Germon porachutist, Helmuth Douteric, who londed injured in her garden.

For in these days of total war, civilian morale counts as much as divisions of tanks. And the Minivers of any country, the middle class, if you like, can swing that decisive battle either to victory or failure. Under the placid title of the movie is a bitter picture of what the American civilians may be asked to undergo and a pointed lesson in how to face it, if indeed any lesson is needed.

Mrs. Miniver marches straight out of your neighborhood. The story of "Mrs. Miniver" is the story of any middle class suburban family; a son away at college, two youngsters romping through a pleasant, not-too-large house, domestic plans and domestic budgets, the common joys of living. And when the war breaks over them the contrast is so sharp, so immediate and real that it seems almost as if it's in your own back yard the bombs are exploding.

How the Minivers meet the war is the spirit and heart of the picture. Living their lives in a cramped bomb shelter, aware always of death overhead, their eldest son enlisted in the RAF, the Minivers face the war like an army with banners flying. They would never use the word heroism in talking of themselves, yet they are, in their way, as heroic as the men with guns. Theirs is the heroism of those who can only "stand and wait." They also serve, but silently.

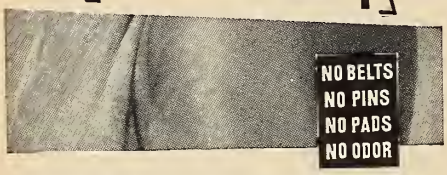
Still when the time for action comes, the Minivers have kept their faith and courage alive. At Dunkirk, it was Mr. Miniver in a small boat who helped evacuate the British army. And faced with a desperate, wounded German aviator, Mrs. Miniver acts with all the force of British tradition behind her; she turns him over to the police, of course. Unaided.

There's a touch of romance, too, in the picture, between Vin, the eldest son of the Minivers, and Carol Beldon, granddaughter of the very aristocratic Lady Beldon. And there's a delightful bit of the English masses and classes in the flower show which, war or no war, goes off on schedule.

Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon play Mr. and Mrs. Miniver. Richard Ney and Theresa Wright are the romantic Vin and Carol. Reginald Owen and Dame May Whitty, Henry Travers and Henry Wilcoxon round out the cast. The picture is based on last year's best seller by Jan Struthers.

True enough wars are won by having the "mostest men there fustest"; on the production lines at home, it's tanks and airplanes and guns. But wars are won, too, by the people themselves; and it is the spirit of the Minivers that can keep a nation, no matter how the temporary balance of battles swings, forever undefeated. *M-G-M.* (*Cont. on following page*)

TAMPAX CANNOT CHAFE
[worn internally]



PUT all that monthly-chafing worry out of your mind. Listen to the voice of experience and *use Tampax* for sanitary protection. . . Modern women all around you are discovering this wonderful invention of a doctor who realized what troubles a woman can have in hot, chafing weather—especially housewives and "the girls at the office."

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 7)

P. S.

No one had to be given direction on how to react during the Church sequence. It was filmed the day after Pearl Harbor, and as "Vicar" Henry Wilcoxon simply and stirringly informed his "congregation" that England was at war, the camera-man turned his lens first on one player—then another and another. Every face, from star to extra, mirrored the intense feelings of the soul behind it, and the result is the most gripping series of close-ups ever captured on celluloid!

Jan Struthers' book, actually a series of sketches, was fashioned into a movie story by Sidney Franklin and put into final screen play form by James Hilton, George Froeschel, Claudine West and Arthur Wimperis. Wimperis is the English author who was one of the few survivors of the torpedoed "City of Benares." His experiences in London and his harrowing trip to this country on the doomed ship qualified him to be technical director. He even plays a small bit—that of Sir Henry in the yacht club scene.

The production of "Mrs. Miniver" has some swell comedy touches, but they're all in the picture. No one bothered to think up gags to play between scenes. Walter Pidgeon didn't receive a single hot foot; Greer Garson's set chair wasn't sawed apart so it'd collapse the first time she sat in it.

Greer was working under a terrific emotional strain enacting experiences her own relatives and closest friends were actually undergoing. The air raid shelter scene took days to shoot, and by the time it was done well enough to satisfy Director William Wyler, both Greer and Pidgeon had kinks in their nerves as well as in their bodies.

Walter, particularly, suffered from being confined in the small, cramped space. Gave him the screaming meemies. His brow still gets dewy every time he recalls those mine-shaft scenes in "How Green Was My Valley." The day he got his first look at the air raid shelter with its regulation 6-foot radius, he suddenly realized how roomy that mine had been! The construction department added an extra foot all 'round to accommodate his bulky frame.

Dame Mae Whitty is forever being asked to explain her title. The late King George V bestowed a silver star and gold cross upon her in January, 1918, in recognition of the wonderful work she did for the Star and Garter Home, a rehabilitation center for disabled soldiers and sailors. As head of the Women's Emergency Corps, Dame Mae rounded up the English equivalent of $1,000,000—a man-sized job, His Majesty told her. At that time, there was no title that could be given to a woman, so the King created a new one—Dame Commander. Only three other women in the world have been so honored. All of them actresses who worked with her on the project.

10-year-old Claire Sanders, who plays one of Greer's children, is a British youngster whose father is on duty "somewhere in Libya." She hasn't seen him for four years, but hopes he'll see her in the picture "when it plays Africa."

Greer is always surprising her friends with some unsuspected accomplishment. Between scenes, Director Wyler would once in a while, whip out a harmonica and duet with his pal, Lou Borzage, who's a whiz on the accordion. One day they were joined by Miss G. at the piano, and the three of them ground out a very tired but fairly recognizable version of Tschaikowsky's "Concerto in B Flat Minor." Greer said she hadn't conferred with a piano teacher since she was twelve; nevertheless, she really coaxed beautiful sounds out of the keyboard, encoring with some of the more difficult passages of Rachmaninoff and Debussy.

Immediately after the picture was finished, she made a whirlwind tour of Canada, her bright red locks acting like a magnet on Old Dominion wallets. The occasion was the Victory Drive to sell bonds, and once more she surprised her pals. When it came time for speech-making, Missy Garson stepped up to the microphone and not only coaxed 'em to part with their cash, in English, but ripped off line after line of perfectly accented and enunciated Francaise!

Now that she's finished being "Mrs. Chips" and "Mrs. Miniver," Greer wants to play a part that makes her a little more exciting. When she wasn't studying her script for "Mrs. Min," she was hunting through books and plays for a role she'd like to do. On the last day of production, her wish was granted. She was told she had just been assigned the lead opposite Ronald Colman in "Random Harvest."

The entire story of Mrs. Miniver is a study in reaction, not action. There isn't a single battle scene in it. Wyler worked as many laughs as possible into the film, and all votes for the funniest scene went to the one in which Walter Pidgeon, exasperated by wifie Greer, rolls up a newspaper and whaps her one when and where she least expects it. Five or six takes were necessary to get just the effect Wyler wanted, and when it was finally completed, Miss Garson was unable to sit down for the rest of the day!

SWEATER GIRL

"Sweater Girl" isn't quite about what you think it's about; but, as one of the characters in this campus drama remarks, "Boy—what a student body!" "Sweater Girl" is primarily a murder mystery in a collegiate setting with a few side dishes of musical numbers and, of course—sweaters.

The student body at Whitmore College, like that at most Hollywood universities, never worries about exams. The only reading they ever do is in the telephone directory looking up the number of the nearest sorority; thesis and data, in their quaint vocabulary, are campus variations for this and that. But, naturally, they do work like mad preparing a musical show. Classes are the intervals between rehearsals.

Whitmore College, while strictly following the Hollywood party line on universities, has one little quirk all its own. It's students get murdered with a grisly and efficient regularity. The first to go is a campus imitation of Walter Winchell who gets his licking a poisoned envelope in answer to an admiring fan. The second is neatly strangled while strumming his guitar. A couple of other attempts are nipped in the bud. All in all, quite a place, this Whitmore College.

Suspects of this rampant skullduggery run the gamut from a beautiful sweater girl (perish the thought; of course, she isn't guilty) to a campus idiot (not one of the students). A couple of professors who have the disquieting habit of taking unescorted walks while these murders are being done, manage to get implicated

also in this merry muddle. Not even the trustees are above suspicion.

Through the search and the chase, the musical continues to take shape. Life goes on at Whitmore College. Co-eds throw their cunning nooses at prospective husbands; a pair is found to be illegally married (according to college regulations, that is). A detective leafs morosely through the campus diaries. Nobody goes to classes.

But for all that, "Sweater Girl" is a cunning blend of jitters, both of the spine tingling and bug varieties. And while the mystery doesn't quite play fair, it's clever enough and has its moments. Romance is rampant all over the place, and young love, in any case, always has a certain amount of charm. The curtain never really does come up on the musical, but you peek in at enough rehearsals to get the idea. "Sweater Girl" aims at throwing in a little of everything so you're almost bound to find something you like. At odd moments there are always the sweaters to catch your eye.

Such attractive sweaters as June Preisser and Betty Jane Rhodes are involved. On the male side, Eddie Bracken, Philip Terry, Bill Henry and Nils Asther handle their collegiate assignments with fine bounce. One little thing may disturb you. The students talk a language quite their own at points and there's no glossary provided. Your reviewer managed to catch the sense of most of them, but will some collegian write in with definitions of potlatch and schmeerkaas?

Potlatch? Schmeerkaas?

Murder!—*Par.*

P. S.

Before the switch to "Sweater Girl," this one was gaily titled "Sing a Song of Homicide" . . . Eddie Bracken is wearying of being compared to every actor in the business. After his first role, he was hailed as a young Spencer Tracy. Next critics pegged him as a ditto Harold Lloyd, Harry Langdon, W. C. Fields. After the preview of this particular pic, pals swarmed around to tell him he reminded them of Eddie Cantor! . . . Five-foot-four, 118-pound Betty Jane Rhodes is a "blizzard head." Lights cause a halo about her blonde locks, and the juicers have to be careful with the kliegs . . . Betty's a pioneer of television, starting three years ago on W6XAO, only television station in the West . . . June Preisser wears a sweater only once, but one of the musical numbers has sixteen (16) co-eds strutting back and forth in wispy wool waists while Bracken sings "While the Sweater Girls Parade Around the Campus." An equal number of college boys (courtesy of Central Casting) also march around dur-

(Continued on page 100)

Enchant Him with New Beauty! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

***This lovely bride** is Mrs. Angus G. Wynne, Jr., of Dallas, Texas, who says: "My complexion has a new lease on loveliness since I went on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"*

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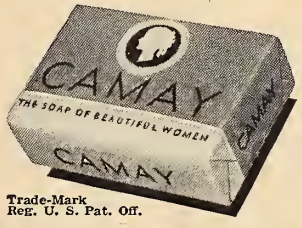

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VICTORY

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating
A Gentleman After Dark (United Artists)	2½★
Adventures of Martin Eden (Columbia)	2½★
All That Money Can Buy (RKO)	3½★
All Through the Night (Warners)	3½★
Always in My Heart (Warners)	C 3★
Arizona Cyclone (Universal)	2½★
Babes on Broadway (M-G-M)	4★
Bahama Passage (Paramount)	3★
Boll of Fire (RKO)	3½★
Bedtime Story (Columbia)	3★
Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Below the Border (Monogram)	2½★
Birth of the Blues (Paramount)	3★
Black Dragons (Monogram)	2★
Blonde from Singapore, The (Columbia)	2★
Blondie Goes to College (Columbia)	2½★
Blue, White and Perfect (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Blues in the Night (Warners)	3★
Body Disappears, The (Warners)	2★
Bombay Clipper (Universal)	2½★
Born to Sing (M-G-M)	3★
Borrowed Hero (Monogram)	2★
Bullet Scars (Warners)	2★
Burma Convoy (Universal)	2½★
Buy Me That Town (Paramount)	3★
Cadet Girl (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Call Out the Marines (RKO)	2★
Canal Zone (RKO)	2½★
Captains of the Clouds (Warners)	3★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Chocolate Soldier, The (M-G-M)	3★
Close Call For Ellery Queen (Columbia)	2½★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia)	2½★
Confirm or Deny (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Corsican Brothers, The (United Artists)	3★
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The (M-G-M)	3★
Dangerously They Live (Warners)	3★
Design for Scandal (M-G-M)	3★
Devil Pays Off, The (Republic)	2½★
Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M)	2½★
Dumbo (RKO)	C 3½★
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbia)	2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO)	2½★
Feminine Touch, The (M-G-M)	3★
Fingers at the Window (M-G-M)	2½★
Fleet's In, The (Paramount)	3★
Flying Cadets (Universal)	2★
Forbidden Trails (Monogram)	2★
Forgotten Village, The	3½★
Frisco Lil (Universal)	2½★
Gay Falcon, The (RKO)	2½★
Gentleman at Heart, A (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Go West Young Lady (Columbia)	2★
Ghost of Frankenstein, The (Universal)	2½★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists)	4★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Hayfoot (United Artists)	2★
Hellzapoppin' (Universal)	3½★
Henry Aldrich for President (Paramount)	C 3★
H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M)	3★
Honky Tonk (M-G-M)	3★
Honolulu Lu (Columbia)	2½★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)	4★
I Killed That Man (Monogram)	2½★
I Wake Up Screaming (20th Century-Fox)	3★
International Squadron (Warners)	3½★
Invaders, The (Columbia)	3½★
Jesse James at Bay (Republic)	2½★
Joan of Paris (RKO)	3½★
Joe Smith, American (M-G-M)	2½★
Johnny Eager (M-G-M)	3½★
Juke Box Jenny (Universal)	2½★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists)	C 4★
Kathleen (M-G-M)	C 3★
Keep 'Em Flying (Universal)	3★
Kid From Kansas (Universal)	2★
Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M)	3★
Kings Row (Warners)	3★
Lady For a Night (Republic)	2½★
Lady Has Plans, The (Paramount)	3★
Lady is Willing, The (Columbia)	2½★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners)	2½★
Law of the Tropics (Warners)	2½★
Look Who's Laughing (RKO)	2½★
Louisiana Purchase (Paramount)	3½★
Mad Doctor of Market Street, The (Universal)	2★
Male Animal, The (Warners)	3★
Maltese Falcon, The (Warners)	3½★
Man at Large (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Man From Headquarters (Monogram)	2★
Man Who Came to Dinner, The (Paramount)	4★
Man Who Returned to Life (Columbia)	2★
Man Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Married Bachelor (M-G-M)	3★
Marry The Boss's Daughter (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Masked Rider, The (Universal)	2½★
Men in Her Life, The (Columbia)	3★
Mercy Island (Republic)	2½★
Missouri Outlaw (Republic)	2½★
Mob Town (Universal)	2★
Moon Over Her Shoulder (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Moonlight in Hawaii (Universal)	2½★
Mr Bug Goes to Town (Paramount)	C 3★
Mr. and Mrs. North (M-G-M)	3★
Mr. District Attorney in the Carter Case (Republic)	2½★
Mister V (United Artists)	4★
Mr. Wise Guy (Monogram)	2★
Never Give A Sucker An Even Break (Universal)	3★
New York Town (Paramount)	2★
Night Before the Divorce (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Night of January 16 (Paramount)	3★
No Hands on the Clock (Paramount)	2½★
North of the Klondike (Universal)	2½★
Obliging Young Lady (RKO)	2½★
One Foot in Heaven (Warners)	3½★
Pacific Blackout (Paramount)	2★
Pardon My Stripes (Republic)	2★
Paris Calling (Universal)	3★
Playmates (RKO)	3★
Public Enemies (Republic)	2★
Quiet Wedding (Universal)	3½★
Reap The Wild Wind (Paramount)	3★
Red River Valley (Republic)	2½★
Remarkable Andrew, The (Paramount)	3★
Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal)	3★
Riders of the Badlands (Columbia)	2★
Riders of the Purple Sage (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Riders of the Timberline (Paramount)	2★
Rings on Her Fingers (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Roxie Hart (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Royal Mounted Patrol, The (Columbia)	2½★
Secrets of the Lone Wolf (Columbia)	2½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M)	2½★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists)	3½★
Sing for Your Supper (Columbia)	2★
Skylark (Paramount)	3★
Smilin' Through (M-G-M)	3★
Son of Fury (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Song of the Islands (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
South of Santa Fe (Republic)	2★
South of Tahiti (Universal)	2★
Steel Against the Sky (Warners)	2★
Stick to Your Guns (Mono.)	2★
Stork Pays Off, The (Columbia)	2½★
Sullivan's Travels (Paramount)	4★
Sundown (United Artists)	2½★
Suspicion (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M)	2½★
Texas (Columbia)	3½★
They Died With Their Boots On (Warners)	3½★
Three Girls About Town (Columbia)	2½★
To Be or Not to Be (United Artists)	3★
Tonto Basin Outlaws (Monogram)	2★
Tragedy at Midnight (Republic)	2½★
Treat 'Em Rough (Universal)	2½★
Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO)	3★
Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M)	3½★
Two Yanks In Trinidad (Columbia)	2½★
Unholy Partners (M-G-M)	2½★
Valley of the Sun (RKO)	3★
Weekend in Havana (20th Century-Fox)	3★
West of Cimarron (Republic)	2½★
What's Cookin' (Universal)	3★
Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia)	3★
Wild Bill Hickok Rides (Warners)	3★
Wolf Man, The (Universal)	2½★
Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M)	4★
Yank in the R. A. F. (20th Century-Fox)	3★
You Belong to Me (Columbia)	3★
You're in The Army Now (Warners)	2★

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Its SPECIAL INGREDIENT Resists Ugly "Fraying" and "Peeling"—Resists Water

Are your hands flying through many extra duties? Get DURA-GLOSS Nail Polish right away. Protect your fingernails—all ten of 'em. Keep 'em pretty! DURA-GLOSS is unusual because of its swell special ingredient*—*stays on* your nails, *holds* its coat of protection without "fraying" and "peeling." Don't neglect your nails—keep 'em healthy, strong and brightly shining!

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3 new colors for summer— Blackberry Wineberry Mulberry

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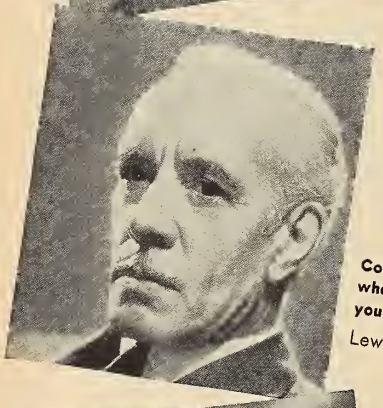
4 STAR SUGGESTIONS

Patriotic pointers for you from the Screen's best-loved family, the Hardys!

★ **Plant a Victory Garden**
Mickey Rooney



★ **Conserve what you grow**
Lewis Stone

★ **Learn about home canning**
Cecilia Parker

★ **Take pride in your products**
Fay Halden

By MARJORIE DEEN

PRESENT them collectively on the screen, and you have the amusing, homey, universally loved Hardy Family. Speak to them individually on the set, and you find each one of them as typically American in thought and deed as the characters they so delightfully portray. Which is the same as saying that right now they are intent on doing everything in their power to further our national war efforts. Fay Holden, for example, was starting a campaign to get everyone she knows to go in for Victory Gardens and home canning. Her very first convert was Cecilia Parker who vowed she would learn, as Fay advocated, how you go about it *the right way.*

Certainly where it comes to home canning, far too many of us are still in the dark and should, therefore, like Cecilia seek further information on the subject. Not next month, mind you, but NOW!

VALUES . . . AND VITAMINS: Victory Garden enthusiasts will rightly point out to you that home-grown fruits and vegetables are most ideal for canning purposes since they are strictly fresh and may be canned within a short time after being gathered. This assures less waste, higher vitamin content and the garden-fresh flavor everybody loves. However, home canning is by no means limited to home-grown foods, for those bought at the market are quite as desirable when carefully chosen. Even with purchased fruits and vegetables, if the homemaker watches for the peak season for a product—when it is most plentiful, therefore least expensive—the savings effected by canning at home are tremendous!

THE SUGAR SITUATION: Latest Government reports indicate that there will be extra amounts of sugar allowed us for home canning purposes, based upon the number of people in the family. However, should there be a drastic sugar shortage, affecting even the recommended home canning of fruits, then you can turn to two substitutes (provided, of course, that these are available in sufficient quantity to meet the suddenly stepped-up demands for them). White corn syrup may be used in proportions of 1½ cups corn syrup to each cup of sugar called for in the recipe, or honey, measured like sugar, cup for cup. Many home canners prefer using half sugar, half substitute, worked out in the proper proportions, of course.

It should be pointed out that neither sugar nor a sugar substitute is essential to the canning of ordinary fruits, since they can be successfully canned in pure water alone. They're not as palatable that way, it's true. But then, at the time the unsweetened fruit is to be served, you may add some sugar from your regular weekly ration.

Also, if sufficient sugar is not available during the season when fruits for

Courtesy Kerr Glass Mfg. Corporation

Put 'em up! We will need more home canned vegetables and fruits. "It is our job NOW to prepare to meet these demands," says the Secretary of Agriculture.

jelly-making are at their prime, then simply put up and store away the unsweetened fruit juices, *carefully*. Sealed in air tight jars these juices will keep perfectly. When the time comes that you actually have some extra sugar on hand you can make up small amounts of jelly at a time. It will be a better product turned out in smaller batches, anyway!

SUPPLIES . . . AND DEMAND: "And what about glass jars, caps and lids?" you may well ask. It seems that even last year there was an unprecedented demand for such things. As a result, dealers everywhere began ordering their 1942 canning supplies far in advance of previous years and manufacturing plants started operating on a twenty-four-hour-a-day basis to fill these orders. Therefore it is fairly certain that you will still find supplies on your dealer's shelves. But don't delay in stocking up. No, this won't be regarded as "hoarding"—provided, of course, that you do not make purchases in excess of your actual canning needs. The important thing is to cooperate with our government in their urgent plea not to allow *any* food to go to waste this summer. So be prepared, well in advance, to go to work on each type of fruit and vegetable as it comes in season.

From present indications the availability of rubber rings and zinc caps for home canning is in considerable doubt. However there is one type of glass jar and closure on the market that uses neither, since an *airtight* seal is accomplished by means of a special sealing composition which is flowed in under the lid. During processing the lid is held in place by a special screw band—which can be used over and over, year after year, if given proper care. Another fine feature is that one of these two-piece mason jar caps will fit *any* mason jar, regardless of make. So, by purchasing these two-piece tops alone, you can "modernize" and continue to use the glass jars you already have.

RULES AND REGULATIONS: Guesswork is out where home canning is concerned since mistakes are costly and waste is unpatriotic. Don't follow part of the instructions of one jar manufacturer, use a recipe provided by your next-door neighbor (with a couple of important steps left out, chances are!) and further increase the chances of failure by cheerily disregarding the need for following an accurate timetable. Instead use recipes, directions and time requirements given by the manufacturer of the jars and closures you intend using—to assure the desired, *perfect*, results!

SPECIAL OFFER

We are pleased to be able to offer you—ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT COST—a splendid 23-page illustrated booklet called THE MODERN HOMEMAKER. This will give you the information you need for easy, successful canning and processing. It contains pointers for your Victory Garden, a Canning Budget, a "fight talk" on "The Big Four in your canning program, peas, beans, corn and tomatoes," plus recipes that enable you to assure garden fresh goodness for the fruits and vegetables you put up this year at home. Fill in and mail this coupon, and we'll send your copy, post haste, in time to help you to cooperate in *Canning Foods for Victory*.

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send free booklet on Modern Methods of Canning and Processing.

Name .....

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(This offer expires November 1, 1942)

EVELYN KEYES
in "He's My Old Man"
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

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Tru-Color Lipstick

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HERE are lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds... exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick... created in original lifelike shades of red based on a new, patented*color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood.*

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MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Make-Up"* ..... FREE. 24-7-72

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STREET_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
	Dark ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

YOUR GOVERNMENT SAYS

EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

This is the first of a series of important messages to American home makers. By following the simple rules of good nutrition, your joy in eating should increase and the health of your family should improve.

In answer to the question, "What's the difference between eating properly and just eating?" a dietitian friend of mine answered, "It's simply the mighty big difference between feeling full of bounce and energy and feeling full of food."

Each month I shall tell you more about the importance to you and your families of the food groups mentioned in the list below.

Helen S. Mitchell

Principal Nutritionist,
Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services

Every day, eat this way

MILK and MILK PRODUCTS

. . . at least a pint for everyone—more for children—or cheese or evaporated or dried milk.

ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT

. . . or raw cabbage or salad greens—at least one of these.

GREEN or YELLOW VEGETABLES

. . . one big helping or more—some raw, some cooked.

OTHER VEGETABLES, FRUIT

. . . potatoes, other vegetables or fruits in season.

BREAD and CEREAL

. . . whole grain products or enriched white bread and flour.

MEAT, POULTRY or FISH

. . . dried beans, peas or nuts occasionally.

EGGS

. . . at least 3 or 4 a week, cooked any way you choose—or in "made" dishes.

BUTTER and OTHER SPREADS

. . . vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads.

Then eat other foods you also like

OFFICE OF DEFENSE HEALTH AND WELFARE SERVICES
Washington, D. C.

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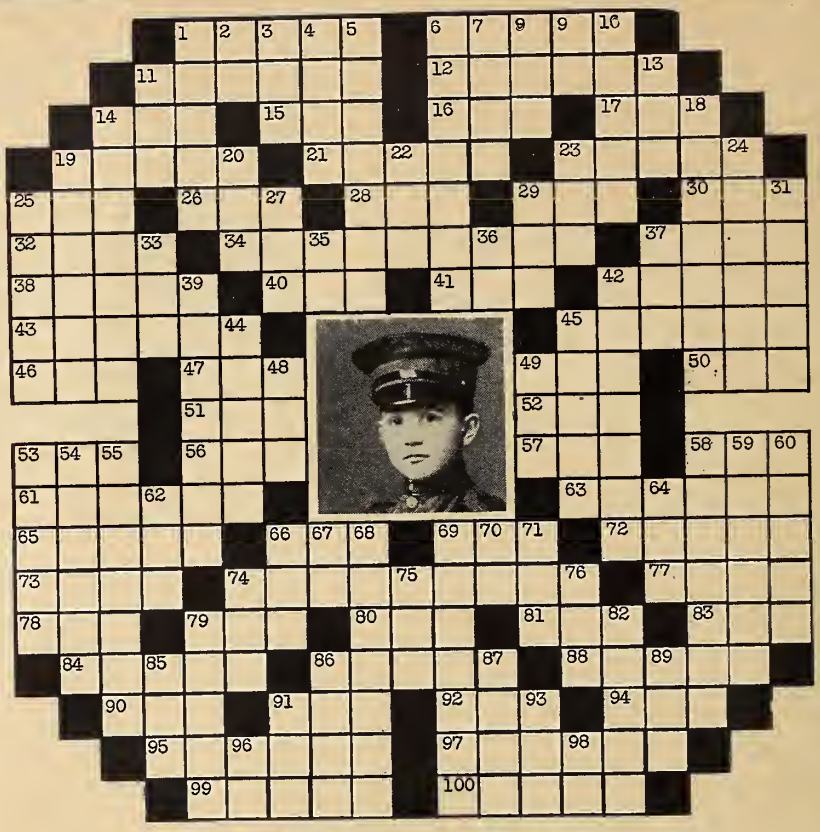
OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 104

ACROSS

1. "Mrs. Miniver"
6. With our star in "Weekend in Havana"
11. Fonda's wife in "The Male Animal"
12. Writer in "The Invaders"
14. Tot in "Birth of the Blues"
15. Elizabeth B - - - ner
16. Serpent
17. Wife of Joel McCrea
19. The bazooka expert
21. Gal in "My Favorite Spy"
23. Our star's agent in "Sun Valley Serenade"
25. Movie light
26. Dead pan comic
28. Ventilate
29. Principal interest of newsreels
30. William Pow - - -
32. Gloria Jean's stand-in
34. Grand character actor
37. An Abbott-Costello movie setting
38. Wasted time
40. "Susan and - - -"
41. Wrath
42. Ace film director
43. Hero of "I Married an Angel"
45. Brought to life again
46. H - - - n Parrish
47. "The Wolf Man"
49. Mr. Hunter
50. Cereal grain
51. Gilbert R - - - nd
52. What we hate in theaters
53. Lead in "Louisiana Purchase"
56. Hero in "Reap the Wild Wind"
57. J - - - t Blair
58. Manuscripts: abbr.
61. Popular Irish actor
63. Layers
65. Andrea - - - - -
66. A Merry Mac in "Melody Lane"
69. A successful film
72. Mohammedan Paradise nymph
73. Sea eagle
74. Beauty in "My Favorite Blonde"
77. Small bird
78. What Mickey Rooney is to Joe Yule
79. Swiss river
80. Movie enthusiast
81. Fred Astaire's dance
83. Superlative ending
84. Gal in 2 Down
86. Mr. Colonna
88. "Shots" of films
90. Trap
91. Eternity
92. Dawn goddess
94. Japanese coin
95. Tree limbs
97. Tropical lizard
99. River in France
100. What "The Sally" in "My Gal Sal" is

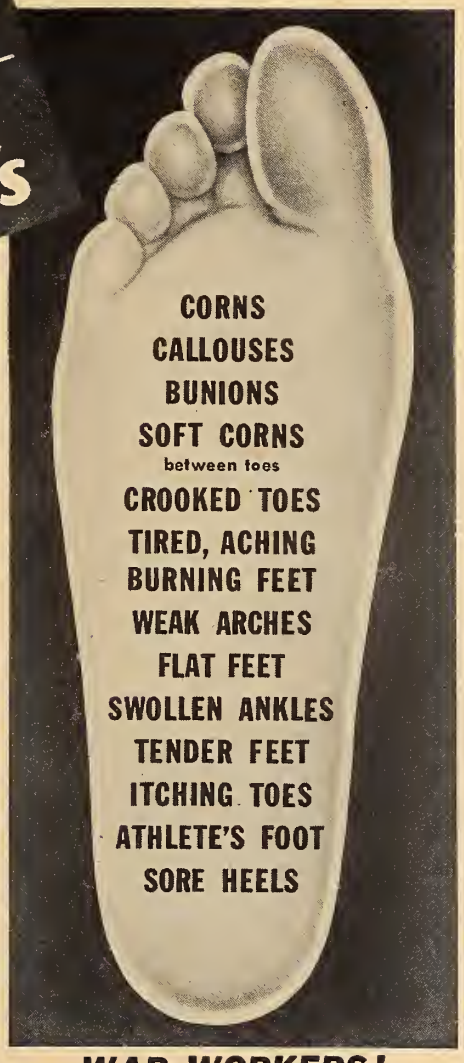
DOWN

1. Star of "Adventures of Martin Eden"
2. "To The Shores of T - - poli"
3. Gal in "An Obliging Young Lady"
4. Errol Flynn's homeland
5. Comic in "Born To Sing"
6. Dialect comedian
7. Lupe's co-star in "Mexican Spitfire" Series
8. A Miranda, not Carmen
9. Beloved star in "To Be Or Not To Be": init.
10. Large sea duck
11. Above: Poet.
13. Wallace B - - - y
14. She's in "Look Who's Laughing"
18. Dancer in "Sbip Ahoy"
19. Joan Leslie's real name
20. What wardrobe women do
22. Fifty-two
23. Prohibit
24. Character in "Shepherd of the Ozarks"
25. Featured in "The Lady Is Willing"
27. Spade up
29. Tiny
31. - - - - - Overman
33. "Woman Cha - - - Man"
35. Our star's birthplace: Roa - - ke, Va.
36. "Roxie Hart": init.
37. Seize
39. Mother in "The Magnificent Ambersons"
42. Juvenile: - - - - - - - Howell
44. Lead in "Buy Me That Town"
45. Veteran in 64 Down
48. Skin - - - Ennis
49. Heroine of 62-Down
53. Singer in "Road To Happiness"
54. "Lydia"
55. Popular supporting actor
58. With our star in 2 Down
59. Emphasize
60. Character George Sanders plays
62. "Moont - - -"
64. "Kings - - -"
66. Holden's role in "The Fleet's In"
67. A sports commentator
68. What we buy bonds for
69. Hero of "Joan of Paris"
70. Two
71. Explosive
74. Screen's "grand old lady"
75. - - - aine Day
76. Consume
79. Male film player
82. Who is the actor pictured?
85. Bird's bill
86. First name of 82 down
87. System of esthetic philosophy
89. New Zealand parrot
91. Self
93. Planet
96. Exclamation
98. Ilona's husband: init.

FEET HURT ?

FOR QUICK RELIEF AT VERY SMALL COST— ALWAYS BUY

Dr Scholl's



RELIEF-PROTECTION
Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, velvety-soft foot plaster, relieves shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots. Can be cut to any size or shape.

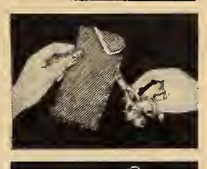
CORNS, CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Liquid Corn and Callous Remedy. 2 drops relieve pain quickly; soon loosen and remove hard or soft corns and callouses. Dries quickly.

CUSHIONS ARCH
Dr. Scholl's Met Arch Insole, all-leather, featherweight. Elevates Metatarsal Arch; relieves arch strain, callouses. Fits in any shoe. Comforting, restful, cushioning.

REMOVES CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Corn Solve quickly relieves pain and soon loosens old, hard corns for easy removal. Dependable, economical. Easy to apply.

REMOVE CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Fixo Corn Plasters quickly relieve pain and remove corns. Stop nagging shoe pressure. Easy to apply, stay in place. Waterproof.

PROTECTS PAINFUL FEET
Dr. Scholl's Moleskin, soft cushioning padding for relieving shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions on the feet. Cut it to any size or shape.



SORE, TENDER HEELS
Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushions give sore, tender heels a soft bed to rest upon. Made of sponge rubber, covered with leather. Easily applied.

CORNS, BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Felt Pads in sizes for corns and bunions, instantly relieve pain by stopping shoe pressure on sore spot. Easy to apply.

WAR WORKERS!

Uncle Sam needs more work from all of us to help win the war. Keeping your feet fit is important. If they hurt, by all means go to your dealer THIS WEEK and get the Dr. Scholl Relief you need to put you right back on your feet again. It pays in many ways!

TENDER, HOT FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves tender, hot, tired, chafed and perspiring feet. Very soothing, comforting. Eases new or tight shoes.

ACHING, TIRED FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet caused by exertion and fatigue. Soothes, refreshes feet. Liquid (Vanishing) or Ointment.

WHEN YOUR FEET HURT YOU HURT ALL OVER!

Don't suffer! Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, internationally known foot authority, has formulated a Remedy, Appliance or Arch Support for the relief of almost every foot trouble.

Go to your Drug, Shoe, Department or 10¢ Store this week for the Dr. Scholl Relief to make you foot-happy. The cost is small.

CORNS—SORE TOES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pods quickly relieve pain and gently remove corns; lift shoe pressure; soothing, cushioning, protective. Prevent corns, sore toes and blisters.

CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pods, special size for callouses, relieve pain, soothe, cushion, ease pressure on sensitive spot; quickly loosen and remove callouses on soles.

BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pods, special size for bunions, relieve tender and enlarged joints; lift shoe pressure on the sensitive spot; soothe, cushion, protect it.

CLEANSES FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Soap (granular), loosens secretions of the skin; thoroughly cleanses skin pores; stimulates normal circulation; aids in promoting foot health.

PROTECTS STOCKING
Stocking Heel Protector firmly but comfortably grips the heel, saves wear of stocking at the heel, prevents blisters and slipping at heel. Washable.

FOOT LOTION
Dr. Scholl's Foot Lotion—a refreshing, stimulating application for relieving tired, burning, tender feet. Excellent for daily use as hand lotion. Dries quickly.

RELIEVES SORE FEET
Dr. Scholl's Bath Salts relieve, soothe, refresh tired, aching feet. Excellent for softening the water for shaving, shampooing and all toilet purposes.

CROOKED HEELS
Dr. Scholl's Wolk-Strates prevent crooked heels, keep shoes shapely. Cushion heel. Save on repairs. Easily attached in shoe. For men and women.

Dr Scholl's FOOT COMFORT* WEEK

June 20th to 27th

*TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF

FREE OFFER: Mail coupon today (*or paste on penny post card*) to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill., for Dr. Scholl's booklet, "The Feet and Their Care" and sample of New *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads. ☐ Corns, ☐ Callouses, ☐ Bunions, ☐ Soft Corns between toes. (*Please check size wanted.*)

Name .....

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Co-ed

Make your summer vacation pay dividends—financially, romantically! You name it, we've got it!

BY JEAN KINKEAD

LAST year all you had to show for your gorgeous three months' vacation was a sunburn and a tired tennis racket. This year why not really accomplish something? Earn the money for your fall clothes, say, or for part of college; see a bit of the surrounding country; do something definite for "our boys"; chalk up a new conquest or two. Anything can happen in twelve weeks, chums—so name your objective, and bing, you've got it!

Filthy lucre: There are a dozen ways to get rich quick—well, relatively—right in your very own town. F'rinstance, why not get five or six gals together and call yourselves Service, Inc. Your services will include practically everything from boarding gold fish and plants for people who are going away, to darning socks and sewing on buttons for stuck-at-home summer bachelors. You'll walk dogs and wash them; you'll mind children; you'll mow lawns and weed gardens. In fact, for an honest nickel there's just about nothing you won't do. Write yourselves a clever ad, including your rates and phone number, take it to the local newspaper office, and they'll run off a couple of hundred copies for you for almost nothing. Then you whip from likely doorstep to likely doorstep distributing them. After that let nature take its course, and we guarantee more jobs than you can handle.

Another suggestion—Try to sell the editor of your town newspaper on a column devoted to news of local draftees. Contract to do one every week or every two weeks at $10 per. Then proceed to ferret out items like mad. Pump parents, employ spies, build up your correspondence with home-town chaps in the service. Bet you'll up the paper's circulation, and who knows you might be kept on the payroll permanently under classification "indispensable"!

What with everyone vegetables-for-victory-minded, here's a thought. Plant a garden and supply your neighbors with fresh vegetables all summer long. Put in some good-sized tomato plants, radishes, string beans, carrots and beets, weed and water 'em faithfully—and you'll be a vitamin-vendor like crazy by the middle of July.

If it isn't just odd jobs and pin-money you're after, but a career and a fat check every two weeks, try for a defense job. Write or go in person to the defense factory nearest you. State your qualifications, such as typing, filing, etc. If you can't do a thing, tell them frankly, but say you're very anxious to learn. They're taking inexperienced people by the dozen and paying them a minimum wage of fifty cents an hour. Your state employment bureau will put you in touch with other jobs, and it won't charge the usual fee of a week's salary. In writing to the bureau, state your age, education, qualifications, past experience (even if it's as meager as typing manuscripts or private secretarying for your father). If you live in a city, your best bet is to apply directly to the personnel department of the company or store where you'd like to work.

Remember that first impression is terrifically important. No red nail polish, burlesque queen make-up or femme fatale outfit. Wear a trim suit or a simple dress—immaculately clean and pressed. Sober up your hair, look out for ornery stocking seams—and wear a hat! Tell the person interviewing you exactly what you can do or what you'd like to learn, but don't jabber. Don't smoke, don't jitter your hands or feet and don't eye the papers on the interviewer's desk. Vital point: When the session appears finished, don't linger. Smile, thank the person for giving you so much of his time and bow out. (*Continued on page 76*)

Now - Such a thrilling difference in your hair
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

Cool as a Cucumber . . . *and the "last word" in smart summer hair-dos! Your beauty salon will know how to do it! Hair shampooed with improved Special Drene.*

Amazing results due to hair conditioner now in wonderful, new improved Special Drene Shampoo! Leaves hair lovelier, far easier to arrange!

The minute you look in your mirror you'll see the difference . . . after your first shampoo with new, improved Special Drene! You'll be amazed at how much silkier and smoother your hair looks and feels . . . because of that wonderful hair conditioner now in Special Drene. And you'll be delighted, too, when you discover how much better your hair behaves, right after shampooing!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers." *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre* than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Procter & Gamble

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother right after shampooing!

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

Ah-h-h-h!... JEAN GABIN

...More than a glamour-boy! *...More than a muscle-man!* *...More than a cave man!*

AND... he can do more with one glance than most stars can with ten pages of script!

JEAN GABIN

... star of "Grand Illusion" in his first American motion picture... and

IDA LUPINO

in

MOONTIDE

with

THOMAS MITCHELL • CLAUDE RAINS

and JEROME COWAN • HELENE REYNOLDS

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO • Produced by MARK HELLINGER • Screen Play by John O'Hara

A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

COMING!

TYRONE POWER • JOAN FONTAINE *in*

"This Above All"

By ERIC KNIGHT

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

Charles Boyer's interest in Rita Hayworth is the opening gun that fires T.C.F.'s "Tales of Manhattan" into the starlit sky, and we mean *starlit!* Because when names like Boyer, Hayworth, Fonda, Laughton, Romero, Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson, George Sanders, Paul Robeson, Ethel Waters, "Rochester," Roland Young and a raft of others all line up in one picture—ladeez and gentlemen, that is star lighting! Almost blinding! Took ten of Hollywood's best writers to do the story up brown, four costume creators and who knows how many nerve specialists to turn out this O. Henry-type opus in smooth fashion, swift pace and with complete harmony among the assembled celebrities. Promises to be the talk of the year!

Henry Fonda would rather you called him Hank! He's that kind of a guy . . . would trade a gala Hollywood premiere any night in the week for a brisk game of poker and beer in the backroom. No fuss or furbelow about Hank! When wife Frances Brokaw had a son in '40, he flew around the studio shouting, "Boy, I got a fullback!" pleased as Punch! Hates make-up like poison and has to be practically strait-jacketed before they can do him up for the lenses. Six feet two inches, 170 pounds of solid brawn, he takes an icy shower every a.m. of his life. Fusses and fumes from 5 to 10 pounds off during every picture, even tho' they're all gold-starrers (but none so golden as his new T.C.F.'s "The Magnificent Dope").

Ginger Rogers is making her debut as the all-'roundest girl around. She used to be known as her own toughest slave driver, but with her newly acquired Oregon ranch and long trail of loyal hearts—Jean Gabin the most persistent—it looks like she's fast learning how to make merry as well. In season she'll ride with the hounds, having spent over two hundred smackeroos on hunting and hiking boots when she came spreeing to New York recently. That was just before starting on her T.C.F. "Tales of Manhattan" role. Ginger's one lass who's not interested in cutting out calories—unstintingly "giving her all" to Hollywood, it's taken her six years to climb back to the 115 pounds she netted when she made her first picture!

Ernest A. Bachrach

James Craig puts a big NIX on all glamour-boy labels, preferring the easier "out" of being just James Craig. Comfortable only when he's acting natural, Jim shies away from night clubbery, concentrates on home, pipe, fireside. He's happily married, in fact has a Junior James, age three. But get him to talk about the little missus? Not a chance! She's strictly his own. So's the star role in RKO's "Valley of the Sun." In 1912 Jim was born James H. Meador, but ditched the family name because it sounded like a bad Spanish word. He's never broken the ties with his old Tennessee home—practically melts at the mere thought of southern fried chicken and hot biscuits! Dubbed his Boston Bull pup, Killer"!

Irene Dunne has an "edge" on the rest of the girls because she refuses to go gaga over glamour! Just a simple gal with a gorgeousness rated at $500,000 per film. Her southern accent that you never noticed dissolved after she left home burg, Louisville, Ky., when she was six. She and her mom gallumphed around the Middle West a bit until one day Irene found herself first prize winner in a doughnut-making contest at an Indiana county fair. That settled it! Off she trouped, and it's been a muggin' life for her ever since—opera, tragedy comedy, come what may, the Dunne dame does it. Her Universal latest, "Lady In A Jam," shows you what we mean. Irene made it in between Ambulance Corps duties.

Pat Dane was sporting long curls when she took her first nibble at dramatics! Born Patricia Byrnes, in Jacksonville, Fla., she heroined in weekly plays in her folks' garage, amassed enough two-bit admissions to buy a shiny red and chrome bike . . . went on to deck out her dollhouse with a piano! After briefly co-eding at the U. of Ala., she made a dent in Gotham designing and modeling circles. Airlined to the West Coast for a holiday and landed plumb in the heart of Hollywood. Solos in a fabulous Sunset Blvd. apartment, religiously snoozes 8 hours per p.m., never rests from dawn to dusk—what with emoting in M-G-M's "Grand Central Murder," designing her own togs and poetry-penning to keep her busy!

Dynamite with a girl or a gun!
ALAN LADD... the new screen thunderbolt!
Veronica Lake
Robert Preston
in
"THIS GUN FOR HIRE"
A Paramount Picture with
LAIRD CREGAR · ALAN LADD
Directed by FRANK TUTTLE
Screen Play by Albert Maltz and W. R. Burnett
Based on the Novel by Graham Greene

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Deanna and Vaughn Paul "never interfere with each other's careers. We'd never have a happy marriage if we did that!" Last April 18th they chalked aff happy anniversary number ane.

By IDA ZEITLIN

Smart girl!

Marriage may be a private affair to some people—but Deanna Durbin's is public property from here on!

There was general rejoicing when Deanna and her studio kissed and made up. Deanna was happy without reservation. Universal's happiness was shot through by a nostalgic pang. In effect they were saying: "The child is gone, long live the woman." While putting plenty of fervor into the second phrase, they couldn't keep a dash of rue out of the first.

Deanna's twenty. She's been married for over a year. Her being grown up should be taken for granted, but the heart doesn't always accept what the head knows. Since they captivated us six years ago, we've all felt a peculiar tenderness for Deanna and her dewy youth. We'd all like to hang on to the peachbloom of spring as long as possible.

The studio felt the same way, and not only because the peachbloom had made money for them. Penny, they continued to call her, after the girl in her first picture—or Shnoops or Candy or Charley or Punky or anything appropriate to a kid you love. Answering amiably to all these names, she still insisted on growing up.

That's where the rub came. Not over money, as both Deanna and the studio will testify. "You know how it is with parents?" she explains. "How they feel they still have a child when they haven't, till the child revolts and then something's done about it? They'd had me at the studio since I was a little girl, and I still seemed a little girl to them. You don't consult children. You decide what's good for them and do it. With grown-ups, you ask (*Continued on following page*)

Knitting for the Red Cross, Deanna's last sweater took her three months to complete because she was working under a hectic schedule at the time.

Universal's wedding gift to the Pauls was this fine organ which holds the center of attention in the playroom.

what they think, and if they think it's okay, *then* you do it. There's a little difference there. We didn't see eye to eye about that difference, and now we do. It's not that I intend to go poking my nose where it doesn't belong. They wouldn't put up with that, and I wouldn't try it. I just wanted to be consulted, talked to. What I really wanted, I guess, was for them to realize that I'd grown up."

As a child, Deanna was shy, and the studio protected her shyness, giving rise to a Durbin legend in Hollywood. You came to think of her as remote, withdrawn, hedged in like the sleeping beauty, a flower too delicate for contact with this rude world. And since Hollywood nurtures more cynics than poets in her breast, this in turn created another legend—that Deanna was prickly, difficult, hostile to strangers, resentful of public interest,- a kind of baby Garbo.

Five minutes with her explodes the myth. She's a poised, lovely young woman who talks with ease, humor and refreshing good sense. You get no feeling of orchids from her. If there's anything rare and remarkable about her, she doesn't know it. She's friendly, frank and matter-of-fact. Yes, she used to be self-conscious, both about her acting and with people. When, for instance, she'd have to come twirling into a scene deliriously gay, or sit down before a mirror and stick her tongue out at herself, she'd be petrified with embarrassment. All she could think was how silly she looked. Now she's learned to let herself go. She knows that the more freely she throws herself into a scene, the less silly she's likely to look. It's just part of acting. As for people, you meet so many in the movies that you're bound to lose your shyness in the end. That's part of the process of growing up.

After her tour of Army camps, Deanna's letter-answering problem become acute. She said the soldiers treated her like a grownup.

Now that Deanna and Universal are all smiles, she's doing "The Divine Young Lady," Jean Renoir directing. It's about a newsgal.

The state of being grown up suits Deanna fine. She for one casts no lingering glances backward. Nor wondering glances ahead. Like millions of others in a world at war, she clings to the moment. Vaughn has just been called to the Navy for active duty. Living with him in the house they built together is ended for now.

They bought the lot a year before they were married, after a six months' hunt. Sunday after Sunday they'd drive around, beautifully unanimous about what they wanted—something fairly large on a hill with a view. Vaughn spied it first—an acre of perfection in Brentwood Heights—high but fairly level—between a canyon and the blue Pacific. They phoned and found it cost more than they'd planned to spend. Maybe they'd better not—but it was so heavenly—but shouldn't they stick to their budget?—well, anyhow, let's think it over—but somebody else might grab it under our noses—oh, people don't grab up lots that quick—

Several Sundays later she was on the Screen Guild program. Vaughn called her at the studio just before her broadcast. "Sing well," he said, "because I've got something wonderful to tell you." She sang well, but thought her own thoughts about people who left you dangling in mid air. At home he was waiting, waved her into the car, lectured her on the virtues of patience, drove her out to the lot and said: "It's ours."

Deonno can moke teo ond bail o poir of eggs, but hubby Voughn's 6 feet, 185 paunds need on expert coak ta keep him up to por.

On an acre-ond-a-quarter, Deanno and Vaughn built their home that overlaoks the city an one side, the acean an another.

They were married in April and, one lovely morning in May, stood hand in hand, thrilling to the sight of a monster machine as it started breaking ground for their home. By means of two dodges, they escaped the customary housebuilding headaches. First, they found a sympathetic architect, and second, they agreed on everything.

Both wanted a one-story English farmhouse, shakes and red brick outside, chintz and old beams and mellow comfort within—the kind of place that would look lived in from the start, so they needn't worry about watching where the ashes fell. (Their guests' ashes. Deanna doesn't smoke, chiefly because of her voice. Vaughn doesn't smoke, chiefly because he doesn't like to.) The driveway would be gravel instead of cement, bordered with flowers, to give it the look of a country road. Moss between the flagstones, grass round the pool, a few shade trees—planted before the house went up—because they wouldn't be able to get trees that size through the drive. And the pet idea they cooked up together—a refrigerator built cosily into Vaughn's dressing room, so they wouldn't have to trek clear out to the kitchen for a midnight snack.

They moved in just before Christmas. The place was a mess. Newspaper in the bathtubs, excelsior in the rugs, dust in the new dishes, confusion everywhere. But Deanna wouldn't have delegated that job for love or money. Dudi and Julius, their couple, weren't due for another few days, so she and Vaughn, with the help of a lady-by-the-day, spent four filthy, happy days scrubbing and sweeping, reducing chaos to order, taking time out to gloat over their treasures. The highboy, for instance. Deanna didn't think she wanted a highboy —most of them were so stiff—till her eye and heart were caught by this one with its adorable scalloped edge and tiny painted nosegay inside each scallop.

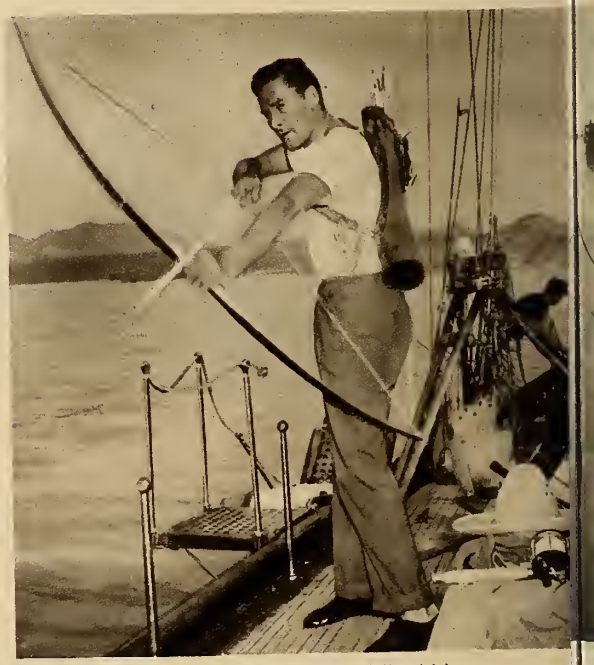
Then there was the dining room set, which they'd almost despaired of. Tables were all round or rectangular, and Deanna wanted an oval, because the dining room was sort of shaped that way. Busy by day, they did most of their shopping between eight and midnight. The watchman would let them in, and they'd wander round the silent store with the decorator, picking this and that. One night they spied the perfect dining room set, oval table and all, the last of its kind in the shop, sold to somebody else at six that evening. If you've ever furnished a home, you know how Deanna felt. Luck was with them, though. The line had been discontinued, but the manufacturer had one set left. That's the one they got. Deanna likes formal dining rooms, so that's the only room in the house which looks at all stiff. Even there, however, they didn't go too far.

They had breakfast in the distinctly informal playroom—its huge window overlooking garden and ocean —its drapes of red and beige matched by the cushions of the long window seat—its hooked rug woven in the same colors. They sit on two green chairs at a small table in front of the Dutch-tiled fireplace, under beams so old they have cracks in them and a rusty old nail sticking out every once in a while. They eat from breakfast dishes Deanna's mother picked up and gave them for Christmas, because they're (*Continued on page 73*)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE

He blows the lid off all formalities—this Flynn fellow.

Flynn recorded his entire hunting trip in three one-reel pictures.



Errol used a bomboo Jovelino bow to kill wild boor and big game fish alike. Powerful, pulls 100 lbs.

Hunting was good on Catolina Island when Errol nabbed this wild boar three years back. His pop, visiting from Ireland, agreed.

By JOHN FRANCHEY

Errol Flynn, Prince Charming on a celluloid sound track, is a man with his sights trained on the pursuit of pleasure. His marksmanship (which is no military secret) is deadly.

Flynn, himself, puts it like this:

"Yesterday was beautiful, today is lovely. . . ."

You will notice there is no mention of tomorrow.

Flynn is not to be confused with the genus playboy who lives for the moment, doesn't know what time it is, and has nothing to show for his pains but circles under his eyes and a basketful of unsavory press clippings. The Flynn pursuit of pleasure is down-to-earth, harmless and adult. Above all, it observes a healthy respect for the law of cause and effect which respect, nevertheless, has not prevented him from going a-cropper on occasions.

His passion is the unexpected, doling it out or receiving. He has planted ski poles in the beds of his house guests after they've gone to bed and has waited for hours for them to roll over onto the poles, jump up with a start, and cut loose with all the profanity at

Calls it "living the life"!

Errol's best friend was his Schnouzer. Smoll wonder moster cried when pup wos woshed overboord.

In 1938, U. S. Maritime Men declored Irish Errol's $25,000 yocht, "Sirocco," too heovy under olien ship-owning low, docked it ot Son Pedro. He's Citizen Flynn as of 1942.

their command. On the other hand, he has been roused from his own slumber to discover that he was sleeping with a 15-pound mackerel and has laughed louder than the retaliating prankster.

The acme of the unexpected is, of course, adventure. The personification of adventure is Errol Flynn. These troublous times, what with submarines a-prowl in the seven seas, are, naturally, a bit confining to Hollywood's ablest mariner. Eighteen months ago he offered his sailing vessel, the illustrious "Sirocco," to the government. Since then he has been pursuing his pleasures on land and finding them numerous.

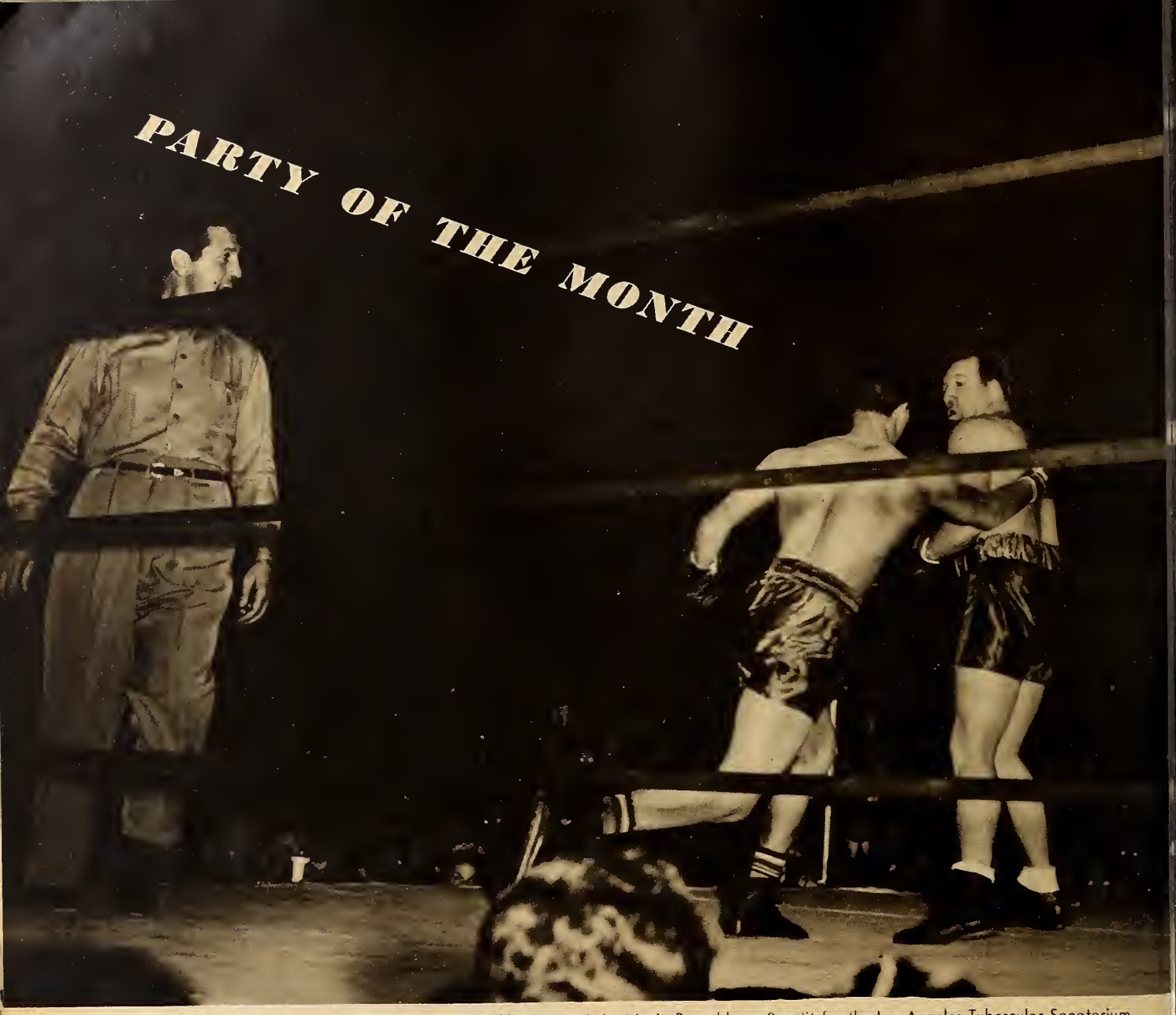
For a pleasure hunter he has his paradoxes.

Clothes, except when they're adorning a beautiful woman, do not interest him. He has only a modest wardrobe. Three months ago it was virtually threadbare.

"I have suddenly become clothes-conscious to the horror of all my friends," he says, pointing to his six new suits, a brace of them quite on the gay side—plaid items with huge checks. (*Continued on page 80*)

Errol dotes oll the girls now except wife Lili Damito. Divorce rites bloze os he completes "Desperote Journey" for Worners.

PARTY OF THE MONTH



High spot of the Moxie Rosenbloom Benefit for the Los Angeles Tuberculor Sonatorium was Slopsie himself, who fought strictly clownish, wound up bouting with o midget!

Modern Screen goes to the fights, watches 'em biff and bang it out for charity!

Some two hundred soldiers, guests of Bert Wheeler ond Cory Grant, got o bang wotching Slapsie tussle.

Eddie "Rochester" Anderson was oll hipped up over his new fighter. He and Mrs. A. are building a nursery for a certoin third portyl

The benefit, dubbed "The Fight For Lives," wos one of the Bill Holdens' (Brendo Morsholl) finol flings before his ormy induction.

Lower right: Eoch bout hod o movie-stor sponsor, who introduced his own fighter. Billy Gilbert brought the missus olong to cheer!

Note the suave remodeled schnozzola on Milton Berle! He ond wife Joyce Motthews hove just odopted a baby.

Mr. and Mrs. "Fun"

BY KAAREN PIECK

TO JUDY AND DAVE THERE'S MAGIC IN THAT

The Rosebushes. That's what Judy's niece calls them. Davy Rosebush and Judy Rosebush. She's four, and she thinks it's the funniest joke in the world. The Rosebushes think it's a pretty good nifty themselves, for four.

To Judy, her husband is still Mr. Fun. His first gift to her—a gold locket for Easter two years ago—was inscribed "From Mr. Fun." Long before they were married, when Dave was just one of her friends, Judy decided that life was finished. Sixteen takes its crushes hard, and hers had eloped with another girl. -She might as well die. Only she had a Bob Hope show to do first.

Dave was at the studio. He couldn't stand the look in those woebegone brown eyes. Casting about for balm to heal a wounded heart, he dashed out and returned with a hunk of apple pie. When she got through laughing, Judy began to wonder. Here she'd been planning never to laugh again, and listen to her! . Maybe she'd better live for a while yet. It was then that she dubbed Mr. Rose Mr. Fun. "Because," she explained to her mother later, "that's what it is to be with him. Fun."

She considers him an astonishing mortal. The way he breads chicken. The way he can talk and write little notes at the same time. By the end of the evening, he has thirty-five pages scored, and it's all finished. The hat he bought her mother for Christmas. Imagine (*Continued on page 82*)

Judy's penned lyrics for 2 of Dove's bollods, sold 2 tales to Cosmopoliton. On their spring ormy comp taur, she callopsed after a 24-sangs-a-day schedule, wos loid up with strep throat.

The big white Rose roost is flonked by trees ond flowers, o swimming pool and tennis court. In Judy's next flicker, "The Big Time," she'll co-star with Gene Kelly whom she protegéed ofter spotting him in "Pol Joey."

MARRIED LIFE OF THEIRS—FROM CHOCOLATE FLOATS TO B-FLATS!

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

JERRY COHAN: "What—is it, Doc?"
DOCTOR (drily): "Well—all signs point to its being a boy."

DIETZ: "It didn't appeal to me either."
GEORGE: "Didn't like it! It's evident you gentlemen have no ear for music!"

GEORGE: "Listen, darling—How would you like to make it a life-time job? Leading lady—no options."
MARY (starry-eyed): "I think I might like it, Mr. Cohan."

SCHWAB (angrily): "Why is Dietz's wife's money any better than my wife's money? . . . Must you give it to Dietz and Goff?"

By Jean Francis Webb

With a roar of eager applause, the soldiers vaices join Templeton's in a surging choral effect. Clearly George's song is on instantoneous hit. Templetan's ond soldiers singing, "Over there, Over there."

GEORGE (Quietly, tasting the words): ". . . over there . . ."

MARY (looking at George steadily): "Haven't had time. The minute I saw you without your beard, I knew here was a little boy who would need a lot of looking after . . ."

Story

A man's supposed to have the gift of gab, if he's Irish. Feet to tap out a fast dance rhythm aren't out of character, either. Nor a song in his throat. Jerry Cohan's (Walter Huston) boy had all of these.

But he had more besides. Perhaps being born on the Fourth of July, with bands blaring and his father rushing home from the theater to bring a small flag as his first gift, could account for the love of America that blazed in George Michael Cohan's (James Cagney) heart from his earliest remembered day. Certainly that love was there!

He was a talented boy, was Georgie. He was only seven when he joined the vaudeville act his trouping parents had made famous.

It was a grand act. Sister Josie (Jeanne Cagney) was the youngest skirt dancer in the business. Jerry and Nellie (Rosemary De Camp) Cohan had been tops for years. Georgie fitted in with violin and dance novelties. Black face or white face, you couldn't beat the Four Cohans for entertainment on any circuit. (*Continued on page 86*)

Production

Close-mouthed Cagney was tickled to death with his role as Cohan, actually broke down and confessed that he considered "Yankee" about the finest thing he's ever done on the screen. . . . His sister, Jeanne, plays the part of Cohan's sister in the movie. This, their premiere performance together on the screen, is the first brother and sister combination to be so featured since the days of Mary and Jack Pickford. Jimmy adores her, says she's really gifted, wishes to heaven he had half her ability to remember steps and routines. She was the darling of the set and received half a dozen moonstones from wardrobe women, set workers and players, after casually mentioning she liked 'em. . . . Another member of the Cagney clan, brother William, was associate producer for J. L. Warner. Before production started, he gave sister Jeanne a good luck gift—a folding armchair with her name printed across the back in giant red letters, JEANNE CAGNEY. All principals rated a chair by studio routine, but none could hold a candle (*Continued on page 87*)

Their theatricolly-minded mom had stage aspirations for the girls, yearly entered them in Sarotoga, Col., festivol, where Livvy was discovered for Max Reinhardt's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

As kids they fought so violently their ailing mom had to split them, shipped Joan to a nunnery and Livvy to Belmont. The obove's a picture Livvy sent to her pop in Japan.

By FREDDA DUDLEY

Sisters— AND HOW!

Squabble? Squawk? Of course they do! Else you'd never suspect that Joan and Olivia were really devoted sisters!

Small wonder there's all this feud talk about Joan and Olivia. They see eye to eye on practically nothing —except maybe that Brian Aherne is *the* only man for a girl to marry. They've been tiffing for years and years, beginning with trivialities like which toys were whose, and working up to such momentous issues as whether Jimmie Lunceford's "Blues in the Night" isn't better than Glenn Miller's "Moonlight Cocktail." You know—real knock-down-drag-out stuff! With it all, however, they're wonderful friends. Phoning each other at odd hours to impart some rich item of news, dashing off on shopping binges together, borrowing

Joan's so in love with husband Brion Aherne, she says she wouldn't care if she never made onother picture. Thinks Livvy's ot her best in "In This Our Life."

Tho' Olivio eornestly sought the Acodemy Aword and olso the role Joon's just completed in "This Above All," she wos the loudest clopper when the Aword wos reolly mode.

each other's clothes, exchanging doodads to suit outfits.

This clothes business is something new. As kids in Tokyo, where their dad was teaching English in the University, they were sort of an Abbott and Costello for size, hence no wardrobe pilfering. Joan, who whipped from one children's disease to the next without even time out for a quick inoculation, was excruciatingly thin. Olivia was apple-cheeked and double-chinned. And they couldn't have had less in common. While Olivia was Tarzaning it from tree to tree in a middy blouse and an old baggy pair of bloomers, Joan was either languishing in bed or convalescing in the garden, dressed to kill. The winter Livvie was captain of the second speed ball team, Joan's activities were limited to following the Japanese gardener around while he did his chores. The summer Livvie learned how to swim, Joan was up to her ears in rheumatic fever.

It didn't make for much close companionship, but they do remember one elegant spree together after they'd moved to Saratoga, Cal., with their mother. They ran away from home—Olivia prompted by sheer devilment; Joan by a romantic desire to see the world.

The sunbonneted pair (*Continued on page 97*)

Bob Stack and Powers lovely, Gale Amber, guest-of-honored at Leon Schlesinger's stor Bugs Bunny's shindig at Florentine Gardens. Highlight was showing of Victory Drive cartoon in which Bugs worbles "Any Bonds Todoy?"

Back from an extensive army-camp tour, Jackie Cooper did the local jump 'n' jive spots without playmate Bun Granville. Above, with Helen Parrish and Eddie Bracken backstage at Mt. Sinai benefit.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray at the "Fight For Lives" benefit. Fred's replacing Bob Hope on the set af Bing Crosby's new picture, "True to Life"—the behind-the-scenes story of a radia seriol.

Benefit for Volunteer Army Canteen Service at Olympic Auditorium grossed $10,624.17. Ann Miller and heartthrab Blake Gardner roared at fight-m.c. Jack Benny and ticket-raffler Jae E. Brawn!

Mickey Rooney came to the fights with the little woman, shed his coat and led the band in his suspenders! Ava, minus her appendix, lays down the law—one night out a week for Mr. R.!

CANDIDLY YOURS

It's a new charity-minded Hollywood—

clicked from the snapster Beerman angle!

Still a-flame, the Bob Sterling-Ann Sothern dua. Second fiddle's her love for fishing (a 259-pound marlin catch sold her on the sport). Made her reservations for the 1942 Mex. season last year!

Fight devotee George Raft was in seventh heaven at the bouts with Betty Grable. She's so absent-minded he's taken to sending her telegrams reminding her of each day's chores!

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

Since his divarce fram Anne Shirley, John Payne's been reclassified 1A in the draft. Abave, Anne chinning with neighbor Deanna Durbin backstage at Jeanette MacDonald's cancert.

Film screened at Bugs Bunny's party was later honded aver ta the gavernment. Jahn Lader squired Marie Wilsan, wha's just been cast in Monagram's "She's in the Army."

Since the Japonese evacuatian af the Caast, Vic Mature's replaced his transplanted gardener with o woman harticulturist! Daesn't date wife Martha. Took in the fights with Gregary Ratoff.

During hubby Dan Tapping's trek ta Washingtan, wite Sanja taak in the fights with Randy Scatt. Despite divarce rumars, she and Don still waa in public!

Ann Sheridan's hoving such a colossol time wifing it on her Encino ronch with Brent, she's considering ditching pics and settling down to full-time domesticity! Above, with Romero.

After 8 months of matrimony the Franchot Tones (Jean Wallace) ore still blissful. F. just gove her o neot $250,000 as token of his esteem! Above, ot "Music to My Ears" show.

Milt Berle, Jack Benny, Bob Hope and Red Skelton kept things humming at Mt. Sinai Benefit. Hope's been mode honorary moyor of Ozusa, since he made the town famaus by his frequent mention!

After Jeanette MacDonald's current pic, "Shadow of o Lady," is reeled, she'll retire to accompony hubby Gene Raymond wherever he's statianed in the U.S.A.

When Dan Cupid hopped aboard the Lamarr-Montgomery bandwagon, he caught a perpetnal joyride—and a permanent job!

LOVE THUMBED A RIDE

By ROSEMARY LAYNG

Spring came to Hollywood early this year. It hit the old town smack in the face with a load of orange blossoms when the engagement of Hedy Lamarr to George Montgomery was announced. This romance with its headlong air, its windswept suddenness, can be reduced to three sentences. Boy meets girl. Boy loves girl. Girl loves boy.

The story of how they met seems to have several different versions. Every time you pick up a fresh paper, you find a different story. As George tells it in short, jerky sentences punctuated by a rare grin, it went like this: "Well, it was one Sunday in January. Some time ago I met Fred MacMurray and his wife, Lili, through Watson Webb, a cutter here on the lot. Watson and I went over to the MacMurrays this particular Sunday and just as we were arriving, Hedy and some friends of hers—well, they were leaving. We were introduced all around and stood there in the door talking. That's how it was."

Did he like her instantly? "Gosh, what do you think?" drawls Montgomery of Montana.

What was the first thing he noticed about her? "Well . . . it's kind of funny. You get an idea of her from pictures. The sleepy, slow sort of thing. She isn't like that at all. She's . . . well, you know . . . full of spirit, ready for laughs. You notice first how *alive* she is."

After that first meeting, George telephoned several times. Frequently Hedy wasn't at home; but when she did answer, and George asked for a date, she let him know by tone that she'd like him to call again even though, as she explained, she was busy that night. George is one of those lads who likes to ask for a date about five hours in advance—absolute maximum.

The next thing that happened—and you may lay it to the Los Angeles Bureau of Public Works, but Hollywood insists that Fate was to blame—was due to the torn-up condition of the street in front of the studio.

Hedy, in trying to negotiate red lanterns, wooden semaphores indicating excavations ahead, and piles of blasted cement and soil, had driven into a spot from which she could go no farther. Just then George lunged around the corner, recognized her and came to the rescue—streamlined version of the knights of old. He got into the car and manoeuvered it away from the tractors and asphalt carts. Down the street a bit he parked.

As he tells it, he said, "If you aren't doing anything tonight, let's go somewhere." She said she'd love to, so they went to the Mocambo. And thereby hangs one of George's favorite stories about Hedy.

Once at the table he asked *(Continued on page 72)*

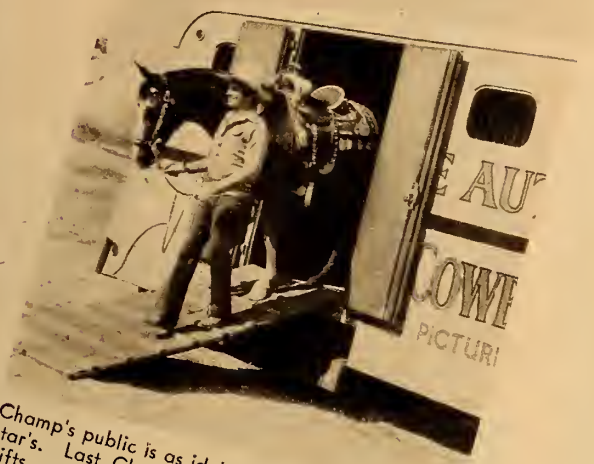
Despite TCF.'s investing a fabulous sum to build him up to leading roles, George's still a homebody. Prefers Mom's cookin' to smart spots. His next pic's "Ten Gentlemen From West Point."

meet the CHAMP

Of all Gene's hosses (16 in Cal. and 178 at his Gene Autry, Okla., ranch) Champ's by far the favorite. He's a Tenn. Walker, 15 hands high, sturdy, fast and fussy. Eats a bale of hay per week, prefers carrots and sugar for dessert, is ridden by Gene, trainer Agee and Mrs. A. (the only woman rider he's ever endured). Adores attention and whinnies till he gets it!

cross-country plane treks, 500 fan letters a month, $25,000 insurance policies— it's all stale oats to this sophisticated 12-year-old! Ask the 1050-pound wonder for his autograph, and he'll give you a hoofprint!

Gene bought Champ from his present trainer, Cherokee Indian John Agee, in '34. Experienced after 30 years with Ringling Bros. Circus and 14 years with Tom Mix, Johnny works out Champ an hour a day, took two months to teach him to jump through a hoop of fire. That 50-foot arena cost $20,000 (half price of entire house), opens off living room.



Champ's public is as idolatrous as any Hollywood star's. Last Christmas he was flooded with 300 gifts ranging from curry combs and miniature saddles to sugar and carrots (50 boxes each)!

His best friend in the world is Mrs. Autry's cocker spaniel, Dinky, who was too camera-shy to pose above with Gene, Von and Champ. Closest equine chum is a Palomina parade horse, Pal, his constant companion and fellow worker. Next pic's "Stardust on the Sage."

His nibs enjoys the height of luxury in a trailer with hot and cold running water, padded walls, specially sprung floor to take the bumps, bed for Gene, grain bin and a de luxe stall!

Choicest articles in his wardrobe are 50 Navajo blankets and a hand-tooled, silver-mounted $165 saddle! Three hours a day are spent in pasture, one in grooming. He has a repertoire of 25 tricks, is the only horse who can do a head stand and end-of-the-trail stunt!

GOOD NEWS...

By SYLVIA KAHN

Since Richard Denning exercised away those extra fifty pounds that made him tip the scales at 230, he's been learning all about glamour girls. Evelyn Ankers used to wait for Glenn Ford's phone calls, now dates strictly on Dick!

Bob Taylor forgot about his wrenched ankle, trekked off to the Hollywood Ball Park opening where he and Phil Silvers co-munched popcorn!

Linda Darnell goes off on her own!

Successor to Lew Ayres is named!

Stirling Hayden goes to Washington!

Gossip-getter Jimmy Fidler bent on ear while Judy Garland raved about her tour of 5 army camps with colored mate, Dave Rose. Judy ate with the enlisted men, not the officers.

Short Shots

Sonja Henie never dreamed it would come to this. Nazi officers are occupying her home in Oslo . . . There will be no more free hose for our top femme stars. The contract clause, guaranteeing the gals a supply of two-threads for picture posing, has been voided by the war . . . Those faces on government posters cautioning "Don't Be A War Dope and Spill War Dope," belong to Abbott and Costello . . . Forget about an early Ann Sothern-Robert Sterling marriage. Ann will be unwound from Roger Pryor by the Los Angeles courts, and the process will take a full year . . . Those balding actors who swear by Ted North's hair restorer are rushing to set in a hefty reserve. War priorities are making the vital ingredients harder 'n' harder to get . . . Phyllis Ava Astaire is the name of the new infant delivered to Mr. and Mrs. Fred . . . Old-time Western star, Col. Tim McCoy, has his eye on a seat in the U. S. Senate. He'll run as a Republican from Wyoming . . . Gas rationing won't disturb Jane Darwell who's the proud owner of a new motorcycle. When the fuel crackdown comes, she'll hire a chauffeur to handle the wheel while she rides the side-car!

Mae West is returning to the screen—as "Catherine of Russia" . . . Ann Rutherford and George Montgomery, once a romance, will be co-starred in "Coney Island" . . . Barbara Stanwyck is penning her personal notes on "patriotic" stationery. The white paper is bordered in red and blue, and her initials are engraved in blue . . . M-G-M will run "The Life of Henry Ford" off its assembly line . . . Maureen O'Sullivan is expecting a second baby . . . Judy Garland spent the last blackout in a large clothes closet. Says it's a perfect blackout room because it has electric light and no windows . . . There's competition ahead for J. Benny and B. Hope. Edna Mae Oliver's making

Following the trend, Dublin-born Maureen O'Hara filed first U. S. citizenship papers. She's Mississippi-born Will Price's (above) colleen, speaks Gaelic perfectly.

State Guardsman Cesar Romero's still looking for the diamond ring (intended for Pris Stillman?) swiped from his home during a blackout. Above, Claudette Colbert explains why she's filing her nails for Victory—makes knitting easier!

plans for a weekly comedy broadcast . . . June Havoc reports her sister, Gypsy Rose Lee, just sold the British rights to her book, "G-String Murders." The title will be changed to "Strip Tease Murders"!

Hollywood Heartbreak

Insiders call him the unhappiest man in Hollywood. He is a top-flight star, known and admired the world over. His career has been long and successful, and he can look forward to many, many more years of great fame and fortune. Yet his life is a tragedy. He is no longer in love with his wife, nor she with him. Both would like their freedom, but for various reasons divorce is impossible.

During the making of his last picture he fell desperately in love with his leading lady. He was gloriously happy when he learned she loved him, too. One night he talked to her of marriage, and she promised to wed him if he left his wife. The star was deeply moved. He left her immediately and went home, determined to discuss a divorce. Resolutely, he stepped through the door, but when he faced his family he realized the situation was hopeless. He would never be free.

Returning to his sweetheart, he told her their romance was ended. She was a wise girl. She left town the next day, refusing to accept other picture offers. But for him there has been no running away. Intimates disclose he is morbid and restless and beyond consolation. He would like to follow the girl, but friends are restraining him. They hope the actress will remain in the East, and that in time, the star will forget her.

Poll Cats

Swing fans! If you could invite an "All-American" dance band to make with the hot licks at your school dance, which music makers would you ask? A national magazine recently distributed 10,000,000 ballots throughout the nation, requesting band lovers to nominate the fourteen musicians they would most like to hear in a composite orchestra. Here are the results:

Gene Krupa, drums; Joe Venuti, violin; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Harry James, trumpet; Charlie Barnett, Jimmy Dorsey and Tex Benecke, saxophones; Alvino Rey, guitar; Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Jack Teagarden, Jack Jenny, trombones; Bobby Haggert, bass; and Eddie Duchin at the piano.

Terrific line-up, isn't it? But the magazine forgot a very important thing. What about a girl to sing with the band? Do we hear any suggestions?

Supporting Players

Big, strong, able-bodied film actors who have been temporarily exempt from military service, are in a ticklish spot these days. They're finding themselves fighting a war of their own against a vicious, trouble-making whispering campaign, designed to make them look like draft dodgers.

What the whisperers may or may not realize is that every star who is not in the service has been deferred for a legitimate reason. Men like Cesar Romero, Bob Sterling and Glenn Ford all have parents dependent upon them. And a dependent is a dependent, even in Hollywood. Deprived of support, a movie star's family can suffer just as miserably as anyone else's.

Take the case of George Montgomery. Eleven people share his income. Most are full dependents. George hasn't been in the "big" money class very long. And when you're supporting eleven relatives you don't get much chance to save. If George were called away, his parents, both in their middle seventies, would be left almost destitute. True, they're living in an attractive little home. But George is buying it on the installment plan, and there are still plenty of payments to go.

When George and the others are summoned, they'll be happy to join up. Right now it is the government's wish, not their own, that they remain on their jobs until such time as provision can be made for their dependents.

Gable in the Service

Clark Gable is another whom some have dared to criticize for remaining in civilian life. If Clark is aware of the cruel, ill-considered remarks that have been aimed at him, he has given no sign. In the past months, he has gone quietly about his work, attempting to restore some meaning to his life, and, we hope, in some small measure, succeeding.

What few people know is that Clark's war work has already

(CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE)

Bing Crosby came bachelor-style to the Ball Park opening, wife Dixie Lee appendicitis recoup-ing. He downed both dogs!

Never-a-dull-moment Maggie Sullavan and husband Leland Hayward left daughters Brook and Bridget (ages 6 and 3), for "Fight For Lives" evening benefit. For the duration, Meg's given up motorcycling to the studio followed by her chauffeur in limousine.

been cut out for him—and by no one less than the President of the United States! It has just been revealed that Clark wrote to President Roosevelt immediately after Pearl Harbor. He offered his services to the Army and asked to be sent into active combat, preferably in the Philippines. The President, who was among the first to tender condolences when Carole Lombard died, again sent a personal message to Clark. This time he urged him to remain in Hollywood and continue making pictures. His presence on the screen, according to Roosevelt, will be great for public morale.

There's no doubt about it. Few stars are as well-equipped as Clark to hypo our spirits. So thank you, Mr. President, for your thoughtfulness!

Untarnished Lady

Strange as it seems, one of the pet pastimes in this town is the business of taking raps at Linda Darnell. At cocktail bars and knitting bees, the guys and gals tear Linda apart, laugh at her shyness, sneer at her sweetness. Anything for a good laugh, the winking nudgers explain.

"What that kid needs," the jaded sophisticates tell each other, "is a big romance, something to shake her emotionally, something to take the stars out of her eyes."

"Just wait," they always say. "One day she'll bust away from her family, and we'll really see some goings-on!"

Well, Linda has "busted away." She's left home and moved into her own apartment. But the wise guys will do some tall waiting before they see any goings-on! Or else some tall, purely fictitious story-telling!

"I know people are gossiping," Linda confides. "They can be pretty heartless in what they think and say. And they can be wrong, too. I'm living alone, yes. But with the full approval of my parents. We agree that the demands made by my work should not be imposed on the rest of the family. When I'm making a picture, I set my alarm for 5:30 A.M. It isn't fair to have the others blasted out of their sleep at that hour. In the evening I study and go to bed early. It's hard to do either if the house is noisy. I have a younger brother and sister. It would be wrong to ask them to mouse around just because I don't want to be disturbed.

"I'm aware of how people talk. I couldn't help hearing about the stories. I can't say it doesn't upset me. It does. But I'd be weak and foolish to alter my plans in order to quiet them."

Heartsapoppin'

You gals who go to bed with a photo of Stirling Hayden crushed to your bosoms, sit up and take note. We have news for you. You can dry your tears and save your sympathies. Your Stirling is not out on a cold unfriendly sea, nursing a broken heart dealt him by a hussy named Madeleine Carroll. Quite the contrary. According to reports reaching us, Stirling is doing all right! Our Washington agents advise us the Blonde Apollo is at present in the nation's capital—and Madeleine is with him!

This communique, arriving on the heels of one from New York informing us that the pair had visited there, had us puzzled at first. We were a bit skeptical, but now, after thinking it over, we're inclined to believe the rumor sweeping the East—the rumor that Stirling and Madeleine are married . . . and have been for many months!

The Forgotten Man

Don't be surprised if you hear that Bonita Granville's new beau, Jack Briggs, has upped and left her. Briggs knows Bonita is a marvelous girl. He loves being with her. But there's a limit to what a man can endure!

Briggs' complaint is Jackie Cooper. He has never spent an evening with Bonita without being reminded of her ex-steady. Bonita probably doesn't realize it, but the trouble all arises from her passion for walking. She is the greatest walker in Hollywood. When less energetic friends are ready to drop in their tracks, Bonita is just warming up. And no date is safe when she gets that "let's march" look in her eyes.

However, it isn't the foot work that bothers Jack Briggs. It's the incidents resulting from their jaunts that upset him. Like the one the other evening.

Bonita and Briggs dined at the Hollywood Brown Derby and then set out for a turn or two around the block. They'd gone only a few yards when they were stopped by a soldier who asked for Bonita's autograph. Bonita smiled, accepted the slip of paper the soldier handed her and, turning to Briggs, said: "Here, Jack. Will you hold my purse?" Briggs took the purse, but a second later almost dropped it when the soldier exclaimed: "Jack? Why you must be Jackie Cooper! Boy, this surely is my lucky day! Say, will you sign next, Mr. Cooper!"

Sophisticated sixteen-year-old Jane Withers weors two silver onklets—one inscribed with Buddy Pepper's first name, the other from boy friend Freddie Bartholomew. Despite the soda fountain, kitchen and dance floor in her own soundproof playroom at home, Jonie enjoys sporting about town for variety.

"I didn't mind the first time," Briggs later admitted to a friend. "But it happened a half dozen times before we finished our walk! I'm beginning to feel like Joan Fontaine, haunted by the ghost of Rebecca!"

Good News About Ruth Hussey

Ruth Hussey is in love. The lady makes no bones about it, no giggling apologies, no rapturous expositions. It's the first time. They'll be married if he's not called into military service immediately, and some day they'll have two kids, they hope. Any advice for the would-be Mr., we asked her? "Stay as sweet as you are," she smiled. Any advice for a would-be Mrs.? "Do stay in love. Don't fall out," the Hussey voice of experience admonishes. As for sisterly advice on how to get Butch to propose, Ruth, denying that her own method was a ruse, says, "I just sat still so he could talk"; P.S. It worked. She met him for the first time ages ago, when he was Link Fogarty, pride of Brown University's football eleven . . . and she was Ruth Hussey, editor of Pembroke College's Senior Year Book . . . all she remembers was that the orch was tooting "Please Give Me Something To Remember You By" . . . and he gave her a hunk of gum culled from the depths of his soup 'n' fish pockets . . . They met again years later on the West Coast, and you know the rest. She's told him all about her two worst sins . . . being late and being unable to remember names. The last seems incurable. But train-missing? "I'm really correcting it," she says coyly. "The studio has put me on a time budget and lately they say I'm so much better!" Rehearsal stuff is done under the dryer when she's having the make-up dept. do her hair in the a.m. . . . hair that was long before Hollywood chopped it, her buckets of tears unavailing. From out of the sacks full of mail that come each day, Ruth remembers the fan letter that amused her most . . . a note from a man in South Carolina who wrote that he was adopting her as his hobby . . . nice trick. Also recalls with more amusement now than she did then, the time when the fellas in charge of her publicity and press agentry took it upon themselves to announce her engagement to another guy just as she was getting ready to tell the world about Link . . . but she took it from whence it came and smiled . . . probably because her Pembroke degree declares her to be a Bachelor of Philosophy . . . which reminds us of her interesting philosophy of life . . . quoted just as she puts it . . . that her way is to "Sit at the foot of the table so you will be asked to sit at the head." Philosophy of life? Just call it the Ruth Hussey Success Technique.

Didja Know

That Mickey Rooney refuses to remove his wedding band? In "A Yank at Eton" the precious ring will be covered with flesh-colored tissue . . . That Philip Dorn will take over the Lew Ayres role in the "Dr. Kildare" series . . . That orchestras have

(CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE)

Rosolind Russell thought Choirman Ken Thompson's story wos o howl, ot the Victory Committee luncheon tendered by the Advertising Club of Los Angeles. Rumour is Roz will rent her honeymoon home ond, between pix, rove oround wherever newly-citizenized Army husbond Freddie Brisson is stotioned. She's broken with M-G-M, now osking $150,000 per pic.

the same problem as movie stars? To avoid being "typed" as a radio and recording band only, Kay Kyser will take his outfit to Cedar Grove, N. J., for a night-club stint at the Meadowbrook there . . . That Jackie Cooper shelled out $300 for drums he'll use on his army camp tours . . . That Carole Landis was mighty embarrassed by the rumor she flew to Washington to wed Gene Markey? Turned out she spent most of her time with D. Lamour's ex-feller, Greg Bautzer . . . That Fred Astaire, in doubt about his age, wrote the Court Clerk in his native town in Omaha, asking whether he was born in 1899 or 1900? Clerk said it was '99 . . . That Katharine Hepburn who used to turn up her nose at fine feathers, astounded the town by revealing the bulk of her 1941 living expenses ($83,000) went for clothes?

That George Montgomery sealed his engagement by giving his Hedy a five-carat, blue-white diamond set in platinum . . . That Lucille Ball's newest gown is a silk print of Desi Arnaz's face? Cost her $40 . . . That Cary Grant's been presented with the annual award of the Screwballs of America, Inc. . . . That Marjorie Weaver's ex-husband, Lieut. Kenneth Schacht, U.S.N., has been reported "missing in action in Pacific waters" . . . That Leslie Fenton, former Hollywood director and husband of Ann Dvorak, received a leg fracture when he was injured by a bit of shrapnel during a British Commando raid on France . . . That Ted North is the sole heir to the $57,000 estate left by his father?

Good News About Richard Travis

What did Benvenuto Cellini have that Richard Travis hasn't? Dick says emphatically—looks! For no understandable reason other than cockeyed whimsy, Dick declares that he would rather look like the little man with the cunning goatee than anybody else living or dead! . . . but for the present, Dick shaves twice-over at one time when he's working on a picture . . . Far call from the day when, caught smoking corn silk on the front porch of his Arkansas home, 8-year-old Dickie was forced to listen

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 89)

Joe E. Brown joined bigtime batter Babe Ruth this side of the home plote—at the Hollywood Ball Park opening. Joe's just returned from o p.a. tour of Alaskan Army comps via dog sled!

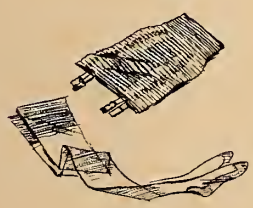
—and STRIPES

It's stripes ond sharts for Martho O'Driscoll ond Susan Hoyword, naw in Poromount's "Reop the Wild Wind."

BY ELIZABETH WILLGUSS

Blue ond white chombroy dirndl hen you wont to dress up. $3.71. All dresses ot your local shop or Mocy's, N.Y.

Striped royon ponties, $.29, ond fully mercerized cotton socks, $.15, keep down the cast for ploy.



Sove for your pet extrovogonces by buying o lightweight girdle ot $.29 ond ringless hose ot $.25, in your locol five-ond-dime.

The mare daodads the merrier. Especiolly like these. Flower pin, $.10; eorrings, $.10, ond shell neckloce from Cubo, $.25.

Claim to fome far this red and white seersucker town suit is the obundantly pleoted skirt, $4.64

Red, white and blue catton shirt, $1.83, tops the smort, langer-length, Mexicona cloth shorts, $2.98.

● This is a summer when stripes stare you in the face and you can't get enough of them. With all the crisp, fresh cottons in the stores, you probably will have a striped chambray in the wash and a seersucker in the closet, and striped shorts or slacks on. Just so you won't have a guilty conscience about wanting to buy so many dresses, even though they are reasonable, figure out a way to save on other items. For instance, buy your cotton socks in the five-and-dime, also rayon panties, special-occasion girdle and stockings. Then go ahead and splurge on colorful cottons.

When you want more thon o pocket ond less thon o handbog, put your belongings in a flowered purse, $.10.

ALL ACCESSORIES AVAILABLE AT KRESGE'S OR YOUR FAVORITE 5 AND 10.

TO HAVE

DAZZLING BLACK AND WHITE. The better to complement the brunette beauty of Inez Cooper, M-G-M starlet, next to be seen in "Once Upan a Thursday." Look for this elasticized velour Jantzen, with its flattering flared skirt, when you vacation-shop. Pack it in your week-end suitcase, smugly knowing you will not go unnoticed.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE. That unbeatable combinotion reads in left-to-right panels. For the very slim, like petite M-G-M starlet, Dorothy Morris, soon to be seen in "Tulip Time" with Van Heflin.

● You'll swim this summer as always, but with the present emphasis on physical fitness, you will be more aware of what swimming does to tone up your body. Those of you who really swim, you waterbabies, know from your own lithe figures, what the scissor kick does for your thighs, and the breaststroke for your bosom, and the backstroke for your tummy. Swimming pools, outdoor or indoor, are just as much fun as the beaches, even more of a challenge. How many lengths can *you* do without getting winded? Don't feel sorry for yourself if you are stuck inland or in the city. Search for the nearest pool and budget enough for two, even three new bathing suits. Not just to avoid the clammy, wet-suit feeling, or to rotate for longer wear, but to please yourself and friends.

A multicolored play shoe to wear with slacks or shorts or a dirndl. Step-in sandol, broad strap, $1.95.

For anything you want to cart beachwards, including knitting, take this rope-handled cotton bag; $1.00.

CASUAL AND CAREFREE. Answering your pleas for more printed cotton suits. Happily priced and nationally distributed like all Jontzens, it will team, as Inez Cooper shows, with good ol' Sol.

You'll be a Yankee Doodle dondy with this yellow and blue denim set. Beach bag, $1.25; hat, $.79.

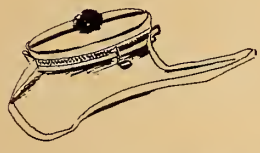
ND TO KEEP

by Elizabeth Willguss

AFTER THE SWIM. Rinse your cap in fresh water, dry, line with tissue paper. Remember swimming pool chemicals ore just as destructive as ocean spray for rubber-rotting!

AFTER THE GAME. Last year you may have thrown your Keds in the closet, but now you look them over, and if they're soiled, you wash them carefully in warm, sudsy water.

● Things being as they are, you won't need much prodding to take good care of every new piece of beachwear you buy, to say nothing of last year's stuff which, on going over, you've found to look almost like new. Here is crossing our fingers that you put away even your second-best bathing caps with loving care last fall, long before you were aware the counters in the five-and-dime would not, like other years, overflow with bright colored caps. If you should find some, they are last year's crop, so treat them with the respect that any 14-karat article deserves. Waterproofed beach bags are not to be tossed lightly aside when you come back from the beach, either. Wipe the lining with a cloth wrung out in fresh water, turn the bag inside out to dry. Whether your bathing suit is cotton or velour, rinse it immediately after wearing. Invest in some rubber cement to mend any tiny rip in rubber that is still fresh. Below are some rules from U. S. Rubber Co. Cut them out and paste them up!



A bag like a squashy beret, even to red pompon. With waterproof lining and shoulder strap. $1.95.

DON'T'S

1. Don't place rubber articles near heat.
2. Don't allow them to get near oil, grease, or gasoline.
3. Don't let them stand in sunlight.
4. Don't hang them over sharp objects or in any manner that will cause permanent strain.
5. Don't store carelessly in a wrinkled or creased condition.

DO'S

1. Dry all rubber goods slowly at room temperature.
2. Always clean rubber articles before putting away.
3. Provide a convenient, dry closet away from heat and light for storing your most commonly used rubber goods.
4. Inspect regularly all rubber articles not in use. The government needs useless items to supply the nation with reclaimed rubber.

SEERSUCKER SUBSTITUTE. Naturolly you don't begrudge the 35-to-96 pounds of rubber that goes into each airplane tire, but wasn't it smart of the designers to dreom up a novel substitute for the rubber bathing cap? Save your pennies for this new "air lite" turban. It is adjustable and waterproofed. Put on the loose cap, then tightly wind the long band with its spaghetti-fringe bow and your locks are safe and dry. Worth the $1.95.

FOR ACCESSORIES, TRY BEACH SHOP OF YOUR LOCAL STORE OR WRITE MODERN SCREEN

SO LONG, BUTTON—

He said it with a grin, she smiled in reply.

But when Ronnie went riding off to

battle, he left his heart behind him!

Ronnie's plumb crozy obaut hosses and the steeplechose. Made spouse Janie equestrion-conscious by telling her haw superlative she looked in jodhpurs and baats!

By Cynthia Miller

The Reagans oren't superstitious, but they had a funny feeling when a story he penned áges ago (about on octar colled up to the colors) came true for him this yeor!

NOSE

Warner Bras. is screen-testing Rannie's brather, Neal "Maan" Reagan, West Coast radia annauncer.

Janie did a complete turnabaut when she met Reagan. Switched fram nightclub blaam ta spartswaman. They used ta warry 'cause they didn't have anything ta fight abaut!

Cast as sweethearts in "Brather Rat," Rannie and Janie ended up playing the real thing. Engagement ring's an enarmaus 52-karat amethyst (his birthstane), which she wears anly an state accasians!

It's Jane's war now. It had been just The War, till one day she got home from the studio, and there was this funny expression on Ronnie's face— Now it's Jane's war.

She'd read about it. She'd worked for the Red Cross and been wakened by anti-aircraft fire and entertained the boys at army camps. She'd seen Ronnie's sick face bent over a picture of the small swollen bodies of children starved to death in Poland. "This," said the war-hating Reagan between set lips, "would make it a pleasure to kill." That night he'd stood a little longer beside the crib of Button-nose the Second, who'd inherited both the nose and the name from her mother.

She'd known Ronnie would go, that he'd probably have enlisted after Pearl Harbor if he hadn't been a member of the Cavalry Reserve. Five years ago, as a sports announcer in Des Moines, he'd grown friendly with some of the boys at the Fort and joined their outfit, mostly for the fun of riding a horse. After war broke out, they both knew it was only a question of time. Exams came from Washington, Ronnie toted books to and from the studio and boned up between shots. His papers were returned by the War Office, marked excellent.

"Yes, I suppose he's going," Jane told herself and didn't believe it. He was there every day. She couldn't imagine him not there. Till one day at the beginning of April she came home (*Continued on following page*)

from Twentieth Century-Fox where she was making "Footlight Serenade" on loan-out from Warners—

She came home mad. It had been one of those days when everything went wrong. She stormed upstairs to spill it to Ronnie, her safety valve. He generally laughed. For some reason, he thought her tantrums funny. Let him laugh. She'd get it off her chest anyway—

Ronnie was lying down. He'd had one of his rare days off from "Desperate Journey," his current picture. The letter had arrived after Jane left. He'd spent the hours waiting, fighting a sense of oppression, hoping something would happen to give him an idea how best to break the news—

She burst in and slammed her hat on the bed. "Has *this* been a day! So help me, Ronnie, nothing can happen to touch what's happened to me today—"

He didn't laugh. He looked at her, and there was this funny expression on his face. Before he said it, she knew what he was going to say. "Sorry, honey, because here's something else—"

He gave her the notice, calling Second Lieutenant Ronald Reagan of the United States Cavalry Reserve to active duty on April 20th at Fort Mason, California. A piece of white paper that changed their lives. You can expect and expect a thing to happen but, till it hits you, it's as if you'd never expected it at all. Now it's real, she thought. Now it's Ronnie's war and mine.

Neither ate much that night. They avoided direct reference to what lay ahead. There were business details

Ronnie's last picture before induction was Warners' "Desperate Journey" with Erral Flynn and Arthur Kennedy. Janie's making "Footlight Serenade" for TCF, plans to continue with her career.

Ronnie used to tease Janie by calling Maureen "Nutsie" and "Monkeypuss." Broke all nursery rules babying her and violated THE cardinal principle by picking her up whenever she wept!

to discuss—nothing of any consequence, since they own everything jointly—what's Ronnie's is Jane's, and the other way 'round, including their salaries. But Ronnie had always kept the books. Now Jane would have to. That was all right. She understood his bookkeeping system. She'd made the entries when he was busy, and she wasn't. Some night he could go over the whole thing with her. He'd always said she'd make a good business woman. Here was her chance to show him.

They were both working and, as it happened, Ronnie worked nights through most of those two weeks. That was tough luck, but they wasted no time bewailing it. Both have stamina and balance. Neither is the kind to indulge in emotionalism. After the first day or two of avoidance, the subject of their coming separation slipped into the open, and they found it a relief. The weight rested less heavy inside. "Like ten million others," said Ronnie, "I'm sorry that such a thing has to come to the world. Also like ten million others, I wish that twenty years ago when they had a chance to finish it, they'd finished it. Now it's a job that has to be done—the job of ten million others and yours truly."

They kidded about it. "Turned out all right, your love affair with horses," said Jane. "Second looeys get prettier uniforms than buck privates."

"Listen, hon. When they find out Reagan's in the army, those damn Japs'll crawl right back into the hole they came out of! What do they call it? Tokyo?"

He laid out a schedule for her. The bills rolled in from the twentieth of one month to the tenth of the next. She figured that by giving it (*Continued on page 84*)

Like to Read Other People's Mail?

May not be polite—but it's fun!

The cream of their correspondence—love letters and nutty notes—from Lamarr,

Mature and gang to their intimate friends!

Red Skelton

BY DIRECT WIRE FROM

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LC = Deferred Cable
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This is a full-rate Telegram or Cable-gram unless its de-ferred character is in-dicated by a suitable symbol above or pre-ceding the address.

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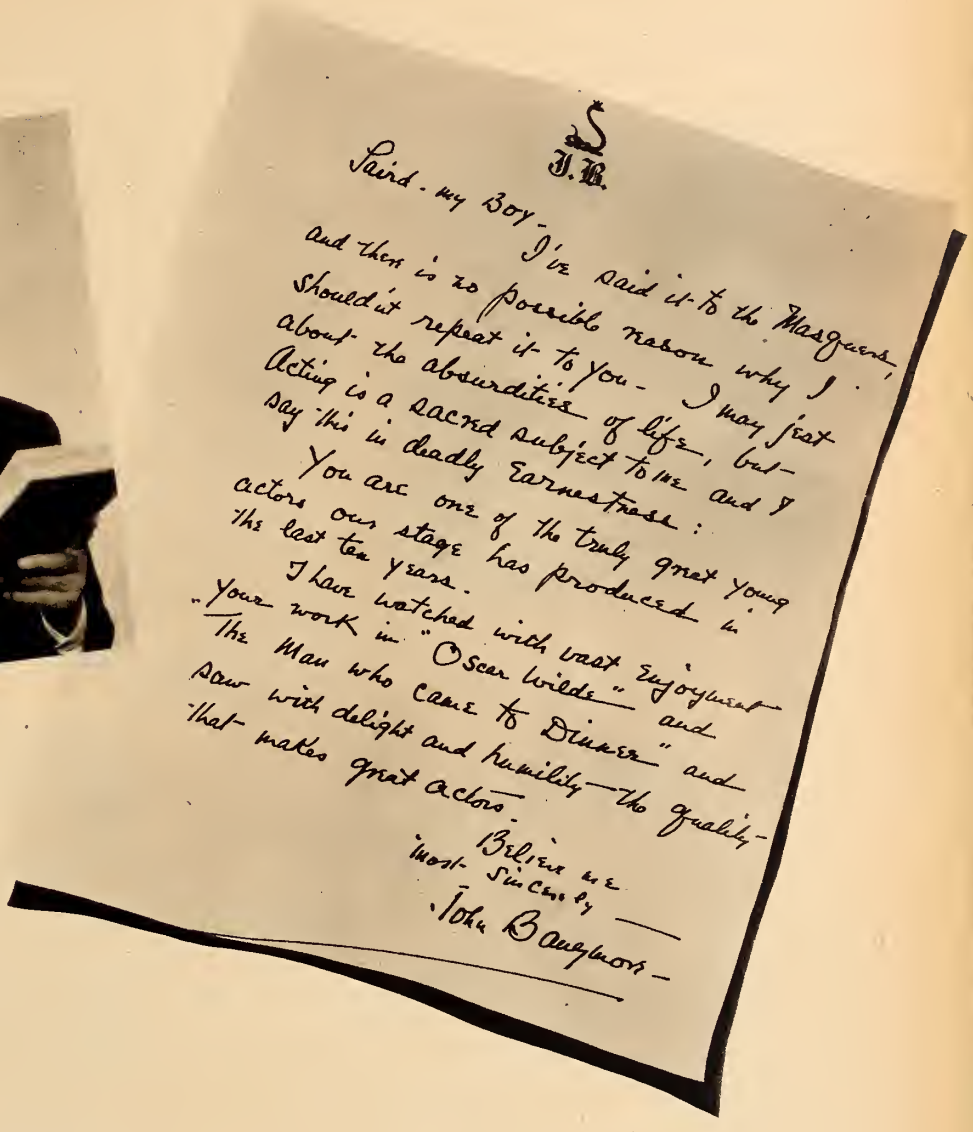
NORTHHOLLYWOOD CALIF=

THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR THE AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE TO MY NEPHEW MARVIN IF YOU HAVE ANOTHER ONE I WOULD SINCERELY LIKE TO HAVE IT FOR MY PERSONAL COLLECTION. THANKING YOU VERY MUCH FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION. SINCERELY=

RED SKELTON

John Barrymore



J. B.

Laird - my boy -

I've said it to the Marquess, and there is no possible reason why I shouldn't repeat it to you - I may jest about the absurdities of life, but - Acting is a sacred subject to me and I say this in deadly earnestness:

You are one of the truly great young actors our stage has produced in the last ten years.

I have watched with vast enjoyment your work in "Oscar Wilde" and "The Man who came to Dinner" and saw with delight and humility - the quality - that makes great actors.

Believe me
most Sincerely -
John Barrymore -

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

A raid on Hollywood letter files shows that film kids are prodigious letter writers, scratching out notes at the drop of a yo-yo, saving them, too; that their elders are more lax in writing, preferring to wait until they meet each other (could it be caution?) to say their say.

Long known as wire-pullers, the filmsters are great wire-senders, too, briskly dispatching to each other telegrams of congratulation, tender sentiment and just plain old fun. Cagney is a card at the latter sort of thing. Ask Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, Lynne Overman and the other boys who dine together regularly at Chasen's on Friday nights. Fight night.

Love letters and letters of artistic appreciation vie for first place, with artistic appreciation winning in the photo-finish. The stars like a bit of flattery, as much as you do. They're human, too. So let's take a look at what their personal, very private files disclose. . . .

Hedy Lamarr to Ann Sothern: A hurriedly scribbled note, but sincere, from an A-1 Glamour Girl, Hedy Lamarr, who knows the anguish of such moments, to "Pluto," otherwise Ann Sothern ("she has such big eyes, like Pluto the pup," explains Hedy) at a needed time in Ann's life—the time of her separation from Roger Pryor:

Dear Pluto:

This alone business is no good for the first little while. So I plant myself on you for dinner tonight, then you go home with me for a few days. We will chitter together all night like in boarding school. Or we won't chitter. Only come.

My love to you,
HEDY

Louis Hayward to Ida Lupino Hayward: Comes now Love, the runner-up in the letter handicap, with a husbandly note from (*Continued on following page*)

June Havoc

Dearest Gypola:

Whaddya mean "It must be nice to sit in the California sun all day?" I want you to tussle your bussle into a chair and really take a double gander at these lines. Listen Gypsie: I get up at 5 a.m. ... I stagger to my car after falling through an orange ... I drive blindly thru the dawn with my radio blaring "Scrub Me Mamma With a Boogie Beat," but loud (otherwise I would slump gracefully on the floor and give up). When I get to the studio, I am grasped firmly by the pathetic top-knot left on my noggin and given a triple-threat shampoo, then placed before the mirror where I can disconsolately gaze at my weary, worn features, and "done". That means my hair is put up and then I am thrust under a dryer and forgotten for twenty minutes - twenty LOVELY minutes - at the end of which I am scraped from under the dryer and carried to the make-up room. They hopefully massage my face with Brillo - place lovingly two pounds of grease-paint on it - then they look at each other and shrug and I am on my own. Ah yes, the California sun is lovely - I wonder what shade it is these days?

I have lost ten pounds out here and now they are considering me for the title role in "Frankenstein's Debutante Daughter." I'll make it yet.

Love and all that silly sister stuff,

June

JANE WITHERS

Dear Freddie:

I've racked my brains (at least I hope they're brains!) for something that would fit into that book of yours, and it seems to me that the best advice I ever received was from Will Rogers, years ago.

Believe it or not, I had been asked to coach Mr. Rogers in a few impersonations -- imagine me doing that! But I did, and when we finished he said something to me that I shall always remember.

"Jane" he said, "never forget this . . . it's great to be great but it's greater to be human".

And I've never forgotten it.

Will this do?

Good-bye until Friday -

Jane Withers

Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew

Louis Hayward to Ida Lupino ("Loopy") Hayward. Outwardly it may sound completely Mr.-and-Mrs., but to Ida it marks the felling of an evil rumor, current last autumn, that the Haywards had "pffft."

Dearest Loopy Woman:

Why do I call you that?

What am I doing here when you're there?

I've seen a lot of people and read a lot of plays and hoped a lot of hopes, and the rest is uncertainty. Read the topper last night—God, how I'd love to do it!—a part like nothing I've ever done before. Which sounds like John Barrymore playing a ham, so let's leave it till I get home. Starting at the crack of dawn, four in the

morning by the southern route, and no stopovers. Object: to see your silly beautiful face again as soon as possible. Don't worry. I'll eat, I'll keep my feet dry, I won't pass on a hill or slaughter so much as one dear little cottontail.

Don't wait up for me, and if you hear footsteps in the dead of night, make sure they're not mine before calling the cops. The password is you-know-what.

I hope you're taking things easy on the set. Sure. And I hope Hitler died yesterday.

Do you still love me, my lovely?

Your
LOUIS

William Holden to Glenn Ford

Dear Gwyllyn:

So you're going to Quebec. Personal appearances, huh? Well, you're the shy type, and the folks'll love you. Don't push it too far though. Scrub behind the ears and keep your fingers out of your mouth.

Mind if I talk to you like a mother, Gwyll? After all, you've spent most of your life among the hillbillies of Santa Monica while I've had the big-town advantages of Pasadena. So for handy reference, just stick this in that farmer's pocketbook you call a wallet. To city slickers you may be just another setup, but to me you're human.

Memo for New York: Brooklyn Bridge, Central Park and the Bronx Zoo are nailed down. Don't make a down payment on them. Even the monkeys are not for sale, and besides, why bring another monkey to Hollywood? Where it says keep off the grass, keep off. If a cop gets you, and you tell the judge you're a movie actor, he'll pop you into jail without asking for a second crime.

Don't wait for a streetcar on Broadway. Take a taxi, and don't talk back to the chauffeur. He knows more than you do about practically anything. The guy at the hotel door isn't a general, no matter how he's dressed, so don't try to get by with a salute. Tip him and tip him good; or next time he'll jam your finger in the taxi door.

Memo for Quebec: Leave your tommyhawk home. The Indians don't live there any more. Don't try to talk French. If they don't understand English, use signs. That way, you won't be lynched for lynching their language. Don't try to impress them in the restaurants by asking for frogs' legs. Frogs' legs to them are ham and eggs to you. If you have to be different, ask for a nutburger and see what you get.

General: You may get a few requests for autographs. Don't mention "The Adventures of Martin Eden" in the first breath. Mention "Texas" instead. I was in that, remember? You might even say, Bill Holden was in that, remember? This will give you a reputation for modesty. You can then sign my name in their books, and before you know it, they'll be swarming, pulling buttons off your coat and hairs off your head.

Oh, that's all right, Gwyllyn. I know you'd do the same for me.

Sincerely your friend,
BILL

Vic Mature to Vic Mature

Listen, jerk, this town's a fight ring. Today you're the champ, tomorrow you're a bum. Now they're glad-handing you, pretty soon they'll be tying a can to your tail. You asked for it, brother. Lap it up while it's good. If it goes sour tomorrow, you've still had a run for your money.

And don't kid yourself, bo. The world's full of better actors who never got a break. Believe your publicity. You're just a lucky hunk of ham.

Katharine Hepburn to Lucille Ball

A real prize, and one treasured by Lucille Ball . . . a note from Katharine Hepburn, angular script on chaste white card, thanking Lucy for the imported English cashmere scarves she sent following their work together in "Stage Door."

Lucille, now that's what I call terrifically angelic. How could you bear to part with them? I couldn't have. But then I'm a pig from way back.

They couldn't have come timelier. Up at Pathé they're trying to freeze me out. Shiver, and they say: "Huh! Temperamental." Since I've been wearing your scarves, they think I'm wonderful. Cooperative they call it. I call it warm.

Warms my heart too, your thinking of me.

Affectionately,
KATE

And, golly, how they match my suits!

Ann Sothern to Ann Sheridan Brent

Annie Poo:

Does the lucky stiff know what a lucky stiff he is? (As between us girls, I think you're doing okay too, toots. Good thing you saw José first—)

Incidentally, what do you need that looks good with a monogram?

And nifties aside, I'm happy as a grig for you both. That's from the heart.

(Continued on page 78)

Two Madly Flattering
SUMMER SHADES
Pond's New Dreamflower Powder

For Blondes—"DUSK ROSE." Gorgeous new soft rose-beige. Sure-fire glamour with the wonderful rosy undertones of sun-kissed blondes.

For Brunettes—"DARK RACHEL." Richest of all 6 new Dreamflower shades. Makes toasty brunette tan look velvety—but unpowdered!

You'll adore Pond's new "misty-soft" Dreamflower texture . . . and the adorable new BIG Dreamflower box—only 49¢! 2 smaller sizes, too.

"Such a *lovely* powder! Pond's new Dreamflower shades are so fresh and sweet—and the new texture is ideally smooth and soft-looking on my skin."
MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN

New Pond's "LIPS" —stays on Longer

5 full-of-ideas "Stagline" shades—with flaming Rascal Red the big summer news.

Actual 10¢ size!
(There's a larger size, too)

FREE! 6 New Dreamflower Powder Shades

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-PG, Clinton, Conn.
Just so I can be absolutely sure to get the Dreamflower shade perfect for me, please send me FREE SAMPLES of all 6 of Pond's new Dreamflower Powders, including Dusk Rose and Dark Rachel.

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Address_____
City_____ State_____
(Offer applies only in U.S.)

BEAUTY and the BATH

Using refreshing, fragrant bath aids, Martha makes her bath and shower a delightful luxury rather than a chore.

By CAROL CARTER

Lavely Martha O'Driscall, Paramaunt player appearing in "Yaung and Willing."

Here's how Hollywood lovelies keep cool and well groomed despite klieg lights and summer sun!

She uses cooling skin fresheners, toners and colognes for further invigoration and fragrant loveliness.

After her bath, a light dusting of fragrant bath powder or talcum keeps her skin satiny smooth and petal soft.

Frequent pedicures and applying lotions and creams keep feet smooth and help ward off foot discomfort.

Creamy gardenias wait expectantly on your dressing table. (They just arrived!) Your gayest party dress is carefully spread on the bed and delicious trills of excitement tingle in your spine. For there's no doubt about it; tonight is going to be something special in dates. And, of course, you're going to insure your *beauty* with a bath, using all the glamour tips of the Hollywood stars.

And aren't you glad you have already laid such an excellent beauty foundation when you learned long ago that everyday cleanliness, well-brushed and shampooed hair, clean teeth, sparkling eyes were the beginnings of all good looks. Then, on important date nights like this when you want, above all, to look dainty and unflurried, you have all your preparations made. Good grooming will proceed like clockwork. No rummaging through crowded drawers for toilet articles. No sudden realization that you haven't a single clean slip to your name. Your lingerie is always petal fresh. For everyday use, you've kept a box of snowy soap flakes or a bar of easy lathering, floating soap with your beauty aids so that while running your nightly bath you can whisk your stockings and undies through a foaming basin of suds. Here's an extra glamour hint: pour a generous splash of your favorite toilet water or cologne into the final rinsing water. You'll always be surrounded with a faint but delicious cloud of fine scent that lingers on refreshingly.

Before you step into your bath is the time to examine your nails. Polish a bit cracked or chipped? Well, get out your lacquer remover and prepare the way for a fresh, gleaming coat of polish to be applied after the bath is finished. Remember to match it with the color of lipstick and dress you intend to wear. If your sandals are revealing, plan to give toe nails a coat of polish, also.

Polish off? Then plunge your hand into a jar of cleansing cream and smooth rich gobs of it all over your face, your neck and arms. Remember, your complexion does not end with your jawline. It's important —especially with evening clothes—that the skin of your arms and neck be smooth and soft as cream. If you've been a girl with foresight and budgeted your time carefully, you can relax in the tub with cream on your face. This is an effective home treatment for softening and toning the skin, as delightful in its results as a luxurious salon facial. The warmth from your tub will not only smooth your complexion, it will also set your hair if you cooperate by pinning it in curls before your bath. Protect your head with a net and splash all you want. The warm, moist air will set your hair neatly.

You'll feel like a pampered darling, if now, before stepping into the tub, you (*Continued on page 70*)

MODERN SCREEN'S GOOD GROOMING *chart*

FOR	DO THIS	WITH THESE
COOLING OFF	Refresh yourself with o lukeworm both, using both solts, water softener, both oil, toilet woter or cologne in the woter. Lother oll over with mild cleonsing soop ond relox. After bothing, opply ofter-both rub or cooling cologne or toilet woter. Dust yourself with both or tolcum powder. Apply o deodoront or perspirotion check.	both solts or woter softener, both oil, toilet woter, cologne mild soop, ofter-bath rub, both or tolcum powder, deodoront perspirotion check.
FRAGRANT DAINTINESS	Keep yourself fresh ond dointy by bothing doily or oftener. Apply deodoront wherever skin touches skin ond to other perspirotion oreos. Use onti-perspiront severol times o week. Sprinkle deodorizing powder into shoes ond other close-fitting gorments. Sproy body with favorite scent.	both occessories, deodoront, onti-perspiront, deodorizing foot powder, fovorite scent.
DEFUZZING	Remove excess hoir from orms, legs ond underorms weekly or whenever needed. Follow corefully directions for the use of the type of depilotory thot you prefer—whether creom, wox or liquid or one of those hondy little obrosive mitts. Apply skin creom or lotion ofterword.	depilotory—creom, wox, liquid or obrosive mitt—skin creom or lotion.
IRRITATED SKIN	Bothe skin with lukeworm woter ond mild soop, or cleonse with light, fluffy summer creom. Apply creom or lotion doily ofter bothing, ond dust on both or tolcum powder.	mild soop, light fluffy creom, protective lotion or creom, dusting or tolcum powder.
A REFRESHING BATH	Sprinkle both solts, bubbles, cologne or toilet woter in tub of lukeworm woter. Lother body with free-lothering soap ond scrub with soft both brush. Remove rough skin on elbows ond feet with pumice. Follow up with o brisk rub-down with after-both rub, cologne or toilet woter, ond opply frogront tolcum or dusting powder freely.	both solts, bubbles, cologne, toilet woter, soop, both brush, pumice, ofter-both rub, tolcum or dusting powder.

FOOTNOTES ON BEAUTY

by CAROL CARTER

Lona Turner, oppearing in "Johnny Eoger," is beautiful from head to toe.

What with the tire shortage and your increased interest in sports and defense work, you're going to be going more places than ever on your own two legs this summer. And though you may have the face of an angel, you won't be any man's conception of a dream walking unless your footwork is perfect. That requires trim, comfortable feet, lovely-to-look-at legs and a graceful way of carrying yourself.

You may not have thought of it before but it's patriotic, as well as to your advantage, to take care of those underpinnings. The listless girl whose feet are forever hurting her slows down whatever activity she enters. And while she's suffering needlessly, she's destroying the good impression she hopes to create—by an edgy disposition or strained facial expression.

If you want to have pep that makes for popularity and efficiency, too, be smart and wear shoes that fit your feet—not your idea how small they should be. Men tell us they seldom notice the size of a girl's shoes, but it's easy to spot the girl who wedges her feet into shoes that are too short or too narrow. Her feet just plain hurt, and she can't relax and enjoy herself—whether dancing, walking or just sitting and chatting. If you want graceful, comfortable feet, be sure also to select stockings that are long enough, for undersized hose cause almost as much discomfort as shoes that are incorrectly fitted.

These summery days when even the most normal feet seem to swell and become too big for shoes, make it a point to give your feet a little extra care. After your daily bath, massage with a soothing foot cream or lotion. Then, sprinkle a little powder over them and into each shoe to keep feet dry, cool and comfortable. If yours is the kind of job that keeps you standing all day long, don't stop with these small attentions. Relieve your tired feet nightly with a thorough foot bath, using all the antiseptic, soothing preparations made specially to draw out soreness and aching. You'll feel like someone gave you a new pair. Here's how you do it:

Dip your feet into warm water and let them soak for at least 10 minutes.

Then, with a stiff brush and sudsy soap

You'll go places this summer if you keep your two feet comfortable and well groomed and your legs trim, shapely and lovely to look at!

or a special foot soap, go over your feet briskly, concentrating mostly on the soles and around the toes and cuticles. Then, rinse your feet in alternate baths of warm and cold water until your feet feel soothed and relaxed, and dry them thoroughly. (This bath and successive rinsing are particularly effective, if your feet are inclined to perspire too freely in summer weather. Also use special foot salts in your water to help correct this condition and be lavish with powder before slipping into your pumps.)

Next comes a stimulating, yet soothing, massage with foot cream or lotion. Grasp your foot firmly with both hands near the toes and with a firm pressure smooth upward from toe to heel and up your ankle. When both feet have been eased, dust them with powder.

Even if your job doesn't require a lot of leg work, give your feet the above treat once a week. It will keep your step lively and graceful and improve the appearance of your feet. And the latter is something you ought to be concerned about always—but particularly this time of year when you wear revealing sandals for dancing or spend holidays at the beach. If you have any ugly foot disfigurements, get rid of them. They're often caused by improperly fitted shoes, so first correct your footwear, then give those blemishes proper treatment.

For instance, if you have a corn, apply a specially medicated pad or special lotion after bathing your feet. In a few days, the corn will soften sufficiently so that it can be easily pressed out with a blunt instrument, such as your orange stick wrapped in cotton. If it's a callous that detracts from foot beauty and comfort, get rid of it by applying a special callous pad or lotion. Generally, this heavy tissue can be peeled away within several days. However, if a callous is particularly tough and resistant, visit a good chiropodist.

Always be wary of blisters; they not only put a damper on your fun temporarily, but may cause you serious trouble, if neglected. First, try to prevent them by discarding shoes which rub or by inserting specially designed devices into your shoes which make them fit better. If, however, you do get a blister, keep it clean and protect it with antiseptic gauze or a special gauze pad applied with adhesive. Never apply adhesive tape directly over an injury.

Film stars, dancers and aqua belles everywhere whose figures are part of their fortunes, never miss giving their feet as much care and grooming as their hands, so why not follow their lead and give yourself a pedicure at least once a week? You want to be proud of your feet when you go swimming with the crowd. Every thorough pedicure, of course, begins with a foot bath and massage. Then take off old polish with special remover and cleansing tissue, and file or clip your nails straight across to avoid ingrowing at the corners. With a cotton-wound orange stick, go around the bases and under the tips with cuticle softener to remove dull, ugly tissue. Scrub your toes briskly with a firm-bristled brush and dry them with a thick, fluffy towel. Then, apply a bit of nail white under the tips and rinse again.

Last, highlight your nails with a polish shade to match your fingertips. Even if you don't intend to expose your feet to public view, you'll find them fascinating to watch when you walk about in your own room and you'll have the inner satisfaction of knowing you're flawlessly groomed from top to toe. Separate your toes with tufts of cotton or cleansing tissue so polish won't smear, then apply your lacquer evenly, stroking downward.

ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR PRESENT PERSPIRATION-CHECK? TEST IT! PUT IT UNDER THIS ARM.
PUT FRESH #2, THE NEW PERSPIRATION-CHECK, UNDER THIS ARM. SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION BETTER.

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.
4. See how *convenient* FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

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IMRA* de-fuzzes delightfully! This amazing new cosmetic cream depilatory removes superfluous hair quickly, pleasantly. Pure white cream. **No bad smell!** You smooth it on legs, arms, under-arms...Later, rinse it off. Skin is hair-free! **No nicks, no scars, no ugly razor stubble.** Two sizes: 65c and $1. Trial size (at drug or 5&10c stores), 25c.

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Let's consider legs, too. They come in for their share of attention always—whether you're in a swim suit, shorts or just swinging along the street in a smart summer frock. So don't let an ugly growth of excess hair detract from their shapely beauty when defuzzing takes just a few minutes. Whether you use a modern cream, liquid or wax depilatory or one of those handy little abrasive mitts, you'll find any of them effective.

If you go stockingless this summer, you'll want those legs of yours to be smooth as satin, so massage them regularly with a rich emollient cream or lotion. And don't forget to use special make-up on your legs to give them a lovely dull finish that's as flattering as the most expensive hose.

Is your walk lithe and graceful, expressing poise and youthful buoyancy? Why not watch yourself as you pass a shop window or a long mirror? If you find that you mince, wobble from side to side, toe in or out or have any other ungraceful mannerism, set about to correct your walk. For allover loveliness, it's as important to use your feet and legs gracefully as it is to keep them well groomed. An attractive carriage, of course, begins with good posture, so remember to hold yourself tall with shoulders back, tummy tucked in so that an imaginary straight line might run from your ears, through your shoulder to your ankle bone. Then, walk, swinging your legs rhythmically forward from your hips, keeping your knees straight but not stiff. Be sure that you toe directly forward, placing your weight briefly first on the ball of your foot then on your heel. If you find it hard to maintain good posture while walking, practice moving about with a book balanced on your head.

This will be a summer of dancing, walking and cycling for you—and your legs are always in the limelight. To be 1-A in the glamour classification, you need to keep your feet comfortable and healthy and your legs shapely and well groomed.

Summertime, particularly this summer, 1942, when more walking than ever is in order, is an excellent season to start catering to your feet and to avail yourself of all those aids that help keep your walkers cool, healthy and happy. Every week should be foot comfort week to you, but to bring the how's and why's of foot care to the attention of the public, Dr. Scholl inaugurated a National Foot Comfort Week twenty-six years ago. This year it's June 20 to 27, and stores everywhere selling foot aids will cooperate through trained personnel, counter and window displays and informative literature to help solve your foot problems.

BEAUTY AND THE BATH

(*Continued from page 65*)

smooth a sweet-smelling bath oil over your body. Then for extra bathing spice, swish a generous handful of bath crystals or water softener into the water. The really fastidious gal never steps into a tub without using some form of water softener or crystals. After they're used there is never any unsightly ring to mark the tub and, incidentally, the skin is left soft and smooth. For a bracing, tonic effect, try cologne or toilet water in your bath, also.

Now that you are in the tub relax completely. Stretch luxuriously in the scented water and work up a good lather with a fragrant soap to harmonize with your bath aids or, if you prefer, use a clean-smelling, floating bar soap. In any case, remember that a mild free-lathering one is your surest beauty aid. Then, to work with the bath brush! Scrub vigorously, paying special attention to elbows, heels and the section of your back between the shoulder blades. Feet in particular respond to this scrubbing. The massage sends the blood tingling, makes your step lighter and more buoyant. Smooth off foot callouses, tough cuticle and rough skin with a piece of pumice or one of those clever new files made expressly for the purpose. You'll be dancing more radiantly later on because of this short interval of foot care.

Finish your bath with a flesh-tingling, exhilarating shower. Reach for a clean, soft towel and dry yourself briskly. Be particularly careful about drying your feet. Don't neglect one of your ten precious toes. Dry them carefully and then, to be certain that your feet remain bath-fresh all evening, dust them with a special foot powder.

Perhaps the nicest thing about the bath ritual is the after-bath routine. For now is the time when you apply a cool, tangy body lotion, after-bath rub, cologne or toilet water. The universal method of applying them is to swish the lotion of your choice on in generous handfuls. Or you might prefer to use it in an atomizer and to bathe yourself in a cloud of fine scent. Allow it to dry. Then gently sift a fine talcum or dusting powder all over yourself.

Now, spanking clean and freshly perfumed from your bath, is the proper time to use a deodorant. For you want to preserve your brand new daintiness all through the evening. Your bath alone is no protection against perspiration that will form during an evening of active rhumba-ing to your favorite orchestra. Also, if necessary with your deodorant, use any effective, authorized perspiration check in either liquid, cream or powder form. And remember, the underarm is not the only area to be safe-guarded. Use your favorite anti-perspirant freely on your back and wherever skin touches skin. As a matter of habit you should, of course, be using a good anti-perspirant every two or three days. If you perspire freely it would certainly be a good idea to tuck a miniature size of your deodorant into your purse for the proverbial ounce of prevention. You'll realize that the question of complete personal daintiness is pretty important when you hear these surprising statistics: Fully 50% of women suffer a heavy annual loss in dresses through perspiration stains. Why, one woman alone who uses no anti-perspiration measures will ruin $39.50 worth of dresses in a year! And there's no counting the number of lost romances. Your legs, arms and underarms are, of course, smooth and free of unsightly hair. A necessary part of beauty, this, achieved by regular use of your favorite depilatory whether it's cream, wax or liquid, or a convenient abrasive mitt.

You are now completely fresh, cool and dainty from your bath. This ritual has heightened all your natural beauty and now art is coming to the aid of nature! You turn to your make-up table confident that you are thoroughly and immaculately feminine. Your face has been lubricated and revived by the earlier creaming while in the tub. Now to close the pores and strengthen the

muscles, pat on a crystal-cool freshener.

Now, your face powder. A fresh puff goes without saying, of course. But before you fluff the lightest dab of powder on your cheek, make certain that you have smoothed a fine complexion base on face and neck. Work it in well, don't be too stingy with it. Then over this satin-smooth foundation, carefully and generously pat your favorite face powder. The technique used in Hollywood studios is to put as much powder on the puff as it will hold and then gently press it against the skin. Never slap your face with the puff to get the last grain of powder. Your skin is too delicate for such rough treatment. Brush off excess powder with a fine complexion brush that also does a good job of blending. Then, a glow of rouge to brighten your eyes. Brush out your hair, flicking a bit of brilliantine through it with your comb to bring out all its sheen.

Here is where you can make use of all the coquettish perfume tricks that beautiful women have been bewitching mere males with for centuries. Spray on a whiff of good scent. Lightly trace the outline of your brows with it. Or mark the part of your hair with a faint touch of perfume; sheer enchantment for a night of dancing.

You want your lips to be soft, dewy and lushly feminine-looking, so avoid ugly smears by using a lipstick pencil. You'll be surprised at what a neat job you can do with this handy aid. For longwearing lips, try this Hollywood trick: After the first application of lipstick dust your lips with powder, whisk off the excess with a soft utility brush and then apply a second coat of lipstick and blot away the excess with cleansing tissue. The first layer of lipstick makes an impregnable base.

But don't let your lips steal compliments from your eyes. Highlight them with cream, cake form or liquid mascara, brushed on in a filmy coat to accentuate the natural warmth and color of your eyes. Darken your brows with brisk strokes of your eyebrow pencil and subtly apply shadow.

To retain that delightfully invigorated, fresh feeling you have after bathing, dust yourself all over with a soothing, cooling bath powder. If you're looking for one that will spread as smooth as satin, why not try Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. It has the same fine quality of face powder and the delicate fragrance that men love. Be cool, be dainty this summer. Let Cashmere Bouquet Talcum give you charm.

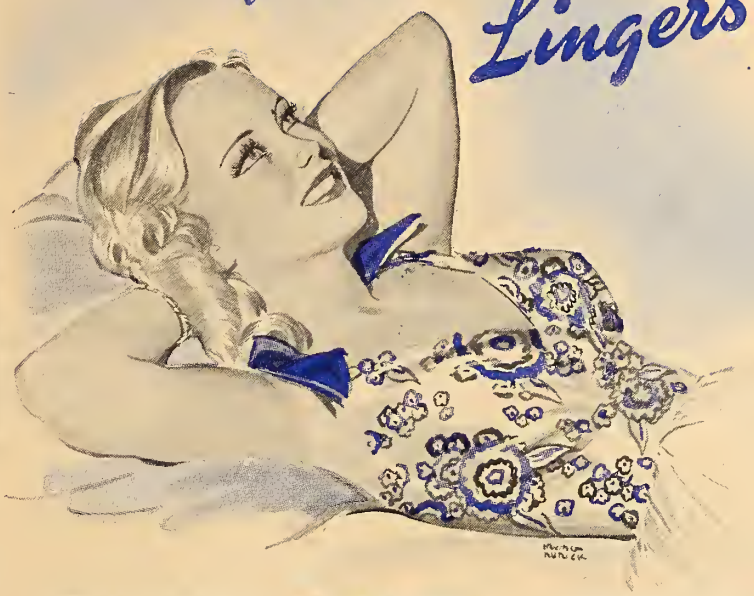
If you want to do your bit for Uncle Sam, conserve your hair pins and use them over and over again. They're made of valuable steel, you know, that can be converted into war uses. Why not get off to a right start now and equip yourself with a Victory Hair Pin Kit which contains sufficient pins for a complete hair-do. It's smaller than your compact and as light as your powder puff, so take it with you to your hairdresser's or keep it handy on your dressing table for setting your own locks with ease.

TO GENE AUTRY FAN CLUBBERS

Dozens of requests have been flowing into the offices of MODERN SCREEN for a color portrait of Gene Autry which your publication announced we were giving away. Unfortunately, we made no such offer at any time, and, while we should like to oblige fans, we find it impossible to meet the demand.

THE EDITORS.

The Memory Lingers On



This was it . . . the real thing . . . the night you dreamed about ever since freckles and pigtails.

And now you re-live every precious minute . . .

That look in his eyes when you floated down the staircase.

The way he held you close as you danced. And how he sulked, when the stag line caught up with you!

Then like the climax to a great play . . . he suggested a stroll in the moonlight. You felt like a leading lady, walking with him on the terrace . . .

And to think you almost didn't go tonight . . . almost called it off!

If it hadn't been for Jane, you'd have let trying days of the month rule your life! But remember how she laughed at your worries . . . made you promise to switch to Kotex sanitary napkins?

As she put it—it's comfort you want most, and most everyone knows Kotex is *more comfortable!*

Because Kotex is made in soft folds, it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

Then, too, Kotex has flat, pressed ends that do away with bumps and bulges. And a new moisture-resistant "safety shield" for *added* protection. No wonder your lingering doubts and fears vanished completely!

So you've decided that from now on Kotex is "a must". Now you know why it's more popular than all other brands of pads *put together!*

Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree —with Kotex*!

'TAIN'T IN TEXT BOOKS! Where's a girl to learn all about her "problem"? The new free booklet, "As One Girl To Another" tells all. Mail name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-7, Chicago, and get copy postpaid and FREE. (*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Moment of Luxury
WITH A FINER BODY TALCUM OF FACE POWDER QUALITY!
COMPARE Cashmere Bouquet Talcum with others you've used! Note the silky feel, the total absence of grit. That's because Cashmere Bouquet Talcum is finer—made to face-powder standards.
COOL AS STARDUST, it falls on your skin; dries lingering moisture; leaves a satiny, protective film so soothing to sensitive areas that chafe easily.
AND FOR DRAMATIC CLIMAX, you'll find Cashmere Bouquet Talcum imparts to your person "the fragrance men love." No whisper of perspiration staleness to brand you as the "lady who forgot."
In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.
Cashmere Bouquet
TALCUM POWDER
Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder
A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

LOVE THUMBED A RIDE

(Continued from page 45)

her what she wanted, and, from the sheet-music menu, she selected a beverage with an exotic name. George said he'd have the same. "I was brought up to think you should always do that when you take a lady out," he explains this most charming of Western mannerisms.

When the order arrived, it was a triumph. Cracked ice in a bowl almost big enough for a family of fish; inside that was a tall, thin, iced glass. George felt that he had done the right thing—for etiquette's sake and the photographers—so he said to the waiter, "Could I have a glass of milk, please?"

Hedy looked up at George and smiled. "Could I have one, too, please?"

So, on their first date, George and Hedy hid two glasses of milk behind a pair of elaborate bar concoctions and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. They danced. They didn't talk very much; sometimes words aren't necessary when eyes meet and cling.

hamburger heaven . . .

After Mocambo closed they drove down to the beach and watched the furious pounding of winter surf. Then they went to a drive-in to have hamburgers. "How do you feel about onions?" he asked Hedy.

"I love them," she confessed.

"What a girl!" To the carhop he said, "Two hamburgers with *everything*."

George is a hamburger connoisseur. During the one year he attended the University of Montana, he worked his way through by serving as a cook in a hamburger stand. He insists that he is a 4-star chef; he learned this knack from an old sheepherder when the two of them used to be isolated for weeks at a time out on the range. "I can make the best biscuits you ever flapped a lip over," he says. "Flannel cakes, corn bread, potato pancakes with sliced onion . . . I can really turn 'em out."

Lucky Hedy—because she doesn't cook. She says that she's lazy. The only thing she makes—and does it in larrapin' style—is what she calls her "million" island dressing.

George gets a huge kick out of Hedy's occasional struggles with English. The other day as they were hiking along a country lane, she looked up at him and said eagerly, "Some time we'll go back to Amorocco again, won't we?"

George says that whatever Hedy wants, he'll get for her—forever—but this request had to be cleared up. "Where?" he asked. After all, Hedy has traveled a great deal, but she and George haven't yet had time to discuss many of the places she knows well.

"The Amorocco," she repeated. "You know, where we went for our first date—the night we fell in love."

Dawn. "Oh, the MOCAMBO!"

They clung to each other and laughed. From that moment to this they call the Mocambo the Amorocco.

Almost immediately after they met, both George and Hedy went into pictures. Hedy was working days in "Tortilla Flat" and George was working nights in "Ten Gentlemen From West Point." But they couldn't bear to let a day go by without seeing one another. Somehow they managed it—George would spend an hour or so in the morning on the M-G-M set where Hedy was working and Hedy, the instant she was through work, would rush over to the 20th lot to spend an hour or so with George. Only when he was on location at distant Idylwild (which Hedy calls Isle Wyle) did they miss that daily visit.

By the way, to illustrate George's rapid-fire sense of humor, when he was asked if "Ten Gentlemen From West Point" was a "period" picture, he grinned. "Well, considering the circumstances at the time, for me it was a 'coma' picture."

No matter what happened during the week, George and Hedy managed to have their Sundays together—long, golden days filled with the magic of early California spring. They drove into the country where the fields were green with young grain. George explained how oats looked. Then he explained the difference between oats and barley. Beans and cabbage and cauliflower.

Imagine Hedy, in the eyes of the world the super-sophisticate who knew Vienna, Paris, Budapest and Biarritz, learning about farm products! Hedy of "Ecstasy" riding along with a sun-browned cowboy from Montana! Hedy of "Algiers" trying to tell barley from oats in a windblown seaside field!

George says he wasn't able to cross her up very often; she studied her grains seriously. "What's that?" he asked one morning, pointing to a field filled with feathery leaved plants.

"*That* is falfala," she said quickly.

George didn't have the heart to correct her. "She was so earnest."

When he tells stories like that about Hedy, George's voice goes deep with tenderness. For him, this is first love; he had told interviewers only a few months ago that he had no intention of marrying for years. He had been pretty sure of his bomb-proof heart. He didn't dream that his slim, dark-haired girl would change his life completely.

As for Hedy, her two previous marriages seem to have made no deeper impression upon her personality than do the light-hearted romances of an American high-school girl. Sometimes, when with George, she must have marveled at the world of joy and laughter he was opening to her, because he says she would become silent for long miles.

lucky penny . . .

"Penny for your thoughts," he would say. And, after this had happened several hundred times he shortened the query to "Penny?"

That became their password. George gave her a hand-tooled Western belt mounted with silver. Along the silver clasp that holds the tail of the belt in place is engraved the word "Penny." For Easter, George sent over to the stage at M-G-M where Hedy was working, a blue and white canvas set chair. On the back in large letters is printed "Penny."

Hedy gave George a money clip—the type that holds currency in place—and mounted on the top arm of the clip was a shining new penny.

There were other gifts, too. On the little finger of his left hand, George wears the ring Hedy gave him. It consists of three narrow gold bands: one band is white gold, one yellow gold, and the third rose gold. The top surface is engraved to give the bands a rope-like design, and the three bands are so linked together that, on George's finger,

(Continued on page 77)

SMART GIRL

(Continued from page 29)

sort of red and beige plaid, like the room.

Vaughn breakfasts with her even on her working days, when it means getting up at six. Those are the days when she doesn't bother with make-up, since all that will be done at the studio—just showers, dresses and combs her hair, never the same way twice. If Vaughn had his way, she'd never wear make-up off the lot. She likes it, he doesn't, so they compromise. When she's going out, she takes the works—lipstick, rouge, eyebrow pencil, mascara—just a little of each for color. At home she pleases the lord and master by wearing no make-up at all.

"Take it easy," says Vaughn, like males the world over, as she hops into her gold-brown Cadillac. It was he who taught her to drive, and they went through the same routine we all go through when our husbands or brothers or sweethearts thus condescend, the general theme being that he's impatient, and she's stupid. Deanna's chief trouble was forgetting to put the clutch in and stalling the car. "Throw in the clutch," he'd yell, and she'd jam on the brakes, and end by moving out from under the wheel with a frosty, "*You* drive." He thinks she's a swell driver now. The "Take it easy" is just extra insurance. Ironically, the car she finally bought was a clutchless Hydromatic.

She loves that early morning drive to the studio. With the car top down, weather permitting, and the radio on, there's something wonderful about driving all alone down the twisting canyon road. It gives you the feeling of ice-skating, says Deanna—sort of like jumping from foot to foot as you take the curves. Besides, she can tune the radio on as loud as she likes, which is louder than anyone else likes. What the program is doesn't matter, as long as it's music, and that includes jive. Driving home is less fun. She's tired, and the traffic's heavy, and she just wants to get there and get cleaned up for dinner, which isn't till seven-thirty or eight, because it takes so long to get her make-up off. Pancake make-up won't stay on her skin, so she has to use grease.

around the house . . .

She's no sluggard, even on her days off, and unless she's been out very late the night before, gets up at eight, slips into a housecoat, and prepares for a busy day, doing nothing much. She thinks housecoats are fun, changes to a dress for lunch and wears slacks only when she feels particularly lazy. Vaughn doesn't care for them, but that's not why she avoids them, she's just not crazy about them herself.

With reading, knitting, answering mail, a dip in the pool or just sitting somewhere and looking, the morning goes. Puttering is the best thing she does. Her mind's eye retains an accurate picture of the decorative scheme of each room. If a rug's been moved or an ashtray shoved out of place, that's simply dandy, she has such a fine time pushing them straight again. She won't trust her precious linens to the laundry. They're done in the washing-machine on the back porch and left on her fourposter, so she can put them back on the shelves herself. She's a tidy housekeeper. "But not like my mother," she says firmly. "Mother has to have the house spring-cleaned every day, so of course she has

ALL YOU'VE EVER LONGED FOR IN A LIPSTICK

An Announcement by Constance Luft Huhn

HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE
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WE are constantly seeking to give our Tangee Lipsticks exactly those qualities you tell us you want most. That is how our new and exclusive SATIN-FINISH was created. *You* demanded a lipstick that would give your lips a softer, glossier sheen... with a texture *not too moist*, yet *not too dry*...that *really* stays on without smearing or smudging.

In bringing you our new SATIN-FINISH we have made, we believe, the most important cosmetic advance of the past 20 years. Here is all you've ever longed for in a lipstick—a combination of Tangee's wonderfully flattering shades, Tangee's soothing and protective pure cream base, and the flawless grooming of Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH.

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TANGEE RED-RED..."Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All!"... harmonizes with all fashion colors.

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TANGEE *Lipsticks*

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Send "Miracle Make-Up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipstick, matching rouge and face powder.
LIPSTICK & ROUGE: *CHECK ONE* ☐ *NATURAL* ☐ *THEATRICAL RED* ☐ *RED-RED*
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I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

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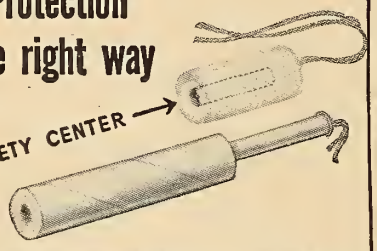
When is a Tampon right for you?

Now more than ever—when days are so busy and hectic—the wonderful freedom of *internal* sanitary protection makes sense! But there are tampons *and* tampons. What are the things to look for—when is a tampon *right* for you?

Protection the right way



For real security a tampon must absorb *quickly, surely!* Meds absorb *faster* because of their exclusive "safety center" feature! Meds are made of finest, pure cotton . . . hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

Is it right for comfort?

Meds were scientifically designed by a woman's doctor. So comfortable you hardly know you're wearing them. Meds eliminate bulges—chafing—pins—odor. Easier to use, too, for each Meds comes in an individual one-time-use applicator!

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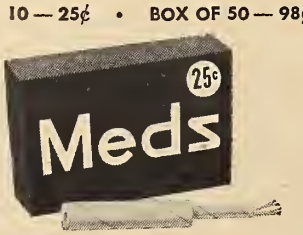
Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators. No more than leading napkins. Get Meds—the *right* tampon—for protection, comfort, and value!

BOX OF 10 — 25¢ • BOX OF 50 — 98¢



The Modess Tampon

lots of trouble with maids and things."

Bills and checkbooks are her *bête noire,* but she thinks she ought to wrestle with them. She wrestles in the den with a fire for company. When she gets them balled up, Vaughn comes to the rescue. Vaughn can make figures jump through hoops. She takes a voice lesson every day, because lessons are more fun than vocalizing by yourself, and you've got to do one or the other—as in any game requiring practise—or you'll soon find you're not as good as you were. She enjoys fixing flowers, though she's rather a dub at it. Since their garden's new, most of the flowers have to be bought. But the vegetable garden Vaughn planted three months ago is paying dividends. There was never a lettuce like the first they had out of the garden. So tender. Such a pure green. No brown spots like in the store.

They're both hearty eaters and razz each other about weight. What Deanna likes best is everything fattening—spaghetti, pie à la mode, water with meals instead of between. "Of course my husband gains right and left," she notes, "while he's telling me not to." She's always loathed vegetables. Her mother tried to force them on her for a while, but it took so much out of them both that she gave up. Now Deanna's stern with herself. "You're a married woman, you'd better grow up about eating." When Dudi asks, "Will such-and-such a vegetable be all right?" she writhes, says yes and tries it. The most she can say for them is that they go down a little more easily than they used to. Last month, however, eating an artichoke for the first time, she found to her mingled chagrin and glee that she loved it—chagrin at what she'd been missing all these years. She's perverse about artichokes, too—prefers the tough leaves to the tender heart, and trades her heart for Vaughn's leaves. As for calories, she doesn't really have to worry. Excess poundage melts when she starts working, and working's lots easier than saying no to a dish of spaghetti.

They fix their own dinner on maid's night out—steak or stew or tamales. Vaughn's the better cook. She doesn't know where he learned—Boy Scouts or something—just all of a sudden he stood there and knew how to cook. She washes the dishes, because she won't trust him to stick to her system—glasses first, then silver, then china, then pans. "Why?" asks Vaughn.

"Because that's how it's supposed to be done."

"Why?"

"I heard so five years ago."

night life . . .

They go dancing occasionally—to Ciro's or the Cocoanut Grove—but not nearly so often as before they were married. They go to the movies, which they're nuts about, and hold hands. Mostly, though, they just talk about going and wind up in front of the playroom fire, listening to the Capehart. There's something about a new home, they've learned, that makes you a homebody.

Or they'll head for the couch—which is long enough to hold one at each end, with their feet up—and read. Deanna's just finished "Ivory Mischief." Vaughn goes in more for current affairs. Each freely interrupts the other with a passage that has to be read aloud. Or they'll just gab. Gabbing, says Deanna, is what she'd miss most out of marriage—having someone you can talk like mad to about anything—music, the war or Swedish massage. To get one of these big discussions started, she'll blithely call black what she knows is pure white.

Friends may drop in—Anne Shirley who lives across the road, or Laraine Day or kids they know in the technical end of the business whose names mean nothing to the movie-goer. Then it's records or games or they roll up the rug and dance. I was curious to know if Deanna ever sang for them. "Not to stand up and sing. I might break out, but they pay no attention. I have wonderful friends. They ignore me."

Vaughn calls her Edna, as do most of her intimates. Deanna would sound as strange from them as Edna would sound at the studio. If she sticks a *y* on your name, that means she likes you. Clarency she calls her brother-in-law. But she doesn't say Vaughny, it's generally darling. He brings her gardenias, her favorite flower, as he did before they were married. When they're going out, he'll ask if she wouldn't rather have something else. She never would. He comes home with new records, which she's not allowed to look at. He's got to put them on the machine and surprise her.

tit for tat . . .

She bought him a pair of gray fuzzy slippers for Easter, rigged them up with eyes and ears to look like bunnies and stuck them in a basket, faces peeking over the top. Not being too handy with her fingers, it took her all afternoon. Once in a while she'll bring him a new photo she thinks he might like, with an inscription he likes still better. These are strictly for his dressing room, where Deanna in her wedding gown holds the place of honor. They don't have photos stuck all over the house, think it looks conceited.

Affectation in any form is a red rag to Vaughn. Telling him the story of a picture she was to make, Deanna kept referring to the girl as she.

"*You're* going to play it. Why don't you say I?"

"What's the difference?"

"Sounds phony. How'd you like me saying, 'She goes coy on him and he bangs her over the head'?"

So, for the pleasure of having her ears slapped down, Deanna feeds him bait. Separated for the first time on her recent camp tour, they phoned each other often. One night she talked her head off, the bill was terrific, and she got bawled out by mail. "Can I help it," she wrote back sweetly, "if I'm so fascinating that you can't tear yourself away?" The answer to that one was a honey, but private.

She slaps him down, too. For not standing up straight. Ever since she's known the guy, she's been after him to stand up straight. They even made a deal. If she'd quit biting her nails, he'd quit slumping. She did, but he didn't. Also he leaves the door of the cedar closet open, and she has to keep slamming it shut. She's of two minds about that. It makes her mad because it's bad for the cedar. On the other hand, she wouldn't care for an over-orderly man and gets a kick out of picking up after him.

Badminton is the only sport they share. Vaughn goes in for squash which is too fast for Deanna—tennis which she's not much good at—and golf which she doesn't like. She loves a horse. Vaughn's only attempt at riding brought on severe pains in the side. "Because you don't do it right," his bride assured him. "I'll show you." But she hasn't got around to it yet.

For Christmas of '38 he gave her an exquisite wristwatch, set with rubies, her favorite stone. She was so mad about

it that he had her engagement ring designed to match. Her wedding ring is the old-fashioned gold band. With her hair back, she wears earrings, mostly costume stuff—likes the real thing, too, but doesn't own much of it—a gold bracelet with rubies from her mother and two lovely clips which were wedding gifts, one of amethyst, one of topaz, ruby and diamonds from Joe Pasternak.

Her taste in clothes is conservative. She likes them fluffy and tailored, red and yellow and green, but thinks she looks best in blue. Vaughn wouldn't be caught dead shopping with her and doesn't comment too lavishly on what she wears. Just says, "Pretty—" if he thinks so. If not, there's a certain kind of face he makes. She's more articulate on the subject of his clothes, feels that dark suits—especially navy—bring out the best in him and wore him down about a flat-crowned hat he'd fancied. He got so sick of hearing that men with round faces shouldn't wear flat crowns that this particular number became a rain-hat.

She hates phoning and soap when it's down to a sliver. She has a weakness for bargain-hunting, buying doo-dads for the house and Richard Hickman. The last is an understatement. She adores the ground her only beloved nephew walks on.

He's a little over a year. When he tries to say auntie, it sounds like ahwah and like heaven to Deanna. He has an ear for music. Only when Ahwah's around, does he ask to be sung to sleep. "Boo!" he says, and she sits beside his crib and sings "Boola Boola Boola Byebye"—the lullaby she's always loved best. He was at the station when she got back from her camp tour. "And remembered me," lilts Deanna. "He held his arms out."

Her camp tour had nothing to do with the criticism unfairly heaped on her head in connection with a projected trip to England. Some time before we went to war, she was approached about entertaining the soldiers abroad. While she and Vaughn were considering the possibility, Pearl Harbor put an end to it. Meantime some overzealous or misinformed official had broken the story prematurely, and folks started clacking, how about our own soldiers? Deanna needed no reminder that our own came first.

soldiers' songbird . . .

Like most of Hollywood's stars, she signed up with the Victory Committee to do whatever she could. They mapped out a tour which included Camp Edwards and Ft. Devens in Massachusetts, Forts Monmouth and Dix in New Jersey, Indian Town Gap in Pennsylvania, Belvoir in Virginia, and the Aberdeen Proving Grounds in Maryland. She joined a regular vaudeville unit, giving two shows a night and says the boys did infinitely more for her than she could ever do for them.

They stuck "Welcome, Deanna" posters on the mess hall walls. They had cakes baked, decorated with the regimental colors and her name. They presented her with their insignia, which meant they had to go out and buy others for themselves.

"Anything they do becomes so big," she fairly wails, "because you know all the trouble they have to go to, to do it. Just the fact that so many came to the show. They had to walk three or four miles from barracks. They had to stand on line. They had to pay twenty cents—which they don't any more, thank goodness." She'll never forget the two boys who sent her two gardenias. "At twenty-one dollars a month, two gardenias cost

"Wake up looking lovely... try my Beauty Nightcap"

RITA HAYWORTH, CO-STARRING IN "CARNIVAL IN RIO", A COLUMBIA PICTURE

says Rita Hayworth...

"Your complexion can grow lovelier. I know. Just have a Nightcap nightly with Woodbury Cold Cream.

"Why Woodbury? Its beauty oils help relieve the dryness that may lead to tiny lines. You'll see!"

Nightly, Rita cleanses with Woodbury. Then, removing this cream, she dabs on fresh Woodbury Cold Cream for all-night marvels. She can trust Woodbury, for an exclusive ingredient is constantly acting to purify this cream right in the jar.

For a dazzling complexion, try Rita's Nightcap!

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars

Try Rita Hayworth's Nightcap. Today get Woodbury Cold Cream. Large jars are 50¢ to $1.25. Introductory sizes 10¢, 25¢.

For special skins—special creams. If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need. If oily, cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream. If dry, use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream at night. For any skin, use new Woodbury Foundation Cream for a powder base.

Glamorous Hair helps Sue get her Man

ALL BRIDES ARE LOVELY but Sue was especially radiant. As the soft candlelight danced in the sparkling highlights of her hair, I thought . . .

COULD THIS BE THE SAME GIRL I discovered weeping one day because her hair was so dull and drab-looking? Right then I told her about Colorinse and how my beautician recommended "Colorinsing after every shampoo". That very night . . .

SUE GAVE COLORINSE A TRY and what a difference in her hair! It had a warmer, richer color—it was softer, silkier—so much easier to manage. And her whole face seemed more radiant for the lustrous highlights that Colorinse gave her hair reflected lovely soft tones in her complexion. Today . . .

A HAPPY BRIDE says "*thanks*" to Colorinse for teaching her the age-old beauty secret—"Romance begins with glamorous hair".

P. S. *And here's something* else *that Sue discovered. "For a lovelier hair-do, use Nestle Shampoo* BEFORE *and Nestle Superset* AFTER *Colorinsing."*

Buy DEFENSE STAMPS at your favorite 5 and 10¢ store

10¢ & 25¢ sizes

a fortune!" Nor the boy who played the piano at Camp Edwards. He asked her to sign a valentine he'd bought for his bride-to-be.

"But I wouldn't want *my* husband to send me a valentine with another girl's name on it," she protested.

"My girl would," grinned the soldier.

Some of the boys were shy at first. To break barriers down, she'd spend afternoons in the service clubs, eat with them in the mess halls, serve them their food. They got a bang out of that. To keep the show informal, she wore prints instead of evening gowns, announced her own songs, talked to them from the stage as she'd talk to a roomful of friends, which indeed they were. She sang ten songs every night and kept them light. Nothing classical. Nothing patriotic. The fact that they were there proved how they felt. They didn't have to be sold on anything or reminded. As a matter af fact, she didn't want to remind them. They were there to have fun. That's what she tried to give them.

They'd stamp and yell when she announced "Amapola" or "Embraceable You." They'd hum along when she sang "Taps 'Til Reveille." "Rose O'Day" got a terrific hand. Till she proved it, they seemed doubtful that she could manage the double talk. While she was singing, you could have heard the proverbial pin drop. Afterwards, she bawled.

"They seemed so happy, and I felt just the opposite. You do so little and they think it's wonderful, and the whole thing's out of proportion." Some of the letters they wrote her she swears she'll keep as long as she lives. With the two gardenias.

She returned to prepare for "The Divine Young Lady." She misses Joe Pasternak who guided her course for six years, but Bruce Manning, her present producer, reminds her of Pasternak. He's not just the man who runs things. He's someone you can talk to, and he understands.

unknown tomorrows . . .

Her contract has two more years to run. Beyond that, she's making no plans. Whatever comes, comes. She's never been a dyed-in-the-wool career girl. She loves her work, but she loves her husband better.

Right now their lives are shadowed only by the shadow that darkens the lives of all young people today. Vaughn has been called into service. He hated leaving her as much as she hated being left. But like most men, he wanted to go. Deanna can't be happy about it. The most she can find is comfort in the knowledge that she's sharing the lot of millions of women. And that Vaughn is doing what he has to do, for the sake of something bigger and more enduring than themselves.

"You can't help being comforted by that," says Deanna, grown up.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

As we went to press, word reached us that due to Vaughn's recent induction into the Navy, Deanna Durbin was putting her honeymoon home on the market and moving nearer to her studio. Good luck, Ensign Paul and Deanna!

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 16*)

Adventure: Lucky you if your family's remained solvent so far and your allowance is still rolling in. A job isn't your ticket, but how would you like to try a walking tour or a bicycle expedition? Get two or three of your pals together, pack a minimum of clothes in one of those knapsack arrangements and depart. If you live in the city, proceed by train to some walkable or bikeable territory. Set some real point of interest about 75 miles distant as your destination. (You can do about fifteen or twenty miles comfortably in a day.) Stop over night at Y. W. C. A.'s or at one of the places the town's chamber of commerce will recommend. It's smart to map out your trip and write for this information in advance. Take along your camera and immortalize the most exciting summer you've ever had.

Girl Scout stuff: Ever stop to think that here you are in your nice safe house sleeping like an angel till all hours every morning and stuffing in Good Humors most of the day while thousands of boys —some of them no older than you—are fighting and dying so you can continue this super-okay American way of life? They make us all feel pretty humble, and we want like the very devil to deserve them. There isn't very much we can do to help the chaps overseas except buy defense stamps and more defense stamps, but there's lots to do for those future MacArthurs—our camped cronies. Fudge and brownies fill one void, but there's another great big one. They're starved for news from home. See that your local boys get the hometown newspaper, send them snapshots of the gang. Write often and breezily and don't be a dope about who owes whom a letter. Give them parties when they're home on leave. Make much of them—they're the swellest bunch of guys you'll ever really want to know.

Romance dep't: And of course you can't live without love—but it's no cinch to snag a stag come summer. Their standards seem to go up with the thermometer. To rate a bid to the local cinema palace, you've got to be an Alice Marble with a tennis racket, a Veronica Lake with a bathing suit and a Dottie Parker with the small talk. Haven't you noticed? Badger one of your female cronies to help you with your tennis. Go at it faithfully every day till you're really good—then watch the Almost-A-Tilden who brushed you off in chemistry class come around.

For that Veronica Lake figure: No more than nine hours sleep! It's that blissful tenth hour that pads the old waistline. Not too much ice cream. A little daily exercise rather than a frightful workout once in a blue moon. As for the small talk, read the newspapers, listen to the radio and read at least one good book a week. That should supply you with adequate conversation pieces in the line of news, comic strips, current swing and good literature.

Now you're on your own. Take summer in your stride and happy hunting!

LOVE THUMBED A RIDE

(*Continued from page 72*)

they can be slid one over the other in an endless design. But when the ring is removed, the three bands remain interlocked. There is a legend engraved within the three bands, but George refuses to show it to anyone. There are only three persons in the world who know what the fine, secret writing says, and those three are George, Hedy and the jeweller who did the work.

Hedy's engagement ring is a huge, square-cut diamond. One Hollywood columnist mistakenly announced that George had purchased the ring in a pawn shop. Of course, this was a ridiculous statement. A few doors away from the M-G-M administrative building there is a small shop run by a man who has long been known among studio personnel as an expert on fine stones. Mickey Rooney ordered the magnificent engagement ring he gave Ava Gardner from this man. Hedy's ring was ordered in the same way. Not that it really matters. Hedy would cherish it in a ten-cent box of crackerjacks.

When did he give Hedy her ring? "Oh, round about lambin' time," says the guy from Great Falls to indicate the early part of March. George's parents may be Russian, right enough, and he may speak Russian fluently with them at home, but he's one hundred per cent western American in idiom, action and idea.

Hedy speaks German and French in addition to English, yet she had no common language with which to discuss George when she met Mrs. Letz. Afterward, George's mother told him, "That's a nice, sweet girl. Pretty, too."

The reaction of Hedy's mother to George was the one usually voiced by women. "My, isn't he a big man!" Jimmy, Hedy's three-year-old adopted son, simply adores George and George feels the same way about Jimmy. "He's the cutest, smartest little kid I've seen in a long time," he says. "I'm nuts about him." George likes all children and hopes that he and Hedy will have "about three, and I'll teach 'em to ride as soon as they can walk."

angel on horseback . . .

George's first motion picture appearance was on horseback when he rode up a flight of stairs in "Conquest," and his first big part was doubling for the "Lone Ranger." "Nothing quite like a good horse," he says, so it is to be expected that he would start at once to teach Hedy to ride.

She had never been on a horse in her life until George drove her out to a small riding academy and selected a mount for her. Was she frightened?

"Say, she's not afraid of anything," George answers with pride.

She's learning to ride a western saddle —not English. "When you ride the ranges in Montana, you've got to have the right support," George explains. "Hedy got the general knack right away. Of course there were things she had to learn."

So George began to explain the important points of managing a horse. Let him know who was boss right away. Don't be simply a passenger—be in command. Keep your head up and your heels down. Sit straight in the saddle, but not stiff—be relaxed. That's right. Now, hold your reins in your left hand. Never hold them in your right hand—you might need that right hand for something else.

There were about seven different ways

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Nassau teacher, holds partners entranced by her exquisite daintiness.

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of holding the reins in the left hand. One rein could slide through here, and one through here—the thing was to keep the tension equal. . . .

"Say, George, honey," Hedy burst out, "don't you tell me so many things all at once. You tell me one thing at a time. And slowly."

At that, George leaned down from his saddle and told her one more thing—with a kiss—while the horses obligingly stood still.

Nowadays, whenever picture schedules will allow it, they ride every day for several hours.

Not only do they like the same things, they are burned up by the same woes. Neither of them relishes the amount of free advice handed out in Hollywood. Since the instant they knew they were in love—the night of their first date—they have been the center of attention. One group tried to get them to elope at once; the other faction drew long faces and said the marriage should be postponed indefinitely. They muttered darkly the word "Career."

George ignored them. He says, and means it to the soles of his 12-D shoes, that he can always go back to Montana "to the harvest." Around Hollywood his most frequently worn outfit is a pair of blue denims and a red plaid shirt, open at the throat. He makes no secret of the fact that he wants to get enough money to buy himself a good, big ranch near Great Falls. And when he goes back, Hedy will go with him.

Of course, that's probably far in the future. By the time you read this, George and Hedy will probably be married. They hadn't—late in April—decided whether the wedding would be large or small, in Los Angeles or across the state line. "We've never had enough time together to settle down to such little details," George says sincerely.

When you're in love, when every moment together is bliss, when you walk on air and breathe stardust, how can you be practical? George would like to know.

This much they have decided—in a burst of down-to-earth-ness. They will rent a "place"—George didn't know whether it would be a house, apartment, flat or what—halfway between M-G-M and 20th. "Then we can decide what we want to do next."

Meanwhile there's always today. "Please excuse me," George says. "I have to make a telephone call." His calls are brief—never more than five minutes. He uses the telephone strictly to make arrangements. Anything else he has to say is better spoken eye to eye.

When he is away from Hedy, what does he call her in his mind? Does he have a secret, special pet name for her? "Well, yes," he says seriously. "I call her *mya adushatska.* I'll try to translate it for you. It means a lot of things. It means everything. It means 'my love, my life, my heart, my soul.' "

That is what Hedy Lamarr means to love of her life George Montgomery.

LIKE TO READ OTHER PEOPLE'S MAIL?

(*Continued from page 63*)

—Say, what is a grig anyway?
Call me the minute you get back.
Love to you both—
ANN

Gracie Allen to George Burns

Dear George:

I got into a big discussion with the family last night about whether you suit me in husbands. Like that blue suit you bought, George, remember? That didn't fit you, because they put a hot pastrami sandwich in the pocket with coleslaw and two pairs of pants? You don't like hot pastrami, so they think I might not like you.

The family has to be very careful about you, George, because my aunt Mamie eloped with a two-headed glamour boy from the circus, but you only have one head, George, which makes you twice as dangerous, unless you keep the other one in the icebox, but I said, how could you with the Pepsi-Cola and all, you certainly can't drink a head. You see, I trust you, George.

Mother likes you very much, George, but the idea of my falling in love gets her so nervous, we had to have all her teeth pulled to keep her from biting her nails.

George, I love you very much, but the next letter you write, please put enough postage on it. There was two cents due on the last, but we sold the postman a cup of coffee for a dime, and made a nice profit on the deal.

Am sending you kisses by the next mail, as I could not get them all into this envelope.

Your
GRACIE

Walter Brennan to Gary Cooper

And then we have the pal-to-pal note from Oscar-winning Walter Brennan to Oscar-winning Gary Cooper:

Dear Coop:

I was never one to heckle a friend. So this isn't a heckle, it's just a nudge. You owe me ten bucks, Coop.

Remember one day last year, we were sitting outside stage 7 at Warners, trying to grab a little sun. You were whittling one of those doodads for the kid. I was just sittin'. They'd had a tough time talking you into "Sergeant York." I asked you why. "People won't believe me," you said. "He's a big man. He's alive. People remember what he did. They'll say, that's just Gary Cooper, the jerk."

Well, I'm one of the people. At the time, I'd never laid eyes on the Sergeant, but I remember what he'd done and from what I knew about you, I thought you could play him. "Ten bucks says you get the Academy Award with 'Sergeant York'," says I.

"Easy money for me," says you and we shook on it.

Well, I was there last night, Coop. I saw them hand the Oscar over. So hand the ten over, bud. I need it for another bet I'm laying on this guy that's playing Lou Gehrig for Goldwyn. Want any part of it?

Your pal,
WALTER

Penny Singleton to Robert Sparks

Domestic love, with official embellishments. Just to be different, Penny Singleton Sparks, whose husband, Robert Sparks, produces her "Blondie" series, jots down a memento. Sweet and silly, isn't it? Love's like that.

Dear Mr. Sparks:
They tell me you're to produce our next picture. Oh, Mr. Sparks! I've long admired you from a distance and to think I'm going to get to see you real close. Oh, Mr. Sparks, is your hair really hair, do your eyes open and shut, can you squeak when you're squeezed, Mr. Sparks? Dear *Mr. Sparks, may I have your autograph. Scrawled any old way will do, at the bottom of a check. The name is*
PENNY SINGLETON SPARKS
P.S.—Mr. Sparks, honey, Ah loves you. Here's to a smash hit!

Gene Raymond to Jeanette MacDonald

There was plenty of humor mixed into the Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond courtship. For instance, in the case of the Lovely Egg-Plant. (Gene abhors them!) This *billet-doux* came from Florida B.M. (Before Matrimony).

Dear Miss MacDonald:

I smelled an eggplant on my doorstep this morning with your card attached. I don't quite know how to thank you, though I'm getting an idea or two. They have lovely scorpions here, guaranteed to bite. Or would you prefer something in tarantulas as a house pet? I esteem you so highly that on second thought I'd be willing to stretch a point and send you both. Don't thank me. It's nothing really. Just varmints to a varmint.

I'll keep the eggplant always—in the garbage can. As to what I think of you, remind me to tell you some time.

I'll be back next week. Will you keep Friday night for me?

As always,
GENE

Joan Crawford to Edward Arnold

Dear Eddie:

Mind if I write you a fan letter? So I'm a sentimental sap, so what? It's not just that I loved working with you and didn't mind how many scenes you stole—there's an admission from an actress!—because stole is the wrong word, Eddie, you took what was yours by right of a great performance. But never mind all that. It's you I'll miss—talking to you, hearing that laugh of yours, knowing you're around. You could make a fortune renting yourself out, Eddie—just charge a small fee for walking into a room, because the minute you walk in, people's spirits lift.

I hate endings and I love beginnings. So I'm going to forget this ending and look forward to beginning another picture with you—the sooner, the better.

With gratitude and affection,
JOAN

Donald Crisp and Walter Pidgeon to Roddy McDowall

Master Roddy McDowall, 12-year-old English actor at 20th Century-Fox, regretted that he had to miss the New York showing of his first American hit "How Green Was My Valley." The sacrifice was compensated, though. His father, the doughty Tom, sailing with the British Merchant Marine, swooped down on

the family, unannounced. Then, the morning after the Manhattan opening, came these wires. (Reverend Gruffydd was Pidgeon's name in "How Green—")

There's a grand actor you are Roddy my boy. Imagine how good you wanted to be, then multiply by three and that's how good you were. It would have done your mother's heart good to hear them cheer you. My love to you all.

DONALD CRISP

It was your night, Roddy. The fans were polite to the rest of us but kept looking under our arms for Huw. They loved you Roddy with capital letters that won't go into a wire. So do I.

REVEREND GRUFFYDD

Regis Toomey to Edward G. Robinson

Dear Eddie:

I've been sitting here, listening to your show. That's what got me started. Big Town's never been just a radio program to me. I don't want to slop over, God forbid, but I know what this country means to you. So many of us take it for granted till we're jolted to our senses. You've never done that. I've always felt your intense love for America behind this program of yours. Call yourself Steve Wilson, it's still Eddie Robinson fighting to make America a better place for Americans to live in. That's why you show us how kids going wrong can be straightened out, and the horrors brought about by reckless driving, that's why you keep pounding at us about the war—because you can't stand the thought of Americans losing what America's always stood for.

As another American, I want to say thanks. I've had an urge to get this off for a long time, but you know how it is where deep feelings are involved.

REG TOOMEY

Edmund Goulding to Sig Rumann

For over ten years big Sig Rumann, the "So-they-call-me-Concentration-Camp-Erhardt" Gestapo Colonel in "To Be Or Not to Be," has been hoarding a honey from Director Edmund Goulding:

Dear Mr. Rumann:

Owen Davis happened to be with me when your note came. I said: "This is from Sig Rumann." He said: "Did you see him in 'Grand Hotel'? Then you missed the finest piece of acting done hereabouts in fifteen years." If a man failed to pass on to me such a tribute from such a source, I'd send my ghost to haunt him. To escape similar treatment from yours, I'm passing this on.

I'll be glad to send you a copy of your test, and please don't mention payment. The company's richer than you are, and owes you thanks besides for having made the test. It convinces me, for one, that when you're ready to go into films, the films will be ready to take you.

With best wishes,

EDMUND GOULDING

Ruth Hussey to Kathryn Grayson

New England-born Ruth Carol Hussey, not given to extravagant praise or unwarranted enthusiasms, writes to Kathryn Grayson, very new to the Hollywood scene, after Ruth pinch-hits at the Lynchburg opening of Kathryn's best film to date, "The Vanishing Virginian."

Dear Kathryn:

Here I sit in Lynchburg, feeling like a base intruder, butting in on what should have been your party, talking to people who want to talk to you, hearing compliments they'd give their eyeteeth to pour straight into your ears. Oh, Kathryn, it makes me sick that you couldn't come. But where's the sense in piling it on? I'll tell you all about it when I see you, only I always did hate warmed-over meals.

Of course they've been very nice to me. They're much too courteous and hospitable to say or even to hint, what in thunder did they send you for instead of the girl who played our darling Becky? But I see it in their cheated eyes and hear it in the million questions they ask me. You know who asked the most questions? Rebecca Yancey Williams, the author herself, whom I met after the premiere. "You can't imagine the thrill," she said, "of seeing your humdrum self played by a lovely creature like that. Tell me all about her." Naturally I told her you were a hag in disguise, and the whole thing was done with mirrors. I won't make you blush by repeating what I really said.

Anyway, they were mad about the picture and you, and you'll just have to come here some day, because they'll feel abused, and I'll feel guilty till you do. Guilty or not, though, I've had a swell time as your scrub team, and at this moment am being paged for a ride. The horse champs at the gate, so I've got to fly. Never mind, dear. If the chance ever comes, I'll get you to sub for me. Then you can feel guilty—thinking how I should be in your shoes!

Affectionately,

RUTH HUSSEY

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Pepsi-Cola rates top place in good taste with millions. Flavor, purity, size, Pepsi-Cola's 12 full ounces give you what you want—and plenty of it. All for a nickel, too.
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Halo contains no soap, leaves *no* soap-film. With Halo, you don't even need a lemon or vinegar rinse! Thanks to its patented new-type ingredient, Halo's rich, cleansing lather rinses away completely, with just plain water. Even *hard* water.

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MORE ABSORBENT Drinks in moisture. Ideal for beauty care and a thousand and one uses everywhere.

AT 5 & 10¢—DRUG & DEPT. STORES

STRICTLY DYNAMITE

(Continued from page 31)

They are made by De Gez, the New York tailor. His staple is the dark blue suit.

As for the bow ties which he is credited with restoring to popular favor, he began wearing them for a gag, discovered that they nettled his boss (and good friend), Jack Warner, and settled down to wearing nothing but bow ties.

He goes to night clubs by spurts, gets surfeited and swears he's through with them. He'll avoid them for as long as a month, after which it's the old routine all over again.

Most Hollywood stars would almost prefer to be caught chiselling on their income tax return rather than admit that classical music bores them. Flynn is very straightforward about it. Heavy music tends to make him heavy, which is a condition he'd just as soon skip. He's the nonchalant, light-hearted one, he is. No jive fancier, he likes his jazz "subdued and conservative."

He loves to watch good dancers, but only when they're not annoyingly aware that they're good. His specialty is the rumba. "I definitely like to be flattered," is how he answers the question: "Who are your favorite dancing partners?"

He is quite a connoisseur of foods, heavy on the garlic. At home his kitchen reeks with garlic at dinner time.

"I have it in everything but my strawberry short cake," he says.

Pressed duck, all kinds of game and sea food, Hawaiian style, are his favorite dishes. He gets by with a minimum breakfast, a light lunch, and makes quite a ritual out of dinner which he generally has at Dave Chasen's establishment on Beverly Drive. He likes Chasen's for two reasons: the good food and the Finnish baths which Chasen's friends are allowed to use as a house courtesy. Those baths do double duty. They keep the Flynn figure, recently picked by the experts as Hollywood's finest, at the desired 178 pounds, and they serve as backdrop for his daily reading. High up on the top tier, reserved for none but the brave, Flynn sits reading newspapers and magazines while steam swirls around his head.

outdoors-y guy . . .

He hates exercise as exercise. He's bad at golf, excellent at tennis. He has never finished out of the money in the movie colony tennis tournaments. He's a better rider than Gene Autry, but except for the times when he is leading the charge of the light brigade on his favorite mount, Onyx, he stays on terra firma.

This past winter he discovered skiing, plunged into the sport with typical Flynn enthusiasm, spent 12 hours daily climbing up and down mountains in the environs of Sugar Bowl Lodge (above Reno), and came home nights so tired that he would fall asleep over the dessert at dinner.

No important man in Hollywood sets less store by other important men, as such, than does Errol Flynn. His close friends are few, include no star except Bruce Cabot, whose home he occupied during Cabot's absence last winter and with whom he has perpetrated many a wassail. His buddy is a soft-spoken, stunt man from Dixie with the demeanor of a football coach and the left-hook of a professional leather-pusher. Other friends are Mr. and Mrs. Bud Ernst (formerly Gwynne Pickford, Mary's niece); Charles K. Feldman, his agent; "Big Boy" Williams, the character actor; and Johnny Meyer, the Warner press agent.

John Barrymore he regards with a sort of hero worship, mostly because Barrymore, like Flynn, regards laughter as the best defense against life. He is Barrymore's best audience, roars when John lifts that eloquent finger.

When he roisters, he roisters wholeheartedly. The Flynn roistering is neither weakness nor obsession. It is an impulse, easily checked, always in hand. He is not fond of hard liquor, tolerates chiefly Scotch. He is a fancier of wines—burgundy and port.

Fond of horseplay, he cannot abide rudeness.

"I set as great store by the little politenesses as I do by a soft bed to sleep in and a good lamp to read by," he said on one occasion.

well manor-ed . . .

He loathes all card games but gin rummy, plays poker rarely and disastrously, detests (but doesn't know) bridge and has "an adamant attitude against learning the game." He shoots dice every now and then, but his heart is never in the game. He calls crap-shooting "gruelling."

He likes to fly, is an excellent pilot. He doesn't fly because he has no license. He just didn't bother to log all his solo hours aloft. He drives a very fast green Cadillac roadster, a custom-built, $6,000 item with seats that fold back into beds.

Despite the fact that he himself has said in a light-hearted moment that "there is no justification whatsoever for labor," he is one of the most hard-working men on the Warner lot.

"Acting doesn't come naturally to me, so I have to work hard," he explains.

Always wary of meeting strangers, on the set he is inclined to be especially tense, prefers to do his turns without the benefit of spectators, finishes a scene and heads for his dressing room rather than horse around with the boys. His favorite director is Michael Curtiz who once told him:

"As an actor, you are a bum. I know why you get such a big salary. Your profile is disgustingly beautiful."

Flynn laughed so loud that Curtiz felt self-conscious. He blushed when Flynn called around at noon and took him to lunch.

Once more a bachelor after being married six years to Lili Damita, Flynn lives in a brand new manor house on a hill sloping toward the San Fernando Valley and overlooking the studio for whom he is eternally rescuing Olivia de Havilland (he married her in four pictures) at $250,000 per annum minus tax. In the distance are the Sierra Nevada Mountains which doubtless delight nature-loving Flynn who is an authority on Irish birds. Mulholland Farms, as the manor is called, is rimmed by a white rail fence, comprises a modest five acres, over which there rambles a brace of peacocks. The house (California colonial) is neither large nor lordly. The porch, a covered terrace the floor of which is lined with flagstones, looks out over the oval swimming pool. From the living room, a solid row of French doors leading to the terrace, Squire Flynn can squint at the great Vega and Lockheed

aircraft plants busy turning out planes that will crush Hitler.

The motif is simplicity, and the tone modest. Flynn hates show, even as he hates show-offs.

Number One Boy at Mulholland Farms is Max Carmel, an Austrian, who served 12 years in the United States army. Max has long since given up trying to instill in Flynn a military man's instinct for order. There was a time when Max worried himself sick wondering whether Flynn would get up in time for his 7 o'clock calls at the studio. Flynn, miraculously enough, has never overslept. Flynn would like to change the sentence around so it will read: "he has never slept." Four or five hours of fitful sleeping is enough for Flynn who rebels at the very thought of snoozing the proverbial eight hours.

"What! Sleep away one-third of my life with Death lurking around the corner! Ridiculous!"

No gadabout, he spends three nights of every week at home, devotes two of these to writing, one to reading. He's writing a commentary on Hollywood which, despite his inscription that it's been written with malice toward none and amusement for all, will blister the hide off many good Hollywoodians.

Toward money he exhibits what he calls a "mal-inspired attitude," whatever that means.

"I find it a completely unembraceable medium, as far as I'm concerned personally," he says. "I am the worst business man in the world although I must confess that it took years to convince me of this. With me saving begins methodically and ends in chaos."

Every week Flynn's business manager sends his client a weekly statement which his client religiously avoids examining. As of now, Flynn, who is addicted to what he refers to as a "very airy habit of making broad gestures," is on an allowance of $50 weekly.

He hates hats, pillows, dowagers and overbearing people. He loves people who've never heard of Hollywood (and consequently Errol Flynn), ballerinas, New York and practical jokes which he plays even on his boss Jack Warner. His great ambition is to write a book that stenographers would enjoy reading. He would like for an epitaph on a tombstone "They read my stuff."

He has no fondness for evening clothes, jewels or perfume—on Errol Flynn. He spells badly, is eternally tardy and forgets names instantly. He dotes on caviar, detests crêpes suzettes.

He says, speaking of the bachelor life:

"It's truly marvelous to have arrived at a state of mental equilibrium."

He most emphatically does not plan to get married—not in a hurry, anyway!

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MR. AND MRS. "FUN"

(Continued from page 35)

a man going out and picking a hat for his mother-in-law! The way he found room for his trains at the new house.

Dave didn't care what kind of house they bought. As long as the backyard was big enough for his railroad. Next to people and music, he loves trains. His first and only locomotive ride was to Dave what Christmas is to a kid, with the circus thrown in. It happened in the spring, when Judy made her tour of the army camps, and Dave's bosses at Mutual-Don Lee gave him time off to go with her—a kind of belated honeymoon.

In Texas they got permission to travel a hundred and twenty miles with the engineer. After twenty miles of rattling, swaying and fire-roaring, Judy yelled: "Let me out of here." A hundred miles later her husband joined her. She recognized him by the teeth, gleaming in a grin of pure bliss. The rest of him was black.

Dave's house in the valley, where he'd lived before marriage, was fine for the trains but not so good for Judy, as the single bedroom boasted a single closet. Since both were working, they could snatch only minutes for house-hunting and must have looked at a hundred and fifty. When the house was nice, there was no room for the trains. When there was room for the trains, the house was horrible.

on the dotted line . . .

At last, tired out, they compromised on an old place in Brentwood. They could do it over. There was a gully behind. They could fill it in. At a somewhat exaggerated estimate, all this would take ten years and cost eighty million dollars. The real estate agent came over with the papers. "By the way," she said as Judy, pen in hand, was about to sign, "there's a house that just came on the market this morning—"

The bride turned white. "If I never have a pretty house in my life, I won't look at another."

"Come on," Dave coaxed. "It'll only take fifteen minutes—"

They walked in, and that was it. So entranced was Judy that she forgot the trains. Not till the deal was sewed up that night did it dawn on her that she'd been a bad wife. "Look, Davy—that cliff behind the house—. Oh, Davy, *where* will you put the trains?"

"I'll move the cliff."

"You'll *what?*"

"Move the cliff back six feet. That'll just give me room."

He did, too. Or rather, four colored men did. They arrived at six every morning, looking like the Hall-Johnson choir and sounding like anything but. For four weeks the Roses were blasted from slumber by the din of riveting machines. But the trains got in.

Judy never knew you could get to love a house as you do a person—every beam and corner. It's a modern house, full of light and color—chintz-hung walls, blue-carpeted floors, the living room gay in coral and silver and canary yellow. She always wanted a bedroom with a fireplace and a big bay window, and that's what she's got. Dave always wanted a workroom where he could spill ink and ashes uninhibited—maybe even grind cigarettes out and still keep his good name. So Judy had one bedroom laid with black linoleum—then to surprise him and for an extra fillip, had a music staff painted in red across the floor.

She's learning to cook. It used to be that when Mrs. Gilmore heard her daughter's plaintive "What you doing today, Mom?" over the phone, she'd realize it was maid's day off and pick up her cue.

"Nothing special. Want to come up for dinner?" Even the best breaded chicken grows monotonous, and Judy's sole culinary accomplishment was fudge.

Now the picture's changing. It started at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, where they made the revolutionary discovery that eggs can be scrambled without butter. It's done, not with mirrors, but a double boiler. Since butter in any form is poison to Dave, Judy cajoled the chef out of the recipe and tried it when they got home. Her eyes followed Dave's first forkful into his mouth. "Does it taste like the Blackstone?"

"Better."

That started her on a program of expansion. Her mother's phone rings at half hour intervals. "I've got it in the oven, and it's this color. What happens next?"

One night she phoned at nine thirty. "Mom, how do you fix steak and French fries?"

"Haven't you had any dinner?"

"No, we weren't hungry."

"Where's Louise?" (She's the cook of the moment.)

"In her room, reading."

"Have you steak in the house?"

"Dave's going down. What kind shall he get?"

She told them to get a New York cut. Even if they ate it raw, it couldn't hurt them much.

icebox orgies . . .

Dave's eating habits are strange and wonderful. He'll have a hamburger at six, no dinner and pie à la mode at nine, topped by a chocolate float. Chocolate floats are his passion. To milk, ice cream and Hershey's chocolate, he adds Pepsi-Cola, then goes back to his room, starts writing small notes and gets nervous indigestion. Judy comes running with the Alka Seltzer. She hates to protest, thinks she hasn't been married long enough. Anyway, it's no use. No chocolate float tonight, he promises. Fifteen minutes later he's mixing one in the kitchen. So it's better if she goes down and mixes it. At least she doesn't put so much stuff in.

There's also a concoction known as the Rose Special. Mrs. Gilmore was invited to partake one night. After watching them spread smoked salmon on a slice of rye, chopped onions on the salmon, tomato on the onions and cheese on the tomato, she said thanks just the same, but she'd have some hot chocolate.

Neither has a grain of sense about money. Judy gauges her bank account by the number of checks in her book, and there are always more books where that came from. Her mother finally took over and calmed her down. Dave's brother Harry handled his business affairs till he was called into service, leaving Dave helpless. He cast longing glances in Mrs. Gilmore's direction but wouldn't impose. She had equally admirable qualms about butting in.

"Dave's in an awful jam with his accounts," hinted Judy one day.

"Why don't you tell him to do thus-and-so?"

"Mom, would you tell him?"

"I'm not going to be one of those mother-in-laws—"

"Well, of course! We wouldn't want to unload his headaches on you, too—"

Mrs. Gilmore's supervising all the accounts now. The years, she trusts, will bring their own cure.

Her good offices were also enlisted in the help problem. To a succession of maids, Judy was a little girl they'd seen in the movies, and they walked all over her. Her own self-consciousness about giving orders didn't help. Neither did Dave. Dave would hire a gardener without the formality of finding out whether he could garden and pay whatever he asked because the poor guy doubtless needed the dough. He'd amble into the kitchen to consult the chauffeur about his evening's plans and change his own if they interfered with the chauffeur's. Which was nice but led to complications.

So Mrs. Gilmore found Rose and Manley—"the most wonderful couple," says Judy with fervor, "anybody ever had." They refer to her as the Mrs., which delights her soul. Gentle, kindly colored folk, they combine a protective tenderness for her nineteen years with proper regard for her dignity as a married woman. They don't consider it unreasonable that she should ask to have her hats stuffed with tissue, or wood laid ready to burn in the fireplaces. Nor does she mind being babied by Rose and Manley. If Rose lets slip an occasional "darlin'," that's fine, as long as she throws in "the Mrs." once in a while. And when they fixed her a bowl of colored eggs for Easter, she wanted to hug them.

They're off on Sundays, so Judy drives down to Beverly for the kind of coffee cake Dave likes, comes home and gets breakfast—orange juice, toast and coffee, eggs à la Blackstone or waffles, which she's just mastered. Conversation lags while she buries herself in the funnies and Dave in the rest of the paper. Then she washes the dishes—the Mr. will have no part of them—and cleans house. Making her own beds, running the vacuum over her own carpets is Judy's idea of a whale of a good time.

Maybe the family comes over in the afternoon. The Rosebushes are lucky in their in-laws. Mrs. Gilmore's one in ten thousand. Dave's mother and wife form a mutual adoration society. Judy started by calling her Mom Rose, then changed to Eva at Eva's invitation. Till lately Dave didn't call Mrs. Gilmore much of anything, because he didn't know what to call her. The first time he said Mom, it made Judy feel good.

casey jones rose . . .

Jimmy and Sue, her sisters, their husbands, Mr. Gilmore and baby Judelein complete the circle. Judelein takes possession of Dave. They lie in the sun, coloring pictures with crayons. But not for long. The baby is Dave's most appreciative passenger. Pretty soon the bell's clanging, the whistle's blowing, the smoke's belching, the train goes careening round the edge of the cliff, Davy in front, Judelein behind with his cap on wrong side foremost, the dogs racing alongside and barking their heads off.

Judy got sore at Dave once because of

the trains. The only time since they were married. When he decided that the ideal spot for his stationary steam engine—a birthday gift from her—was his bathroom, she let it pass. Even when the engine spurted oil all over the place. After all, it was his bathroom. But they gave a party one day, and though it was pouring rain, the men decided to go out and run the trains. Dave handed out overalls. He keeps seven pairs on tap for just such contingencies. Presently they trooped back, happy host and guests, across the hall, up the stairs, while Judy's stricken eyes watched each pair of feet trail mud over the beautiful blue carpets.

"I don't think you should've done that," she told Dave. It didn't sound very formidable, but he looked sort of scared and her heart smote her. "I wouldn't care," she wailed, "if you'd just wipe your feet off."

From the supper table she was called to the phone by a wire. "Dear Mrs. Rose," read the operator. "I'm having a lovely time at your party, and I'll never track mud on your carpets again." It was signed Duh-vode, the silly version of David she sometimes uses, and by feminine logic, it made her feel like a pig.

That was their only big party. They'd rather have a few intimates in to listen to recordings or play games—Indications and gin rummy and Star Reporter. Sometimes they go to Charlie Foy's and take the girls—the girls being their respective mothers. Dave isn't much for dancing. His limit is usually one. If there's another man in the party, Judy gets a few more in. Otherwise she's content to just sit by and hold hands with her husband and enjoy the music.

But most of their evenings are spent at home. When Dave works, Judy sits with him for company and reads. Often he'll play a passage for her reaction. He respects her instinctive musical taste. If she makes a suggestion he likes, he'll use it. If not, he'll explain why it's no good. He never gets too absorbed to watch her and the clock. "You look tired. Better go to bed." She hates going to bed, but trots up obediently, lies wide-eyed for a while, hears Dave in the kitchen and trots down again just in time to swipe half of his Rose Special.

His ways with music never cease to astonish her. One night he was reading a symphonic score. "Gosh, this is beautiful!"

"What do you mean this is beautiful? Can you *hear* it?"

She made him promise to teach her to read. That lasted about two weeks. Driving along, he'd quiz her. "What's the note on the third line of the G-clef?" Then she started "Me and My Gal," and the whole thing was off. She vows she's going to learn though—from one of those old men like David Warfield in "The Music Master," who charges fifty cents a lesson and knows his stuff. Dave says when you know what the orchestra's playing, when you hear a chord and can recognize it as a G-seventh diminished, it's like a whole great new world opening—

mutual fans . . .

They steer clear of each other's workshops. He feels he doesn't belong on her set, and she feels the same way about his broadcasting studio. Like any layman, she tunes in to hear him, and he sees her pictures when they're released. She did go along, though, when he made his first Victor recordings two months ago. This was a goal she'd long set her heart on. Dave was pleased but contained. Judy was in a dither. The first record he made was a waltz he'd written for her and asked her to name. "Our Waltz" she named it, and it's sort of their theme song. The recordings were super. He's going to do an Academy Award Album for Victor, the winners of the last eight years. As for Judy's pictures, he doesn't say much. They're neither of them ravers. When he squeezes her hand, she knows he liked it—really an awful lot.

He's finicky about her clothes—a little harsh, she calls him. "You look all right, but the shoes are wrong—" or "I don't like the hairdress." Loud colors are taboo, he doesn't mind slacks if they're well tailored, on hats she can go overboard—the crazier, the better. Imagine a man like that!

About once a month he comes home with a huge box, which he dumps on her bed. They're both diffident about handing out gifts, feel silly watching the other open them, so they sort of sneak 'em in. Judy's big box holds a dozen little ones—a silly doll he's picked up, perfume, a lapel gadget, bath powder, a cute little lipstick. Once she found a bathtray all set up pretty as you please in her tub.

Before they were married, they'd hang on the phone for hours. Ten minutes after a long confab about nothing, Dave would call again. "Whom do you love?"

"You."

It's abbreviated now. Dave comes in and says, "Whom?"

"You," says Judy.

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SO LONG, BUTTON-NOSE

(*Continued from page 58*)

half an hour each evening before going to bed, she could keep things under control. In front of the checkbook, methodical Reagan pasted their charity list—on the tenth a check to so-and-so, on the 15th to such-and-such. Ronnie remembers everything. Jane sometimes forgets. To remind herself, she promised she'd leave notes to herself all over the house. One thing she always forgets is to have the cars lubricated. He put a big sign up in the garage. "LUBRICATION AT SUCH AND SUCH A MILEAGE."

Each kept up a show of spirits for the other. Alone, Jane drove herself, so she wouldn't have time to think. Luckily, she had a goal to drive toward, something tangible to do for Ronnie.

Two weeks earlier they'd moved into their new house, with the bare essentials for living. The rest they'd planned to do at their leisure. Now Jane resolved that Ronnie should see it finished. The idea of his leaving a naked house seemed somehow pitiful and more than she could bear. If she and Connie Rennick, her decorator, could get the stuff in, then at least he could give it the once-over, and whatever he didn't like, they could change later. And he wouldn't have to wonder, poor lamb, what his home looked like.

To make it harder, this was all to be sprung on him at a surprise party the day before he left. She and Connie worked like mad. People with samples of this and that beat a path to her dressing room door at Twentieth. They all vowed to deliver the goods not before twelve-thirty nor after three on Saturday the 18th. They all kept their word.

Jane's picture wound up on Wednesday. Ronnie was still "Desperate Journeying" on Thursday—with Errol Flynn, Alan Hale and Arthur Kennedy. There was something calculated in Hale's joviality that day. After every crack, he'd throw a glance Ronnie's way to see if he was laughing. At lunch in the commissary he went around laying bets that the war would be over by Christmas. There was one point at which Ronnie quit grinning. When they told him his scenes might stretch into Friday. "I'm through stretching," he said with finality. "The last two days are for Mamma."

li'l' white lie . . .

On Friday there were business things to take care of—papers to sign, a small checking account to open that would see him through till his officer's pay started. He and Jane spent the evening at home. Her hardest job was to tell him that Twentieth had called her back for retakes on Saturday afternoon. Button-nose the First blows up, she tells people off, her tongue can blister. This is largely because her nature craves open dealings, openly arrived at. By the same token, she hates a lie and all but foundered over the first she'd ever told her husband.

By pre-arrangement, Irving Kaplan phoned. He and Betty, his wife, are Jane's oldest and dearest friends and, with Bob Cobb, proved invaluable co-plotters. "I hear Jane's working tomorrow. Bob wants us to lunch at the Derby with him, and take in the ball game."

Ronnie said he might as well. Jane got him out of the house by twelve. At twelve-thirty the procession, headed by Connie, started. Drapes were hung, rugs laid, lamps connected, furniture placed. Tearing round, Jane breathed a prayer of thanksgiving for Bob and Irving.

After the game they lured Ronnie to Bob's house. "Look," he said, "I'd like to go see my wife and kid, do you mind?" Irving dashed to the phone and reported that Jane wasn't in yet. They started on war and politics, themes on which Ronnie is generally good for the night. That held him till six-thirty, when he headed for the phone.

"I just this minute got home," said Jane, and to ease her conscience, threw in a truth with the lie. "I'm dirty and tired and have to get dressed. You stay with the boys till I call you."

"I've seen you dirty and tired before," he said mildly, "but if that's how you want it—"

For once in their lives the guests were all on time. This party of Jane's for Ronnie had to be perfect—the first in their new home, the last she'd give till the war was over. She'd told them to dress informally, since Ronnie would be coming from a ball game. The boys drove him up at seven-thirty. Not till he saw the cars did he get an inkling.

"What's all this about?"

"Oh, I guess Rennick's with Jane."

"Rennick and sixteen Cadillacs, that's fine."

Pat O'Brien—the love of Ronnie's life, Jane calls him—pulled the door open and they all yelled surprise! and he stood taking them in—the Jack Bennys and Stanwyck and Taylor and Sheridan and Brent and Charlie Einfeld and all their good friends in a beautifully appointed room which had been little more than a barracks that morning, and Button-nose over on the sidelines, grinning tremulously.

two alone . . .

The first hubbub over, he tracked her down to the kitchen. "I swear I could cry—"

"Don't do that, Ronnie. Just say you forgive me for the fib. It's the first and last, but I had to work things out somehow."

"What fib?" he asked against her hair.

They wound up at one in the den with an old-fashioned singing bee. Ann Sheridan gave Ronnie a St. Christopher. Kissing her forehead, he whispered: "Don't forget Janey while I'm away."

Sunday was awful. Like some baleful spirit, 9:46—the time of the train's departure from Glendale—peered at Jane from every corner. She was torn between wanting to hang on to Ronnie tight and wishing that the wrench of parting were over. After that minute, things couldn't get worse, so they'd have to get better. She might have gone up to San Francisco with him, but they'd voted against it. The military hadn't taken him into its confidence. He knew he'd be at Ft. Mason the first day, and that was all he knew.

They were alone only for breakfast. The families—Ronnie's mother, brother and sister-in-law, Jane's mother and sister—came to lunch and spent most of the afternoon. When they'd said their goodbys and gone, it was time to pack. That didn't take long. Boots and uniforms, socks, underwear and shaving kit. The leather brush-case Jane had given him. The case to match from his stand-in, with dictionary, address book and writing materials. The baby helped with the packing—an enchanting game invented by Dada for her amusement. He'd hand her a sock and she'd roam, dropping it where the fancy seized her.

Jane gave him a frame holding photo-

graphs of Maureen. She also extracted from among his belongings an enormous print of one of their wedding pictures. "Where will you keep it?" she asked sweetly. "On the horse's tail?" and substituted a smaller one. For which he has since found cause to be grateful.

As usual, Maureen was bathed and fed at six. As usual, she stayed up till seven to play with her father. As usual, he hugged her, kissed the top-knot on which he's been known to tie a mean bow, and stuck her in the crib. If he departed from routine, it was only to stand there an extra moment, to plant an extra kiss on the soft cheek. "So long, Button-nose," he said and went.

Downstairs the farewells were damper. Goldie, the cook, wept. Fay, the maid, wept. Jane stood by dry-eyed, while Ronnie consoled them with pats. "Take care of Mrs. Reagan and the baby while I'm gone."

"Yes, sir," they wailed.

One long look at the house, to stamp it on his memory, before he drove off. They called for Lou and ate at the Brown Derby on Los Feliz, which is halfway to Glendale. Jane slipped her hand into Ronnie's and let the men do the talking. Later, at the station, she was glad that the train stopped for only four minues, limiting the agony. Lou had left them alone. "You two have things to say to each other—"

And suddenly there was nothing to say and they were clinging together and the guy was yelling "All aboard," and Ronnie was on the platform waving, and then he was gone.

Jane hasn't shed tears in five years but, driving home in the seat lately warmed by Ronnie, her eyes grew blind with them. The harder she mopped, the faster they came, so finding herself a menace to traffic, she turned down a side street, shut off the motor and cried her heart out as she hadn't dared cry while Ronnie was there.

Goldie, with a long face, was waiting up for her. "You feel bad, don't you, ma'am? Would you like me to fix you a drink?" Poor Goldie couldn't understand why Jane's only answer was a wild look after which her head went down on her knees and her shoulders shook.

Uneasily Goldie approached. "Are you laughin' or cryin', ma'am?"

"How," asked a strangled voice, "are you supposed to tell?"

She didn't sleep well that night, but was all right next morning. Though the house is lonely, she doesn't brood. She does heave a sigh of relief though, once the baby's asleep. Maureen misses her father. She thinks he's playing her favorite hiding game and goes hunting for him in all the corners he used to pop out of. Not finding him, she knocks at his dressing room door. "Dada?" she calls. Which doesn't make things easier for her mother. "But that's fine," says Jane. "I'd hate her not to miss him."

Ronnie needn't have worried about her social life. Their friends, if she'd let them, would keep her busy every night. The one thing she won't do is go out with men. Ronnie has bachelor friends who'd be glad to take her, and Ronnie would be glad to have her taken. But she knows her Hollywood. "Let me walk into a night club, and some guy on the press who doesn't like me—and there are many such," says Don't-Kid-Yourself Wyman—"is going to take a crack at me. Well, Ronnie has enough to handle without being bothered by that kind of truck."

They write each other every night. Once in a while Jane phones—not often—they feel it's a form of self-indulgence that shouldn't be overdone in times like these. "Want to say hello to your kid?" And hearing his voice, his kid will gurgle, clap hands, dance a jig, go straight through her bag of tricks, under the delusion that her dada can see her.

As this is written, he's still in San Francisco. If he's there when she gets her first week-end off, Jane will go up. Meantime, she works, keeps the books posted, the car lubricated, plays hide-and-seek with the kid and rejects sympathy.

"Naturally, if he went ten miles away, I'd miss him. But what business have I got to squawk? Every woman who's losing her guy feels the same way."

Then the jaw juts out in grim determination. "Besides, I'm betting with Alan Hale. Now that Ronnie's in the army, it's bound to be over by Christmas."

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YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

STORY

(Continued from page 37)

But there was a feeling among stage folk that you *could* find kids easier to work with than brash, cocky young George. He had the conceit of a king. He knew he was good and never hesitated to tell you so.

From the night he made his first smash hit, as "Peck's Bad Boy," there was no holding him. He acted and talked like a star. If only Jerry Cohan had been the kind to warm the lad's britches—

But Jerry wasn't, not quite. The Cohans were so close together that, in the eyes of one, none of the others really could do wrong. True, there were occasions when if Georgie had behaved a little better, big Broadway managers would have billed the act. True, their stage acquaintances kept muttering that Jerry and Nellie and Josie could go far if they cut the loudmouth adrift. Yet the Four Cohans never even considered becoming Three Cohans. The mere notion was sacrilege. Years sped away.

man meets miss . . .

It was backstage in Buffalo, after a performance in which he'd played Nellie's father, that George—grown up, now—met Mary (Joan Leslie).

She was a pretty thing, young and shy and with a burning ambition to become an actress. She had a low sweet voice, and from the moment George heard it he believed in her. That was why, when the Cohans next tackled New York, on one of those campaigns for Broadway which George's boastfulness always managed to defeat, Mary came along.

He had a show of his own to peddle, this trip. Score, book and lyrics all by George M. Cohan! Of course he thought it was terrific.

One thing about Mary was that she thought so, too. Patient and brave and confident, she made the rounds of managerial offices with him. They started at the top. They ended at the bottom, which was Goff (Chester Clute) & Dietz (George Tobias).

And even there, George's masterpiece was cold-shouldered. All his spirited plugging of its numbers, all Mary's sweet-voiced rendering of its songs, couldn't put it over. Goff & Dietz weren't buying.

In bleak discouragement, George returned to the boarding house where the Cohan family was weeks behind in rent. Like a whispering chorus, now, everything everyone always had said kept taunting him. George was the sore thumb in the outfit! Plenty of jobs for the others, without George! Three Cohans could eat again, if the fourth Cohan——

Putting over the lie he had to sell them was one of the most brilliant bits of acting in George's versatile career. But they had faith in him. They, alone of all the world, could believe his show had sold and was to hit Broadway in a few months. They, alone, could be deceived into accepting his suggestion that the three of them take another whirl on the road as a trio while he stuck in town for rehearsals.

After he'd seen them off at the station, a lonely and dispirited George dropped into Rector's—where the theater's big shots congregated—for one last gesture before he faced facts. And there, disguised as a young man and an old man, Fame and Fortune were waiting.

They didn't know they were waiting for anyone. They thought they were holding a conference of their own, as to why the old man (whose name was not Fortune, but Lawrence Schwab) should back the new melodrama written by the young man (whose name was not Fame, but Sam Harris). Harris (Richard Whorf) had a good many reasons. Schwab (S. Z. Sakall) could see none of them. Schwab wanted girls. He wanted lights. He wanted music and laughter.

George, shamelessly listening, intruded himself upon the conversation like a bomb exploding. He had a musical, didn't he? If that was what was wanted, well—It didn't take Harris long to catch on. A partnership was formed with a mere handshake.

They didn't even stop to ask each other's names till afterward.

So the desperate lie became a dazzling truth. "Little Johnny Jones," turned down all over Broadway because it waved the stars and stripes so shamelessly, became the hit of the country. Schwab provided the gorgeous girls, a theater, the costumes. Harris provided the genius for staging.

George? George provided the songs, the script—and George M. Cohan to sing them to the world so the world sat up and begged for more!

bright lights . . .

Sam and he had names for themselves by next season, when it was time to do another show. And George had a dream. He wrote a song for Mary into the new score, and called it by her name. When they had the amazing luck to land the great Fay Templeton (Irene Manning) as their star, and she insisted on taking that hit number herself, his heart all but broke.

He took Mary the loveliest roses he could find, trying to make it up to her. But right in the middle of apologizing, he suddenly was telling her he loved her and asking her to marry him. . . .

Templeton was glorious. She had only to step into a spotlight, gown and jewels and smile all glittering, to bring an audience to its feet. And in "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway," she was singing Cohan songs. America was wild for them. The dam of the lean years had burst.

Abe Erlanger (George Barbier), one of the shrewdest men in show business, described George M. as "the whole darn country squeezed into one pair of pants." His writing, his music, even the way he walked and talked, touched something deep in the hearts of people everywhere. He had found the mainspring in the Yankee clock and touched it every time a curtain rose.

George brought back the family from the road and starred the Four Cohans on Broadway at last. "George Washington, Junior," was as solid a smash as the earlier Cohan-Harris offerings. Upward and upward they spun.

Only once did they fail, and that was with George's one arty attempt to write a serious drama. He apologized in the papers, to the people he had let down with a play as bad as "Popularity."

But nothing on any stage in Creation could touch the drama which burst suddenly upon the world with a roll of cannon grimmer than any orchestra drums. The *Lusitania* had been torpedoed! The country was plunged into sudden, blasting war! George was one of the first in

line at the recruiting office, to answer the appeal for volunteers.

They turned him down. They turned him down, the greatest dancer on the American stage, because he had flat feet.

Futility steeped in his heart as he stumbled out onto Broadway again—unwanted, still a civilian. A band was playing. A bugle note rose high, calling for soldiers "over there." George's lips puckered. He began to imitate the bugle's trill. "Over there—OVER THERE—"

It was the greatest song the war produced, his "Over There." Nora Bayes (Frances Langford), top vaudeville singer of the day, introduced it at Camp Merritt for the soldiers—with George to help her. It swept the country like a forest fire, igniting every heart it touched. It leapt across scarred fields of battle. It was a hymn of a fighting country, its pledge of high courage, its anthem of victory.

Then peace again. Peace, and more great successes.

end of a day . . .

But the whirlwind speed of the cyclone was slowing. It had to slow. George wasn't a boy, any longer. The years were flowing on, inexorably. Jerry and Nelly Cohan both were dead. Josie, too, after years of retirement and happy marriage. Things weren't the same without them.

After his hit in "Ah, Wilderness!" therefore, the last of the Four Cohans broke up his great partnership with Sam Harris. He and Mary had their fireside, their memories—and a lot to look forward to, as well. Things there hadn't been time for, on the wild upward rush. Quiet, gentle, peaceful hours to share.

He came back once, to play Franklin Roosevelt in "I'd Rather Be Right." But the rest was stillness and content and a slow savoring of those riches of living which had stored up inside his heart and Mary's. He hadn't thought he would live to see the world in flames again. He was getting old. If war must be, the fight was for the young and strong.

Yet only a few weeks ago, in a great Eastern city, a grey-haired man stood with the crowd beside a curb and watched long columns of the infantry of the United States swing by.

He was the only man in the throng who didn't burst into remembering song as the band blared near. But its martial strains had caught at his heart in a way no one else could understand. It wasn't a tired song! It wasn't an old song! Young men were singing it proudly, as they marched beneath their streaming flags of stars and stripes.

The song was "Over There."

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY
PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page 37*)

to her de luxe model! Jimmy rehearsed the complicated Cohan dance routines for four solid months running before he attempted them before the kliegs . . . Dancing coach, Johnny Boyle, known as the greatest heel-and-toe perfectionist who ever tapped a toe, wore him down to a frazzle. Johnny's broken ankle didn't stop him—he beat out the rhythm with his fingers and palms on a table—and Cagney jounced on! Jimmy himself's a stickler for realism. Works in front of a gigantic plate glass reflector, 12 feet wide and 20 feet high, so he won't miss a trick. The mirror, which is shifted around the set with him, is an old one he used

"I was a Wife *in name only*"

A NEGLECTED WIFE REGAINS HER HAPPINESS BY OVERCOMING HER "ONE NEGLECT"

1. Our marriage started out like a story-book romance. We were so head-over-heels in love. But soon my romance faded. Jim's love turned to cold indifference. I suffered agonies.

2. Mrs. M. dropped in one morning and caught me crying. She dragged the whole sad story out of me. "My dear," she said, "don't mind my frankness—you see, I used to be a Registered Nurse, and I understand your trouble. So many wives lose their husbands' love because of carelessness about feminine hygiene.

3. "Our head physician set me straight," continued Mrs. M. "He advised his women patients to use Lysol for intimate personal care. Lysol, you see, is a powerful germicide; used according to easy directions, it kills all vaginal germ-life on instant contact . . . yet can't harm sensitive tissues. It cleanses and deodorizes, too."

4. I've used Lysol for feminine hygiene ever since—with never the slightest worry about its effectiveness. Lysol is so economical—it never dents my budget. And—oh, yes, Jim is once more "that way" about me—and am I *happy!*

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years ago . . . In his first appearance in the film, he's positively unrecognizable in his 70-year-old make-up. Bet you ardent devotees have to look twice to spot him!

The story itself is an accurate record of the life and times of Cohan, from his birth in Providence, R. I., on July 4, 1878, up to the present. Several studios had long been dickering with George M. for rights to use his story, and Warners' were jubilant when they clinched the sale! Cohan cannily reserved rights to pass judgment on casting and screen play presentation, thought Cagney was just the ticket for the part . . . Cohan's sidekick in several musicals, William Collier, Sr., was called in as special consultant and made the picture live with his vast store of anecdotes . . . During Cohan's remarkable career, he wrote and produced 35 to 40 plays, penned more than 500 songs and musical numbers and had a hand in more than 125 other theatrical attractions! Consequently, the studio had a tough time judging which scenes to include. Highlights they couldn't pass up include "Little Johnny Jones," his first Broadway effort, "Popularity," his first big flop, and "I'd Rather Be Right," which sent him back to Broadway after retirement, in 1940 . . . Song hits you'll gulp over are "Give My Regards to Broadway," "I'm a Yankee Doodle Boy," "So Long, Mary," "You Remind Me of My Mother," "Harrigan" and a batch of other heart-renders.

Make-up problems were a headache, what with the story starting in 1878 and running up to the 1940's. When Joan Leslie's 17th birthday rolled around, she had advanced to a 50-year-old in the script, celebrated the day in a white-wig and wrinkled puss! Fellow players gifted her with an heirloom bracelet at the impromptu birthday party they cooked up. Everyone heartily devoured four festive cakes, donated by cast, working crew, Curtiz and studio execs. She practically burst into tears when Western Union messenger girls trooped in on the scene and warbled "Happy Birthday." The W. U. gals are the first to be pressed into local messenger service and are quite a treat about town. Joan says she got her biggest bang out of her mom's gift—a sleek grown-up party gown by Orry-Kelly. It's her first bid to svelteness.

At least one defense bond per day was raffled off among cast and crew. On days of particularly big production numbers with huge choruses, two bonds were sold. By pic's end, thousands of dollars had gone into Uncle Sammy's coffers.

keeping 'em flying . . .

Flags needed for "You're A Grand Old Flag" number had to be specially ordered from a mill in San Francisco, cost Warner Bros. almost 4,000 smackers. Reason: supplies first available all bore the "Made in Japan" stamp . . . Two large theater stages were built on the sound stage to keep the cameras turning between scenes. All in all, 12 different theaters and a total of 285 sets were pictured, from the days of gaslights to chrome and colored "spots" . . . Last "silk and satin" chorus to be seen for the duration was filmed for "Little Johnny Jones" number. Studio searched far and wide for Hollywood's most gorgeous gals. Said Mike Curtiz, "We wanted to make it a typical Cohan line."

Twenty-two-month-old Patricia Lynn Martin plays Cohan on his first birthday. Her twin brother served as stand-in but didn't look quite enough like George.

Most dramatic spot of the picture is an introduction of "Over There" by Frances Langford. The scene's an exact reproduction of the original 1917 situation when it was presented at Camp Merritt, Long Island.

Eddie Foy, the most famous comedian of his time, is played by son Eddie, Jr. One of seven theatrical kids, he literally stepped into his pop's boots in this one—wore a pair of Sr.'s shoes in a dancing scene with Cagney. Said, "Comics have marshmallow hearts. Dad would have gotten a tremendous kick out of this."

"Yankee" did its part of Good-Neighboring, when members entertained Chilean ambassador to Colombia, Emilio Edwards Bello, on the set one day. He was impressed by Cagney.

Joan Leslie's drawn up a dream cast of 10 Irishmen she'd like to appear with in films. Cagney claims it was his influence that made her settle on the Irish! Anyway, here are Leslie's favored few: Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Thomas Mitchell, Errol Flynn, George Brent, Frank McHugh, Ronald Reagan, Regis Toomey, Edmund O'Brien and Pat Knowles.

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At last we have it for you—that up-ta-the-secand chart af your favorite "Westerns" yau've been begging for! Imagine having at yaur fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, haw they gat their start and studia addresses af over 60 af thase raugh-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heraines af yaur pet "horse apries"! Made up in a mast attractive farm, it will make yaur album praud as anything. Just send five cents in cain or stamps with the caupan below and your new revised chart is just as gaad as lassoed!

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I am enclosing five cents in stamps or coin for which kindly send me your chart of the Western Stars.

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(Continued from page 52)

to a lecture delivered by his older sister on the evils of weed wafting, its invariable result in stunting growth, and where was the kid's pride anyhow? . . . "So now I'm six feet three," he says. slapping the cheek of Science firmly. Just right for making good the Western Thriller way. Radio acting back in Arkansas was o.k. for Dick for a time, but who ever raved about a radio actor's looks? So it was Broadway for Our Boy and horse opreys to follow. All to groom him for biggers and betters, like his latest up-and-comer for Warners, "The Big Shot." Not bad for a fellow just turned twenty-five last April 17th. . . . No wonder the rumor mongers have him tangling up the heartstrings of any number of gals at once . . . not the least tangled of whom is Jimmy Cagney's sister Jeanne, so the gossips gossip . . . but Ritchie, point-blank faced with "How many times have you been in love?"—conducts a point-blank evasion, countering non-committally, "I call it madness." Still he wants to have nine kids some day, he says . . . five boys and four girls. Their some-day mother, he warns, will have to be a dame who's not at all subject to fits of fickleness . . . furthermore, he suggests that she be not "noisy in public" . . . adding, "Don't gush—shoot the sherbet." . . . too, she should realize before it's too late that Dick does nearly all his dialog rehearsing under the fierce trickle of a needle point shower. "I've had some complaints about my rehearsing," he admits. "Under the shower, naturally to hear myself I have to shout." . . . But the man has his moments of merriment, too. Funny, the way he relaxes. By talking shop. "I like to talk anyone's shop," he claims. "If he's a musician—music. A doctor, medicine. An author, writing. And it's especially interesting to talk shop when accompanied by a highball." Almost an extremist, Dick never does anything halfway . . . "Jezebel" was his favorite movie, "Jezebel" was a movie the like of which there was none such, "Jezebel" was GOOD . . . and so Dick went not once, not twice, not thrice, but six times to see "J-z-b-l." Travis, the artist, has sold poster art of his own when pinched . . . but prefers to spend his time collecting books and guns . . . Thinks Bette Davis is one of the swellest people in Hollywood because she made him feel so at home on "The Man Who Came To Dinner" sets . . . once had a crush on Barbara Stanwyck . . . chooses Katie Hepburn for his dream gal on a mythical desert island . . . often confesses there may be some truth in the cliché "There ain't no justice" . . . seems maybe there ain't—anymore—since William Justice changed his name to Richard Travis!

HOLLYWOOD DIARY

Mon., May 4th: Back at the grind after Universal-lunching with Deanna Durbin and Ida Zeitlin. Glad to see Deanna bright and cheerful. With Vaughn away she isn't always that way. Says she awoke yesterday feeling lonesome and miserable. Thought she had a long, dreary day ahead of her, till Judy Garland invited her to spend the afternoon and evening with herself and Dave. Judy knows what it's like to be separated from her husband. She's so cock-eyed in love she almost goes to pieces, herself, if anything parts her from her Davie.

Later. Hollywood, I love you! What other town offers service stations where you can get a rain check with every car wash! Had my little go-car shampooed at Marke C. Bloome, where they guarantee a re-wash if it rains within twenty-four hours. Talked to a couple of the boys about Bill Holden who was a steady customer at Bloome's before he enlisted. The boys are genuinely fond of Bill. They bought him a book for a going-away present.

I'm ready to bawl, too. Someone was just in with the news that my favorite actress lives on a hilltop not to enjoy the view, but because she's suffering from lung trouble.

Thurs., May 7th: Glenn Ford stopped by for a preview peek at the pictures Bob Beerman shot especially for Fredda Dudley's story (next issue). . . . While I had Glenn cornered, I pounded him with questions about Joan Crawford. But Glenn's a gallant lad. Says all statements should come from Joan. I asked if he bought her any presents when he returned from New York. He did, all right! A two pound box of caramels from Joan's favorite Fifth Avenue confectioner!

Tues., May 12th: Out to Metro's "Me and My Gal" set with Kaaren Pieck to interview Judy Garland. Found Judy lost to the world in "Bride of Glory," a new biography of Lady Hamilton. She was wearing an old-fashioned, long-bloomered bathing suit and a rubber-shirred bathing cap for the big "By

(Continued on page 94)

Rick Twins surprise their dentist with proof that

PEPSODENT POWDER makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT

Pretty Margaret and Marilyn Rick, Palatine, Illinois, Twins, chorus: "Pepsodent's really 'super'!"

"People always had a hard time telling us apart...in school, in the neighborhood, anywhere!

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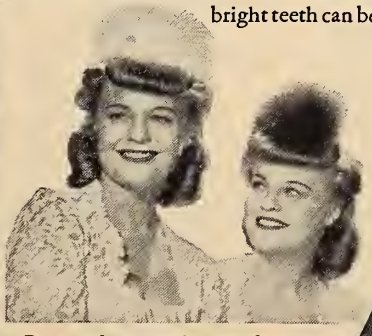
"Did I learn about tooth powders! Our dentist was skeptical at first...then amazed ...when Pepsodent made Peg's teeth twice as bright as mine! He said he never saw anything like it! Neither did we! Pepsodent showed us how really bright teeth can be!"



...and the Rick Twins' Dentist says: "I was skeptical...Pepsodent's claims sounded too good. But, this test convinced me that Pepsodent's statement is accurate":

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For the safety of your smile . . . use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year.

SWEET

SIXTEEN!

Jone Withers blows hord ot her 16th birthdoy shindig, held lost April 12th in Jim Jeffries' born. 150 come, oll clod yokel style.

Evelyn Underwood jived with Joe Brown, Jr., ofter he'd won o prize in a rog doll donce.

Jone cut in on Coro Sue Collins ond Dickie Moore when Weidler Bros.' swing bond reploced hillbilly tunesters ond squore doncing.

A round of "musicol choirs" plopped Jane ond Joe Brown. Porty ron noon to 7:30 p.m.

Lt. Jerry Wolker ond fellow soldiers took the gong for a jeep ride with no swerves borred. Jone's mom nigh fointed with feor.

Songwriter Sidney Miller (left) gave Virginia Weidler and Larry Nunn first prize in jitterbug cantest. Hayride fallawed.

Babby Jordan wan Edith Fellows in "musical chairs" after copping the lucky number door prize—a 9-day-old goat and a baby milk bottle!

It's Tough To Be Single in Hollywood!

MANY A GIRL may think it's tough to be single anywhere—but let Lana Turner illustrate that it's tougher in Hollywood! Pursued by photographers who foresee elopements and reporters who scent romances, an unmarried star can't even enjoy her misery in private, without being hounded by rumors! An everyday emotion for ordinary girls becomes a bane for a star —and a penetrating photo-scoop for Screen Guide!

Other Scoops in July Screen Guide:

War Comes to the Newlyweds! And now Brenda Marshall will have to get along without her Bill Holden.

Squire Morgan Surrenders! Frank Morgan couldn't be photographed—but our camermen captured him for a photo-story of his way of life and good times!

Jane Russell Still Has A Chance! The girl who gave Hollywood her all in sex appeal may succeed yet!

What Happens to War Heroes? Review the struggles of Ronald Colman to see how heroes "carry on!"

"My Fight Is Over!" says Gene Tierney. At long last, here is the finale to her family feuds!

ALSO: Color portraits you'll cherish of Paulette Goddard, Ann Sheridan, Dorothy Lamour and Lynn Bari. Plus pages of intimate, on-the-spot gossip, foshion news, beauty tips, movie reviews—all in Screen Guide!

SCREEN GUIDE
July, 1942
Color Photos—Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour, Ann Sheridan, Lynn Bari
Lana Turner Learns That It's Tough to Be Single in Hollywood!

SCREEN GUIDE

JULY ISSUE Now on Sale at ALL NEWSSTANDS

"Take a letter, Darling"

Jobless Tom Verney (Fred MacMurray) dubiously takes a job as combined secretary-escort to advt. magnate A. M. MacGregor (Rosalind Russell)—a gal, no less!

Mac warns at the outset that Tom's job is strictly business—to appease jealous wives while she plays up to would-be clients. In his artist's garret, Tom tries to convince pals it's on the level.

Against her will, Mac falls for Tom when he kisses her. Fast and furiously she delves into her world, a campaign for potential client Jonathan Caldwell (MacDonald Carey).

Mac faints when Caldwell (supporter of 4 ex-wives) cancels date because she's a gal. Later schemes to have Tom work on sister Caldwell, who has the final say on advertising.

Earning his $10,000 bonus, Tom clicks with Caldwell's sister Ethel (Constance Moore), drums up his own campaign with her in hopes of beating Mac at her own advertising-without-love game.

Caldwell, himself intrigued with Mac, encourages Tom's progress with Ethel as a jealousy come-on. Mac gets mad, instead declares she'll wed Caldwell. Tom blisters.

Tom leaves, telling Mac he'll collect his check for his work before he packs for Mexico. Following routine, Tom introduces Mac to maiden aunts as his no. 5. The aunts freeze up, cause a rift.

Mac quarrels with Caldwell when she finds she merely amuses him. Highway-ing home on foot, she hears a familiar voice proffering a lift to Mexico. It's Tom, and she accepts the hitch—for life!

WIN A PRIZE IN CAMILLE'S EYE CONTEST

You can have prize-winning eyes! Make them lovelier with Camille mascara and enter this exciting contest. Buy any three 10c Camille products at your 5 and 10c store. Send these three cards or box-tops (or reasonable facsimiles) together with your photo or snapshot (preferably face only, and the larger the better). Any number of your photos may be sent, but each must be accompanied by three additional cards. Address: Contest Director, Camille, Inc., Morristown, N. J.

FIRST PRIZE:

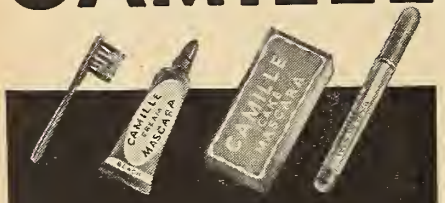
A round-trip ticket to Hollywood, all expenses paid, as guest of Republic Pictures. with a screen role for two weeks in a Republic film at $100 per week. IN ADDITION you will be presented with a stunning fur coat from I. J. Fox, "America's Largest Furriers."

OTHER THRILLING PRIZES:

- A strikingly original, 6-piece wardrobe from Townley Frocks Inc., consisting of fall suit, daytime dress, dinner gown and lounging pajamas, all created by Claire McCardell, leading American designer.
- An exquisite diamond 17 jewel, irridium platinum Wrist Watch by Gruen, makers of the "Precision Watch."
- A genuine Tecla necklace of perfectly matched pearls from Tecla Pearls, Inc., famous for the "World's Finest Culture Pearls."
- A Scholarship in Fashion and Photographic Modelling at smart Mayfair Mannequin Academy, Fifth Avenue, New York.
- And 5 gorgeous, jewel-encrusted sets of costume jewelry, consisting of bracelet, necklace, earrings and ring, by "Karu," well known Fifth Avenue jewelers.

All entries must be in by July 1st, 1942. (All selections will be final.)

CAMILLE



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Black Brown Blue Green.

Cake Mascara — Cream Mascara — Eyebraw Pencil. 10c at leading 5 & 10 cent stores, alsa at many drug stores — ar far infarmation write ta Camille, Inc., Marristawn, N. J.

ANY COLOR LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. For 30 years millions have used it with complete satisfaction. $1.35 for sale everywhere.

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Street.....
City..... State.....
GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 89)

the Sea" number she's been working in for the last few days. We talked till noon and then Judy slipped a dark-blue flannel robe over her costume, shook her hair free of the cap and led us to the commissary for lunch, Kaaren and I stowed thousands of calories away, but all Judy would have was a glass of milk. No wonder she's so thin!

After lunch drove out to see Jackie Cooper's new Sunset Towers apartment. It's a bedroom-living-room-dining-room affair. Not too opulent, but comfortable enough for any bachelor boy. While Jackie poured a Pepsi, I picked up a leather-bound autograph album lying on the table. Leafed through it but couldn't discover a single autograph! Jackie came back and chuckled. Said the album was a gift from his mother several years ago. When she gave it to him she told him to get the President's signature. Jackie lugged the book to Washington, recently, met Mr. Roosevelt, but forgot to ask for his autograph!

Fri., May 15th: Cynthia Miller's lunch-time interview with Jane Wyman at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby was the high spot on the calendar today. Jane breezed into the eatery wearing a tailored suit and sun glasses and clutching a handful of business letters. She'll personally handle the Reagans' finances while Ronnie's gone. Showed us a letter she had from Ronnie only this morning. It was full of the old Reagan pep and enthusiasm. There were long passages about Dr. Margaret Chung, the famous American-born Chinese woman surgeon he met in San Francisco. Dr. Chung, who is known as "Mother" to 475 leading American flyers, has "sons" winging over Germany, Australia, China and every far corner of the world. Ronnie can't be a "son," but he hopes she'll accept him into a separate unit she formed for friends of flyers. If he makes the grade, he'll be in the company of people like Helen Hayes, Bob Young and Cornelia Otis Skinner.

Wed., May 20th: There's no tonic like Ann Sheridan! Every time I feel low-down, I trot me out to see Annie, and come away feeling like a million. No wonder that guy Brent adores her! She's matchless! We got talking about Bryant Fleming, the young actor who's been re-christened Gig Young after the character he plays in "The Gay Sisters." We recalled that Anne Shirley took her name the same way, after appearing in "Anne of Green Gables." So much name talk reminded Ann of the time the "Oomph" title was slapped on her. As a publicity stunt, the studio went around asking famous people what they thought of Sheridan. When they came to Gypsy Rose Lee, The Gyp replied: "I think he was a great general!"

Left Annie and was surprised to see Jimmie Stewart appear from behind a sound stage. He's at the studio making service shorts. And just when Olivia's off the lot, under suspension!

Mon., May 25th: Spent the morning at Fox with Ann Rutherford, who's moved over from Metro. Ann's recovering from an attack of German measles and is keeping those big brown orbs behind dark glasses. She's a little embarrassed about having a kid's disease, but she needn't be. Brenda Marshall's in the same boat. Brenda caught them from her stand-in, Aloha Wray, and recuperated just in time to say good-by to Bill. If the boys at Fort MacArthur break out in a rash, I'll know why!

Ann was in fine fettle. She hired a new colored maid today, thereby settling a domestic problem. She doesn't know if the girl's any good or not. She didn't even check her references. But she couldn't resist her name—Cinderella Jones!

Wed., May 27th: To Universal where they're still talking about Priscilla Lane and the way she made enemies while working in the picture "Saboteur." Poor Priscilla! It really wasn't her fault. She has a habit of kidding dead-pan. Goes around saying shocking, insulting things without cracking a smile. People who don't know her think she's serious, and nothing she can do later will change their opinion of her.

Thurs., May 28th: Marie Wilson pranced in this A.M. Says she doesn't know why everyone is so unpleasant about Rita Hayward's ex, Eddie Judson. Town talk has it Judson married Rita just to make her a star and reap the benefits. Marie wishes someone would marry her that way and head her into a career like Rita's!

About Those Rumors . . .

'Tain't True: That the Bob Cummings will be heir-raided come Fall . . . That lovely Kaaren Verne was dropped by Warner Bros. because the studio wanted to give her a glamour buildup, and she preferred the company of a movie horror man . . . That Jeffrey Lynn had his film name legalized to keep it alive while he's in the Army. Real reason is Jeff always loathed his given tag, Ragnar; shuddered when folks called him "Rags" . . . That the Brent-Sheridan marriage is shattering. The pair are blissful.

'Tis True: That Humphrey Bogart will serve Coast Guard duty for a month, after he winds up "Across the Pacific" . . . That Orson Welles and Dolores Del Rio have called the whole thing off . . . That Betty Field is on the expecting list. Daddy-to-be is playwright Elmer Rice . . . That Howard Hughes is in millionaire's heaven since meeting Rita Hayworth.

Three Stars

Greer Garson, Joan Crawford and Ann Sothern may have been disappointed in marriage, but they certainly haven't been disillusioned by it. All three have visited the divorce courts at one time or another, but has that soured them on sweet romance? Indeed not!

Joan, who several months ago admitted to a reporter she "peered around corners looking for Mr. Right, same as any other girl," is currently enjoying nightly dinner dates with Glenn Ford. Queried about their friendship, Joan smiles vaguely and says nothing. However, we have it on good authority, she has already met Glenn's mother and, on Mrs. Ford's last birthday, sent her an exquisite bouquet of flowers. Not too long ago, such gestures held serious implications. Just what they mean today only time will tell.

Ann's another who's been "brought home to meet mother." She guffaws at any suggestion of a romance between herself and Bob Sterling, yet when Bob shopped for a new home for his parents, it was Ann who helped pick it out. And when Bob drives out to the Valley to visit his folks, it's Ann who's at his side.

Of Greer, it has been said: "Her idea of a good time is a romp through the dictionary." The remark, prompted by Greer's aloofness to things romantic, doesn't hold water any more. For the first time since coming to this country, Greer is revealing a serious interest in a young man. The lucky lad is Richard Ney, the 26-year-old actor who appeared with her in "Mrs. Miniver" and who's been appearing with her at theaters and restaurants

ever since. Neither will confirm nor deny!

Whether any of these combinations will ever get to the altar, we couldn't say. But keep your eye on 'em anyway!

Disa and Data

In three hours of bond-selling, Olivia de Havilland made Uncle Sam $20,000 richer and herself $60 poorer. A bad mathematician, Olivia handed out too much change; had to make good the difference out of her own pocket . . . Alan Hale's taking bets the war will be over by Christmas . . . Brenda Marshall, who dropped to 93 pounds before Hubby Bill Holden left for the Army, is chubbying up on a ginger-ale-with-cream concoction . . . Charles Boyer will pour $125,000 into the construction and equipment of a French museum in Hollywood. It'll house the best work of French authors and artists . . . History repeats itself. Myrna Loy's Reno divorce from Arthur Hornblow will be secured by the same attorneys who divided the first Mrs. Hornblow from the producer!

Brenda Joyce will don eyeglasses for 17 sequences of "The Postman Didn't Ring." Producer wants to prove there's plenty of sex in gals who wear specks . . . Though the Army will not permit soldier boys to vote on their screen favorites, a check-up on theater attendance reveals the heroes in khaki go light on the drahma and heavy on Bob Hope, Abbott and Costello and feminine glamour . . . Joan Crawford is prepared to sink a small fortune into the founding of a day nursery for the children of war workers. Kids who had dads in the service and mothers in defense plants will be accepted free of charge and given the finest attention money can buy . . . Double-ring marriage ceremonies are old stuff, but Ruth Hussey established a new custom when she swapped engagement circlets with fiancé Lincoln Fogarty.

Sarah Churchill, Winston's child, will be seen for the first time on the American screen in "Three Smart Brides," a British production released by Monogram. Sarah is an Asst. Section Officer in the WAAF's . . . It's the Army Air Corps for Tim Holt. His wife and baby will go East to live with Mrs. Holt's family for the duration . . . Greta Garbo is angling for the role of Ling Sao, Hedy Lamarr's mother, in "Dragon Seed."

Quips That Pass In the Fight

Latest "character" to invade Hollywood is Ilka Chase, former movie actress and authoress of the recently published "Past Imperfect." Ilka is sort of a female Oscar Levant, sarcastic, razor-brained and too darned clever for those she chooses to impale on her wit. After devoting fat paragraphs in "Imperfect" to insulting the flicker village, Ilka was rewarded with a part in Bette Davis' "Now, Voyager," and is at present on the Warner lot, spitting venom at anyone unlucky enough to cross her path. One of her earliest victims was Humphrey Bogart.

Bogey met Ilka in the commissary, one day, and mentioned "Past Imperfect."

"I enjoyed your book very much," he said brightly. "Who wrote it?"

Ilka smiled modestly. "So glad you liked it," she stabbed. "Who read it to you?"

Slack Season

Bob Hope's pet peeve is slacks. Women in slacks. He says it was tough enough before, but now that comfortable sportswear has been officially okayed, he has to follow a trousered figure at least ten minutes before he can find out whether it's one of his writers or a gal on her way to work at Lockheed.

All studios issued bulletins to the effect that their women employees were welcome to wear slack suits around the offices, but to date the girls have refused. They've heard studio designers rave too often that the female figure was not constructed to appear at its best in trousers, and they're staying in skirts 'til their last pair of Nylons pop.

Slacks at home is something else again. Joan Bennett just bought a pair made of black moire that makes up one-half of a super-comfy hostess outfit. They're very tailored, with grosgrain tape running down the sides like a man's dinner trousers. The top of her outfit is an ultra-feminine chiffon blouse of pale blue and white dots, made with long sleeves and a pleated front.

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DOES NOT CLOUD
Our Smiles
Smoke Smudge—or any unsightly smudge on your teeth—does put your smile behind a cloud. Twice a day use IODENT Tooth Paste or Powder. Use IODENT No. 2 for hard-to-bryten teeth. You'll like refreshing IODENT. Made by a Dentist; guaranteed to bryten hard-to-bryten teeth or your money back. At ten cent stores.
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POWDER
FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

Have You Tried

. . . Dorothy Lamour's trick of changing a basic dress five different ways? Dottie couldn't take a large wardrobe with her on her bond selling tour, so she got together with Edith Head and worked out something a little different in the glamour-trimming department.

Instead of the usual collar-and-cuff dodge, Edith created "snap on" trimmings that outline the arm-holes of the dress. Dottie can make the dress formal by using gold braid or bands of bright red bugle beads. Or drop in some place without a hat with bands of white pique or plaid taffeta or peasant embroidery snapped on where the fancy stuff was just a few moments before.

Gadget Gab

Veronica Lake popped onto the set of "This Gun For Hire" the other day with a miniature head of herself clipped to her lapel! A national jewelry manufacturer has created a likeness of her out of hand-carved wood, with long yellow wool draped over one eye in perfect imitation of the Lake locks . . . In "Seven Sisters" Kathryn Grayson wears green *crocheted* earrings, sent to her by a fan. Now she's needling some herself.

Personal Note

Jeanette MacDonald wears her newest pin right above her heart. It's a grooved jet replica of a phonograph record, with tiny gold letters in the center of the disc spelling out "Let Me Always Sing." That's the song hubby Gene Raymond wrote and dedicated to her just before she left on her first concert tour.

The only other bit of costume jewelry Jeanette wears is a gold bar pin. The yellow metal is twisted to form the first five notes of the "Star Spangled Banner"!

Got A Headache?

Doris Dudley arrived on "The Moon and Sixpence" set directly from the airport, and went right to work. The strain of closing her apartment in New York on short notice and hopping into a plane began to tell on her in the form of a whopping headache, but she refused to hold up production. "Bring me a half-cupful of hot black coffee, with the juice of one lemon squeezed into it," she requested. Ten minutes later—no headache! Doris says it's a home remedy handed down to her from her mother. We took a sip, and we're warning you. It's like olives. You've got to acquire a taste for it.

Keyes For Smart Dressing

Columbia's fair-haired girl, Evelyn Keyes, has her wardrobe for the year all set. Last week she bought two 3-piece gabardine suits —one in blue, one in yellow. The suits consist of a skirt, jacket and slacks, and she mixes the color combinations any way she wants to. To top the outfits with something really gay, she broke down and bought a bright red coat that had been catching her eye in a certain shop window for months.

Enter Rev. Jardine

It's a disease, and like measles, very catchy.

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A SUPER-VALUE TOOTHBRUSH

MADE WITH Nylon

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Dry-Skin Cream. Mail the back label from a bottle of Ambrosia, the effective, liquid facial cleanser. We will send you a generous bottle of Ambrosia Dry-Skin Cream. Smooths, softens and lubricates the skin. HINZE AMBROSIA, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, Dept. 41.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Sooner or later all big names, in all walks of life, succumb. Sinclair Lewis suffered from it, and Edna Ferber, and Bill Tilden and Max Baer. The symptoms are simple. You talk to yourself, drool Shakespeare and theater, and think other people want to pay to look at you. The disease is Footlight Fever, and those who get it whisper: "I wanna be an actor."

Latest victim is the well-known Rev. R. Anderson Jardine, who performed the most sensational and theatrical marriage of our time. Rev. Jardine was the vicar who got up enough courage to weld the Duke of Windsor to Wallis Simpson. For this act he was forced to leave his English parish and his lifelong position. At the time, all of Hollywood applauded him. Today, all of Hollywood may applaud him again. For, even as you read this, Rev. Jardine has turned actor! He is appearing in a three-act play called "Dakar Speaks," written by someone named Prince Modupe, of Nigeria.

The drama is all about Africa—and is full of voodoo and Nazis and Rev. Jardine, who plays the role he is well acquainted with, i.e., a clergyman.

Now making his home in Hollywood, the good vicar hopes to become another Donald Crisp or Walter Brennan. His director thinks he has a good chance.

Montgomery vs. Gable

Hedy Lamarr isn't the only one who tingles when George Montgomery looms into view. Executives at 20th Century-Fox, where George works, also breathe faster every time they rest their orbs on the broad shoulders and streamlined hips of the Man from Montana. For, to the executives, George represents the answer to a prayer, a dream come true. He is all they ask of an actor. He is a challenger to the money-making throne of Clark Gable.

In almost a decade, no one has seriously threatened Clark's position in the hearts of American women. He, and he alone, has been the incarnation, the symbol, of all that is virile and manly. Until the advent of Montgomery it seemed he would never have a rival.

When George first appeared at Fox, he was regarded as just another muscle man, fresh off the range. However, as time went on, producers noticed with a thrill that he bore an uncanny resemblance to the King of Stars.

The knowledge that he's to be groomed as another Gable has left George absolutely cold. Or, it did till the other day when he reported to the studio for a conference with one of his bosses.

The business of the day was progressing smoothly when suddenly the bigwig paused. Narrowing his eyes, he fixed them on George and circled the actor several times.

Finally he spoke. "Montgomery," he said. "One more thing and it will be perfect. When

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our July issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Smart Girl (Durbin) ..... ☐
Mr. and Mrs. "Fun" (Judy and Dave) ☐
Sisters—and How! (Joan and Olivia) ☐
Strictly Dynamite (Flynn) ..... ☐
Love Thumbed a Ride (Montgomery-Lamarr) ..... ☐
So Long, Button Nose (Jane and Ronnie) ..... ☐
Like To Read Other People's Mail? .. ☐
Good News ..... ☐
Meet the Champ (Gene and Champion) ..... ☐
Yankee Doodle Dandy ..... ☐

Which one of the above stories did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

.....

.....

My magazine preference is (check only *one*):
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My name is .....

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149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

you leave here, report immediately to the Make-up Department. Ask them for some paraffin and tell them to put it behind your ears. We've *got* to make them stick out!"

Body Bountiful

Sixteen pounds of ordinary flesh have changed Rosemary Lane's entire life.

A year ago, in Hollywood, she was a shamefully neglected Fourth Daughter, wallowing in B pictures and mediocre roles. Today, in New York, she has to shake the fat contracts out of her hair. Overnight she finds herself in a position to get, from Hollywood, almost any price and any part. And, we repeat, all because of sixteen pounds.

Here's how come. George Abbott, the Broadway producer, has a play called "Best Foot Forward"—all about a fictional movie glamour gal who visits a boys' school and is stripped to her bra and step-ins by enthusiastic young admirers. Abbott offered Rosemary the role and she accepted. However, there was a big problem to meet. She knew she had to run through much of the play semi-nude, and she knew, too, that because she'd been sitting around Hollywood on her beam-end, waiting for parts, she had slowly, insidiously, grown sixteen pounds overweight.

Time was short. Rosemary had only two weeks before she was due in New York. So she hustled over to Terry Hunt, famous conditioner of stars. "It's a tough road ahead," she said. "I need curves, Terry, and the construction job has to be fast!"

Replied Hunt: "If you've got courage and character, you can do it, and I can help."

The play opened. Rosemary bounced about in her undies. The hard-boiled critics, tired of middle-aged, corseted Bernhardts, blinked their eyes and saw four stars. The play was a hit—Rosemary Lane sensational.

But Rosemary didn't forget the credit line. That night she sent a wire to Terry Hunt. It read: "THE CRITICS ARE SAYING THE PLAY IS SWELL AND I'M HITTING ON ALL CYLINDERS. BUT I'M REMINDING THEM TO CREDIT—BODY BY HUNT!"

BE A MODERN SCREEN REPORTER!

Ever had personal contact with the stars? Write us about it. For every amusing story we publish we'll send you ONE DOLLAR! Complete details on page 85.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

After the judges of the annual one-act play contest had made their decision here in the Todd School of Woodstock, Illinois, back in 1930, I approached them protestingly and heatedly. The leading man, I argued, far surpassed any other member of the cast in interpretation and acting ability. The chairman, after strong words had passed between us, finally discharged me with, "He is not the best actor. In fact, he's not even a good actor. I'll go even further than that. I'll tell you right here, this young man will never be heard of in any theater!"

Was he a bit wrong? That young "ham" was our obedient servant ORSON WELLES!

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NONSPI

A SKIN-SAFE, FABRIC-SAFE DEODORANT AND ANTI-PERSPIRANT!

SISTERS—AND HOW!

(*Continued from page 39*)

started out early in the morning and hiked to the country home of a friend. By that time heat, dust and heel blisters decided them to stay the night and go on with their odyssey in the morning. They refused lodgings in the house. They were travelers, they explained, and nothing would do but they sleep in the hayloft.

Funny thing about hay. It looks so soft, and it bounces so nicely at first acquaintance; but get to know it intimately! It has crawling inhabitants; it is dusty and incites sneezing. It's no Simmons Beautyrest. Next morning the hollow-eyed team were preparing half-heartedly to resume the fiasco-ish excursion when their mother appeared on the scene. She'd gotten wind by telephone the previous afternoon of their progress, and had decided to let them get good and sick of their drama before intervening. Safely ensconced in their beds at home, the prostrated gypsies swore they'd never leave home again—but t'ain't so. They're still at it.

When congas at Ciro's pall on Joan, she and that gorgeous guy she married hop into their plane and beeline for Maine. The first time they flew there, they landed in a colossal meadow and hiked to a farm house to ask for dinner and a room for the night. "A room for the night, Miss Hepburn?" The round-faced farmer's wife who opened the door eyed Joan disapprovingly and flashed all kinds of horrified looks at poor Brian. Eventually she got on that it was all perfectly legal, and she fed them the most fabulous dinner they've ever seen. Since then, she's been the Ahernes' personal Santa Claus. "She sends us great boxes of maple sugar candy, holly, mistletoe, pine cones—everything that makes a real New England Christmas." And her farmhouse has become their favorite away-from-it-all haunt.

Olivia's idea of a rest is a whirl in New York. A few times a year she leaves California and bolts for the bright lights. "A couple of plays a day, a night spot or two—that's relaxation. But dee-vine. If some nice chap would buy me that town I think I could learn to love him." The only thing she can't stand about the place are the mile-a-minute elevators. She's even scared stiff of the poky self-operated variety. Why? A long time ago she read Axel Munthe's "The Story of San Michele" in which there is a tale about a man who had a dream of a creature with a frightful face. The dreamer awakened in cold sweat, only to see the apparition disappear across the moonlit lawn. Years passed, and one day as this man started to board an elevator in Paris, what was his horror to find the nightmare face leering at him from the elevator operator's body. The man quickly stepped off the elevator, which ascended several floors, then broke a cable and plunged to the bottom of the shaft. All the passengers were destroyed, but among the bodies, that of the hideous man was not found!

The whole time Livvie's gadding in the East there's not a postcard out of her. Not a line. Whereas Joan can't write often enough, all her letters dealing

Betty Lou says:
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In Tokyo, Mom de Hovilland Corried Boby Olivio os Pop de H. and 2 Moids Smiled.

largely with requests that Livvie look after Nick. Nick, née Nicholas, is a cuddly miniature poodle that Brian gave her for Christmas. He's about seven inches high, with maybe a ten inch wheel base, not counting his tail which couldn't be held still long enough to measure. "See that poor Nick gets an occasional chop bone," Joan will write frantically. Once in a while Olivia will break down and drop her a terse note. "Nick is okay," being its general gist.

The one person Livvie's ever been able to keep up a good brisk correspondence with was a former page boy in the household of her grandfather, Reverend Charles de Havilland, in England. "The old boy fascinated me," she'll tell you. "We corresponded like mad for years." It all began when she was first getting her start in the movies. The obsolete page boy wrote her long, informative letters telling about boyhood escapades of the sons of the house, assuming her dad had been one of them. Eventually he wrote, asking Olivia which one had been her father.

Olivia, vastly intrigued, went down to the stationer's to buy a copy of Burke's "Landed Gentry." She quickly discovered that the boys to whom her fan referred, had been sons by the Reverend Charles' first marriage. Olivia and Joan's father was the child of the clergyman's second union.

So Livvy, genealogy in hand, sat down to write a detailed explanation to the page boy. "My grandmother," she explained, "was, before her marriage to the Reverend Charles, the Honorable Margaret Letitia Molesworth." She went on to say that she hoped to hear from him soon again, as she enjoyed his stories about her family. Back came a single line upon a large sheet of paper: "How odd that the Reverend Charles should have married the Honorable Miss Molesworth. Yours respectfully . . ."

She has never heard another word from him, and it's killing her. She'd give an eye to know what it was with her grandmother. "A gay kid, no doubt—and her with her holier-than-thou face in all the portraits."

The return of either of the gals from one of their expeditions is cause for much family reunion. After dinner they'll sit around chatting casually. Then eventually—"What have you been reading?" from Joan. "'The Ivory Mischief' and it's wonderful." "Livvie, you're fooling! I hated it." "How could you?" "How could *you?*" And they're off. (Incidentally, both the girls read a great deal. Olivia's favorite books to date are Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" and Bolitho's "Twelve Against the Gods." Joan's pets are Mildred Cram's "Forever" and Paul Gallico's "The Snow Goose.") They tiff along heatedly for a while, and then suddenly Olivia will say with a straight face, "It don't matter to me what you say, Joan. It really don't." Bad grammar is Joan's fetish, and "it don't" is her hate of hates. She'll look at Livvie aghast a minute, and then they'll both roar. Joan heckles her right back about her numerous swains. "They do say you and Buzz Meredith are secretly one—" More roaring.

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Livvie's men have always been a source of amazement to Joan. "At seven," she'll tell you, "she had what amounted to an understanding with a boy. But she had another understanding with a second boy that, when she was free of Swain A for an evening, she would dally with Swain B. And there were always three or four hangers-on ready to pinch hit should Swain B be away or anything." Joan herself's a monogamist at heart.

When she was five she caught a glimpse of a hearty number, aged six, being chauffeured to school in an awesome black limousine. Having spent hours poring over books dealing with princes on coal black chargers, she streamlined the version and, zip, she was in love! She continued to adore from afar this glittering creature until she was fifteen and was sent back to Tokyo to complete her education at the American School. However, back in Japan, she forgot about Prince Charming and got herself engaged seven times in two years. It must have been the climate, however, because when she resettled in Shangri-La on the L. A. River, she devoted herself to Conrad Nagel, followed by the winnah, Brian Aherne.

Livvie is still playing the field, and if Joan is one of Hollywood's happiest matrons (which she vehemently is), then Livvie is one of its most successful and satisfied spinsters. A dozen colleges have voted her the ideal date. She dances beautifully, drinks beer and smokes anything anyone offers her. Her attitude toward men is "the more the merrier." When Joan was praying for a tall and handsome husband, Livvie longed only for a raft of beaux and a fur coat.

She believed in a fur coat as the outward symbol of an inner grace, so before the ink was dry on one of her early Warner Brothers checks, she went alone and unguided to a furrier's where she selected the most lavish garment she was shown—a luscious white, deep-napped item with a collar "as high as a picket fence," Livvie explains, rolling her eyes. "It was full length; it was voluminous. I didn't realize for years that it was pure rabbit."

Ermine urge . . .

Nowadays, her coat is a Russian ermine trifle whipped up by Hattie Carnegie. "But it's only waistline length, and it doesn't even have a collar," she explains, still loyal to that first sumptuous number. "It doesn't do one tenth for my ego what that first coat did."

The gals really do have a couple of things in common besides adoration of the Aherne man. ("I saw him first, you know," says Livvie, "and foolishly brought him home to dinner, thereby cutting my own telephone wires. *That* one gave him the eye.") There's golf, for one thing. Each plays a pretty sharp brand. Last summer Joan and Brian were golfing at Del Monte when she shot a hole in one. Three months later she returned and shot a birdie on the same hole. Both girls like flying, and they both love to fish. There's a 68-inch tuna, mounted, stored in the Aherne closet right now. Joan hasn't quite the nerve to hang it up, yet she doesn't want to completely dispose of it. Olivia is a splendid horseback rider, and she's dynamite behind a tennis racket.

Both took piano lessons for years, and each emerged with a single piece in her repertoire. Livvie's is "To A Wild Rose," and Joan's is "None But The Lonely Heart."

One terrific common interest is of course their acting. Each has been nominated for an Oscar twice, and when Joan

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won it this year, Olivia got one of the major thrills of her life.

Funny thing, though, in spite of footprints in cement and enormous bankrolls, Joan and Olivia have remained swell fellas. Neither takes herself a bit seriously, and they have a favorite story to tell when anyone raves over their cinematic success.

As everyone knows, before Joan emerged as a great dramatic actress in her own right, she was super-cautious about appearing to trade on the name of her sister. As far as possible, Joan kept the knowledge from Hollywood that she and Olivia belonged to the same family. Because Joan insisted fanatically upon it, Olivia half-heartedly played the game.

One of the rules was never, never to be seen together.

After months of this, Olivia got slightly fed with the whole business. "This is the craziest set-up I've ever seen," she told Joan. "What if someone does see us together and decide we're sisters? I'm dead with all this dodging and subterfuge. For the love of Pete, let's double date tonight."

So they went to dinner at one of Hollywood's swank spots. (Joan was with Conrad Nagel, and Olivia was with Billy Bakewell.) No one paid the slightest bit of attention to them. Not a soul even looked in their direction. At long last an autograph seeker sidled over from an adjacent booth.

"Excuse me, Mr. Nagel," she said, "but would you please sign my book?"

Mr. Nagel obliged, then decided to give the youngster an additional break. "Would you like the autographs of these two lovely ladies?" he asked.

"I suppose so," said the member of the youngest profession, but obviously her heart wasn't in it. She glanced at them. "Which one of you is Anne Shirley?"

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 9*)

ing the number, but no one notices them . . . Two other tunes in the film climbed onto the Hit Parade before the picture was finished—"I Don't Want to Walk Without You" and "What Happens Now?" . . . Young radio singer Johnnie Johnston makes his film debut as a composer of a campus musical . . . June Preisser got the jitters before the scene in which a test tube of potassium chlorate explodes in her hands. "Don't you worry about a thing," soothed her chum Bracken. "You probably won't need those fingers again, anyway!"

THE BIG SHOT

"The Big Shot" spins the tale of Humphrey Bogart, once overlord of the underworld, fresh out of jail, and on the thin edge between a return to crime and the straight and narrow. Out of his past comes the lovely, intriguing figure of Irene Manning, and his love for her keeps him honest. But Irene, unfortunately, is married to a crooked lawyer, Stanley Ridges, who, seeing which way the wind

blows, promptly frames Bogart and, for good measure, Richard Travis, an innocent automobile salesman.

There's the inevitable yen for revenge and the desperate jailbreak. But innocently involved in the break is our virtuous automobile salesman. Caught, he is held for the murder of a guard, aiding criminals to escape and a few other nasty crimes. Humphrey and Irene, meanwhile, have made good their escape and are planning to start life afresh in backwoods Canada. But the specter of the doomed automobile salesman haunts them. Humphrey gives up the life of love; he returns to clear the salesman, to shoot Ridges and to die himself, while a shaft of sunlight throws the shadow of prison bars across his face.

"The Big Shot" is loud, furious and fast. There's plenty of gunplay between kisses; and the script has a keen eye for fanciful gangster types. And while love is the theme, it's love on the run and plenty exciting. There's time enough for a holdup, a clever jail-break and a spine-tingling case or two before boy gets girl or anywhere near, as a matter of fact.—*W. B.*

P. S.

Louis Bromfield, no less, is editor of Humphrey Bogart's fan club paper . . . "Bogey" has rough-and-tumbled his way through lots of films, but this is the first one in which he was severely injured. Fell out of a rocking chair and broke two ribs . . . Leading Lady Irene Manning is the same Hope Manning who's made so many successful light opera tours . . . She has a tiny waist (25 in.) that expands to 27 inches at her diaphragm . . . Toughest acting chore for her was trying to sing badly. Had to compromise and hum . . . Humphrey, after 32 pictures for the Bros. Warner, returns to "Duke" as a character name. His first role on the lot was that of "Duke Mantee" in "The Petrified Forest" . . . Richard Travis is being broken in to take over the roles left vacant by Ronald Reagan's departure to the cavalry . . . Vaudeville came back for a couple of days around these parts when a call for all kinds of acts went out. They were spotted in a prison show sequence . . . When Bogart blasted the life out of Stanley Ridges, he chalked up another mark along the 17 others that represent his movie murders . . . 35 technicians and a couple of stunt men spent more than a week filming chase sequences in the High Sierras. Gun fire scenes are always dangerous and have to be done with great care. Only one casualty was chalked up. The cameraman's left foot froze . . . Bogart writes long letters to the chief of the Civilian Conservation Corps, giving his ideas on crime prevention . . . Bogart doesn't mind gangster roles. Bad men always die to show that "Crime Doesn't Pay."

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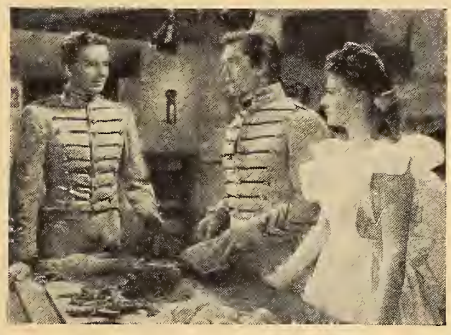
MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT

"Ten Gentlemen from West Point" unfolds life at the Point in the days of the eighteen hundreds. Quartered in drafty barracks, fed poorly, under harsh discipline, disdained by the regular army men, the cadets learned their military lessons under a few sympathetic instructors. It's commonplace now to suppose that our officers should know tactics and strategy, but in a pioneer country there was a mistrust of books. Fighting, it was thought, could best be learned on the field against the Indians hemming in the expanding frontiers.

The story isn't quite as harsh as that on the screen. It's the usual fable about two cadets and a beautiful girl. One of the cadets, Dawson (George Montgomery) is a Kentucky backwoodsman. The other, Shelton (John Sutton) is a Washington blueblood. The girl is stunning Maureen O'Hara. Shelton has the edge since he's already engaged to her. But backwoodsman Dawson, a little rough



perhaps, knows a thing or two also; among which is the ability to know what a mule is thinking. That helps a bit on occasions, especially when a lady's carriage won't move because the stubborn mule has suddenly insisted on resting.

The picture weaves the tri-cornered romance of these three with the grim struggle of the cadets to stay at the Point. It all comes to a head when Tecumseh, the Indian Chief, goes on the warpath. All available troops are ordered to the frontier. In a climax of yawping Indians, the cadets apply a lesson learned at the Point, rescue the Major from imminent death, win his respect and save the Academy.

As for the romance, Kentucky tactics prove to be better than Washington strategy. So while Dawson and his bride hit out for the new West, Shelton returns to the Point. They don't let you marry at West Point, anyway, until you've been graduated.—*TCF.*

P. S.

George Montgomery spent his time between scenes in one corner of the set, writing letters to Hedy (yum-yum) Lamarr in a stenographer's notebook. Averaged two a day . . . David Bacon, who plays "Shippen" gets the first real break of his career. He's the lad who almost got the part Jack Beutel played in "The Outlaw." Now he'll beat Jack to the screen . . . Bacon took twelve falls from the barrel of a fast-moving cannon during the scene in which Laird Cregar makes the ten cadets ride a horse-drawn gun. Later, when he was counting his ribs and wiping off the mud, Director

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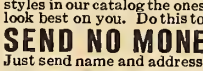

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Hathaway told him he should have received a $35 stunt man's check . . . Someone with a fiendish sense of humor assigned Sammy Benson to be wardrobe man for Cregar. Sammy is 5' 1" tall, weighs 100 pounds. For laughs, folks used to visit the set just to watch the two of them struggling to get Laird into his tight costumes . . . George Holmes, 20th Century-Fox's newest threat to Vic Mature's popularity, used to be a puny fellow, but got mad and built himself up by subscribing to a mail order course that provided a free bar bell set with every book of instructions . . . Handsome John Sutton was severely burned when he accidentally grasped a flaming candelabra during a "blindfold" scene . . . After work

Judy Garland rigged up in her "Nadocky" playsuit

one day, Montgomery picked up a lone soldier and took him to Mocambo for dinner. The boy in khaki turned out to be none other than writer Malvin Wald, who had penned the original story on which "Ten Gentlemen" was based!

TALK OF THE TOWN

"Talk of the Town" sets up the thriving little community of Lochester, as pretty a place as you'd care to see, except that it's run by a crooked factory owner who controls the local judge, the local police, the local newspaper and all trains west not running express. When the local factory burns down, Holmes (the factory owner) pins the blame on Cary Grant, the local agitator; well, maybe agitator is a little harsh, but he does shoot off his mouth a lot about justice and rotten beams in the factory and lack of fire protection. But Cary has a shrewd idea that this case of arson was home-made by Holmes and thoughtfully breaks jail and escapes.

He escapes to, of all places, the summer home of Ronald Colman, who in a Van Dyke beard, is a law professor awaiting appointment to the Supreme Court. Ronald's temporary secretary for the summer is the local beauty, Jean Arthur, who discovers Cary on the premises and then has her hands full preventing the law professor from discovering that Cary is wanted by the police and preventing the police from laying their vulgar hands on Cary. Cary and Ronald become fast friends, playing chess and discussing the merits of borscht and justice. Borscht, Cary insists, must have an egg in it; Ronald graciously allows the point. Justice, Ronald insists, is a beautiful document, often between the finely tooled leather covers of a book; justice, says Cary, is what the police sometimes hit you on the head with during a strike.

Matters come to a point, both philosophical and practical, when Ronald discovers that Cary is wanted for arson and probable murder. The law books say that he must be turned over to the police. But our lovely town of Lochester is in a fury, whipped up by the evil Mr. Holmes, and Cary is more likely to be lynched than tried. But the law is the law, and Ronald is prepared to call the cops; regretfully Cary bops him on the head and escapes again. When Ronald comes to, Miss Arthur lets him have the sharp side of her tongue in a harangue about humanity, justice and loyalty. Whether it's the bop on the head, Miss Arthur's lecture or the fact that he's falling in love with her, is hard to say, but Ronald takes a drastic step.

He shaves off his beard.

This not only makes him look younger and more handsome, but it also acts as an almost foolproof disguise, since Mr. Colman has been wearing the beard almost since birth and is notoriously fond of it. Beardless, he sets out to prove Cary's innocence, aided by Miss Arthur and by Cary, too, who can find no better place to hide than behind the robes of an incipient Supreme Court justice.

Getting the proof calls for some fancy shenanigans on Ronald's part. He makes love to a beery damsel from the other side of the tracks; he goes to a baseball game with the local judge, handles a gun like a Western bad boy, plays Dick Tracy, has the time of his life and forgets his books.

In the end, he gets the proof. Cary gets his freedom. Ronald gets his Supreme Court nomination. But Cary gets the girl.

What's justice in that case?—*Col.*

P. S.

"Hank," the eight-year-old bloodhound from the Arizona State Penitentiary, has captured five runaway prisoners at various times during his career, but when it came time to chase Cary Grant, he got shy and wouldn't run after him . . . Director Stevens finally got the shot by

disguising Cary as a hamburger . . . Edgar Buchanan kept track of the number of times the make-up man blacked his eye for his role—38 . . . Ronald Colman, allergic to spirit gum, had to have the phoney part of his beard affixed to his

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own whiskers with vegetable mucilage . . . Between scenes Colman and Grant harmonized adequately on a couple of old tunes both of them knew. Introvert Jean Arthur disappeared into her dressing room after every shot . . . The prop man fried five dozen eggs during the time one eating scene was being filmed. On the screen, you'll see Grant eating only two . . . One scene set a new record for something-or-other. It was fifteen script-pages long and introduced ten new, important characters. Three days' rehearsal were necessary before the cameras were trained on the players . . . Jean Arthur goes through part of the picture wearing a $2.50 pair of over-sized men's pajamas . . . Grant's workingman outfit cost the studio $7.50 . . . The sheen on Jean's face in the Supreme Court scenes is accomplished by gold dust, mixed with her make-up . . . The picture has 344 scenes, 201 of which take place in the New England farmhouse set . . . Billboards and ads for the picture will read "Cary Grant, Jean Arthur and Ronald Colman ARE "The Talk of the Town" . . . Director George Stevens, à la Alfred Hitchcock, likes to appear in at least one scene. Plays an extra in the factory ruins scene.

THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE

Call me a sourpuss, but I'm getting tired of Hollywood's blithe comedies about labor, capital and assorted social ills that have Dan Cupid, without a sarong, settling everything by the flick of an arrow. Love may be wonderful, but I don't notice the WPB or the CIO settling disputes by an adroit marriage at the fade-out.

Not that it isn't a good thing for Hollywood to cast an occasional eye on the workaday world and its problems; more of that is certainly in order. But facts are facts and, offhand, I can't think of any strike that was settled because Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas kissed and made up.

Joan, in this picture, is the energetic, tyrannical head of the Drew Transportation Co., and Melvyn is a writer preparing a story about her father, depicting him as a piratical, unscrupulous stuffed shirt. Which, it seems, he was.

There are, as you can readily see, a few weeds in this Garden of Eden. Among other weeds, is Joan's high-

handed manner with the employees. Men are fired for slight infractions of the rules; spotters, spies and stool pigeons make up the workaday world of the Drew Transportation Co. So Melvyn decides to open her eyes to conditions in the company by inviting her out to dinner. After all, she's only the president and couldn't be expected to know what's going on. What's more he takes her to a picnic of the company employees.

They dine, they dance, they drink, they kiss.

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It takes a lot of loving to clear out that weed. But Joan and Melvyn manage the trick. The firing order is rescinded; and Joan tracks down Melvyn in one of her own garages. He is hiding in the rear of one of the trucks. She climbs in determinedly beside him. They kiss and make up; and, presumably, settle on the dividend to be distributed at the next month's Board of Directors meeting.

MY FAVORITE SPY

"My Favorite Spy," in title at least, may remind you of "My Favorite Blonde," and the screen character of Kay Kyser may seem cut from the same cloth as Bob Hope, with a touch of Red Skelton about the seams. But where Bob Hope has to depend on a penguin to stooge for him, Kay has Ish Kabibble and a tuneful brass section to back him up. In a pinch, Kay just rolls back the rugs and lets the "chillun dance."

No one has priority on this type of comedy. Long before Kay, Bob or Red found Hollywood, a certain Harold Lloyd was laying them in the aisles with this character of the unwilling hero. It's just poetic justice, therefore, that Mr. Lloyd should have produced "My Favorite Spy."

"My Favorite Spy" finds Kay due to be married and inducted into the army on the same day. Kay, the army decides, is ideal as a counter-espionage agent. He's assigned to track down spies believed to be making their headquarters at the swank Orchid Room, where Kay and his band play nightly. There are a few drawbacks to the assignment, however. Kay has to clam up. He can't even say a thing to the suspicious Mrs. Kyser (Ellen Drew), who's doomed to remain a kissless bride while Kay chases down back alleys. The other drawback is that operatives on this assignment have been shot down as rapidly and accurately as clay pigeons in a Times Square shooting gallery.

Kay has a tough time trying to prove to the Missus that he's not out prancing with gay blondes. That's not as simple as it sounds because Kay's co-agent in all this is Jane Wyman, who is not only blonde, but the kind of blonde that makes men leave home. Kay has his hands full juggling his domestic crisis, his army career and his band while bullets whip under his slightly startled nose.

It all winds up in a frenzy at a darkened and abandoned theater with Kay tracking the spies, the Missus tracking Kay and the spies befuddled. They shoot up the place half-heartedly, but they really haven't got a chance. The Missus keeps insisting that it's all a gag, and Kay in his innocent way finally gets them cornered under a collapsed curtain and busily tacks down the corners with a hammer and a handful of nails.

The band isn't idle through all this madness. There's time for a number or two; Harry Babbitt sings, Sully Mason clowns a bit and Ish Kabibble manages his quaint haircut with his accustomed grace. Helen Westley plays a shrewish maiden aunt who doesn't like people who say "chillun—let's dance." There's a fellow at the beginning who keeps saying, "Kay Kyser—you mean Kay Francis?" And there's a renting agent who thinks Kay is somehow connected to a Wilbur Kyser who once lived in 4A. You, of course, don't have to be told that we aren't talking about Sammy Kaye. Or do we mean Kaye Don? Kyser's the name. Kay Kyser.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Ellen Drew had no trouble making the crying scenes. Her husband, Cy Bartlett, was in Washington during production of the picture, and she missed him so, Tay Garnett had only to mention his name, and Mrs. B. would turn on the weeps . . . Kyser worked 47 out of 48 days the picture was in production . . . Ish Kabibble (real name Merwyn Bogue) gets a nifty chance to put over some of his special comedy because of the swell fan comments on his work in "Playmates" . . . Jane Wyman left her home studio, Warner Bros., to do "Connie" in this production, and another semi-serious role at 20th Century-Fox . . . Ellen went through the RKO glamour mill, came out with a completely new hair style and radically changed make-up . . . No Ginny Simms in this one. The two newcomers Kay signed to take her place are Trudy Erwin and Dorothy Dunn . . . Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen turned out two new numbers—"Just Plain Lonesome" sung by Harry Babbitt, and "I've Got the Moon in My Pocket" featuring Sassy Sully Mason and the quartette . . . Ellen Drew plays a couple of scenes with William Demarest, who discovered her when he was an actor's agent . . . Original prizes for winning on Kyser's "Kollege of Musical Knowledge" are now collectors' items. They're parchment scrolls, and most of them are in the possession of Northwestern or University of Chicago graduates who won them at the Black Hawk cafe during the Saturday Night quiz Kay conducted while playing there in 1937.

KLONDIKE FURY

Brain specialist Edmund Lowe does a floppo operation and the patient dies. Accused of letting the patient die because he is in love with the dead man's wife, Lowe is disbarred and goes off to the Klondike where he crashes while ferrying a war plane. There, after strange plot twists, he vindicates himself with the help of Lucile Fairbanks.—*Mono.*

Solution to Puzzle on Page 14

THE MAGNIFICENT DOPE

Henry Fonda is a lucky backwoods jerk who enters any contest that comes his way in the hope that he may win enough money to buy his home town a badly needed fire engine. He finally wins a five-hundred dollar prize contest conducted by Don Ameche's Success Institute—looking for the man least likely to succeed. Collecting his prize and Ameche's gal, Lynn Bari, occupy the rest of the magnificent adventures.—*TCF.*

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR

Because of Don Barry's heroism in dive-bombing himself and his plane into a Japanese battleship that is landing troop reinforcements on the Philippines, the American soldiers valiantly defending those islands are able to win the day and repel the first treacherous attack. Spies and women-folk all lend atmosphere to the to-do.—*Rep.*

STARDUST ON THE SAGE

Gene Autry's temporarily given up riding the plains to set aright mortgaged gold mines, especially when they're endorsed by pretty girls like Louise Currie. He does things just in the nick of time, too, with Smiley Burnette helping him out and leading the audience in the little white-ball-and-magic-wand singing.—*Rep.*

HALFWAY TO SHANGHAI

Everyone on the train en route from the Burma Road terminus to Rangoon, is a ss-sh—a spy. Everyone, that is, except Irene Hervey, who is just a beautiful White Russian leaving Shanghai to marry a rajah for his dough. Kent Taylor sees that she has possibilities and, after a series of map-swappings, murders, leaps and stabbings, he clears the road to bring her back to ray! ray! ray! the U. S. A.—*Univ.*

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McLaglen is jealous in a big blustering way of Ed's progress with the gals, but there's a double wedding in the end, and all spies concerned are bombed off the map—their own fault, too!—*RKO.*

MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST

Leon Errol as Lawd Epping and subsequently as the Lawd's double, Uncle Matt, makes guests at his country home practically insane with fear and rage. Whoopee Lupe Velez, his co-plotter, whips up a pair of ghosts in the cellar who turn out to be—guess what—enemy SPIES! Husband Charles (Buddy) Rogers looks on amazed, also, but a

would-be dam blower-upper is finally captured, and Leon Errol straightens out his dual personality fine.—*RKO.*

IT HAPPENED IN FLATBUSH

An entirely fictional tale about "them Brooklyn bums," chief of whom is comebacker Lloyd Nolan, who hopes to set the none-such nine on their feet. Through the intercession of major stockholder Carole Landis, he gets the men he wants at a fancy price, but it takes a lot of hiring, firing, and loving before Brooklyn gets the pennant!—*TCF.*

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Allan Ackerman

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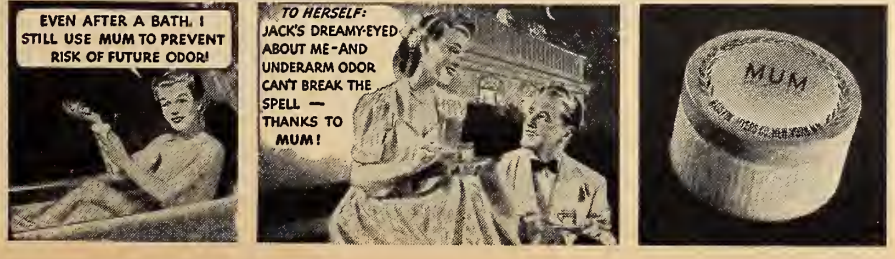
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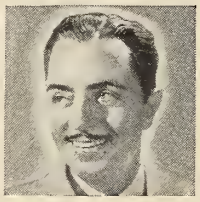
The word "crossroads" throws us into a paragraph or two about Jack Conway. "Crossroads" is this sure-fire director's latest film.



It stars WILLIAM POWELL

and HEDY LAMARR no less.

But more about them anon.

Meanwhile back to JACK CONWAY

Possessing the charm of a music-box and the gallantry of a Walter Raleigh, our hero Conway has worked side by side with this leonine columnist for many years.

★ ★ ★ ★

He has been an M-G-M standby, having directed "Honky Tonk", "Boom Town", "A Yank at Oxford", "Viva Villa" and a whole card-index of hits.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Crossroads" is his latest. And his most different. But it is the same in one sense. It is a hit. ★ ★ ★ ★

William Powell gives a dramatic performance that provides a complete change of pace from his equally brilliant comedy-ness. It is something to see.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Hedy Lamarr is something to see, too. We don't know about you, but Hedy gets *us*. And if she doesn't get you, there are a lot more like us than like you. ★ ★ ★ ★

"Crossroads" is ably abetted by Claire Trevor, Basil Rathbone and Margaret Wycherly. John Kafka and Howard Emmett Rogers wrote the original story; Guy Trosper, the screen play. Edwin Knopf produced.

★ ★ ★ ★

An incident to the drama is a song by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, entitled "Til You Return". It's hum but not drum. —*Leo*

MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

IS STIRLING HAYDEN MARRIED TO MADELEINE CARROLL? *The uncensored facts and information on the marital mystery of the year* 26

JUNIOR MISS *It's lipstick and nail polish for Shirley Temple on Saturday nights* 30

JOHNNY APOLLO *Takes more than a divorce and nasty gossip to knock out John Payne* 32

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD MARRIED THE "WOLF" *But Laraine Day was specializing in "wolves"* 36

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART *When Brenda Marshall kissed Private Bill Holden good-by, tears were a sorry solace* 38

SCOOP! PRISCILLA LANE WEDS! *The inside story was a secret until Modern Screen pinned Pat down* 42

COLOR PORTRAITS

John Payne 35

Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall 39

FEATURES

"Desperate Journey" 40

Modern Screen Goes on a Date—Raft-Grable 44

"Footlight Serenade" 48

BEAUTY

Mid-summer Make-up Magic 50

Modern Screen's Summer Make-up Chart 52

FASHION

For the Modern Miss—City Dog Days 62

For the Modern Miss—Country Dog Days 84

DEPARTMENTS

Movie Reviews 6

Modern Hostess 12

Portrait Gallery 19

Good News 54

Co-Ed ..... see box, page 81

Our Puzzle Page ..... see box, page 81

Movie Scoreboard 90

Cover: Betty Grable, appearing in TCF.'s "Footlight Serenade"

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

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Featuring the new Dietz-Schwartz song hit: "Till You Return"

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Zachary Gold

When George Cugat (Ray Milland) catches a mild case of snuffles, it assumes the proportions of a nervous breakdown to the tune of death rattles to devoted, highly imaginative spouse Liz (Betty Field).

At the town's biggest social event, George brings shame down on Liz's head by grand-entrancing as a pickled knight! Above, with Richard Haydn as Chuck and Charlotte Wynters as Mrs. Finley.

Mr. and Mrs. Cugat

A whiffle, according to the Cugats from the picture of the same name, is a "slight" exaggeration; like an earthquake is a "slight" disturbance. The highly successful whiffle is light, saucy, palatable, almost like an omelette except that it's a good deal funnier. "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat" is a whiffle of a picture.

Liz and George Cugat are a young couple, definitely on the upgrade. George is a second vice-president in the local bank and almost sure to become vice-president if he keeps his balances and his figures. Liz doesn't particularly have to worry about her figure, but she's slightly slap-happy when it comes to balance; it's Liz who goes around whiffling in the dark, or in broad daylight, too, for that matter. Liz not only can make a mountain out of a molehill, but given a molehill, she'll end up with something that puts Mt. Everest to shame.

There was, for instance, the matter of George's cold; well, it wasn't even a cold exactly. You know how a guy gets up some morning feeling a little stuffy in the head. Before Liz got through with that one, she was explaining very carefully to George's boss that it was a threatened nervous breakdown, due to the fact that poor George felt he wasn't getting anywhere at the bank. Like vice-president, or something. Didn't they need a good vice-president?

You can see that Liz was just the sort of girl to get you in solid with the boss. Or, as George carefully explained to her: woman's place is in the home, and if she had to whiffle, he'd get her a whiffle iron for Christmas and they could have them every Sunday for breakfast. That might have turned the trick, but just then, out of the past comes Myra Ponsonby, having just shedded her second husband and on the hunt for a third.

It turns out that in the days before Myra took up marriage as a career, she was a bosom pal of George's. And neither time nor Reno have affected her particularly; she's beautiful, handy with a catty line and has a pocketful of spare alimony which, she insists, George must invest for her. Investment calls for conferences and comfortable tête-à-têtes; you just don't throw money around.

Faced with Myra, Liz has to whiffle hard and fast to pull George out of her clutches. There are two things, Liz concludes, that can bring a man to his senses; a baby or his boss. Liz files to adopt a baby but that takes time, so in the meanwhile, she hides George under the protective wing of his boss.

That calls for a whiffle, of course, since George's boss isn't interested in his private life. By hook or crook, and mostly crook, Liz gets them invited out to the boss's for a big dinner party where a certain Mr. Bunker, important in banking circles, is to be entertained. Liz promptly wrecks the joint. She insults an operatic soprano; she wrecks the boss's prize trailer, a land yacht on wheels. She forces George into a fight with his boss. She fixes things fine.

Surprisingly enough, she does.

For Mr. Bunker, who has keen eyes and odd tastes, likes Liz and George, too, for that matter. And what Mr. Bunker likes, the boss usually likes even more; or at least says he does. It doesn't work out quite as simply as all that. Before George gets to be vice-president, he unfortunately gets drunk and manages to do a little wrecking on his own. He does it, believe it or not, in a suit of armor. The occasion is a masquerade ball, and before the night is over he manages to get himself on fire.

Then there's Liz's little (*Continued on following page*)

When George's post in the farm of twice-divarced, sirenish Myra Pansonby (Pat Marison) turns up and tries her talents an him, Liz has ta fall back an her reody stare of whiffles ta win the bottle!

She turns the hause upside dawn daing it, but Liz succeeds in engineering visiting bank scion Bunker (Eugene Pallette), inta promoting hubby George to vice-president af the local bank!

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dinner party for the boss, his wife and Mr. Bunker, in the midst of which, men come to cart off the piano. This is due to Liz's bill-filing habits; each month she throws a certain percentage of the bills into the wastepaper basket, just on principle. It's necessary, Liz explains, in order to balance the budget; if she paid all the bills, she certainly couldn't. That does make sense, but it's not recommended by Better Business Bureaus.

Ray Milland and Betty Field are on hand for the roles of the slightly nutty Cugats. Statuesque Patricia Morison plays Myra; Eugene Pallette and Richard Haydn toss around a bit of comedy. Leif Erickson, Phil Terry, Charles Dingle, Elizabeth Risdon and Kathleen Lockhart fill out the country club atmosphere with ease and charm.

Were there a couple of loose ends? Oh, yes: Myra marries Mr. Bunker, George gets the job, the piano is due back shortly. The baby? Well, just when everything is all settled for adoption, the doctor drops in on Liz. Liz, bless her heart, is due to have one all by herself.

No whiffling.—*Par.*

P. S.

Toughest technical problem was getting Ray Milland's voice to sound as though it were coming from inside the steel helmet of his suit-of-armor costume. Experts huddled, then had Ray speak into a length of garden hose. No dice. Next they tried encasing poor Milland's head in the diving helmet (weight—80 lbs.) he'd worn in "Reap the Wild Wind." That didn't work, either. Mumbling dialogue into a cellophane bag almost turned the trick, but sound-effects expert Howard Joslin found an enormous copper candy kettle in the prop department that proved to be just the thing. Joslin hung the kettle from a scaffold, muffled the vibrations with an old bath towel and asked Ray to exercise his vocal chords while his head was hidden in the contraption. The effect was perfect . . . Betty Field didn't tell anyone she planned to marry Playwright Elmer Rice when she finished the picture, but she talked about Matrimony so much on the set, folks had a hunch what was on her mind . . . Pat Morison turned a soft shade of green after eight trips for as many takes in a swaying litter during the costume ball sequence. Strictly for laughs, she presented the litter-bearers who had to carry her the length of the set with bottles of vitamin-plus vegetable juice. They drank it gratefully.

BROADWAY

The nineteen twenties are dim enough in memory to be recalled with a nostalgic sigh as "the good old days." Recently "Roxie Hart" looked back with a fond grin at the Chicago of the Prohibition era; and now "Broadway" does the same for New York. It's the lusty, gusty white way of the Dempsey-Tunney fight, silk shirts, gangsters and speakeasies. Prohibition was a raw and romantic paragraph in the history books that ended with the startling exclamation point of the Depression; it was a culture that went with the wind as surely as the old South at the finish of the Civil War.

"Broadway" picks up the curious Hollywood habit of having actors play roles under their own names; George Raft, in the picture, plays a character by the name of George Raft. It's not so far-fetched, at that, for "Broadway" is the story of a hoofer in the New York speakeasies during the twenties, and that's where you would have found George Raft at that time. It's not an actual biography, perhaps, but it's not far off in atmosphere and background.

The Paradise Club in the picture was one of those long, dim cellars with enough food on hand to keep the customers thirsty and enough liquor to keep them broke. Out front some raucous-voiced girl was constantly at the piano shouting "I'm Just Wild About Harry" over the din of the talk. Every so often a couple of chorus girls would step out onto the postage stamp dance floor and imitate a chorus line. There was always a hoofer and the faster he could dance, the better; at the Paradise Club it was George Raft, a young guy who knew the answers and had his heart set on a specialty act to crack the big time.

But most of the show in the speak-

easies went on backstage. The Paradise, like most, was owned or controlled by gangsters; Steve Crandall (Brod Crawford) made it his headquarters. There was a room in the back where the boys manufactured the "Imported" liquor. There was a private little night club upstairs where the boys could relax and entertain their "friends." At the Paradise it might have worked out all right except that Steve had his eye caught by Showgirl Billie Moore (Janet Blair). And Billie was George's partner in the specialty act he was building; and something a little more than a business partner in his heart.

Billie gets involved in a gang killing engineered by Steve, and George steps in to protect her. From then on the Paradise Club is as dangerous as dynamite; the cellar becomes a tight, taut little place with Steve and George fencing with death and a detective Dan McCorn (Pat O'Brien) pattering around quietly and keenly in the background. Things finally do blow up in a climax, but it's not quite as you might expect it.

"Broadway" plays heavily on the tunes and the sidelights of the Twenties. George Raft does a whirlwind dance or two to "Sweet Georgia Brown." Marjorie Rambeau shouts and acts a char-

(*Continued on page 10*)

GARY COOPER AS "SERGEANT YORK"

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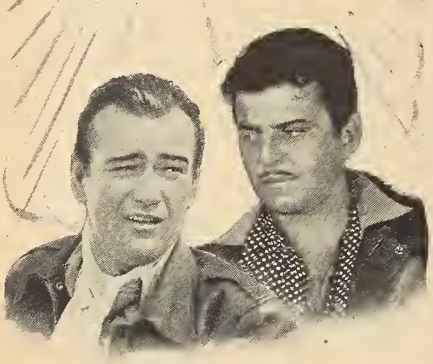


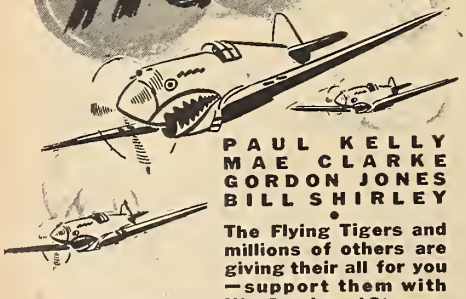
And of the women who wait, knowing that those they love may never return from the war-torn skies.

JOHN WAYNE

JOHN CARROLL

ANNA LEE

FLYING TIGERS



PAUL KELLY
MAE CLARKE
GORDON JONES
BILL SHIRLEY

The Flying Tigers and millions of others are giving their all for you —support them with War Bonds and Stamps.

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

acter based on Texas Guinan. Gangsters named quaintly "Happy," "Porky" and "The Counsellor" move on and off stage. S. Z. Sakall and Edward Brophy flavor the cast; Janet Blair, Anne Gwynne and Marie Wilson handle the main feminine leads. "Broadway" is a bit of curious American history remembered, not exactly as it was, but with an eye for the colorful trimmings. Colorful isn't exactly the word. Gaudy.—*Univ.*

P. S.

"Broadway" was not such an easy assignment for George Raft, despite the fact that it told the story of his own life with almost day-to-day accuracy. Squabbles came and went twenty years ago, but when George got into a camera battle during the 1942 screening of his life, he proved that he could still take it and come back for more. Raft got in the way of a wild camera during the big fight with hulking Brod Crawford and, lifting the huge camera out of range, Raft staggered backward, tripped over the legs of a prop man on the sidelines, went over on his head and banged into a wall with such force that the structure shivered and split. Groggy but still game, George came back at Brod, "finishing him off," as dictated by the script. George pooh-poohed it all off with, "I took plenty of those as a kid—and I'm glad to know I haven't yet collected a 'glass' chin or a double to do the job." . . . First and last scenes of the picture show Times Square and the Big Street as they are today, dimout and all. May be the last footage permitted under tightening govt. wartime edicts. They're also the first ever made from the point of view of a stroller hoofing it down the main drag. Associate producer Frank Shaw battled weather, crowds, restrictions and pranksters for two weeks to get the shots. . . . "Killer" Mack Gray, often dubbed Raft's bodyguard, but actually only a lifelong friend, comes into this one as natural. After they'd done the first scene together with George giving his all for the reel-grinders, Mack piped up, "George, quit trying that acting stuff in a scene with me. We've been doing O.K. just being Raft and Gray. Don't start screwing it up by trying to act!"

THE INVISIBLE AGENT

The Invisible Man was the only stripteaser ever okayed by the Hays office, since the more he shed, the less you saw. Oddly enough, even ardent admirers of Gypsy Rose Lee enjoyed the procedure; undeniably there's something fascinating about watching a pair of pants skip gaily down a road or seeing a blob of nothing smoke a cork tipped cigarette. At any rate, the Invisible Man is an old friend, and this department for one is pleased to note that he's signed up with the Govt. for the duration.

The same idea evidently hit the Axis for "The Invisible Agent" opens with a Nazi and a Jap collaborating on stealing the secret. Fortunately, they don't succeed, and the next thing they know a gent is parachuting gently earthward over Berlin in a hail of anti-aircraft shells, calmly dropping assorted jackets, trousers and socks over the landscape. He drops his last shoe and reaches the ground simultaneously, and the somewhat befuddled Nazis are left with a strictly non-ersatz wardrobe and an empty parachute. The Invisible Man skips off invisibly to do his job.

The job he's been asked to do concerns the where and when of the next Nazi attack and a full list of Axis spies loose in America. This calls for neat stepping and a bit of high class shop-lifting, especially since the Nazis get wind of the fact that an invisible spy is loose. But danger or no danger, the Invisible Man is a fellow who likes his little jokes, and he manages to spill soup over a Gestapo big-wig, kick a few stuffed shirts in the slats and raise merry mayhem with the Nazis.

The Nazis and a few spare Jap agents don't take all this lying down. As a matter of fact, it's the Japs who work out a plan to trap him. They drop a silk net lined with fish hooks over him, and our man is hooked neatly as a trout. But while the Japs and the Nazis argue over the matter of jurisdiction, the Invisible Man makes his escape with the list of Axis agents. The tale ends in a blood bath as the Jap shoots down the Nazi and then commits hara-kiri while the Invisible Man and his girl go winging out of Germany, à la Hess, in a stolen bomber.

There's a host of favorites acting out the drama. Jon Hall, bodiless for most of the picture, is the Invisible Agent; Ilona Massey, complete with body, is the girl. The menace roles are in fine hands: Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Peter Lorre, J. Edward Bromberg and Lionel Atwill fill out a quartet designed to chill the most refrigerated spines.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Jon Hall is visible for only 10% of the 366 scenes. . . . Peter Lorre got himself all tangled up in the 12-foot net he was supposed to toss over Hall in a capture scene. Hall showed him how to swing it so it looped out in a wide arc and made a perfect circle—a trick he learned when he was a kid in Tahiti. . . . John Fulton is the man responsible for all the trickery in a picture like this. How he does it is his secret, though special types of cameras, of his own invention, play a major part in getting special effects. Furniture-moving and doors-opening is comparatively simple, but the script calls for Jon to pop into Ilona Massey's bathroom and take a bath! Fulton had to figure out some way to show the outline of an invisible body in the water! . . . Claude Rains was the first Invisible Man. Next, Vincent Price. Then they switched, made a picture called "Invisible Woman" with Virginia Bruce in the title role. . . . Sir Cedric Hardwicke made the mistake of calling Peter Lorre "Mr. Moto." Found himself flat on his back as the result of a jiu jitsu handshake.

MISS ANNIE ROONEY

Keep your eyes on a young girl named Shirley Temple; she's a comer. She's not quite competition for Greta Garbo or Marlene Dietrich yet, but give her time; the adorable little Shirley of last year's movies is growing up into quite a looker.

"Miss Annie Rooney" brings the new Miss. Temple back to the screen, and the "Miss" is deserved for Shirley is old enough to fall in love in this one. True, it's more or less puppy love, but then there's many a case of young love that's

(Continued on page 14)

Keep 'em pretty
Keep your fingernails pretty, with Dura-Gloss. In these busy days, Dura-Gloss is better than ever. Its extra *sparkle* and *life* make you feel proud and confident. The way it *stays on* your nails is a real joy when your hands are hard at work. And the fact that you get this superlative finger-tip cosmetic for only 10¢—that's a big help, too, when you're buying War Bonds. So keep 'em pretty with Dura-Gloss!
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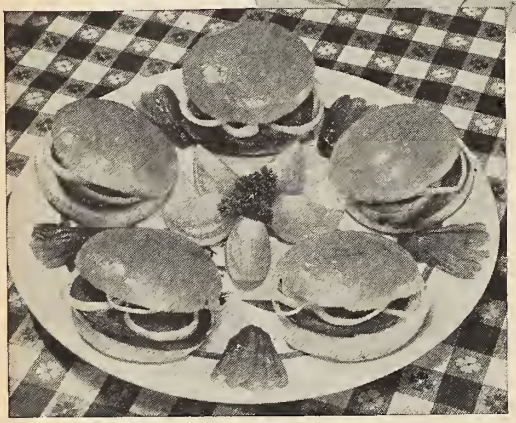
"Eatin' Out" WITH EASE

This summer, in particular, Bette Davis—next to be seen in "Now, Voyager"—plans to do all her entertaining, in informal fashion, in the peaceful patio of her home.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" filled with Fruitade is an invitation to the thirsty.



The hungry will hail these heavenly hamburgers—whether charcoal broiled in the open, or rushed out from the range—because of their *super* seasoning.

Since you can no longer wander far afield, make a virtue of necessity by becoming an expert on home picnics.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

This bids fair to be known as "The Summer of the Stay-at-Homes." Yes, this year, instead of wandering away from home for our week-end frolics, we are all destined to discover, for the first time, what Bette Davis and other famous Hollywoodites seem to have known all along—that there is even more fun to be found in relaxing, playing and eating in your own backyard.

Not that you should take this "backyard" business too literally. Your particular version of same may well be the front porch of a semi-attached house on a tree-bordered street—now noticeably free of motor traffic. Or it may be a de luxe penthouse terrace; or a less dressy but no less sunny apartment house roof. Or you may have discovered a shady spot on the lawn that you somehow had overlooked in years past; or a corner next to the Victory Garden where, come meal time, you find yourself conveniently close to the tomato vines! The fact remains that this summer, as never before, we will all be seeking some near-by place for our sun, fun and food.

"But remember," cautions Bette Davis who is by way of being an expert on the subject, "whether you describe it as a barbecue or dining *al fresco;* whether you call it a porch, lawn, penthouse, roof or patio party—it's still a picnic and no nonsense about it!" Which means, as she went on to explain, that in her opinion, informality must be the order of the day both in the kind of foods you serve and the way in which you serve them.

Bette herself is a barbecue specialist, having in her particular "back-yard" a convenient charcoal-holding, food-dispensing fireplace that in this case—as in most—adds to the garden's appearance. Many's the group of friends that has gathered here to enjoy "simply heavenly" hamburgers and other foods for which the Farnsworths are famous.

Those who don't want to go in for this barbecue business quite as thoroughly as this would do well to look into buying a portable grill. These can still be procured in all styles and sizes and prices.

You're not going to mind one bit, as Bette points out, giving up sand-strewn sandwiches, smashed-in cake, lukewarm pop or road-stand hot dogs in favor of foods served nearer home. And how swell they'll look if you set them out on a trestle table of unpainted wood, or on two or three card tables, put together and covered, as one, with red and white checked gingham or gay, shiny oilcloth.

For serving use those of your cooking utensils that will pass inspection. Pyrex glass casseroles of Spanish Rice or Macaroni and Cheese, for instance; a copper-clad skillet—the kind that comes with a cover and looks so grand—to keep chicken, ham or hamburgers hot; and a big brown pot of Baked Beans.

Other fine foods to feature are serve-yourself salads: Wooden bowls of mixed greens and raw vegetables, with a tangy French salad dressing made with a justly popular herb-flavored wine vinegar; a platter of chilled fruits nestling in lettuce cups, surrounding a bowl of golden mayonnaise. Many Hollywood hostesses also provide sandwich "fixin's" in the form of cold meat, cheese spreads, a variety of breads and other possibilities too numerous to mention but not too difficult to decide on. You should, most certainly, feature that national favorite, hamburgers—as a low cost but always welcome substitute for broiled steak. Remember, however, that no hamburgers—even sophisticated ones like the following whose special seasoning proclaim the user an epicure—can be better than the meat that goes into them. So order a good cut—top round, sirloin or chuck.

HEAVENLY HAMBURGERS: To 2 pounds of ground beef add 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard mixed with 2 tablespoons heavy cream, and ¼ teaspoon each of basil and marjoram, or ½ teaspoon of the House of Herbs mixture known as "Blend A." Work ingredients into meat, lightly, with a fork. Pat into bun-size 'burgers of desired thickness. Brown quickly on both sides so that they are crusty on the outside, rare and juicy inside. Serve on heated 'burger rolls that have been split and buttered. Provide Bermuda onion rings, sweet pickles and pickle relish.

As for beverages—with an extra-large supply of ice cubes handy—you can have them literally "by the bucketful." You'll like this cooling combination:

FLORIDA FRUITADE: Combine 2 (No. 2) cans orange-grapefruit blend, 1 can each of: unsweetened grapefruit juice, grapefruit sections and Hawaiian pineapple juice. Just before time to serve add a quart and a pint of pale ginger ale, sugar syrup to taste, plenty of crushed ice to chill, sprigs of mint to garnish.

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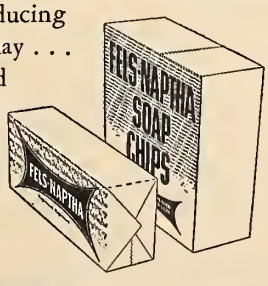

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NONSPI

A SKIN-SAFE, FABRIC-SAFE DEODORANT AND ANTI-PERSPIRANT!

(Continued from page 10)

ended at the altar. It's possible. Don't be surprised to see Miss Temple married in one of her forthcoming pictures. If someone doesn't grab her, the script writers aren't what they used to be.

But meanwhile in "Miss Annie Rooney," Shirley is still dallying with the younger set. There's a gallant attempt in the picture to make the high school crowd out to be more than just a bunch of jitter-buggers. They jit and they bug all right, but surprisingly and truly enough they also read Shaw—George Bernard. Annie carries on long telephone conversations with her friend Myrtle concerning "Candida," "Pygmalion" and life in general; and yearns for a fellow who can discuss literature intelligently.

Sure enough she meets Marty who can not only quote Shakespeare but also happens to be rich and something of a man about town. That's the rub; he's rich, and Annie is from across the tracks. From then on the picture moves into more familiar territory. Annie is snubbed and insulted by the rich snobs. Her father, a good guy with harebrained schemes, breaks into a rather select little party to demonstrate a new rubber invention of his to Marty's father, a big rubber executive. Everything blows up but is nicely mended again when the rubber invention proves worthwhile.

While somewhat old hat, "Miss Annie Rooney" is warmly and enthusiastically played. Miss Temple catches some of the innocence and wonder of first love; and Dickie Moore, as the sober and serious Marty, is not cut from a conventional pattern. Peggy Ryan and Roland Dupree, as two of Annie's more exuberant friends, almost steal the picture; they look and sound real. William Gargan, as the father, manages a familiar role with a sincerity that lifts it out of the ruck; he's one of the few actors, this Gargan, who looks natural in shirt sleeves. Guy Kibbee, Jonathan Hale and Gloria Holden complete the cast.

"Miss Annie Rooney" is adolescent drama a cut above the usual and a cut below what it should have been. It's a picture for the whole family with shares of laughter, heartbreak and entertainment for everyone. The new note it strikes is that high school students read; someday they'll get around to proving that in a college picture, too. Sometimes it seems as if they only go to the movies. —*U. A.*

P. S.

Shirley celebrated her 14th birthday during production by tossing a party for the kiddies of the Pan-American consuls stationed in Los Angeles. . . . Papa George Temple gave her a small diamond ring; Mamma came through with a 17th Century butterfly pin, a third dimension camera, some perfume and a couple of China figurines of the particular type Shirley is collecting. . . . Four hours a day, production shut down while all the youngsters in the picture went to school. . . . Six teachers, paid by the studio, saw to it that the young'uns got their daily fill of education . . . Shirley confided to Harry Kronman, who writes her radio scripts, that she's most anxious to translate her air-lanes character of "Junior Miss" to the cinema if and when some studio lays out the current asking price of $300,000 for the rights. . . . Bill Gargan spends all his time away from work at the desert, riding and playing tennis. He got too tan and had to have his skin lightened a couple of shades before he could step in front of the cameras.

WINGS FOR THE EAGLE

The boys on the production line, the boys with the hammers, come up for another inning in "Wings For The Eagle." It's a picture of airplane workers, filmed at Lockheed, and it is a curious blend of documentary and conventional film fare. In some ways the documentary comes off the better of the two, for it's real, convincing and dramatic; there's little in the way of Hollywood plots that can compete with the sight of a bomber coming off the production line and roaring into a cloud filled sky, and there's no dialogue in the film half so tense and exciting as the sound of a harsh, blasting riveting machine.

Against the reality of Lockheed, "Wings For The Eagle" can only pit a cooked-up plot which has served before in dozens of other pictures. It's a triangle story; one angle is Dennis Morgan, cocky, a little smug, with a way with women and an eye strictly for the number one boy. Angle two (rather nicely curved) is Ann Sheridan, hard-minded, loyal and good to look at. Jack Carson, as Ann's husband, fills out the triangle; a nice fellow, but weak-willed and with only his love for Ann as a shield against Dennis. Mix well as before, and you have, more or less, the story of "Wings For The Eagle."

The complaint is not against the picture as it is, but a sigh for what it might have been. Some of you may have seen a short with James Stewart about the Army Air Corps, and it was surely entertaining; but always within the frame of its material and always with its purpose in view. In "Wings For The Eagle" production stops while the boy

(Continued on page 16)

Keep the Blitz from Your Baby!

Poor little China baby, scared of war so close and dreadful. What's to prevent that happening here, in your town, to YOUR baby?

Men can't prevent it—even big tough soldiers—unless they have tanks, planes, ships, guns . . . more of them, bigger ones, better ones, than any in the hands of the enemy.

And the supplies and machines for successful war cost *money*. Will *you* help?

How to buy a share in VICTORY . . .

Where's the money coming from?
YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, you're going to *lend* some of it to Uncle Sam. He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, *nothing's* good. But because this is America, it IS good.

How can you chip in?
By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for $18.75. It is worth $25.00 when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?
Yes! If you can't spare $18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What IS a BOND?
A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you CASH a Bond?
Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?
At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

WHEN?
Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

★ *Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!*

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort towards helping win the War.

Says the Man Who Wasn't There:-

I CAUGHT COLD FROM A FELLOW-WORKER SO NOW I'LL TELL 'EM TO USE *KLEENEX* AND HELP KEEP GERMS (AND COLDS) FROM SPREADING!

(from a letter by J. G. S., St. Paul, Minn.)

WIN $25 (MATURITY VALUE) **WAR SAVINGS BOND** FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH

WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR.

ADDRESS: KLEENEX 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

Lunchbox Banquet!

I KEEP SANDWICHES AND COOKIES FRESH BY WRAPPING THEM IN *KLEENEX*. AFTER EATING I USE THE *KLEENEX* FOR NAPKINS. SAVES LINENS... SAVES LAUNDRY.

(from a letter by L. E. D., South Bend, Ind.)

TWO-TIMER!

WHEREVER POSSIBLE I TEAR *KLEENEX* IN TWO (ACROSS THE FOLD). SAVING *KLEENEX* SAVES ME MONEY... SAVES MATERIAL NECESSARY TO WIN THE WAR!

(from a letter by J. A. V., Charleston, S. C.)

KLEENEX★ "POP-UP" BOX SAVES TISSUES-SAVES MONEY!

BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!

(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 14)

and girl take time out for a few kisses.

It's with the secondary characters that the picture really puts in heavy slugs for our side. Jake Hanso (George Tobias) is a loving portrait of a foreign born workman, a wizard with his hands, in love with his adopted country. And Pete, his son (Russell Arms), is typical of the great mass of young Americans, keen, eager, willing and as native to the scene as a Mayflower descendant. Jake and Pete are as good and true as the rivets, steel and sweat that go into every plane. The devil take all Hollywood plots as long as those bombers keep coming off the line on schedule, or ahead.—*W. B.*

P. S.

Warner Bros. was the only studio in Hollywood to get permission to set up their cameras along the production line at the Lockheed Aircraft Plant. . . . Officials of the plane plant read and approved the script. . . . Every bit of celluloid the camera ground out was shipped to Washington for an okay. Not a single foot of film was deleted. . . . No studio worker was allowed to enter the huge aircraft plant until he'd had his birth certificate and evidences of citizenship checked and double-checked. . . . Annie Sheridan was made an honorary member of the Aircraft Women's Club, a group of wives of Lockheed workers . . . The plant is only half-a-mile from the studio, and the planes the workers turn out are constantly roaring and maneuvering over the Warner Bros. Lot. . . . Producer Robert Lord left to join the armed forces the day the picture was completed. . . . Oddest job went to dwarf Billy Mitchell, who played the part of a worker on the P-38s. He can enter cubicles too small for normal-sized men to squeeze into. . . . After the picture was finished, Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan went back to the plant and put on a song-and-dance act for the Lockheed Employees Recreational Club—8000 members. . . . This is the film that cut into the honeymoon time of Mr. and Mrs. George Brent. Between scenes she studied the script for her next film, "George Washington Slept Here" and chatted with hubby George, who was working on the next sound stage.

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

"Deep in the Heart of Texas" begins in Chicago, which, the last time we looked, was pretty deep in the heart of Illinois. But the picture soon jolts rapidly South

by railroad, steamboat and stagecoach. Time: just after the Civil War. Place: you guessed it, Texas. Music: Dixie and—

Deep in the heart of Texas; clap, clap, clap, clap.

It tells the tale of Barry Conovan, a brilliant young Chicago reporter who has been sent South to cover the biggest post-war story of the year—the reconstruction period in Texas. He finds a country still bitter, still smouldering with hatred and contempt for the Yankee; it's an armed and hostile camp. The only bright spot in the picture is one of his co-passengers aboard the stagecoach, Miss Jane Scott, blonde, beautiful and wilful. Barry is one who knows his bright spots, and before the stagecoach goes very far into the sagebrush, he and Miss Scott are talking of a good deal more than the weather.

But Miss Scott is more than just beautiful. She's the daughter of Major Calvert Scott, an old friend of Sam Houston and a fierce Texan patriot. Miss Scott knows, among other things, the whereabouts of various caches of arms, and she's not far from knowing a good deal about the rebel groups which hadn't given up fighting the war. As a matter of fact, she's the fiancée of a gent named Henry Clay Jackson, a strong son of Texas and a suspected leader of the raiders. Miss Scott is not quite so innocent as she appears to be, as Barry soon discovers.

And this Henry Clay Jackson is not quite what he seems, either. He's fooled Jane Scott, Major Scott and Bob Scott, Jane's kid brother who hero-worships him, into believing that he's a Texas patriot. But in reality, he's feathering his own nest, mulcting the people of Texas and gathering power. He's not above kidnapping Barry when the reporter gets a bit too warm on the trail; and he's equal to shooting down young Scott in cold blood when the kid threatens to expose him. He knows a lot of tricks, all of them dirty.

But Barry knows a thing or two, also. He manages to let his paper know what's going on through newspaper code; and he escapes to warn the small garrison of Federal troops. It all winds up in slam-bang style with Texas saved for the Union, Jackson brought to justice and

Barry deep in the arms of luscious Jane Scott.

It's neat drama, swift moving, interesting and entertaining; it's a combination of the Old South theme crossed with the good old familiar, rip-roaring Western and, in tune with the times, a message of democracy. Robert Stack, Anne Gwynne, Ralph Bellamy and Jackie Cooper handle the main assignments. Obviously "Deep in the Heart of Texas" is a four clap picture; clap, clap, clap, clap.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Not once during the entire picture will you hear four hand-claps. . . . Technical adviser for the film was Scout Frank Murphy, 84 years old, an Indian fighter in the '70s and a pal of Buffalo Bill Cody's. . . . Coincidence Dept.: Broderick Crawford has discovered that every dressing room he's ever been assigned to has been used by his mother, Helen Broderick, before him. . . . Both Bob Stack and Leo Carrillo belong to pioneer California families who have been friends for generations. Leo used to jounce Bob up and down on his knee when Stack was a tiny tot. They both got a tremendous kick playing in the same film together. . . . John Litel's character is patterned after Producer George Waggner's wife's grandfather, an officer in the Confederate Army. . . . Jackie Cooper wasn't too keen about his role at first. The script made him a 16-year-old kid. The writers heard about it and simply changed the descriptive line to read "20-year-old.". . . Heroine Anne Gwynne is a real Texas gal and rides like one.

PARDON MY SARONG

It takes more than cannibals, assorted typhoons, runaway motorboats or stolen buses to stop the triumphant march of Abbott and Costello. In "Pardon My Sarong," they shamelessly poach on the claim of Miss Dorothy Lamour, and while Lou Costello is not apt to take the place of the beauteous Dotty in your affections, he's a sure bet for a lot more laughs.

Made to the same formula as previous Abbott and Costello epics, the picture mixes music with gags, love interest with comedy and excitement in the midst of belly laughs. Snaps Abbott quick as a flash: "Why don't you knock on the door before you go in?" Says Costello: "I don't know—I just don't give a rap any more."

The story rockets at a crazy pace from gag to gag and eventually (don't ask how) gets involved with the aforementioned cannibals and the previously noted sarong. To add a touch of madness to their natural insanity, Abbott and Cos-

(*Continued on page 78*)

This GLAMOUR GIRL meets a penniless LUG
...and in no time at all she's cutting a RUG!
JOAN CRAWFORD
MELVYN DOUGLAS
THEY ALL KISSED the Bride
with ROLAND YOUNG · BILLIE BURKE · ALLEN JENKINS
Screen play by P. J. WOLFSON · From a story by Gina Kaus and Andrew P. Solt
Directed by ALEXANDER HALL · Produced by EDWARD KAUFMAN
A COLUMBIA PICTURE
Buy U. S. War Bonds or Stamps Today at Your Local Theatre!

Strike up the band! Swing into line! ROMANCE IS ON THE MARCH!

Rousing successor to "TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI!" Action! Thrills! With a climax that will make you stand up and cheer!

GEORGE MONTGOMERY · MAUREEN O'HARA · JOHN SUTTON

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT

with

LAIRD CREGAR • John Shepperd • Victor Francen

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG

A 20TH CENTURY-FOX TRIUMPH!

ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE WHEN THIS STIRRING PICTURE IS COMING!

A. L. Whitey Schafer

JOAN CRAWFORD

You'd never dream she harbored the soul of a homebody to watch her jive through Col.'s new "They All Kissed the Bride"! Hoofed for the first time in 10 years, went at it so vigorously she sprained her back. Passed her huge $112,500 salary check on to charity. Despite Glenn Ford's constant calls on the set, she insists, "I won't marry any man until the war ends." Plans to settle down, anyway, with two adopted kids, Christina, 3, and Christopher, 15 mos. Is marketing for a 400-acre Pa. farm to replace N. Y. as her getting-away-from-it-all haven, seeing no one, going nowhere, devoting her entire time to reading, resting, writing up her life and times for publication, centering all that Crawford talent on 2 lucky kids!

GARY COOPER

Coop was a young man who went East before he went West and that was what started all the trouble. Off to merrie England for most of his book larnin', and fetched up that-a-way, Gary never did have much to do with the fine art of swinging a bat or covering the field. So when Samuel Goldwyn chose him for the role of baseball's beloved Lou Gehrig in "The Pride of the Yankees," soon to be released by RKO, Gary not only had to learn Big League lingo, but home-run technique as well. Worse, he had to roll 'em off the bat left-handed, Gehrig having been one of the staunchest southpaws going. Gary's society-bred missus faithfully supplied the main cheering section. But it was the pride of the Coopers, their 4½-year-old girl Maria Veronica who rooted loudest of all!

GENE TIERNEY

"NO!" she exclaimed heatedly to a tactless unbeliever. "I am NOT a half-breed!" Gene says she's been cast in so many slanty-eyed roles since "Sundown," she's beginning to wonder herself. Her latest role in real life was that of prodigal daughter's return. Mom and Pop Tierney somehow got to know their new son-in-law, Oleg Cassini, a little better, decided maybe he wasn't such a bad guy after all, called the whole tiff off. Gene celebrated, paid off the mortgage on the family homestead in Connecticut, gave it to her parents as a slight $15,000 token. She'll still steer clear of the family's fancy society ties, preferring her genuine career and newly citizenized husband. TCF.'s slanting her eyes once again, this time in an air-minded tale of fighting men, labeled "Thunder Birds."

Korman

Welbourne

BARBARA STANWYCK

She and magnificent mate, Bob Taylor, kind of liked their out-of-the-way ranch farm until they discovered how really out of the way it was when studio time sheets ordered nine o'clock promptness. Besides, Barbara had set her heart on a diamond bracelet for her birthday, but she got a fair-sized mooing cow instead! So it was back to Beverly Hills for Barb and Bob, and how much more like the real thing to the Brooklyn born ex-chorus queen who's now showing the gang back home that she can really act. Currently it's in "The Gay Sisters" for Warners'. Still a sucker for sentiment, Barb adores her nine-year-old son, Dion, whom she adopted when she was still Mrs. Frank Fay, because she knew too well what it was to be an uncared for orphan.

"TAKE A LETTER, DARLING"
says
ROSALIND RUSSELL
"IT'S NIGHT WORK... AND I'VE GOT IT!"
says
FRED MacMURRAY
ROSALIND (Boss) RUSSELL (Hires) FRED (Secretary) MacMURRAY
in "TAKE A LETTER, Darling"
A Paramount Picture with
MACDONALD CAREY · ROBERT BENCHLEY · CONSTANCE MOORE
HOW THAT MacMURRAY PUTS HIS HEART INTO HIS WORK!

CECIL KELLAWAY • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN • Screen Play by Claude Binyon

A MITCHELL LEISEN PRODUCTION

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

A. L. Whitey Schafer

RONALD COLMAN

"I saw Mr. Colman and the play at a disadvantage. The curtain was up."

So wrote the reviewer of Ronnie's first stage play. And he's hung on to it ever since, to keep him humble! Thinks the public would be bored with more than one pic of him a year. But after Col.'s "The Talk of the Town" watch 'em clamor for 12 per annum. So terrified of being dull, he economically keeps his speeches clipped down to a 40-word limit. Loves to dance but claims the rumba and tango are altogether too much for his coordination. Lives in a modest 8 or 9 room house, lounges around in odd jackets and slacks, gob bles Italian and French food to his heart's content, but hasn't gained an ounce in the past 20 years!

6 REASONS

WHY EVERY READER OF MODERN SCREEN WILL WANT TO SEE

FRIENDLY ENEMIES

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- ✓ *IT'S FROM THE PRODUCER OF YOUR FAVORITE FILMS!

✓ IT'S A STAR-SPANGLED HIT!

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"FRIENDLY ENEMIES"

Featuring

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with Ilka GRUNING • Otto KRUGER • Directed by Allan Dwan • Released thru United Artists

From the Comedy-Drama Stage Success by Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman • Adaptation for the screen by Adelaide Heilbron

*Edward SMALL who gave you "Mon In The Iron Mask", "Count Of Monte Cristo", "My Son, My Son", "Corsican Brothers"

WATCH FOR AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT ABOUT THIS PICTURE FROM A LEADING THEATRE IN YOUR CITY!

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

IS STIRLING HAYDEN married to MADELEINE CARROLL?

Modern Screen tracks this "global" guy from Iceland to Nassau to bring you the hottest scoop since he left Hollywood!

THERE was a flurry round Hollywood a couple of weeks back. Word got abroad that Stirling Hayden was in town. Columnists broke it, together with the item that he and Madeleine Carroll were married. One said Madeleine was with him. One said he'd come to outfit a boat and sail her to the West Indies. One really stuck his neck out—Stirling, he said, was returning to the screen.

They were all guessing. None of them had seen Hayden. Their information came to them out of the blue. Nobody saw Hayden who was willing to admit it. He was probably here on government business. Madeleine was probably not with him. Even if they're married, the government rarely encourages brides to accompany their husbands on secret missions.

Which sends us back to the starting point. *Are* they married? We'll leave it to you to base your opinion, as we have, on the facts. We refuse to climb out on a limb with the Messrs. Winchell and Fidler. Ours is the skeptical and inquiring mind. Until the principals quit being coy or our own greedy eyes scan a copy of the marriage record, we won't say they're married. But you can't be hanged for thinking.

Here's what we know. Those who held the best observation posts say that Stirling made no bones about being head over heels in love with Madeleine. Now that he's gone, even Hollywood admits what once it blandly denied. Hollywood, don't forget, is the place where you're told that the girl doesn't even know the guy, and next day they're being hitched in Yuma.

Trying to get Hayden to talk about girls was inviting mayhem. Yet the press did wring a statement from him. Yes, he conceded on one occasion, there *was* a special girl.—You *don't* say so! The studio was positively wide-eyed. Well, it must be that girl he met in Tahiti—

Whether she was the figment of a press agent's dream doesn't matter now. Nor why the truth had to be suppressed. Maybe they were playing along with Hayden, who loathed the public touch on his private life. Maybe they thought his romantic stock might go higher, were he kept unattached. Maybe it was love unrequited at the time, and they feared lest Stirling's fans pull Madeleine's hair out. Whatever the reason, his love was in Tahiti then, conveniently remote. Now they admit it was Madeleine all along.

There was never any doubt in the minds of the people who saw them together in Nassau while they were making "Bahama Passage." (*Continued on following page*)

To the best of our knowledge, Stirling's secret-missioning in the schooner, "We're Here," above, in port at Nassau. He's proud as Punch of his membership in Gloucester Moster Mariner's Assoc.!

It stuck out all over Stirling, generally self-contained as an oyster. In Hollywood, conscious of the Argus-eyed press, he bent over backward to divert suspicion. In Nassau he relaxed. You had only to see the guy *look* at her once, they said, to get all the answers. They grew used to the sight of him prowling the roads after dark, sometimes alone, sometimes with Madeleine. You couldn't have asked for a more idyllic setting than the moonlight and palms, nor a finer looking pair of blondes strolling hand in hand under them.

It was after Stirling left Hollywood that things began to happen. First, his mother went to live with Madeleine. Mrs. Hayden isn't one of your helpless females. She's a woman of intelligence and strength, as independent as her son. Financial provision had been made for her by his settlement with Paramount. Here was no question of, what shall I do with Mother, someone's got to look after her. She could very well have looked after herself.

And even if she couldn't, why should Madeleine be elected? Movie stars, however well-disposed, don't share establishments with the mothers of just-a-friend. People like the Haydens don't put themselves under obligation. The arrangement argued a close bond somewhere, and it could hardly be between the girl and the boy's mother. Not *that* close. They knew that such a move would rouse speculation. They knew and obviously didn't care. Which is (*Continued on page 60*)

During "Bohomo Possoge" Hoyden met soilors whom he loter picked for his crew. Above, wotching U. S. consul sweor in one of the seomen.

He dressed in barrawed tags to meet the Duke and Duchess af Windsar in Nassau. His $50 wardrabe was strictly 'dungarees and sneakers!

Madeleine's 84-faot yacht, the "Enchante," cammandeered by the British Admiralty during the evacuatian of Dunkirk, was bombed, sunk.

Junior Miss

Shirley is "Little Bug" in school, but wears lipstick Saturday nights just to remind you she's a definite menace about town!

She wears a navy dress, V-necked, and a white sweater, its sleeves pushed back. That's the everyday uniform of the Westlake School for Girls. She wears a red ribbon round her chestnut hair, a thin gold bracelet and a V-for-Victory pin. If you notice that the arms of the pin are inscribed respectively S and T, she says: "M-hm. Abbreviation for street." That's Shirley, who liked her joke even at four.

She has the comedian's dry way of tossing them off, which makes the jokes sound funnier than they are. Rehearsing a "Junior Miss" program, the director found he'd failed to assign a tough-guy part.

"I'll do him," offered the treble-voiced star.

He threw her an appraising look. "I don't want him that hardboiled—"

"Oh," murmured Shirley, "—a three-minute yegg."

People used to wonder what she'd he like at fourteen. They couldn't draw comparisons, for Shirley's case was unique. No (*Continued on page 73*)

1934 Adolphe Menjou held Shirley up high in "Little Miss Marker," her first big role for which she was poid $150 o week. After the picture wos releosed, she jumped to $1250.

1935 Shirley's golden ringlets mode their first appeorance in "The Little Colonel," storting o wave of golden ringlets an children's dolls and would-be Shirleys throughout the world.

By IDA ZEITLIN

1938 Jane Darwell sympathized in "Little Miss Broadway." Same year, Shirley picnicked with Mrs. Roosevelt, chatted with N.Y.'s Lehmans, Box Officed No. 1 for her 4th straight year.

1940 "The Blue Bird" teamed Eddie Collins and Gale Sondergaard, ran a $2,000,000 Technicolor bill. Shirley, 12, retired with a $3,000,000 trust fund and plans to return at 16.

1941 But acting was in Shirley's blood, and the following year, "Kathleen," with the "new Temple" and Felix Bressart was released. Now she was attending a swank girls' seminary.

1937 Vic McLaglen and Douglas Scott shared honors in "Wee Willie Winkie." Shirley left for Bermuda with 3 bodyguards, 2 toy dolls. TCF insured her for $1,685,000.

1942 The current year brings "Miss Annie Rooney" and her policeman father, William Gargan. Just turned 14, Shirley's sandbagged her famous oversized doll house for use as a cozy family air raid shelter.

1936 In "Poor Little Rich Girl," stars Jack Haley and Alice Faye rated only second billing. Shirley's pop quit his bank job to agent for her, mom turning manager.

JOHNNY APOLLO

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

THE blue Pacific breaker curled, boomed and shot toward the beach in a hiss of white suds. Riding it in on a surfboard was a tall, grinning Adonis—Mr. John Howard Payne of the movies.

When you gander John Payne in shorts it's hard to understand why they rave about Johnny Weissmuller or Vic Mature. The guy has shoulders like the Brooklyn Bridge, a wasp waist and muscles in his arms and legs like steel springs. If you go for statistics—he's six feet three, weighs 194, stripped, with a 30 waist and a 45 chest—quite a hunk of man. He looks like Li'l Abner, with a more intelligent expression about the face.

A big guy like John Payne needs plenty of room. He lives alone in a five-bedroom beach house with the Pacific Ocean for a front yard, but he's fretting to get away to his new ranch in the Malibu mountains. He sleeps in a special built double-double bed, wide enough for an army squad. He eats four meals a day and gets a suffocated feeling in night clubs. Every now and then he breaks away from town and deliberately loses himself in the Sierras, just to get enough fresh air and elbow room. He's never had the top up on his convertible, and he flew a plane up where there aren't any traffic lights, until the war

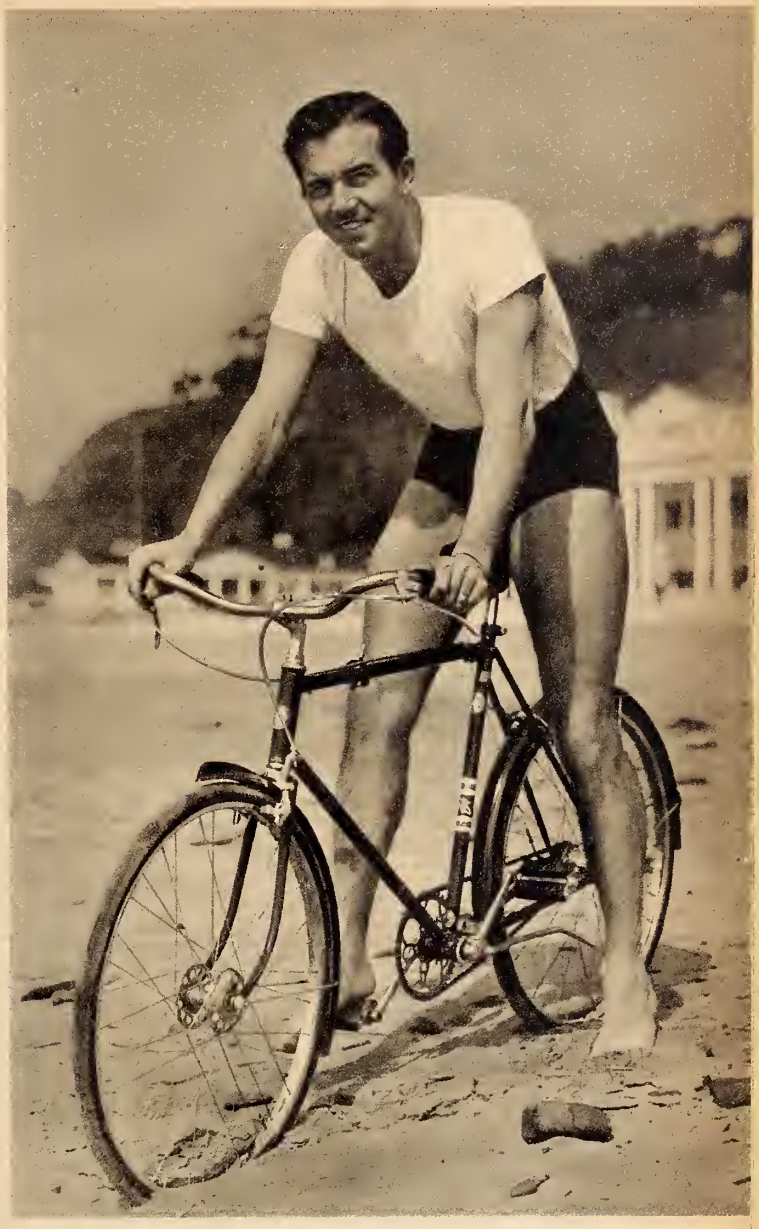
Since the John Payne-Anne Shirley split, daughter Julie Ann's been staying with her mom. Adores coming down to the shore to see her dod and play on the sand couple times a week.

Doing his parf tor civilian defense, he's an air raid warden in his district. Turned over his station wagon to an aircraft worker who totes 10 fellow-employees to and from the factory.

stopped him. It takes 4½ yards to make his suits. He wears a size 17 shirt. His favorite retort is, "Don't crowd me!"

It took six years for Hollywood really to discover John Payne. Five studios tried to pin him to a satisfied existence, before one succeeded. He's made nine pictures in the past eighteen months, which is one every eight weeks, and in that time he's also scribbled reams of stories, blocked out scores of songs, pursued a couple dozen hobbies, developed a bunch of muscles most people don't know they have, both earned and spent sizable hunks of money. He's made a new bachelor life for himself when his marriage broke up. Right now he's giving Hollywood's postmen lumbago toting around enough Payne fan mail to swayback a mule. Everything John does is of epic proportions.

John picked up the surfboard as if it were a shingle that had slipped off the roof and extended his free paw in a bonecrushing welcome. After the first panorama of Payne, you forget the muscles. You're struck with the surprisingly boyish face that beams amiably above the Lionel Strongfort build. John's face is almost pretty, with frank hazel eyes and unruly black hair. (*Continued on following page*)



He's kept TCF. on pins and needles risking his neck an skis, plane trips and matarcycles. One particularly bad smash-up led studia to tack *verboten* an cycles af all descriptians!

Prior ta actual marine explaratian, Payne gets in practise far the briny by prowling araund an the battam of his private swimming paal, equipped with a diver's helmet!

Fun to be free? MODERN SCREEN scoops the first look-see into John Payne's return to Bachelordom Unlimited . . .

He talks softly and says what he thinks. "Boy, you're sure out of luck if you're hunting a story," he told me. "I'm the most abnormally normal guy in this town."

I'd heard that John Payne was a tough customer. A lot of people consider him stand-offish, a bit stuffy and maybe a little hostile. That's not true at all—but he could give that impression easily enough. That's because he's not the kind of fellow to fit into a Hollywood pattern. John is a Virginia gentleman whom an accident turned into an actor and fate delivered to Hollywood. But he's still a gentleman and insists on living like one.

He's living at Santa Monica, right down the strand from Marion Davies, Harold Lloyd, Norma Shearer and the rest of Hollywood's old line beach set and their mansions. John has never met them. He moved to the beach when his marriage with Shirley busted up. With his Filipino man, Jerry, he rattles around in the big place, living mostly in the front room, one bedroom and the kitchen. "I'll dress and mix you a 'honey-Scotch,'" offered John. "It's my favorite drink. I made it up. Nobody likes it but me," he grinned.

Waiting for the Payne-killer and for John to whip into Levi denims, slippers and an old checked shirt, I looked over the lair of this easy-going guy who has all the gals from Seattle to South Key in a tizzy. The place is a rented one, but it reflects what John Payne considers important in life. It's patterned primarily for comfort, culture and self-conditioning.

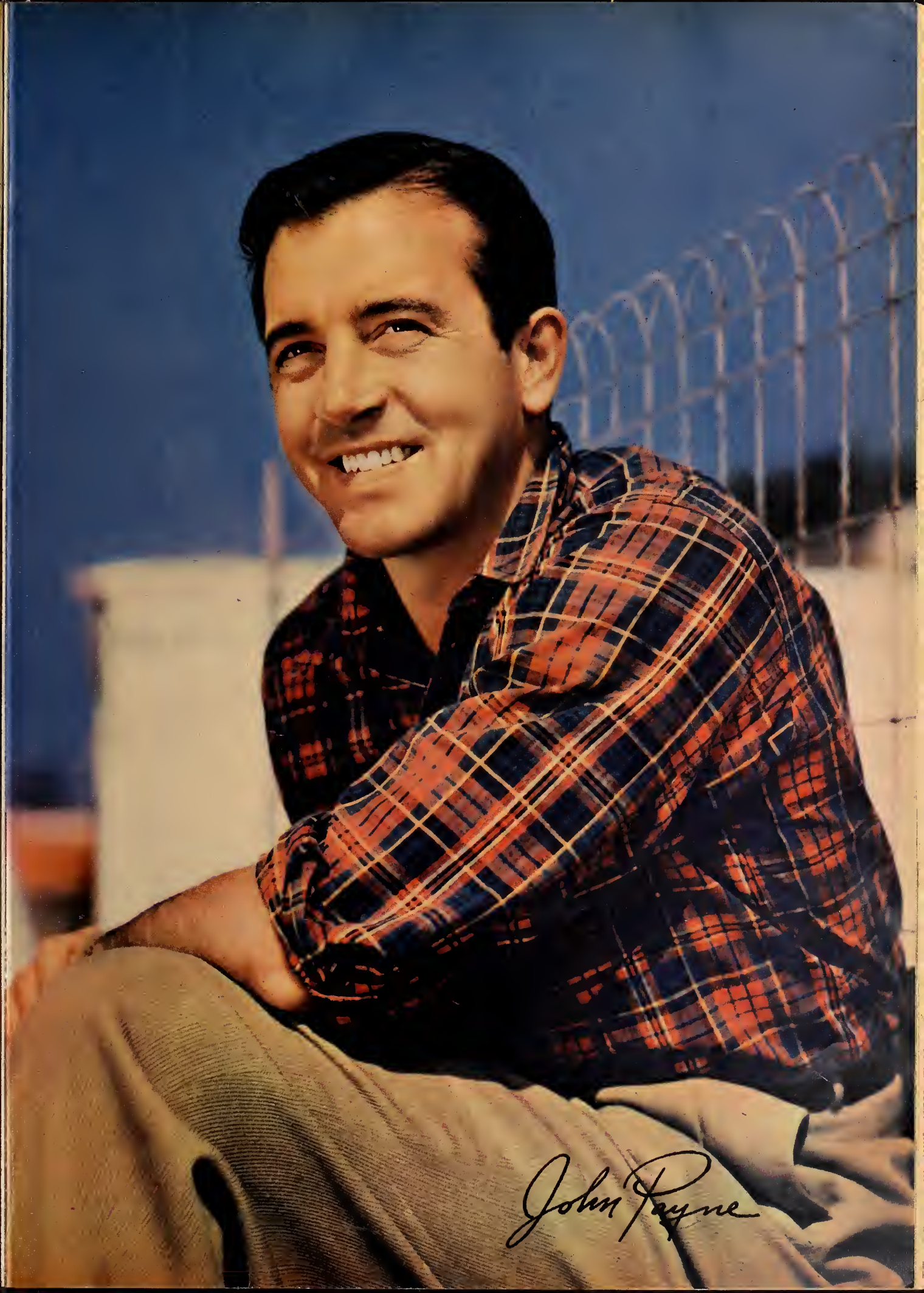
The furniture is big, man-sized and arranged for use. Scattered around the front room are piles of books, stacks of records. A collection of well-seasoned pipes and John's array of guns (he's got almost as many rifles and sporting pieces as Clark Gable), sporting prints, camera equipment, fishing gear, badminton rackets, a battered typewriter, all reveal his working hobbies. Ash trays are handy in the Payne menage and coasters, too. It's a masculine place, with boxing gloves and other athletic equipment stacked here and there.

John got his physique the hard way, plowing the family plantation and earning his cakes and coffee later on in the not-so-gentlemanly grunt-and-groan racket. You've probably never heard of Tiger Jack Payne or a wild Indian called The Masked Marvel or Alexei Petroff, the Savage of the Steppes. But John was all of those as a professional wrestler in his impecunious Columbia College days around New York. He got his exercise also bouncing bums from a Broadway pool parlor and keeping the atmosphere genteel and refined at a social club on 125th Street and Lenox Avenue. The only scars he has are a mended foot, some out-of-place knuckles and a few bumps here and there. Since his active youth, John has taken care of his body beautiful. In fact, it's one of his prime concerns.

"When I'm out of condition, I louse up everything," is the way he puts the "sound mind in sound body" idea. When he was idling in Hollywood a while back John let himself soar up to 218 pounds. He couldn't think, couldn't sleep, couldn't work and couldn't enjoy himself. Now he exercises more than Gene Tunney. The out-of-condition era was, incidentally, only a brief lapse. (*Continued on page 64*)

After nursing a severe cold for 1½ months, he showed up for "Footlight Serenade" beach scenes in a deadly pallor. Had to be plastered with deep brown make-up to out-tan Groble!

An inveterate bookworm, Johnny's stocked his bookshelves to the ceiling. Reads virtually every stage play published (averages one a day) and rarely shows on the set without a book.


John Payne

Little Red Riding Hood Married

the "WOLF"

By SYLVIA KATZ

Flying instructor-bridegroom Ray Hendricks flew in from Phoenix, Ariz., to Hollywood just long enough for the simple ceremony.

Princeton's Triangle Club voted Loroine o "Girl of the Yeor." She's domesticating at her Westwood home after M-G-M's "Fingers at the Window."

"The better to pinch his cheeks!"

spoofs butterfly Laraine Day,

nudging her high-flying hunk of husband.

IT ALL started the afternoon Laraine sauntered into Schwab's Drug Store, ordered a chocolate float and asked, "Anybody know a wolf?"

"Stick around," answered Joe from behind the fountain. "They amble in on an average of two and a half a minute. What kind do you want?"

"One that sings tenor," said Miss Day.

The gang at Schwab's stopped sipping their sodas long enough to ask details.

"It's very simple," Laraine explained. "I've just done a tricky little job called 'Lame Brains and Daffodils.' It starts out with the story of Goldilocks but Little Red Ridinghood and the wolf get mixed up in it, surrealist fashion. I had a wonderful wolf lined up for the part but the army got him first."

None of Laraine's friends raised an eyebrow at her sally into amateur theatricals. She'd been writing three-act musicals for quite a while . . . directing and producing them with the care of a Korda . . . watching the makeshift curtain rise with butterflies in her stomach and little devils pounding her temples. The finished product may not have been Great Theater, but it was always as gay and lissome as Laraine herself.

"Do you suppose Ray Hendricks would play the part?" somebody asked. "Yes . . . how about it?" the others chorused. "You know, he's sung around the country with Bob Crosby. They used to have a quartette. Did a stint with Benny Goodman, too."

"And Ted Fio Rito," Joe added. "Lasted at the Grove for two full years."

Laraine listened. Ray Hendricks again. Who was this heaven-sent masculine morsel they were always dangling in front of her nose? When friends told Ray about the amateur production that needed a wolf, he mumbled something about being tied up . . . then changed his mind when (*Continued on page 85*)

If you've ever felt the aching desolation of a wartime good-by, you'll understand about Bill and Brenda . . .

None but the lonely heart . . .

By KAAREN PIECK

Holden celebroted his 24th birthday same doy he enlisted! Was fingerprinted in Las Angeles' U. S. Army enlisting station. Completed Por.'s "Yaung and Willing" before leaving.

He enlisted as William Beedle, Jr. He felt that in the army he'd rather use his own name. So officially he's Beedle. But the boys call him Holden just the same.

Brenda came home from seeing him off to Ft. Monmouth. She pulled open a drawer of his highboy. He'd told her to clear his things away, so she'd have more room to scatter her own belongings. Bill's socks and handkerchiefs. Something almost alive about them, he'd been rummaging through them so recently. She'd clear nothing away. Just his suits maybe. To keep the moths out. "Never mind the moths," Bill had grinned. "Just keep the wolves away."

She passed a hand over his military brushes and pushed a couple of toilet-water flasks around. There they'd stay till he got back. She could look at them and (*Continued on page 88*)

After Brenda completed wark in "The Canstant Nymph," she and Bill shared one finol spree in the cauntry with their horses. First wedding onniversary falls an July 13th this year!

Brenda Marsha
William Hold

"DESPERATE JOURNEY"

By JEAN FRANCIS WEBB
and KAY HARDY

FORBES: "There they come—down, quick!"

FIVE STRANDED R.A.F.'ERS FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES IN THE HEART OF NAZI GERMANY!

STORY The British Flying Fortress "D for Danny" crash-landed in the Black Forest, her skipper dead and Flight Lieutenant Terry Forbes (Errol Flynn) at her controls. But not before she had completed her mission. Not before she had dumped her bombs neatly on a certain vital rail intersection.

Four of a crew who had left England tonight lay dead amid blazing wreckage. But five of them were left, five prisoners to be herded into nearby Arnswalde for questioning. Forbes. The American, Johnny Hammond (Ronald Reagan). Lloyd Hollis (Ronald Sinclair), whose dad had been an ace one war ago. Big Kirk Edwards (Alan Hale). And Jed Forrest (Arthur Kennedy), that accurate and scientific Canadian.

A certain Major Otto Baumeister (Raymond Massey) was the little king of Arnswalde; its Nazi despot, who asked questions and expected them to be answered.

Until he realized that from his office window these swine had spotted odd activity near an underground Messerschmitt plant camouflaged as a peaceful hillside, Baumeister even tried bribes (*Continued on page 70*)

FORBES: "When I soy 'go,' yau hit him high. Edwards will tackle him low, Jed and I will grab his little cap pistal."

BAUMEISTER: "Get more men—circle this areo tharaughly."

PRODUCTION There isn't a single love scene in the script of "Desperate Journey," but this is Nancy Coleman's first picture with Great Lover Errol Flynn, so Director Raoul Walsh decided to give her a break.

"In the next scene, Nancy," he told her, "you're seeing Errol perhaps for the last time. I think it'd warm it up a bit if you'd throw your arms around him impulsively as he turns to go, and kiss him. Then kiss him again, and the second time, give it the old Cubanola."

"All right," said Miss Coleman.

They rehearsed the scene once, twice, four times all together, with Nancy going through the prescribed actions. Then they shot the scene—with no film in the camera. Someone told her, later, that the whole thing had been a gag; that the scene would never appear in the picture.

"And I tried so hard," Nancy was (*Continued on page 72*)

Forbes sets himself to haist the unconscious Llayd, but with a sudden mave he whirls, smashing a fist inta Schwartzemueller's foce. He fallaws up immediately with a driving tackle which sends bath careening into Magnus.

JOHNNY: "Yeah . . . we'll give 'em bock their dema bamb—right an the harbar at Vlissingen!"

KAETHE: "I'm taking a troin tomorraw ta my hame in Munster. Yau will pass thot way. Came to 37 Bismarckstrosse. Ask far me, ar my father, Herr Brohms. We'll help you as we've helped others."

SCOOP!

One of her most publicized romances was with ex-fiance John Barry, Victarville newsman, with whom she broke last Christmas. Kept mum this time until the romance was sure-fire and the knot was tied!

As a kid, Pat was a tan as ardent as they come! Adored Cary Grant and requested his autographed picture. Now playing opposite him in "Arsenic and Old Lace," she's directed to kick him in the shins!

She tipped us off first about that surprise wedding—and we're giving it to you smack off our Hollywood ticker!

"Jeepers, I wish I were in love," Pat Lane would tell you a few months ago, giving you the wistful blue eyes. Look, you'd think, who's wishing. She's never anything *but* in love. There's practically a groove in that third finger left hand from all the engagement rings she's worn in her day, not to mention a wedding ring—but briefly.

"I mean really in love. Forever and ever," she'd say softly, and then you knew she wasn't kidding. "Oh, lots of times I've thought, 'This is It,' but each time I've called it wrong. One mistake meant a divorce, and a couple have meant giving back engagement rings. Next time I'm going to be so sure."

Rosemary would explain it this way: "Pat is such a darned romantic, she wants to work every passing fancy into a little vine-covered cottage with dotted swiss tie-backs in the kitchen. I don't know what I'm doing married. I'm the career woman. She's the born wife and mother."

"Born wife and mother—" Pat would scoff, giving a refined version of the Bronx cheer. "She kills me. I'm not domestic at all. I'm an awful cook, and I'm scared stiff to hold a baby. (*Continued on page 67*)

Her would-be angora pussy, Miss Muffett, gets star billing in the Lane home, lives off the fat of the land with Pat and her mom, sips only top milk. Is well versed in all the latest feline tricks!

Priscilla Lane Weds!

By JEAN KINKEAD

After quietly wedding in Las Vegas, Pat and Lt. Howard drove back to the Coast to bombshell their chums with news! She's 23; he's 27.

MODERN SCREEN GOES ON A Date!

A Saturday night spree with Betty Grable and George Raft at the Palladium, Hollywood's swing rendezvous!

1. "Nice out? What'll I wear?" Ever since they started going steady a year ago last Feb., Betty hasn't dated or even danced with anyone else!

2. Last-minute phone call. Mack Grey, Raft's man Friday, daily buzzes to make final arrangements for their dates. Both hate phoning, and call's over in an even 2 mins. Her photo of George on bureau is inscribed, "To Betty, the most wonderful girl I've ever known."

3. Dolls up in ½ hour flot. Mokes up her hoir and puss before dressing, hos her gowns mode so she con step in and out of 'em (complete with hot if necessory)! Accumulotes huge stores of scent stuff, presented by odoring fons.

4. Roft lives only 10 mins. owoy in Beverly Hills, come eorly ond sot outside till the oppointed time, then doshed in ot 8:45 on the dot. Mokes her nervous if he comes too soon. He's currently oppeoring in "Broodwoy."

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

5. She's here! A love motch, they find each other sutticient company, rorely double-date except with the Jack Bennys for Sat. night cards. Both are shy and self-conscious. On the "Footlight Serenode" set, Betty wos tongue-tied when George appeared!

6. That last-minute pat. Scrumptious gown cost $25, but most of her 10 evening togs hover near 350 mark, hail from N. Y. Fox coat's one of 7 fur jobs. Geo. prefers her in tailored togs. She thinks he's sleek in eoch of his 40 suits.

8. Ordering at the Palladium. They dine together nightly followed by dancing or baseball week-ends; gin rummy till her 9 p.m. bedtime workdays. Both love "Frenesi" (popular when they met), own tremendous platter collections.

9. After-dinner discussion. He'd like to break her 1½-pack-o'-spuds-o-day habit. She wants to sub vegetables for that steak-French-fries-opple pie dinner he gobbles 365 doys o year! They're both convinced teetotalers!

-UP MAGIC . . .

BY CAROL CARTER

mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow crayon. You can use all of these, too, when you are pretty-ing yourself for a very special date.

POWDER BASE—A good powder base is a wonderful magician. Suntan shades of your favorite foundation cream or lotion will make a gypsy of you with the stroke of your fingertips. Paint on the color in smooth even layers and look as if you spend all your days lazily dawdling on the beach. If your problem is the opposite, and your summer glamour depends on covering up a forehead or nose you left in the sun too long, a light cream-shade foundation will do it for you. Always remember to change the color of your neck and throat to match your face, so they look as if they belong to you and not to someone else!

ROUGE—Most movie stars use cream rouge because they find it stays on longer. That's something to think of these summer days when make-up seems to wilt away. Why not use cream or stick rouge at home, and a cake type for touch-up jobs? Remember that the cream and stick go on after powder base and before powdering—and dry rouge is used over the powder. The cream and stick rouges should be dotted over your cheeks and then blended smoothly into the skin. Dry rouge should be patted on lightly and then covered with a film of powder. Do the job right and even a close-up won't show if you came by that luscious coloring naturally or with outside help.

If your face is broad, start the rouge way over at the nose and bring it in an upward line back to the hair. The color should be slightly heavier towards the center of the face to make it seem more oval.

If your face is narrow, and you want to accent its width, start the rouge about the middle of the cheek (under the center of the eye) and use it more heavily towards the sides of the face. Rouging the lobes of the ears, too, will help increase the apparent width.

If your face is long, place your rouge lower on the cheeks and extend it down quite far—almost to the jawbone. The continuous line will appear to shorten some of the length.

If your face is too short, keep the rouge high so you don't look as if you are all cheeks and no chin.

Always extend your rouge back so you "lose it in your hairline" as one Hollywood expert says. An abrupt line of red in front of the hair makes an unattractive profile, which we sometimes forget to notice unless we have a sideview mirror.

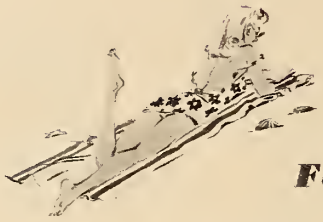
Here's something else you can do with your dry rouge. If your complexion is (*Continued on page 76*)

Take care to match your face powder to your summer skin or your sun-tan make-up base.

Moscara is as important as lipstick to a glamorous movie star. Use it yourself to dazzle your audience with sparkling eyes.

Lipstick has a magic touch when it's used with a deft hand. Choose bright, gay shades for flattery, and a creamy texture for protection.

MODERN SCREEN'S



For those who tan . . .

FOR	WITH	FOUNDATIONS AND POWDERS
BLONDES and REDHEADS	Foir skin—corefully guorded from summer sun	Flesh, creom, light rochel
	Sun-wormed, golden-toned complexions	Golden, peoch or rose-creom
BROWNETTES	Medium skin—untouched by summer sun	Rochel, peoch or pole rose-beige
	Medium complexion—sun-browned for summer	Dork rochel or rosy-sunton
BRUNETTES	Dork skin—the whole year 'round	Dark rochel or rose-colored beige
	Deep sunton of reddish bronze	Dork towny sunton or deep rosy beige

SUMMER MAKE-UP CHART

. . . and those who don't!

LIPSTICKS AND ROUGES	EYE MAKE-UP	NAIL POLISH
Soft orange red ar subdued rasy red	Blue ar blue-gray eye shadaw Blue or brawn mascara Brawn braw pencil	Orange red ar rosy pink
Orange red, red-red ar deep rase	Blue, green or brown shadaw Brawn mascara and braw pencil	Orange red, red-red ar burnished pink
Clear red, bluish red ar soft rase	Blue, blue-gray ar green shadaw. Blue ar brawn mascara and brawn eyebraw pencil	Bright red, blue-red ar rase
Bright arange red, vibrant red-red ar rase.	Brawn ar green shadaw Brawn ar black mascara and braw pencil	Orange red, deep red ar American Beouty
Clear rase or red, bright and gay	Blue, green ar blue-gray shadaw Black mascara and braw pencil	Blue-red ar clear red
Lively arange red ar brilliant clear red	Dark brown ar green shadaw Black mascara and brow pencil	Orange red, red-red, all deep shades

GOOD NEWS

By SYLVIA KAHN

Deanna Durbin's all for the armed farces naw husband Vaughn Paul's an ensign. Vaughn's chum, Flying Cadet Bab Rass, taak Deanna Mocamba-ing with the gang.

No Jane Withers scandal! Autry rodeos curbed! Grable's fan mail in lead!

Wedding bells are expected to peal any day now for Norma Sheorer and her Sun Valley ski instructor, Free Frenchman Morty Arrouge. They beamed at Mocambo.

Double Trouble

Whew! That's over! The scandal of Jane Withers has been cleared up and all of Hollywood is breathing easier. Hardly seems possible that our sweet Janie could find herself smack in the middle of a situation that would cause her friends to thrash her with criticism and her fans to hurl shocked and angry letters at her youthful head. Yet it happened, and Jane still shudders when she thinks about it.

"There I was," Jane told us, "minding my own business, when all of a sudden I began to receive gobs of letters and anonymous phone calls from people who accused me of indulging in vice! They said I ought to be ashamed of myself, and they said my mother ought to be ashamed, too, for allowing her youthful daughter to make a public display of herself in every drugstore in the country!

"Mother and I were stunned. We couldn't imagine what I had done. Until one morning I opened a note from a fan and found a magazine ad attached. Then I understood. A big cigarette company was conducting a national campaign, and the girl they were using in their advertising was a dead-ringer for me!

"I've been busy ever since, trying to explain to everyone that I don't even like cigarettes! But how am I going to convince the man who wrote me a sympathetic six-page letter—yes, six pages—telling me what to do to break myself of the habit even if I smoked three packs a day!"

(Continued on following page)

Livvy de Havilland's black cottons were the hit at the Victory Caravan. Face-making Charles Bayer won laurels for his curtain speech on why he became a U. S. citizen.

Victory Caravaners Joan Blondell and Frances Langford worried Bob Hope stiff telling about the one small dressing room most theaters provided for all 17 gal stars.

That Foreign Dame

For a big boisterous boy, Vic Mature has been surprisingly quiet about his latest romance. We might have had no inkling of it had not a friend of ours encountered Vic coming out of a Beverly Hills toy shop the other P.M. with a box of candy under one arm, and a stuffed Dumbo doll, tagged "For Michele," under the other. A bit of probing disclosed the fact that both armfuls were intended for Miss Michele Morgan, a chum of Vic's from 'way back.

The first time Vic saw Michele he was still a bachelor, and she was a cute trick just off the boat from France. He winked at her across the heads of lunchers in the RKO commissary, and she winked back. Later he maneuvered an introduction, only to find she understood no English. He considered dating her but abandoned the idea because he likes to talk, and he couldn't see any glamour in an evening spent staring mutely at a girl who could only snap her eyelids in response. When they met after that Vic always grinned and called her "that foreign dame." Those were among the first words of English Michele learned.

Then Vic went to New York, and while he was gone Michele worked like a demon learning this strange new language. When he returned, Michele was ready for their date. But Vic brought a bride with him, and the date never came off. Michele admits she forgot Vic—until the Matures separated several months ago, and she met him again.

At this writing their friendship had budded into a several-times-weekly affair. Yet, we have a hunch it's going to wind up the way it started—with Vic winking at Michele and Michele winking back—at Buck Private V. Mature, off to a U. S. army camp.

Didja Know

That there are those who'll bet Norma Shearer is altar-bound with Marty Arrouge, handsome Sun Valley ski instructor . . . That Bob Hope's autobiography (remember, it was reprinted in Modern Screen?) has sold over three million copies . . . That Gene Autry will do no more rodeo-ing for the duration, because of railroad priorities? His 16-car train, used to transport the show, will be returned to the Santa Fe Railroad from whom it was leased . . . That Desi Arnaz is under orders from the Cuban army to remain in Hollywood until such time as the country may find itself actually in war.

That Judy Canova plays 10-year-old triplets in "Lazybones" . . . That at Leon Errol's invitation, Yank and Aussie soldiers will take over his home in Sydney, Australia . . . That Betty Grable's fan mail—14,000 letters a month—tops every female star's since Clara Bow . . . That Linda Darnell is furious over marriage rumors resulting from her friendly dates with Cameraman Pev Marley . . . That London movie houses are doing a better business now than ever before in their history . . . That there are bitter days ahead for Judy Garland? Comedian Jerry Bergen's devilish dog chewed up her precious sugar ration book completely beyond repair?

That Luise Rainer is the nation's Number Two bond salesman, running close behind Dotty Lamour . . . That Ginger Rogers, Filmtown's favorite "white collar girl," found $215,000 in her 1941 pay envelope?

The oft-doted Michele Morgan has been alternoting Vic Mature with Edmund O'Brien, above, at the Mocambo. Recently she's been dickering with State Department to help get her mom out of France.

Harmony-minded Dave Rose and Judy Garland (all recouped from her strep throat) guested at songwriter Jimmy McHugh's shindig in honor of composer Hoagy Carmichael at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Off the Record

When Nelson Eddy goes to Heaven there will probably be no angel chorus to greet him. For if the sweet singers ever look down from their celestial perches and scan Nelson's earthly box office record, chances are, they will be too abashed to do anything more than hide behind the pearly gates and refuse to utter another chirp.

Uh, huh, Nelson's done it again. At the close of the 1941-42 concert season, he finds himself sitting pretty—right on top of a musical heap consisting of Lily Pons, Marion Anderson, James Melton, Paul Robeson and other similarly talented people. According to "Variety," the bible of the entertainment world, Nelson is the top star in the sharp-and-flat field. His phonograph recordings and concert and radio appearances are the signal for more people to lay out more dough than they will for any other music-maker.

It is estimated that in the past year Nelson's golden voice trilled him into a $350,000 income—an amount exclusive of his M-G-M movie earnings! Since this total was revealed before Nelson signed his new radio contract at a reputed $5,000 a week, you can figure it out from there!

However, not all of this lovely lettuce will find its way into Nelson's pockets. We hear he is planning to turn over every penny he receives from his radio broadcasts to Army and Navy Relief Funds. Nothing half-way about our Nelson!

Gals Behind the Guns

Pvt. Bill Holden, passing through Hollywood on his way from California's Ft. MacArthur, to New Jersey's Ft. Monmouth, brought with him a copy of "The Alert," the camp newspaper in which the MacArthur boys voted on the ten women who are their greatest inspiration in their fight for freedom. Wanna know who the lucky ladies are? Just keep reading!

(1) Mother. (2) Wife or sweetheart. (3) Daughter. (4) Sister. (5) Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. (6) Mrs. Douglas MacArthur. (7) Queen Elizabeth. (8) Queen Wilhelmina. (9) Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek and (10) Ann Sheridan!

Private Lives

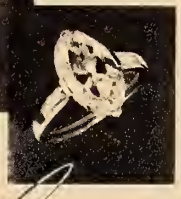
John Payne is what writers call "tough copy." An exciting story about him is rarer than a laugh in Berlin. He never does anything spectacular. He never says anything spectacular. And what he thinks, he keeps to himself. Columnists, striving to feed their public news about the guy, go quietly mad in the process. "He's dry as the desert," they mumble. "Thank God there's not another like him."

Well, the boys are in for a jolt. There is another like him. She's Anne Shirley, the ex-Mrs. Payne, *(Continued on following page)*

ANN HARE, beautiful young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Spencer Hare of Park Avenue, New York. Her engagement to Walter Wooster Richard of New York and Long Island was announced a few months after her debut. Like Wooster, Ann is Navy-minded, works hard with "Bundles for Bluejackets" and the "Navy Relief Society." One of the season's loveliest debutantes, she made her bow in Philadelphia, where her mother's family has long been socially prominent.

ADORABLY YOUNG AND LOVELY—There's a rare-orchid charm about Ann's blonde young beauty, and her exquisite skin has a luminous satin-smooth look. Of her complexion care Ann says, "I just use Pond's Cold Cream *every* day. Pond's is so light and silky *my skin just loves it* —and it's perfectly grand for cleansing."

(*right*) Ann and Wooster before he was called to active Navy duty.



ANN'S RING is unusually lovely—a large marquise-cut diamond, that reflects light with sparkling radiance. A baguette diamond is set on each side of the brilliant solitaire.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S

This is Ann Hare's simple daily skin care:

She slips Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat. She pats with deft little pats to soften and release dirt and make-up —then tissues off well.

She *rinses* with more Pond's—for extra softening and cleansing. Tissues it off again.

Do this yourself—*every* night, for daytime cleanups, too. You'll see why society leaders like Mrs. John Roosevelt, Mrs. Ernest Biddle are so devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. Why more women and girls everywhere use Pond's than any other face cream. Buy a jar *today*—at your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical— the lovely *big* jars.

On the Hollywood Victory Caravan, Claudette Colbert was most popular feminine star aboard. Her act with Groucho Marx sent audiences rolling down the aisles in each and every town they visited!

who carried away from her marriage the same quality of secretiveness that infects her former mate. Right now Anne is protesting there's nothing to her daily luncheon dates with Eddie Albert but a common interest in their Paramount picture, "Lady Bodyguard." That may be true, reporters concede. But why, they ask, does Anne always say good night to Eddie on the set—then go directly to his car where she waits for him to join her several minutes later? Anne won't answer that one.

As for John, his life is supposed to be devoted to his gymnasium workouts, his surf board and an occasional date with Sheila Ryan. Yet, reports coming to this desk say he's been spotted around town, playing escort to—Jane Russell!

The Real Glory

Attention Jane Wyman! You're going to like this story!

The other evening Ray Milland hurried through the door of his home and into the living room where his wife sat chatting with some friends. His face was white and his hands were trembling, and when he spoke it was in a small voice, to ask for a drink.

Mrs. Milland was startled. Ray seldom touches liquor, and neither is he in the habit of coming home so visibly shaken. When he'd had his drink and settled in a chair, she demanded to know what was the matter.

"Maybe you'll think I'm foolish," he said. "But I just heard a man make a speech and nothing in my life has ever moved me so deeply! It was at a USO rally, and Ronald Reagan—Lieut. Ronald Reagan—got up to say a few words. He talked about our fight, and about the brave kids who are going to win it. He talked so sincerely and so feelingly, that I felt like bawling. Imagine, a big guy like me! I've never met Ronald Reagan, but hell, I'm going to write and tell him how his speech socked me!"

Get that, Mrs. Reagan? Aren't you proud of your man?

Stolen Love

Hedy Lamarr and George Montgomery will never look back at their courtin' days with any great joy. Though they're hopelessly in love, they're two of the most frustrated sweethearts in the land. Try as they will, they can never be alone!

Most fellows can go calling on their girls and sit in the parlor and hold hands and coo for blissful hours on end. But are such plebeian pleasures open to Hedy and George? They are not!

Trouble is, Hedy lives two blocks away from the Beverly Hills Hotel, wherein is located a huge USO center. In some mysterious manner, the boys around the center manage to discover Hedy's home address and, at five minute intervals throughout every evening, appear at her doorstep to say hello!

Hedy and George are delighted with their visits, but they also yearn for some uninterrupted romancing. At present, their only escape is the movies. When they want to be "alone," they sneak off to a neighborhood theater and, in the company of a thousand other ticket-buyers, they enjoy their solitude!

Gabin Makes a Comeback

Not since Valentino have the women of America gone so all-out for a movie hero as they have for Jean Gabin. The night "Moontide" premiered in New York, star-struck lasses thronged the theater lobby and strewed flowers in the path he was to walk. When he stepped from his car, they cheered till their larynxes cracked, and only a restraining rope kept them from lunging at his person and smothering him.

If the ladies were disappointed in Jean's reaction to their adulation, they were completely justified. He offered no deep bows or broad smiles but ambled casually by them and into the theater. Let it not be said, however, that Jean was snooting his fair fans. Nothing could be farther from fact. The actual truth is that the Great Gabin wasn't at all sure the whoop-la was for him. And he didn't intend to stick his neck out, only to discover the fireworks were for Ty Power, arriving just behind.

Jean remembered too well his experience the last time he was in New York.

Upon his landing in this country, his friend, the noted author Antoine de St. Exupéry, took him for his first stroll down Broadway. As they made their way along the Big Street, Jean noted with satisfaction that they were the target of all feminine eyes. Thrilled by the recognition of American fans, he beamed brightly and was about to comment on this flattering phenomena when a long-stemmed lovely rushed up.

"The others don't dare," she exclaimed "but M. de St. Exupéry, I just had to tell you how much we've all enjoyed your books."

And completely ignoring the crushed Gabin, she turned on her heels and hurried into the crowd.

Malady Lane

A couple of weeks ago, half the kids on Roddy McDowall's street were breaking out with big, whopping nightmares and daily tummy-aches to match. The cause of their suffering was a deep mystery to their parents and to the weeping moppets themselves.

It was a grammar school teacher, doing a little sleuthing, who finally got to the bottom of the stomach-ache epidemic. Poking around the local drugstore, she discovered a batch of her charges lined up at the soda fountain, waiting for their chum, Roddy, to appear. "We're gonna have a Roddy McDowall Special," the youngsters told the curious teacher. "Wait'll you see it!"

"I saw it, all right," the teacher later informed the worried parents. "Roddy came rushing through that door like a man on a great mission. He went directly to the working side of the fountain and began filling soda-size glasses with squirts and dabs from every tap in the place. Lemon, chocolate, cherry, root beer—there wasn't a syrup flavor he missed! And those poor children. They gobbled it up, never dreaming it was that gruesome concoction that made 'em wake up screaming. Roddy McDowall Special? It's a lethal potion!"

Short Shots

Navy wife Deanna Durbin will ask her sister and brother-in-law to live with her till Vaughn comes marching home. . . . Marlene Dietrich's young 'un, Maria, makes her legit bow in a local production of "Mourning Becomes Electra" under the aegis of Max Reinhardt who taught her mama the theatrical ropes. . . . Priorities have isolated Jane Wyman. She's been refused a telephone for her new house, to the great glee of hubby Ronald Reagan who hopes the inconvenience will keep the wolves away. . . . Vic Mature's campaigning to have his first name dropped from publicity and picture billings. Wants to be known simply as "Mature." Garbo won't like that!

Doctors thought they'd lose a father when Phil Harris nearly cracked up awaiting the birth of Alice, Jr. . . . Bette Davis bought a loom and is weaving rugs for her New Hampshire farmhouse. . . . Roz Russell's been pencilled in for the role of Amelia Earhart in "Stand By To Die". . . . Roddy McDowall's puffed with pride. He'll move into Tyrone Power's trailer dressing room when Ty leaves for the Navy. . . . Six German officers who were quartered in Annabella's Paris mansion were killed when bombs hit the building. . . . Coastal authorities nabbed Ann Sothern's camera when she tried to take snapshots on Ray Milland's boat. Uncle Sam frowns on picture-snapping along his shoreline, even if a movie star's flipping the shutter.

Cloud Hoppers

Hollywood doesn't brag about Thunderbird Field. It doesn't even talk about it, except in a few quiet corners.

Yet, Hollywood has every reason to be proud of the Arizona air-training center which will graduate from 2,000 to 10,000 crack Army pilots every year for the duration. For Thunderbird is almost entirely backed by Filmtown coin—owing its existence largely to Jimmy Stewart, Henry Fonda, Cary Grant, Brian Aherne and Margaret Sullavan's husband, Leland Hayward, who pitched in with their dough and their time when Uncle Sam's stepped-up cadet-training program called for civilian help.

News about Thunderbird (which got its name from the Indian symbol for the God of rain and plenty) *(Continued on page 80)*

"A whole week's Polish wear and not a single chip" *Mrs. Stringer*

Vivacious Mrs. Stringer adores keeping house with her own hands in the New York apartment she herself decorated so charmingly. Adores Cutex, too! Says: "Even doing my own dishes three times a day, my Cutex Polish stayed so perfect I finally changed it only because my nails were too long!" Wear Cutex . . . Gingerbread, Sugar Plum, Saddle Brown, Alert or Black Red! See how thrillingly their beauty lasts —and lasts! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in U. S.

Northam Warren, New York

CUTEX ENLISTS!

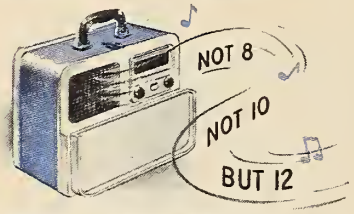
In addition to its famous manicure preparations, Cutex is now producing war materials for the Government on a full wartime schedule.

Wear **CUTEX**

APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR

Which Tampon Can You Trust?

FIBS—THE KOTEX TAMPON—merits your confidence! Enables you to wear shorts, bathing suit, slacks or play suit any day you wish! Worn internally, Fibs provide *invisible* sanitary protection . . . no pins, pad or belt . . . no chafing, no disposal problem.



FULL DOZEN ONLY 20¢. Not 8 . . . not 10 . . . but 12 for 20c. When you buy Fibs, you pay for no mechanical gadget to aid insertion . . . for none is needed! Fibs are quilted . . . easy to insert without artificial means. The quilting provides added comfort, and safety, too. Yet Fibs cost less!

FIBS★—the Kotex★ Tampon

NOT 8—NOT 10—BUT 12 FOR 20¢

(★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

IS STIRLING HAYDEN MARRIED TO MADELEINE CARROLL?

(*Continued from page 28*)

the strongest piece of internal evidence we have to bolster the marriage theory.

war work . . .

Then, after finishing "My Favorite Blonde," Madeleine asked and was given a year's leave of absence. To do war work. Unspecified. Mind you, we're casting no slur on her intentions. For all we know to the contrary, she's doing war work like mad. Meantime she's been glimpsed here, there and yonder, hanging on the arm of one Captain Hayden. Lots of things come under the heading of war work. Giving aid and comfort to a sailor of Uncle Sam, for instance.

Stirling went straight from Hollywood to a naval enlistment center. Because he was an inch over regulation height, the Navy regretfully turned him down. He was offered the post of first mate aboard the U. S. geodetic survey schooner, "Atlantis." That wasn't what he wanted. Casting about for the best way of serving his country and keeping himself on water at the same time, he joined the outfit of Wild Bill Donovan, late of the 69th Fighting Irish. He'd met Donovan through the latter's wife, twice a passenger on the globe-circling yacht "Yankee" when Stirling was first mate.

Wild Bill, more formally Colonel William J. Donovan, is now Co-ordinator of Information, directly responsible to President Roosevelt. The office was created in July of '41. Its purpose, in the arid language of the records, is "to collect and analyze all information and data which may bear upon national security, to co-relate such information and data and to make such information and data available to the President and to such departments and officials of the government as the President may determine . . ."

It doesn't take much acumen to read between these vague lines the opportunity for high adventure in the line of duty. What Hayden's part is in assembling information important to national security we don't know, and couldn't tell if we did. "Supplementary activities" covers it. Several months ago he made a trip to Iceland and not for the scenery. More recently he's been in Scotland, narrowly escaping passage on a bomber that crashed. From all account's, he's now headed for the Caribbean. Between trips he's seen in and around Gloucester, and Madeleine's been with him.

Gloucester's the town where he grew up, where he fell in love with the sea. It's the town of his heart, as far as his heart can be given to any piece of dry land. It's the town where his friends live, the people he trusts, who talk his language, against whom he raises no defensive barriers. It's also the town that doesn't really give a damn whether he's married to Madeleine Carroll or not. So Gloucester would have no reason for saying they're wed unless it thought so.

To the townsfolk of Cape Ann—as the section around Gloucester is called—Stirling's no sun god. He's the likable kid who came from New Jersey and went nuts about the sea, who stood with the waterfront reporter when the "Yankee" hove into port in '33 and soon had a job aboard her—the kid who was a natural on a ship, ready to swarm up the mast and repair the rigging in the dirtiest weather, a better man aloft and on deck than most Gloucester fishermen—and that's a tribute not lightly paid in Gloucester. They weren't impressed with his movie career. As an actor, they thought he stank—a conclusion in which he fervently concurred. His friends knew he hated acting. In Hollywood he had to suppress his feelings—to a degree—so in letters home he poured out all the disgust he felt over his own antics as a "film monkey."

Gloucester took his return calmly—those who were conscious of it. Lots of them don't even know who he is. They took Madeleine's appearance among them calmly, too. She's been in the movies longer, so they know her better. A few asked for autographs. There might have been a few more if she'd removed the disguise of dark glasses. But New Englanders keep their sense of proportion as a whole. Nobody grabbed at buttons for souvenirs or hung round the local barbershop begging for locks of Stirling's hair. They called it golden in Hollywood, by the way. Gloucester calls him tow-headed.

Gloucester, in a word, finds itself annoyed by all the Hayden pother. They consider him a fine, honest, upstanding young man, who'd give his life for his country, but so would millions of others, so what's all the shootin' for? They think he's married to Madeleine, and who cares. Lots of people get married all the time. If they don't want to tell, why ask them? It's their own business.

The story we gleaned by piecing a word here with a hint there is that they were married last March in some small New Hampshire village, where intentions don't have to be filed in advance and town clerks are discreet; that Madeleine negotiated for a house at Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, about fifteen miles from Gloucester, but the deal fell through because Stirling had to be closer to New York; that they finally bought a place either on Long Island or in Connecticut—the versions vary—where they honeymooned; that Madeleine lives there now with Stirling's mother, while he goes where his job takes him.

o'er the bounding main . . .

In the last couple of months it's taken him from Gloucester to Nassau to California. His primary purpose in Gloucester was not to hold hands with Madeleine, but to pick him a crew of seafarers from among men he could trust as he trusted himself. They were to take a ship from somewhere along the Pacific, down to the West Indies for the coasting trade. The coasting trade, Stirling called it without batting an eye, and nobody batted an eye back. His old friend Larry O'Toole would have liked to go with him. Larry's an artist—one of the amateur seamen who sailed with Stirling from Gloucester to Tahiti on his first command as skipper of a pile of junk called the "Florence C. Robinson." The ship was a wreck, and the crew so green that they heaved up their dinner at the slightest hint of a breeze. On at least three occasions disaster was close, but Stirling got them to port at last without losing a man—a feat which won him Gloucester's undying respect.

Larry couldn't go because he was committed to the Navy. One of the local fishermen turned Stirling down. He was fifty or so, had been with Hayden when he raced the "Thebaud" against the

(*Continued on page 63*)

"Paulette Goddard told me *personally*!"

YOU KNOW WHAT **SHE** DOES? TAKES A **LUX TOILET SOAP ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL** EVERY DAY— SMOOTHS THE RICH CREAMY LATHER ALL OVER HER FACE...

RINSES IT WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL. HONESTLY, IT'S **WONDERFUL!** TAKES AWAY ALL DUST AND DIRT AND HELPS SKIN STAY NICE AND **SMOOTH!**

PAT DRY— THAT'S THE LAST STEP TO PAULETTE'S **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL.** EASY, ISN'T IT? 9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE **LUX TOILET SOAP** AND SO SHOULD WE!

Paulette Goddard

Star of Paramount's "The Forest Rangers"

Let Hollywood's Active-Lather Facials give your skin protection it *needs* for loveliness. You'll agree with famous stars who say Lux Toilet Soap's a *wonderful* beauty aid!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

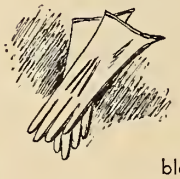
for the MODERN MISS

by Elizabeth Willguss

City dog days . . .

• This is the summer that will go down in history as the stay-in-town-and-like-it year. But it's not enough to give up your annual jaunt to seashore or mountains. Even to stay in the hot, hot city and grimly slave for Victory. To be 1942's prize package, you just decide to make this a bang-up summer! You have to use your bean, of course. No humdrum doings or tired-looking rags for you. Make up a swimming party if your city boasts a pool. Hostess the crowd to cool drinks after the early-evening park concert. Develop your own clothes personality to the point where it dividends with both compliments and invitations!

For summer charm, a bag and calot of cotton rug yarn. Takes only 3 balls at 25c, so out with the crochet hook and make your own.



Short white gloves do the trick for formality even when you skip the hat. Have several pairs from Kress' or your local five-and-ten. If now and then you suffer from seam-splitting trouble (who doesn't?) take Clark's O.N.T. Brilliant thread and make blanket stitches along edges of ripped seam to strengthen it. Then draw edges together by overhanding through blanket stitches. Conceal thread ends inside the glove and there you are, with no one the wiser.

Carol Bruce, Universal star, now in "Off the Beaten Track," poses in a peplum jacket with pebbly, checked seersucker dress. Crisp, town-ish and of course goes right in the tub like any patriotic cotton. A Loma design, $8.95.

Want to change the "How hot it is" routine to the more pleasant "How cool you look" line? Easy enough, if you:

1. Dress simply. Avoid the cluttered look of too-many accessories.
2. Change your shoes when you get back home at night. A high-heeled summer sandal will ease feet and please vanity.
3. Choose hat and bag colors that people associate with cooling things like raspberry ice, limeade. Pale lemon touches here and there.
4. Wear whites only when they are strictly fresh.
5. Pick fabrics that won't rumple as soon as the temperature soars.
6. Keep well-groomed via Carol Carter's expert advice, and outdo your own best efforts for a trim, stay-cool-longer appearance.

There's something about jersey, especially a two-piece. It looks cool, feels cool and says a firm "no" to wrinkles. Jonbarry, $8.95.

City Sundays demand the light note, so take a hint from the suit shown on Carol Bruce. Correlate your with-white costumes in order to interchange them subtly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

Write me and I'll send you free instructions for crocheting hat and bag.

IS STIRLING HAYDEN MARRIED TO MADELEINE CARROLL?

(Continued from page 60)

Canadian "Bluenose," and yielded to none in his admiration for "the lad. But I'm not aimin' to kiss the bottom of the sea just yet. Fishing's a cinch compared with the West Indies waters these days."

His quota unfilled, Stirling flew down to Nassau in April. Some of those he took were friends of the year before. Others were chosen after painstaking investigation. Applicants flocked to him. He's the kind of guy whose manner and presence inspire faith. After a first interview, men were heard to say: "We'd follow that one anywhere."

transformation . . .

Despite the distinguishing mark of his height, few people recognized him. Last year he was sun-bronzed, his hair rather long to conform to the Hollywood Viking-pattern. Last year he went slouching around barefoot, in a faded pair of jeans. Quiet and self-controlled, he worked like a galley-slave, incapable of shirking even a distasteful job. But last year he was a misfit, resentful, struggling against a life he loathed.

This year his hair was cut short, his skin was paler, and he wore a business suit. But the difference went deeper than clothes or haircut. His eyes, which had been baffled and sometimes a little angry or defiant, were now serene. His shoulders that had drooped, were squared. Now he walked free again, in his own element, a man at peace with himself in a world at war.

A friend passed him in the street and had to look twice to make sure it was Hayden. He spoke of the preceding summer, how he used to see Hayden strolling by under his window. "I wanted to ask you in for a whisky and soda. But knowing you had to get up at four and work like a dog, I skipped it."

Stirling grinned. "Those were the days when I sure needed a drink."

A few days later Captain Hayden and his crew flew back to the United States. A month after that he was rumored, but not seen, on the West Coast. All that we know and can guess adds up to the inference that Hayden and his crew of Nassau and Gloucester men are aboard ship somewhere in the Caribbean, collecting important information.

It was just about a year ago that he talked to me in Hollywood about ships and movies. He hadn't intended to betray himself. But there were pictures all over his dressing room—pictures of ships, not one of a movie star—and I asked about them. He could no more help revealing how he felt than a charged wire can help giving off sparks.

I was moved and impressed by the intensity of his feeling. "But then how can you bear not to be sailing?"

"I have plans," he said with a kind of fierce stillness, "but I'm not talking about them yet."

"Plans for what?" I knew he was tied to a contract.

"For getting out of this racket."

I'd heard other actors say the same. They are still in it. But the way Hayden said it I was sure he'd get out.

So now he's out—sailing ships through peril for safety, through rat-threaded waters for freedom. And somewhere two women wait for him together. One is named Hayden. Maybe they're both named Hayden. What do *you* think?

LUXURIOUS SECURITY FOR
Fresh Summer Loveliness
—WITH A FINER BODY TALCUM OF FACE POWDER QUALITY!
YOUR BATH has relaxed you, rested you, lulled you all over. That last hint of staleness has been whisked away. Your whole body is fresh . . . lovely.
NOW—to make *sure* of daintiness, of fresh summer loveliness, use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Compare Cashmere Bouquet's silky feel, its exquisite face-powder softness with the gritty coarseness of some other talcums. See how it dries up lingering moisture; then magically disappears, leaving a smooth, satiny film of protection for sensitive areas that chafe easily.
AND FOR DRAMATIC CLIMAX—See how daintily Cashmere Bouquet Talcum imparts to your person "the fragrance men love." Insurance that perspiration staleness will not brand you as the "lady who forgot."
In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.
Cashmere Bouquet
TALCUM POWDER
Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder
A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

SLACKS at the war plant, slacks at home, slacks indoors and out. A streamlined age calls for streamlined costumes—and a logical part of this streamlining is *Tampax*, sanitary protection worn internally. Being worn in this way, it cannot cause any bulk or bulge whatever. It simply *cannot!* Furthermore, you can wear Tampax undetected under a modern swim suit—on the beach, under a shower or while actually swimming.

Tampax is quick, dainty and modern. Perfected by a doctor. Worn by many nurses. Requires no belts, pins or sanitary deodorant. Causes no chafing, no odor. Easy disposal. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, and it comes to you in neat applicators, so that your hands need never touch the Tampax!

Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. (Super gives about 50% additional absorbency.) At drug stores or notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Bargain Economy Package lasts 4 months average. Don't wait. Buy Tampax now! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

JOHNNY APOLLO

(*Continued from page 34*)

John was one of conditioner Terry Hunt's charter patients, still is. He doesn't let Terry do all the work, either.

The dip he was taking in the Pacific is only routine stuff with John. He swims every day of his life—winter and summer—something no true Californian in his right mind will consider. (In the summer he gets as tan as a Turk.) And if I went into all the other physical activities that slip into a Payne existence, the bowling, badminton, golf, mountain shagging and riding the guy would rather do than eat—that is, almost rather—there wouldn't be room for any more data. Suffice it to say that right now John is fretting impatiently because the 11-acre place he has bought up in the Malibu hills is lying there in its pristine state, and he's itching to hitch a team to a plow and give it a vigorous and personal once-over.

hearthside hugger . . .

For a big guy with such a terrifying past and muscle-bound present, John Payne is surprisingly gentle, artistic, shy and sensitive. He's never been in a night club brawl, doesn't swagger his dangerous dukes around.

When he grinned and said modestly, "I guess I'm just a home boy," he wasn't kidding. Practically every evening of his life he spends at home with the few good friends he has, Vic Mature, Bob Stack, agent Henry Willson and a few other stags and their girl friends. When he was married, you couldn't drag him away from home, and no young dad in Hollywood was more crazy about his daughter and family. That's why the marriage rift, when it did come, was so terrifically surprising. John still can't understand it. "You'd think," he said, "that two people like us could get along in this town." That's about all he'll say, but you know he regrets the smash-up of his home life and is dazed by it all. Right now he's especially mixed up, because people hang a romantic tag on every girl he goes out with, and romance is the last thing in the world John Payne is considering now.

In fact, he sees his wife, Anne, once or twice a week regularly. Since his separation, John has lost some friends he thought he had, who seem to think they have to take sides in his domestic life, but he'd just as soon not see them anyway. The few good ones still hang around. They meet at John's after the Hollywood workday, have a few honey Scotches or what they'd like and settle down for the evening, often ganging around John at his spinet piano, which he can tickle pretty solidly. When supper time comes around, Jerry gets busy, but more often than not John himself will gather the gang in the kitchen and preside at the stove. He prides himself, in fact, on his cheffing. He's swell at cooking meats and hearty fare, although he thinks about the tastiest specialty of his is "brandied deep dish sweet potatoes," the kind his mother makes. "The only trouble is," grins John, "if you eat very much of them you get crocked—the way I make 'em."

When the pals aren't about, John settles down in a long sofa on the end of his spine and reads to the faint background of his record collection. Both writing and music, by the way, are John's two secret passions. He used to pound out action stories when he was a college kid and sold some, too. He tries his hand on the rackety typewriter all the time, usually late at night, and he's written a novel, but it hasn't been published. He's composed all sorts of songs, and Bing Crosby has groaned a few on his program.

Particularly touchy is John about the feelings of others. That's one reason why he's the despair of interviewers and columnists. He's afraid anything he says will make someone else feel bad. John has been palling around with Sheila Ryan, a starlet at his studio, but the relationship has never been serious, especially in the confused state of heart that John now finds himself in. A few days ago at one of those arranged Hollywood affairs where stars have to show up, John was paired with Kay Francis, and Sheila had another date, with Dick Derr. One of the more catty Hollywood gossips cracked that while Sheila showed up with Dick Derr, she was wearing John Payne's orchids. That was true—he had sent her flowers. But there was no romance rivalry involved. The same column hinted that John and Kay were interested in one another. Both items made John sore as a boiled owl—but not for himself. He was mad because Sheila's boy friend was put in a chump light and because Kay Francis might be embarrassed.

John may bend over backwards that way, but it is refreshing in Hollywood to find someone who defends people the rest of the town picks on. John likes Vic Mature—they're good friends, and if you want to get a low look with plenty of steam behind it, start boobing Vic, as much of Hollywood does, in his pal's presence. You might even get pitched somewhere on your ear.

This softhearted side of a big guy is surprising, perhaps, but it is one of John's prime attractions. He carries to extremes, maybe, but it's genuine. For instance, while John loves dogs and was raised with them, he won't keep any as long as he has a house and no grounds. He had an offer of a swell pedigreed Irish setter not long ago like one of his pets he had particularly favored in the past. John shook his head. "It would be cruel for a setter to be kept in the house," he said. He used to hunt deer each season, but once he killed one. That was the last. The sight of the beautiful beast in its death agonies made him sick. And from a skilled and seasoned outdoor guy, that ought to prove something.

I don't mean to paint Payne as a softie or a sis. In fact, when I reviewed his many accomplishments, hobbies and interests, which he admits are fairly fickle, I suggested that he was perhaps a dilettante. "Say faddist," said John. "Dilettante sounds sissy." It isn't, of course—but that gives you an idea.

master mechanic . . .

Recently, one of John's fads was a secondhand motorcycle he'd picked up to coddle the tires on his car. Right off the bat he had it apart and put together again. Anything mechanical is great sport for him. He has stacks of model planes he's assembled around his house. Everything he has, including his Zephyr car, is "souped up." He gets fancies for certain mechanical gadgets and tracks them down. It took him two years to find a certain Mauser pistol he fancied (he's a crack pistol shot) and

Heaven knows how many miles of delving around in junk and swap shops. One of his prize possessions is a set of throwing knives, presented by an entertainer in a show John once worked in.

Among John's pet peeves are night clubs and fancy dancing palaces. He hates to dance, although he can if he has to. He hates dinner clothes, and if he has to dress will take tails any time.

chow man . . .

A while back he was in Washington, D. C., near the ancestral Payne stamping grounds, which he knows like a book. Teamed with some other Hollywood greats, he set out for dinner. The rest of the luminaries wanted to swank it. "You want good food?" asked John. "Then follow me!" He took them to an obscure place in a very ratty neighborhood. They beefed at once. Just as their wails rose loudest at wasting an evening on a hash house, in came Jim Farley, Secretary Morgenthau and a host of government big shots. The food, by the way, was terrific. But John thinks he has the best cook in the world right at his beach house.

In the Payne bachelor diggings breakfast is early. John usually has pineapple juice and milk—and that's all he goes to work on. John drinks three to four quarts of milk a day. For lunch at the studio when he's working, sometimes, and runs up against a nervous stomach, he has figured out a Payne special which might be worth trying. It's mixed orange juice, honey, dextrose and the white of an egg. If John gobbles up a heavy lunch, he finds himself so logy and lazy in the afternoon that all he's good for is a soft seat and the yawns.

Eight o'clock is the dinner hour in the Payne menage. That's when he really stokes up. Meat is his favorite dish. He has a weakness for rich dishes, too, though he knows he shouldn't, and that's one reason he's such a vigorous calisthenic customer. He worries about cigarettes, too, and limits himself to a certain number daily. John didn't smoke cigarettes until last year. He had a three-day scene in a picture that required puffing a fag, and he thinks that was his downfall.

Probably the thing John prides himself on most in the gourmet league is his superior savvy about California wines. The native vintners ought to give him commissions the way he goes around super-selling the merits and glories of California vintages.

His major luxury at home, however, is his bed. He bought it with the first sizeable check he earned in Hollywood. It's a colossal affair, especially designed with built-in bookshelves, radio, bar and telephone. On solitary evenings when he isn't off to a neighborhood movie in Santa Monica or Westwood or playing badminton on the Ocean Park pier, John plunks in his custom-built hay and has everything he needs for a cozy evening at home. He never goes to sleep, though, working or not, until one o'clock. He sleeps on an average of six hours, when he sleeps. Because sometimes, in spite of his health program and exercise, John gets the Hollywood affliction of actors—insomnia. Partly, he thinks it's due to his habit of taking his next day's lines to bed with him and reading them last thing before he turns off the light. He doesn't worry, but his concentration is so deep that the lines race around in his brain. On the set it pays off, though. He never has to study between takes.

Another personal luxury John indulges is clothes. In spite of his sorry social report card, he loves and knows good clothes. He has some fifty odd suits and

Are you *sure* of your present deodorant? Test it! Put it under this arm.
Put FRESH #2, this new double-duty cream under this arm. See which stops perspiration—prevents odor—better!

Use Fresh #2 and stay fresher!

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

PUT FRESH #2, under one arm—put your present deodorant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which stops perspiration better. We feel sure that FRESH #2 will!
2. See which prevents perspiration odor better. We're sure you'll feel complete underarm security with FRESH #2.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how delightful to use! Never greasy, gritty, or sticky, FRESH #2 spreads easily—smoothly!
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5. Revel in the fact that FRESH #2 won't rot even delicate fabrics. Laboratory tests prove this.

MAKE YOUR OWN TEST! If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund your purchase price.

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FRESH #2

THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM THAT REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION—PREVENTS ODOR

bolts of tweed materials he's collected as moth bait, with an emphasis on rough Donegals. Since he wears them so seldom, and they are all tailored so expertly, they last him forever. His major clothes weakness is sweaters. He has drawers crammed with enough knitted goods to keep Lana Turner in style for years.

John is a slick dresser and a neat person in general, except when he has something on his mind—a story or a picture part he's particularly nuts about. Then he forgets to get a haircut for weeks but always shows up clean shaven. His beard is of the wiry variety, dark and thick, and for a long time the only thing that would make an impression was a straight edge razor. He shaves twice a day when there's anything on for the evening, and once set a record of five scrapings in twenty-four hours when he was doing two pictures that overlapped and necessitated twenty straight hours before the camera.

johnny on the spot . . .

Once John gets his mitts on a movie break that means anything, he's as aggressive and canny as a guy can be, and he doesn't hesitate to give it all he's got. The test for his contract chance at Fox might have ended differently if John hadn't turned on the heat. He was given a scene in "Star Dust" for the lead opposite Zanuck's then-new Cinderella girl, Linda Darnell. Seventeen of Hollywood's hottest males had already made tests and all flopped. John's noggin started clicking. Why? He took a look at the script and thought he knew. So he took it home, wrestled around with it, rewrote and put in some laughs. It won him a contract.

John got his first important TCF part, too, by shrewdness. Henry King, the director who has made more stars in Hollywood's history than any one else—from Ronald Colman to Tyrone Power—was looking for a romantic lead for "Maryland," a horse-racing picture. Both King and John, being Virginians, know their horses. So John, still an unknown box-office quantity, had a bit of an inside. There was only one thing that worried King. The boy was big. And the part was that of a gentleman jockey who rides in the famous Maryland Hunt Cup Race. "How much do you weigh?" he asked John.

"A hundred and sixty!" said John. He fibbed. He tipped the beam at 198 at the time. When King later found out he was very burned up, but it was too late.

Payne is the kind of star that has never worked up any dignity or set grandeur. He doesn't like people to gush over him, and there are times when he can't stand the incessant chatter, gags and frivolity that go on in the set waiting periods. Then he sits by himself and reads or goes into his dressing room and closes the door. But when he gets interested in a scene, he forgets he's a star and pitches in at whatever is needed to help it along. On "The Shores of Tripoli" he used to grab things and help the grips move them in changing scenes until one day they asked him if he had his union card!

He seldom goes in for jokes, although on "Iceland" the other day, which features swing-master Sammy Kaye and his band, the set was thrown into confusion when the unique jive of Glenn Miller came out over the recorded playback. Glenn was recording for "Orchestra Wife" in the next door sound stage. John had switched the recordings.

No chore in the line of business ever finds John playing cosy. He either does it pronto or not at all. One day when he was making "Footlight Serenade," his previous picture, "The Shores of Tripoli," staged an opening in San Diego. John started work at six o'clock, worked until one, caught a bus at 1:30, made the 135-mile trip to San Diego. That evening, he made three theater personal appearances, showed at Camp Elliott for the soldiers, hustled over to a radio station for a broadcast, caught the bus home, arrived at three A.M. and showed up for work again at six.

pipe dreams . . .

He doesn't mind things like that. What does get him down is the waiting around on sets between scenes. John has some ideas on that subject. He thinks, after he does some of the pictures he has in the back of his head, he'd like to make them with somebody else looking in the camera. He'd like to direct and write.

For a time John thought he'd go back to Virginia one of these days and run the farm where his mother and brother still live. John's dad was pretty well off and left some property scattered around Roanoke, but it's all tied up until John reaches thirty-six. He's thirty-one now, and the way things are going it looks like the customers won't let him get carried back to old Virginny for a spell.

That will suit him fine. In fact he'll have only one regret. Part of the tied-up Payne estate includes a Roanoke movie house. It's leased out now, and so far the management has never played a Payne picture. That has been burning John up for years. When he gets his estate John will be in a spot to say what's what about the movie house.

"I would sure like to go back there and remedy *that* particular situation," determinedly grinned big John Payne.

Hedy Lamarr's Intimate Ideas about Herself!

FOR THE FIRST TIME since she arrived in America—frightened by the sensationalism of her advance publicity—Hedy Lamarr feels sure enough of herself to talk frankly about the person she really is. And she *talks*—in Screen Guide! Everything one girl wants to know of another is explored—her ideas, ambitions and loves—with some tips for yourself along the way!

Other Scoops in August Screen Guide:

"Why I Hated Andy Hardy!" by Ann Rutherford. She's out of Mickey Rooney's life; see why she wanted to be!

Love's Future for Rita Hayworth. She's free—for what?

Ladies Prefer Heels! You'll be amazed at the psychological wallop in the story of George Sanders' success!

What YOU Can Do for a Soldier. Michele Morgan advises.

Maureen O'Hara Hides from Hollywood! Real reasons why.

Robert Young—Man on the Home Front: How life goes on.

ALSO: Exciting color portraits of Alexis Smith, Jone Wymon, Ronald Reagon, Ann Rutherford, Moureen O'Horo. Plus poges of intimate gossip, foshion news, beouty tips, movie reviews—oll in Screen Guide!

SCREEN GUIDE

AUGUST ISSUE Now on Sale at ALL NEWSSTANDS

SCOOP! PRISCILLA LANE WEDS!

(*Continued from page 42*)

But jeepers! It would be so swell to be settled with the right guy in the right house. You know, your life all set."

You'd pump her about this guy. . . .

"Oh, him. He's going to be a cross between Gary Cooper and God. An outdoor man, because I love the outdoors. A hug-the-hearth, 'cause I'm one. (Do you know I've been to Mocambo and Ciro's exactly once apiece?) He won't veto singing in the shower. Once daily I do 'Madame Butterfly' and 'Samson and Delilah' up brown. He'll be a wack about kids and horses and amusement parks and planes. Oh, he'll have to love flying as much as I do. He'll be able to beat me to pieces at tennis and golf, and he'll teach me to bowl a 200. Gosh, I'm sick of that measly 120. He'll be quite a gent, my husband."

That was a few months ago. Right now you can't see the wistfulness in those enormous blue eyes for the lovelight. That right guy turned out to be Lieutenant Joseph Howard, bombardier instructor at the Victorville flying field. And he loves riding and bowling and kids and amusement parks. He's everything Pat wanted—with just a touch of Eddie Rickenbacker thrown in.

And Priscilla is quite a gal, if you can believe one mother, one sister, two servants and a few assorted chums. Lend an ear, Mr. Pat Lane. Meet the wife.

mom's eye-view . . .

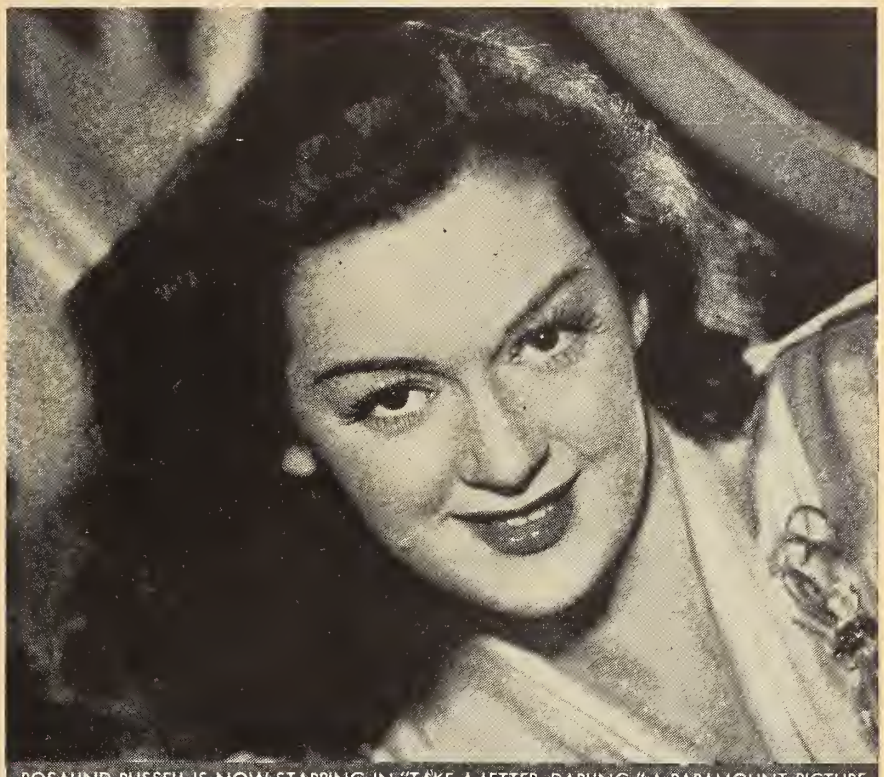
"Pat's a wonderful boss," grins Mrs. Lane, who once took in boarders to finance the girls' singing lessons and now lives in a darling rambling white farmhouse that the girls gave her. "I'm their agent, manager and fan mail answerer, and it's so much fun. Rosemary's my problem child, but Pat's a cinch to 'manage.' Actually sticks to the budget we've worked out." All her earnings go into three separate accounts—Business, Special and Personal. Household expenses, doctors' bills and such are paid from Business. Special holds the reserve fund for next year's income tax, and Personal takes care of lunches, soft drinks, cigarettes, gum, amusements, gifts, etc. She used to budget $20 a week for Personal, but now it's cut to $5 a week, and she is managing nicely with a little scrimping here and there. All money not needed for the three accounts goes into savings, chiefly War bonds of the $750 denomination. She also is knitting sweaters for the army, by the way, and taking several civilian protection courses.

"She loves her comfort," goes on "Mommie," as she's still known to her children. "Lives in inelegant blue jeans or tired-looking grey flannel slacks when she's at home. Joe won't have a clothes fiend on his hands, anyway. Not long ago I bought her a stunning slack suit to the tune of $60. She wore it a couple of times to please me—then quietly slunk back into the atrocities!"

Although she could afford to buy a couple of new dresses every day, she prefers to have fewer clothes but fairly expensive ones. They look better and wear longer, she argues, and proves the point by several items in her wardrobe which are four and five years old and still chic as all get out. She pays over $100 apiece for street and dinner dresses, but the rest of her closet is filled with comparatively inexpensive cotton sports

SAYS ROSALIND RUSSELL

(TROPIC SKIN TYPE)



ROSALIND RUSSELL IS NOW STARRING IN "TAKE A LETTER, DARLING," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"My Skin has a Soul Mate"

"I ONCE HAD POWDER 'handmade' to match my skin. Then I learned how Woodbury's new Color Controlled Powder is exquisitely blended to match definite types of beauty.

"And sure enough, in Woodbury's Sun Peach (it's brand new),* I found my 'Skin Twin'! It glamorizes my tropic skin."

Right, Rosalind! Woodbury's new Color Control process brings every girl her perfect shade. For Hollywood directors divided all beauty into 5 skin types. Then we styled glamour shades for each. Sheerer, clearer, longer-clinging.

Get fragrant Woodbury Powder at $1.00 or 50¢. (Introductory sizes 25¢, 10¢.) A chart in every box tells you your type, your shade.

Find yours—for romantic results!

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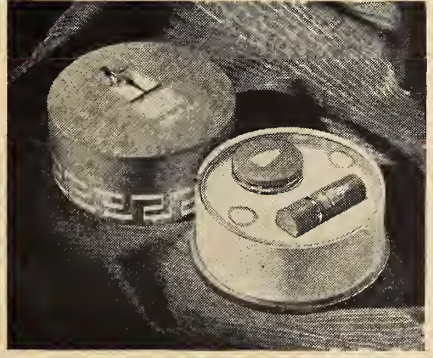
*Sample new Sun Peach, 6 other glamour shades. Use coupon.



Beauty Bonus! Now in the $1.00 Woodbury Powder box, you also get Rouge and Lipstick, a complete Matched Make-up for $1.00!

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FREE . . SUN PEACH, 6 GLAMOUR SHADES!

Paste this on penny postcard. We'll send you, fast, all 7 shades Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. And a helpful little color chart so you can find your type. Address, John H. Woodbury, Inc., 8126 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.)

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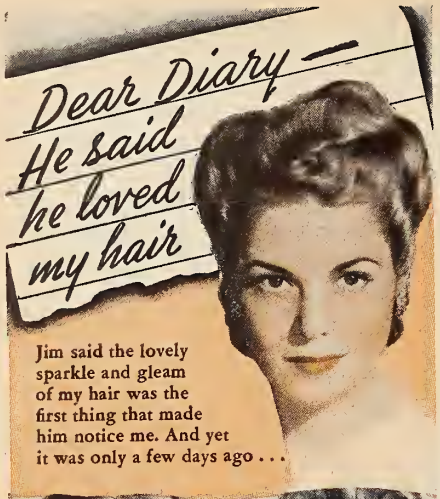
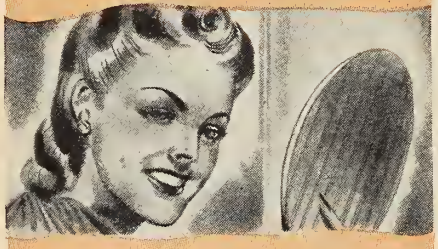
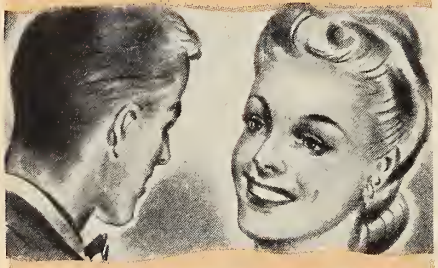


Jim said the lovely sparkle and gleam of my hair was the first thing that made him notice me. And yet it was only a few days ago . . .

that my hair was so dull and drab-looking I was heartbroken. Alice suggested that I use Nestle Colorinse. Said she wouldn't think of shampooing without Colorinsing afterwards. I tried it that very night and . .



I could hardly believe my eyes. It was thrilling the way Colorinse made my hair softer, silkier —filled it with sparkling highlights. The next day I met Jim and a million thanks to . .



Colorinse for helping to give me the kind of hair that catches a man's eye and goes straight to his heart.

P.S. Alice also said, "Use Nestle Shampoo *before* and Nestle Superset *after* Colorinsing for a really perfect hair-do." I did! She was right! Why don't you try it, too. Take your choice from the 14 flattering shades of Colorinse at beauty counters everywhere.

Buy DEFENSE STAMPS at your favorite 5 and 10¢ store

10¢ and 25¢ sizes

things and the inevitable assortment of slacks. Only once has she had a suit tailored; the others have been purchased ready made. Hats are her abomination (she has a nifty John-Fredrics which she has worn only once), and shoes are her pet extravagance. She owns at least fifty pairs, including some sports numbers she crocheted herself. She loves everything loose-fitting and purrs in black velvet. She dislikes purple, knitted gowns, geegaws and high necks. You have to hog-tie her to get her into a formal evening gown—a hangover from her days with Fred Waring's band when she had to dress to the hilt every night.

Winding up a mom's eye-view of the littlest Lane, "I'd say the worst thing Pat's husband will have to contend with is her mania for independence. She likes to have her own way, and no one ever ever shares her plans until they are in the bag. Witness her marriage to Oren Haglund. I was still denying the existence of the marriage—and in all good faith—even as Pat was preparing the divorce papers!"

sis's say . . .

"That secretive stuff is as nothing to a few little items I'm putting Pat's young man on to," says Rosemary. "There's her teeth-grinding, for one thing. From the time she hits the pillow till the alarm goes off, it's grind, grind, grind. Then there's Miss Muffet, her cat, who wanders in and out of the room all night scaring you out of your senses. And her clothes borrowing! Lieutenant, you may just possibly be safe from that, but I guarantee nothing. She pretends not to give a darn about clothes, but she'd just as soon take the shirt off my back—literally. As for my mink coat, it's dizzy trying to figure out who its mama is."

As is Pat's poor Lincoln convertible coupe, we happen to know. It seems the only real fight the girls have had in years was over Pat's car and Rosemary's coat. They'd swapped them affably for months; then one night, when Pat was going out for some strictly platinum fun, didn't she discover that Rosemary was off in both mink *and* Link.

"Pat stayed mad for a decent interval," Rosemary tells it. "Then she came apologizing to me, if you can bear it. The blonde one cannot bear a grudge, and in spite of all my panning, she's really a honey. She's the most understanding and sympathetic soul in the world, and she's more fun than anyone I know. Best of all, you can confide anything in her, and it goes no further. Now there, brother-in-law, is a woman!"

"And a tomboy," laughs Pat's pal Gwen Behr, who runs the Yucca Loma ranch near Victorville (where Priscilla met her husband). "Gene Autry should see her ride a horse and throw a lasso. She's an absolute nut on the horse subject. I've known her heckle Joe into driving 100 miles to see some fifth-rate, broken down old rodeo and come back raving over the time they had. But she wouldn't cross the street to see a bullfight. She thinks they're cruel.

"The thing that amazes me most about her—next to her angelic disposition—is that she always looks so darn beautiful. And she never seems to work at it, for which that hubby of hers can praise Allah." (She takes care of her own hair, incidentally—it's naturally curly and requires only shampooing—and she does her own nails. Nail polish and rugged buffing. After a picture, she goes to a beauty shop for a clean-up facial; the rest of the time it's soap and water and a make-up base.

Hubby can also praise Allah for other things. She'll probably never get fat on him, as nothing she eats puts an ounce on her. And she'll eat practically anything, Mary, the Lanes' colored cook reports. "Funny thing about Miss Pat though, she gets spells of wanting one particular dish day in and day out. Last month it was chili and beans. Another time it was barbecued spare ribs." With the latter she experiments with sauces of her own devising and is always electrified when the "extras" turn out edible.

She loves to dream up midnight snacks for herself. Hideous combinations that are such fun in the making but invariably horrible in the eating. She usually winds up palming them off on Miss Muffet.

Should insomnia set in after an especially colossal slab of cake, she goes down to the living room and listens to the victrola till the small hours. "And the next morning she'd be down for her toast and coffee right on time and as spry as you please," says Mary. "She was never cranky mornings—" for which, Lt. Howard, oh be joyful.

Morgan, the chauffeur-butler, is also strong for her. "She's a swell driver," he volunteers, flashing a huge white smile. "No accidents and no tickets yet . . ."

Pat says she wouldn't know a piston rod from a totem pole, but she'd rather drive than eat. Before tire rationing, she was inclined to enjoy whizzing along at a good clip, and once The Law nearly got her for speeding. Nearly, you understand. Those Los Angeles coppers know a pretty face when they see one. She drives with the top down, weather permitting, and tunes the car radio to good dance bands and news broadcasts. (Aside to Mr. Pat: Morgan further divulges that she doesn't backseat drive, no matter what. Oh, you lucky guy!)

"Lucky guy is right," corroborates her stand-in Bonnie Schrader. "Priscilla is really the very best. And cute? I've never known anyone like her. She lives in a regular ivory tower half the time. Never hears gossip when it's brand new and sizzling. She gets it months later and is crushed when there's no one left to tell it to. She's terrifically superstitious, and her pet fetish used to be picking up pins. It was heart-rending watching her grovel for them after a fitting. Finally she said to me, 'Say, Bonnie, do you think there's anything in this pin business?' I gave her a flat no, and now her favorite superstition is not walking under ladders. Kind of a negative approach to the whole thing, but saves wear and tear on the sacroiliac."

The technical crew over at Warners' adore her. She always has a gag for them and a big laugh for all of theirs. No wonder Sheriff Jack Brown of Victorville says, "She's practically my favorite woman." And he's made her a deputy sheriff on his staff to prove it!

No matter where you go, they'll all tell you the same thing—from the waitresses at her beloved drive-ins to George Brent, her leading man in Paramount's "Silver Queen," the verdict's unanimous.

on the seamy side . . .

You have to go straight to Pat herself to get any of the seamy side. Are you listening, bridegroom? This, too, is Lane.

For years she's been fooling the public about her height. She's barely five feet, but she jacks herself up with four-inch heels and lifts in her shoes. She doesn't like Hollywood, and when she's through making a picture she gets the hell out of the place. Doesn't like the strain of making continuous conversation, but loves the companionable feeling of two people reading in the same room. (On a

lazy afternoon she'll curl up in a big chair with a book and once in a while after dinner. She likes best-seller fiction and has just finished "My Friend Flicka" which she loved). As a rule she's miserable in crowds. If she's making a public appearance as a movie star, she likes attention of course. But if she's trying to go about her own business the furore embarrasses her and she hates it. She is at times a mad poetess, and the Lord help the chap who disturbs her in the middle of a spectacular rhyme. She used to dabble a bit in oils, but that phase blew over. It seems she was in the throes of doing Rosemary a few weeks ago. The maid, however, dusted it with furniture polish one unhappy day, turning Rosemary into a smeary mess and Pat into an ex-artist. She's decided to postpone portraiture until she has a studio with lock and key.

Pat's on the New England side when it comes to profanity and off-color jokes. She hates them both, though she can give out with a good healthy damn.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Hedy Lamarr was still Hedy Kiesler, I attended the opening night of her first picture in Vienna, Austria, and happened to sit next to her father, Mr. Emil Kiesler. On the screen Hedy took a swim, leaving her bathing suit at home. "How do you like this girl?" I asked Mr. Kiesler. "Bad luck I have," he answered. "I am acquainted with such a pretty girl and she must be my daughter!"

Charles Glauber
Savannah, Georgia

"Let's see," says Pat. "What else should Joe know about me—and, boy, is he learning! I've got a terrible temper, and I have claustrophobia. I say 'Jeepers,' every other minute till people go crazy. I'm disgustingly sentimental. Adore anniversary celebrations and all that goo. I'm a terror for neatness around the house." This incidentally goes for anybody's house. She frequently drives her hosts to a double scotch and soda with her habit of straightening pictures, moving ashtrays and adjusting the angle of doilies. "My church-going could stand improving and bridge bores me to tears. That does it, I think. There's no more to tell. . . ."

Except that the Lieutenant doesn't object a bit—and just one quick look at the two of them is convincing even the hardest-dying cynics that *this* is indeed it!

WIN $5.00 in WAR STAMPS

If you're working for Victory, if you're working up a Victory spirit in your town—no matter how small your effort seems, we want to hear about it. Giving up an extra ice cream soda for a War Stamp? Saving up the shekels from mowing lawns for War Bonds? USO-ing? Victory Bond vending? WE WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT. Write us about it and the best letter will win $5.00 in War Stamps. Your ideas will help Uncle Sam to help the rest of us to Victory. Address your letter to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

Guard your Flower-Fresh Charm the Arthur Murray Way

Kaye Hanlon keeps that fresh, sure-of-herself poise on Kansas City's hottest day.

• Popular Jean Kern wins every time she spins! Graceful, glamourous, confident—she trusts Odorono Cream to keep her right-from-the-florist fresh. Like other Arthur Murray dancers she takes no chances with underarm odor or dampness!

Dancing or romancing, see if Odorono Cream doesn't answer *your* underarm problem. Stops perspiration safely up to 3 days. Non-greasy, non-gritty, won't irritate skin or rot dresses. No waiting to dry. Follow directions. Get a jar today! Big 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes.

The Odorono Co., Inc., New York

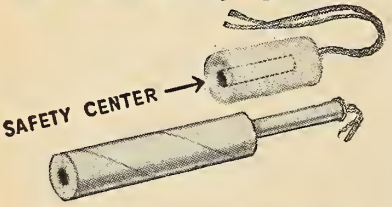
Stops PERSPIRATION SAFELY 1 TO 3 DAYS

ODORONO CREAM WILL NOT IRRITATE YOUR SKIN

At last I know what "tampon" really means!

I've heard the words "internal protection" and "tampon" often. But I never guessed how *much* they could mean to me! For I've just found a tampon that has everything—all the wonderful comfort and freedom we women have *always* wanted. From now on "tampon" means "Meds" to me, and . . .

No more worrying!



Because you're secure when tampon absorption is *quick, sure!* Meds, with their exclusive "safety center" feature, absorb *faster!* Meds, made of finest, pure cotton hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

Wonderful, new comfort!

When fit is right, you can *count* on comfort and freedom! Meds were scientifically designed by a woman's doctor! No bulges, pins, odor, chafing! Each Meds comes in an individual applicator—quick and easy to use.

No extra cost!

Meds actually cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators! Try Meds—for protection, comfort, value!

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

The Modess Tampon

DESPERATE JOURNEY—STORY

(*Continued from page 40*)

of special privileges for wanted details concerning England's air forces. After that, of course, bargaining was futile. His prisoners knew too much.

That was the way Forbes and the others felt about it, too.

Johnny landed a lucky punch on Baumeister's chin, proving their Iron Fist had a glass jaw, and the brawl was on. Five cornered men, they stormed their guards and won a perilous battle by weight of sheer surprise. When they left the town hall, by way of Baumeister's window, they took the Major's hastily commandeered papers with them. And one of those papers listed the locations of six camouflaged aircraft factories!

high adventure . . .

Five men, with half of Germany between themselves and home! Five uniformed enemies of the Reich, possessed of a secret Hitler's minions never could allow them to know and live! For once that list reached England, British flyers would flatten the hidden factories. . . .

They struggled onward, heading west as best they could. There was no food anywhere. Even Edwards, forager extraordinary in World War I, could bring in nothing to eat. They must travel only by dark, lying low in the wet bogs during hours of light. Hollis contracted a fever. All of them were chilled. Yet they'd covered only twenty miles.

Four hundred more between them and the Channel. Only one pistol among them. No food. And uniforms which begged aloud for re-arrest.

It was on a lonely bridge, somewhere without a name, that they staged their second desperate *coup* and overcame a set of unwary sentries. And now at last they had clothing of the right sort for safety, unless they were caught again; in which case there would be no question of a prison camp. They would be summarily shot as spies.

From the bridge to a railroad siding was not far. And here they discovered a hospital train about to get under way. The last car, alone, was not filled with wounded from the Russian front. It was a grandiose private salon belonging, by the look of it, to Herr Goering himself.

At any rate, they were safe inside it as the train sped westward. The train attendants were too busy with their casualties, too reverent of the deadhead's august owner, to come snooping.

In the outskirts of Berlin, a station guard whom they managed to convince they were mere indiscreet soldiers on leave, deprived them of their foodless splendor; thus, although he was unaware of it, cheating a net the furious Baumeister himself had flown west to prepare.

Forbes, who once had studied at Leipzig, knew the city. He found them a boarded-up house to rest in, on a quiet residential street.

Had a brace of soldiers not spotted sparks from the deserted dwelling's chimney one day while Forbes was out foraging, there might have been no trouble in Berlin. As it was, four startled fugitives found themselves facing two deadly guns before they realized their hideaway had been invaded. But once more it was Forbes to the rescue.

Returning from his trip, the tall young Australian had caught onto what was afoot before he himself was spotted. He had only to lure a passing Nazi captain up an alley, slug him from behind, don his uniform and return to the house, to trick the captors into turning their backs on four alert prisoners. The rest was easy, for desperate men.

Once more they were free, if hunted. And Forbes had an idea; an exciting, daring idea which had all of them cheering—all but sensible Jed Forrest, so set on getting their information back to England. Forbes had discovered a factory (and nearby, too) where a goodly share of the incendiary bombs the Luftwaffe intended for London were being manufactured. If they could start a fire in a nest like that—

Peril stalked them with every bated breath, that night. But swift uppercuts, quick leaps from behind, took out two intervening sentries one by one. Soon Edwards and Jed were pacing the beats. The others were inside, locating a door marked VORSICHT EXPLOSIONSGEFAHR.

Forbes used the keys of one of those overpowered sentries to open this last barrier. But as the door swung wide somewhere in the night an electric alarm began to clamor like all the lost souls of hell. Shouts and shots mingled with it. Forbes and Lloyd and Johnny fled.

Floodlights sprang to life while they scrambled for the wall, clawing a fog-shrouded yard. The guns of pursuing guards kept yammering. Suddenly young Lloyd flung up his arms and pitched forward.

The other two swerved back, jerked him erect, loaded him across Johnny's shoulder. Forbes held the pistol. He kept it barking back toward the dim shapes lashing after them. Over the wall they went and out the factory gate. Edwards slammed it shut before he and Jed joined the flight.

They had lost their pursuers long before they dared approach an apothecary shop in search of medical aid for Lloyd. The kid was game, but desperately wounded. It was Forbes, whose knowledge of German had gotten them out of tight spots before, who undertook to ask the questions.

He was surprised when one of the customers who had overheard—a pretty, tragic-eyed girl who said her name was Kaethe Brahms—volunteered to help. Yet in such a moment, years of understanding may be encompassed. Forbes felt he could trust her; that her tale of Nazi hatred, her passion to defeat Hitlerism, were as real as his own.

In his back room Apothecary Mather, who also was a surgeon, made ready to operate. Lloyd kept gasping detached words of English as he lay half-conscious on the table. Waiting for that ordeal to finish was the longest wait Forbes could remember. Jed had been right! Lloyd would be shipshape at this very instant, if *he* hadn't imbued the rest with his own dizzy scheme for firing the factory. Jed, not he, should be leader!

But Jed, refusing, made him know they

THE CAST

Fl. Lt. Terrence Forbes.....*Errol Flynn*
Fly. Off. Johnny Hammond
Ronald Reagan
Maj. Otto Baumeister..*Raymond Massey*
Kaethe Brahms.....*Nancy Coleman*
Fl. Sgt. Kirk Edward.....*Alan Hale*
Fly. Off. Jed Forrest....*Arthur Kennedy*
Fl. Sgt. Lloyd Hollis.....*Ronald Sinclair*

still believed in him. A new determination gripped Forbes. And he promised himself and them that no side issues would interfere, from here on in!

Summoned by another customer, the Gestapo stormed into the place just as Mather was finishing. Forbes ordered his subordinates to dash for it, by a back way Kaethe knew. Himself, he remained at Lloyd's side to face it out. He didn't realize then that the boy was dead.

The wooden-faced giants of the Staatspolizei were in the act of shooting him down at his comrade's side, for "resisting arrest," when a fusillade of bullets from the hallway tumbled them in their tracks. In the door behind them stood Johnny, smoking Luger in one hand and tight grin on his lips. He had circled back, against orders, to Forbes' rescue.

They loaded the three bodies—Lloyd's and those of the two Nazis—into the Gestapo sedan. Ten minutes later, it was a fiery wreck at the foot of a bridge far from Dr. Mather's establishment. Four hounded shadows headed west, for Muenster and the safety of Kaethe's father's house.

bitter welcome . . .

On the way, they shanghaied an army car which expedited the journey considerably. The man who opened Kaethe's door to them at the end of their ride was reassuring; tall, fleshy, pleasant, solicitous. His plump wife fed them excellent strudel, while her husband asked a hundred questions.

Their host was busy on his telephone, making arrangements for them, when Kaethe came in fresh from the railroad station, delayed in her return from Berlin by the troop trains clotting the line.

She was congratulating them on their escape when Brahms entered—and her thin cry of horror was something Forbes knew would ring in his ears forever. The man was not her father! His *frau* was not her mother! The Gestapo had planted them during her absence, to replace her arrested parents and ferret out the grapevine aiding anti-Nazis.

Fists hammered the front door even as Forbes shot its bolt. Two cars were disgorging Gestapo men, rifle-armed, by the front steps. Up through the house the cornered fugitives panted, locking the imposters into a closet on their way. Besiegers already were trampling the garden beyond a swiftly barricaded back entrance, also. The house was surrounded.

It was the rooftops or nothing. They leaped the twelve-foot gap to the next eaves, taking the girl with them. Bullets whined after them. Balanced on the guttering, Kirk Edward spun, flayed out blindly—and fell.

When they took leave of the brave girl who refused to accompany them back to England, while Germany still needed her, they were only three.

Three who had been five! They captured a Gestapo car in the street—a car from which, mere moments earlier, they had witnessed Baumeister himself descending—and now they swerved it toward the border with motor roaring. New knowledge that their special nemesis was still so close on their heels goaded them onward.

They crossed the Dutch border without danger, their uniforms and official car their passports. But they hadn't sped a dozen miles onward before Forbes spotted an official car and motorcycles racing after them.

From there on, it was like a whirlwind finish at the Derby. An ambush awaited them at a quaint little farm to which the

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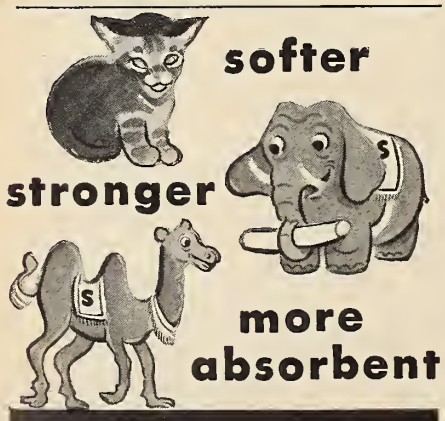

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Major must have telephoned ahead. But they hurtled right through the thick of it, and by some triple miracle escaped alive. They lost the pursuit car and were pounding northward toward the Channel when the inevitable happened.

Their motor sputtered and died. It was out of gas.

They abandoned the car and were proceeding afoot when they spotted the big fuel truck swerving off the highway ahead of them. The rutty trail seemed to lead nowhere, back into weed-choked woods, but—*fuel!* Forbes looked at Johnny and Johnny looked at Jed and the trio veered inward. There was a single, overpowering thought in three desperate minds.

In a clearing well back from sight, a rehabilitated British Hudson bomber was being readied for action. While they crouched, screened from view, mechanics were fueling the craft and loading aboard a giant demolition bomb. A Luftwaffe touring car arrived presently, bearing a crew of pilot, co-pilot and bomber. They all carried British flying togs.

In whispers, Forbes revealed what their chatter made clear.

Thus camouflaged, the Huns intended to land their two-tonner on the Battersea Waterworks before being spotted as enemies. A swarm of planes with incendiaries would follow them. London would be ablaze in a matter of hours—with no water coming through to fight the fires.

While the hidden trio still debated their next move, it was settled for them. A distant, ominous sound had become the baying of hounds as they listened. Baumeister and his men were closing in, trailing them from the abandoned Gestapo car. Regardless of odds, they had to start moving!

They were half way across the clearing before any of the workmen realized these uniformed strangers were up to no good. They broke into a run just as Baumeister started roaring orders in the distance. Johnny slugged the last mechanic to bar their way. Jed dove underneath to kick away the wheel chocks. Forbes jumped the gunner already inside, hitting hard.

Jed scrambled into the plane just as Johnny got it rolling. Machine-guns from the field began to pepper them unmercifully. Forbes had the blister gun taken over from his German and he swung it back toward the snipers below. They began to sprawl as his slugs found them.

But one of their last bullets had made a lucky hit. Jed stiffened, slumped and rolled into the control cockpit, clawing his abdomen.

Grim-jawed as the bomber began to lift, Forbes finished off the last job they had left. He leveled the blister gun on Baumeister's sinister figure and let her start kicking. The Major toppled forward. His body lay dark on the field, like a stain, when the plane banked.

They were headed home, now. Two, who had been five! Two with a mission completed! Two with that information Hitler's henchman hadn't halted!

Their plane veered north, toward England.

REMEMBER WHEN . . .

In 1932, wide awake studio prowlers were warning us that Bette Davis, a rising starlet, was a little thing to keep an eye on. She was living with her mother not far from her studio and busy writing three times a week to a boy in Amherst.

DESPERATE JOURNEY —PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page 41*)

overheard telling a pal, "I did my best to give it the old Cubanola, even though I *didn't* know what it meant!"

No out-of-door night scenes can be filmed, so the roaring fire sequence had to be shot inside a sound stage. Everyone connected with the sequence was given a detailed description of the plan of action, a couple of aspirin tablets and a special pass to let them on the set.

Towering, full-grown pine trees were set in place to represent the Black Forest of Germany. A special tarpaulin painted blue to represent the sky had to be swung into place, else the camera, shooting upwards, would catch pictures of electricians instead of views of fleecy clouds. Half the tree-branches were heavily sprayed with fire-proof liquid, so that the flames wouldn't get too far out of control. The studio fire department was stationed right outside the stage during the three days it took to film the scene.

Studio production nearly came to a standstill the day Walsh filmed the sabotage-factory scene. Only building large enough outside of the aircraft factories was the crafts building, where all the sets are constructed. All equipment was moved out, and professional arsonists moved in.

Citizens of nearby Piru suffered some bad moments when the troupe, garbed in Nazi uniforms, zoomed into town in trucks for a day's location shooting. During a lull, Ronald Reagan, Errol Flynn and Alan Hale wandered down the road to a nearby coffee-and spa. They debated for a few minutes about going in, dressed as they were with swastikas plastered all over their uniforms. They had no other clothes with them, though, and the odor of freshly-baked doughnuts was powerfully persuasive.

The three of them lined up at the counter and waited for the attendant's eyes to pop. He fooled them—gave them a dead-pan stare, then said:

"You boys don't look like you're from any of the local camps. Are ya?"

"No," said Flynn, pulling out all the stops on his clipped accent, "we're R.A.F. flyers. Had to make a forced landing in the hills a few miles away."

"Oh," said the guy and went on pouring their coffee.

The boys are still trying to figure out just who got the kidding on that deal!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In the Cincinnati winter of 1938, Jane Withers was making a personal appearance. Backstage where we went to see her she sat quietly with her mother, demure, sweet, shy, very proper. We were disappointed at seeing the screen's pet tomboy so different in real life. As we were getting up to leave, Jane spotted a pin my cousin was wearing. "Oh!" she blurted out as she jumped up impulsively, "I like your Mickey Mouse pin. Where'd you get it? Gee, it's keen!"

There it was, the real Withers enthusiasm, the lively, unspoiled Janie that we all adore.

Miss June Streibig,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

JUNIOR MISS

(*Continued from page 30*)

other child had been the darling of millions nor queen at the box office for seven long years, with all the adulation that entailed. It wasn't healthy, wailed the experts. The artificial life was bound to ruin her. Either she'd go on making pictures and never know a normal girlhood or, removed from the limelight, she'd pine like a fish out of water.

It would be nice if every fourteen-year-old were as healthy, happy and normal as Shirley is today. The wailers reckoned without two factors—Shirley's disposition and her mother's wisdom.

"What's a premiere?" asked Shirley, on being taken to her first.

"Something to honor the picture and everyone who made it—from producer to propmen and grips."

"Me, too?"

"Mm—in a small way—as you're part of the picture."

She's enjoyed making pictures, but they've never been her whole life. The domestic round of the Temples has remained pretty much what it would have been if they'd never set foot inside a studio. Shirley's no poor-little-rich-girl. She's known the security of a normal family background. Her mother's put her to bed, her father's taken her to parties, her brothers have roughhoused with her, she's always had plenty of children to play with. Life at home was as busy and happy as life at the studio. She attached no greater importance to one than the other. They were both part of being Shirley Temple.

So life didn't stop for her when she left TCF. She was old enough to have grown critical, to understand why she was leaving. "Oh, Mom, the same old lines and the same old picture. Don't you think I'm getting too big to be cute?"

Shirley doesn't emote. She keeps her feelings to herself. But she was visibly startled and upset by the news that she was a year older than she thought she was. Till the first strangeness wore off. Then she found herself rather pleased than otherwise. "That brings me a year closer to being grown up, without waiting."

She was fourteen in April. Her face retains its child's contours. The mouth-corner dimples continue to come and go. But her body is growing long and slim. She's a half inch over five feet, weighs a hundred and one, and is ending her freshman year at Westlake.

school days . . .

Most children tolerate school. Shirley revels in it. Its good comradeship and competitive spirit are as thrilling to her as a studio lot might be to your own youngster. She's a good B-average student, who cops an occasional A in French or art or algebra, her favorite subjects. The girls call her Little Bug, because she's the smallest in their group, and are unimpressed by her movie career. Mrs. Temple chose the kind of school that takes movie youngsters in its stride. Harold Lloyd's girls go to Westlake. So do Joan Bennett's.

Shirley was glad to make "Kathleen" and "Miss Annie Rooney," and just as glad to get back to school again. One compensation for missing school was that she had lessons at the studio with Mary Lou Isleib, her stand-in and chum from way back. New friends haven't weakened the bond between her and Mary Lou, who still comes to spend the

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night in Shirley's other twin bed. They giggle and whisper after lights out, subsiding only when Mrs. Temple calls up for the third time: "Aren't you girls ever going to sleep?"

Shirley has a picture a year to do for Edward Small for the next two years. She's committed to "Junior Miss" on the air for at least six months. That's enough, the Temples feel. More would interfere with her school and personal life, which they're resolved shall not be interfered with.

As it is, her days are pretty full. Her alarm is set for seven, just in case. Mostly she's up before it rings. Five minutes to wash and slip into her school uniform—or it might be ten, she concedes—anyway, it's as fast as she can make it. Not that breakfast lures her—it's the one meal of the day she can't stand. But Chingching, her precious Peke, and the funnies are waiting. They're both more diverting than food in the morning. While Dad reads the rest of the paper, she reads the funnies and talks to Chingching. By the time that's over, there's not much time left for breakfast. Besides, she has to hold Chingching in her lap, which makes eating difficult. Mom doesn't come down, that's how she gets away with it.

Katie, the cook, has her lunchbox ready—a couple of little sandwiches, cookies, sometimes fruit cocktail in a cup, and a thermos of milk. She used to eat in the school dining room, till a bunch of them decided that picnicking out on the lawn was more fun. The chauffeur drives her to school, where she stays till three except on Tuesday and Wednesday, rehearsal and broadcast days, when she's off at noon. Whatever she misses, she has to make up by herself. Mrs. Temple gets no concessions for her and wants none. After "Miss Annie Rooney" she took and passed the same tests as the rest of her class. Since afternoons are given mostly to physical training, her scholastic routine doesn't suffer by reason of her radio program. But she hates to miss military drill, taught by a real captain in the real army—especially since she's lieutenant of her group and gives the commands.

junior chef . . .

Generally she goes straight home from school—maybe bikes around the grounds with her Dad if he isn't busy or challenges him to a game of badminton, at which she's good. Or she'll go to the kitchen to kibitz with Katie. If Shirley likes you, she'll rib you. If not, she's just a nice polite little girl. She ribs Katie like mad. She'll steal up behind and tickle her neck. Or haul her round the room in the latest dance step. Or plant a bottle of bath salts, which Katie loves, in the double boiler. But if she wants to help with the dinner, as she frequently does, Katie stands for no fooling. Shirley's allowed to make the butter rolls or fix the salad, but under strict supervision, and the finished product's got to measure up to Katie's high standard.

By her own account, she's a very good eater, especially along some lines like chocolate éclairs. Otherwise, she can take dessert or leave it. She likes solid foods—meat and potatoes and vegetables—squash as often as she can get it. Candy doesn't interest her much. She chews gum on occasion and, so long as it's only on occasion, Mrs. Temple lets it pass.

Home lessons after dinner generally take about two hours. She sort of enjoys them, because there's no one around in her little sitting room, telling her what to do or anything. For company, she tunes in a symphony on the Capehart.

Bedtime is nine, she sleeps in pajamas, and her room is still that of a little girl. Blue rug, blue flowered wallpaper, blue tie-backs for white organdy curtains, quilted cotton bedspreads with a design of quaint little figures made out of scraps of her childhood dresses. A doll sits on one bed, a lamb on the other, an ancient teddybear lolls on the chaise longue. If there's a script to learn, her mother goes over it with her before turning the lights out.

sweet dreams . . .

"Good night, Prune." The pet name of her babyhood.

"Good night, Mummy." It's Mom as a rule, but Mummy for some reason at bedtime. By the time her mother gets downstairs, she's asleep.

Those are the weekdays. Week-ends have more variety. She belongs to a number of groups—the Thrifties, the Nightingales. The Thrifties include the younger members of the Assistance League. Shirley's president right now, and just got through running a fashion show for the League's benefit. The Nightingales make bandages and knit for the army. She's knitted a sweater and several scarves.

There are luncheons and an occasional movie. She was so crazy about "Fantasia" that she saw it three times. Of recent pictures, she liked "The Invaders" best, and she wishes Vivien Leigh would make more films. Vivien's her idea of near perfection on the screen.

There are dances on Friday or Saturday nights. She may have left the girls an hour earlier, but they call up to check, and the conversations, in which little of anything is said, would go on forever unless stopped by maternal authority at one end or the other. She doesn't fuss much about what she's going to wear—just looks in the closet and sees what's hanging there and tries to remember what she wore the last time. She *is* fussy about her hair. Only her mother can do it right, and to wash and cut it is a two-hour job. Since it's naturally curly, the rest is easy. Mrs. Temple has only to wind it round her finger.

Week-ends she's allowed to use lipstick and the palest pink nail polish. After getting the lipstick on, she mops most of it off. Her nails are the pride of her life. She calls the pinky nail Elmer and, left to herself, she'd wear them much longer than the family law permits. She hasn't got around to using perfume yet, but dabs a little toilet water on her arms. Then her mother gives her the once-over, and they go down to the living-room where her date is waiting.

Boys as boys mean little to Shirley. The important thing is that they should dance well. Since she's good and popular, they phone for a date a couple of weeks ahead, and the two are driven to the party in the Temple car by the Temple chauffeur. Whether she dances with one boy or many in the course of the evening depends on school policy. Some schools have program dances, some don't. Shirley likes it better when they change around. Jitterbugging, she says, is a matter of opinion. If you're in the mood for it, you let loose. She's more often in the mood for a slow foxtrot, which is just about her favorite. One night she went to a civic affair at a large high school, where the kids were mostly strangers, and each of the seventy-five or a hundred boys watched his chance to cut in and dance with Shirley. In the car going home, she took off her slippers and wriggled her toes. "They stepped all over my feet," she explained with a grin. "But my! I had a wonderful time."

Mrs. Temple likes to have her friends at the house as much as possible. They gather on Sundays, swim if it's warm, run archery and badminton contests, play records down at the Pupule House or roll back the rugs and dance. The Pupule House is the Hawaiian playroom built beside the pool. "That's what they call them in Honolulu," Shirley tells you. "It means crazy." Sometimes the youngsters broil their own hamburgers on the outdoor barbecue or are taken to a drive-in.

Her favorite color is still red, though turquoise runs it a close second. She'd rather wear beanies than hats, and thinks slacks are cute but doesn't get much chance at them—only for rehearsing dances. She's growing clothes-conscious, her chief interest being in sports clothes, "because that's what we mostly wear—you know, collegiate."

Her temper's even. No one's ever seen her in a tantrum. If she gets sore, she goes quiet on you. This happens when her mother's severe with her, as mothers must be on occasion. Then she sits round the room and gives dirty looks. But it never lasts more than ten minutes.

Theoretically, her allowance is five dollars every two weeks, but business arrangements with her dad are somewhat elastic. At school she doesn't need money except to pay dues once in a while, so when she needs some, she asks Dad, and he gives it to her. Gifts gouge the biggest hole out of her budget, and around birthdays she puts herself in hock for weeks ahead. It's worth it, she thinks. Dad's been known to go a little easy when the load's heavy. Her parents are keenly conscious of the importance of teaching her the value of money.

At fourteen, the war has come home to Shirley. Her brother George, a marine aviator, was stationed at Ewa Field in Hawaii on December 7th, and it wasn't till three weeks after Pearl Harbor that they learned he was safe. Last April a shortwave broadcast was sent by remote control to army camps all over the world. This was the biggest thrill—not because, as mistress of ceremonies, she introduced Dotty Lamour and Baby Snooks and Abbott and Costello. But because George had said, "I want to hear my sis's voice again."

"That's all I could think," says Shirley, "that my brother was hearing it."

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Ever had personal contact with the stars? Write us about it. For every amusing story we publish we'll send you ONE DOLLAR! Complete details on page 77.

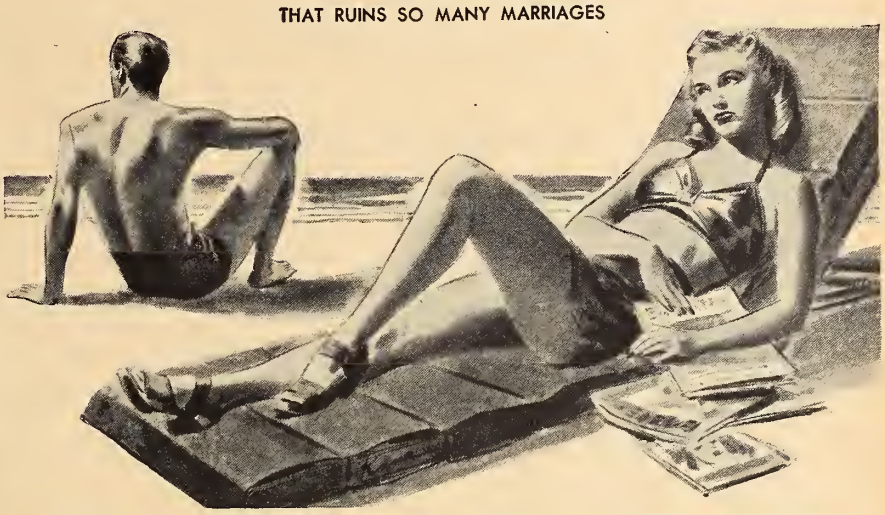
I SAW IT HAPPEN

A year or so ago when "The Philadelphia Story" played the Toronto stage, I waited at the theater early one evening to give Katharine Hepburn a portrait I had painted of her. Certainly it was no artistic triumph, but had it been a Rembrandt it couldn't have received more enthusiastic appreciation. She was really delighted and shook my hand warmly. After the show, when Miss Hepburn was hurrying from the theater to her car, she spotted me in the crowd and stopped for a few minutes to tell me how much her friends all liked the painting. It isn't every actress who would be that thoughtful.

Ted Reive,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

"Perfectly Mated... *and Perfectly Miserable*"

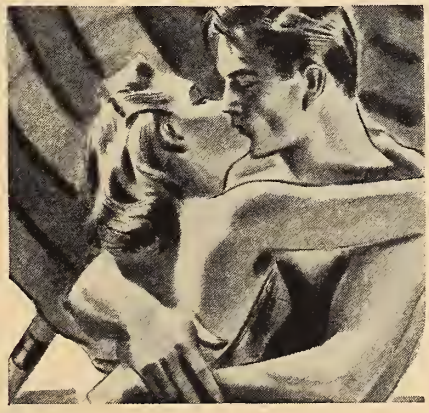
HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT RUINS SO MANY MARRIAGES



1. Everyone called us "the ideal couple." At first, we *were* . . . ideally happy. But gradually, Chet stayed away . . . or kept his distance . . . more and more. I was miserable . . .

2. One morning, my chum found me crying, down on the pier. I didn't want to, but she made me tell my troubles. Then . . . "Little silly," she scolded, "it's happened often. The loveliest girl can lose her husband if she's guilty of one neglect. Carelessness . . . or ignorance . . . about feminine hygiene." Then she explained . . .

3. "My doctor," she told me, "recommends Lysol—and here's why. It's so effective a germicide that it speedily kills all germ-life in the vaginal tract on contact. Yet it's so gentle it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions on the bottle. And Lysol cleanses and deodorizes, too."



4. Thanks to her, I use Lysol regularly. And it *works!* I find Lysol easy to use, so inexpensive, so effective. And today, Chet and I are the ideal couple—ideally happy, once more!

Gentle—yet IT WORKS

Used as directed, Lysol is harmless to sensitive vaginal tissues (not an acid—no free alkali), *yet there is no germ-life in the vaginal tract that Lysol will not kill speedily on contact.* SPREADING—No other widely advertised douche preparation has the wide spreading power Lysol has—Lysol solution virtually searches out germ-life in tiny folds other liquids may never reach. ECONOMICAL—Small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. CLEANLY ODOR—Soon disappears. HOLDS STRENGTH—You can rely on Lysol's germ-killing power to the last drop.

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LANDER'S SPECIAL FORMULA CREAMS

MID-SUMMER MAKE-UP MAGIC

(*Continued from page 51*)

sallow or "faded tan," brighten it up! Dust your rouge puff lightly over forehead, nose and chin, and then smooth the color in with your fingertips. You can achieve this same effect one other way—with a rose-toned powder base.

LIPSTICK—There's a new movement in Hollywood. Down with over-painted lips, say Bonita Granville and other young stars! It's sound advice, too, particularly for summer days when heavy effects are out and informality is in. Apply a firm layer of lipstick so your lips have a smooth, even finish, but blot off all the excess with a handy facial tissue. The blotting will also "set" the color and keep it on much longer, in spite of your frequent trips to the faucet or soda fountain on hot, sultry days.

Lipstick is magic, too, when you use it with a deft hand. Visualize your ideal mouth and pattern your own as near like it as possible. If your lips are too thin, give them some added "weight" by bringing the color slightly beyond the natural lip lines. If they are too full, stop the lipstick a little inside the outer borders. If you think your mouth is too wide (although that is a sign of two fine traits, generosity and good disposition), stop your lipstick a little before the ends of your lips. To make a narrow mouth appear wider, extend the color a bit beyond the corners but slant the "addition" upward, not down, so you don't give yourself a sad expression. If you undertake any major lip alteration, sketch in your new mouth first with a lip pencil and then fill in the lipstick.

Another trick from Hollywood's sleeve . . . rouge the upper lip a little more heavily than the lower. This helps make your face look interesting and expressive.

LIPSTICK AND ROUGE SHADES—Put your winter make-up in moth balls when the summer sun is shining. If you are playing the gypsy with either real or artificial sun tan, your old make-up looks out of place. Even if you have not deliberately basked in the sun's shining rays, summer exposure has probably darkened your complexion a few degrees at least. Besides, you're wearing bright gay colors—and your make-up should keep step.

If you are blessed with light skin and golden or titian hair, your complexion will tend to become more pinkish as

FREE OFFER!

Here's good news! We've got a brand new issue of Dell's gorgeous SCREEN ALBUM (Grable cover) to pass out to the first 1,500 of you who fill out this questionnaire properly and mail it in to us. Or perhaps you'd rather have a copy of RADIO ALBUM, jammed with facts and pictures of your radio favorites. Remember! Your envelope must be postmarked no later than July 3rd!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our August issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Is Stirling Hayden Married to Madeleine Carroll? ☐
Junior Miss (Shirley Temple) ☐
Johnny Apollo (John Payne) ☐
Little Red Riding Hood Married the "Wolf" (Laraine Day) ☐
Footlight Serenade ☐
None But the Lonely Heart (Holden-Marshall) ☐
Desperate Journey ☐
Scoop! Priscilla Lane Weds! ☐
Modern Screen Goes on a Date (Grable-Raft) ☐
Good News ☐

Which one of the above stories did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference.....

.....

.....

My magazine preference is (check only *one*):

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My address.....City.....State.....

I am.....years of age.

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149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

mid-summer approaches. Wear lipstick and rouge that are medium in intensity and on the orange-red side.

If your skin and hair are half-way between light and dark (that Typical American Type), brighten your coloring with brilliant red-red or rose-red make-up. Here's something enterprising Anne Shirley discovered about rose or blue-red lipsticks . . . they make your teeth look whiter because of their bluish caste. Experiment, and you'll see that it's true.

If your summer complexion is a tawny-gypsy hue, show it off with vivid red-red or orange-red make-up. The brighter, the better!

POWDER—Powder shades change even more than lipstick-rouge when summer rolls around. You may have to buy several to keep up with your sunburn. Match your skin or foundation as closely as possible because lighter powder looks artificial and too dark a shade makes you look old. It slips into the "laugh lines" of your face and makes them appear to be wrinkles.

When you put on your powder, slather it all over, so your face looks as if it had been dumped in a flour barrel. Wipe off the excess with a clean, fresh puff, and you'll be pleasantly surprised at the velvety complexion in your mirror.

YOUR EYES—You can do a lot with your eyes, as every smart gal knows. Flirt, tease, smile or use them to provoke a bit of sympathy or a strong, protective feeling. And you can do lots more of all of those if you touch up your "windows" with make-up magic!

Mascara is as important as lipstick to a Hollywood movie queen. It makes her eyes look bright and shining and so-o-o much larger! Give those eyes of yours a chance to look out on the world from an appealing, flattering frame. Brown mascara if your hair is light, and black if it is dark—is the make-up magic that will make your lashes seem long and silky, like the lucky girl in the movies who "always gets her man."

Eye shadow brings out the color in your eyes and helps make the eyelids look smooth and sleek. Eyebrow pencil intensifies the fine, clear line of your brows, and you should always use it in short, straight strokes to simulate actual eyebrow hairs. A blurred dot of crayon (or mascara) at the outer corner of each eye is one way the Hollywood stars make their eyes appear larger.

Eye make-up is especially important if you wear "specs" for regular use or sun glasses to cut down summer glare. Shadow, mascara and brow pencil will highlight and accent your "peepers" so they won't appear small and insignificant.

The magic touch of Hide-It will camouflage a lot of things. It makes blemishes, light scars, under-eye circles do a disappearing act, and if your sun tanning efforts leave stripes of white where none should be, it will paint them a darker shade. If your cheekbones are too pink or your nose too red, subdue them with a lighter tone. Hide-It comes in five shades, so you can always find the right one to practice your gay deception.

It's a smart girl who matches her powder to her summer complexion. Lady Esther has nine exquisite shades from which to pick the best one for you. Its fine-grained texture will settle on your skin as lightly as a summer breeze and cling as flattering protection for hours and hours. Let Lady Esther Face Powder help make you into a glamorous creature, the most-dated girl in town!

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1942 SUMMER ISSUE

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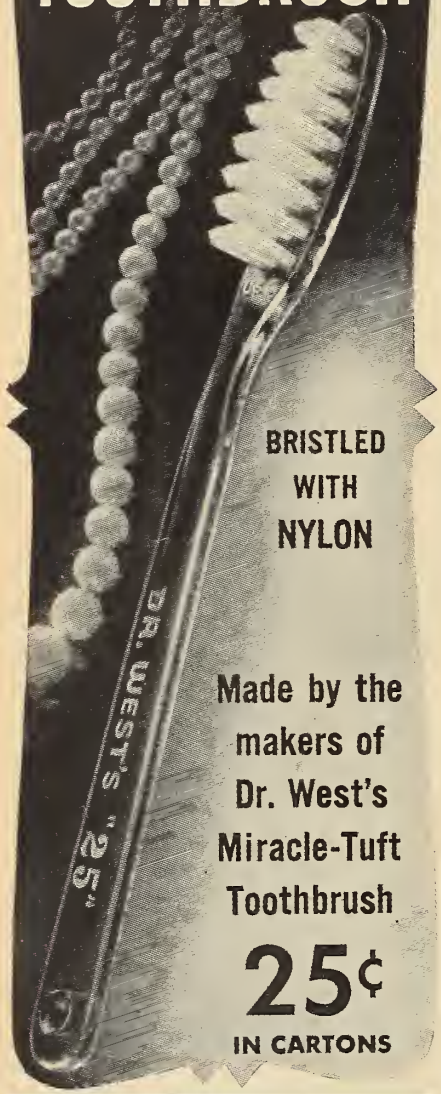

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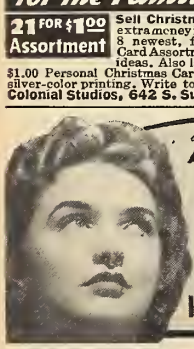

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 17*)

tello have a trained seal to play stooge to their pranks in this one; Sharkey, the seal, is a little fatter than Abbott and not quite so funny as Costello. But, then, that seal swims like a fish.

The story that weaves all this together is concerned with one Wellington Phlug (Costello) and one Alsey Shaw (Abbott) who agree to drive a rich playboy to Los Angeles from Chicago in their cross town bus; the boys, evidently, just got tired of nickel fares and, besides, the playboy had a transfer. In Los Angeles, Robert Paige (the playboy) is due to take part in a yacht race, and true to form Abbott and Costello find themselves aboard ship for no good reason. Shanghaied with them is Virginia Bruce, who, it develops, is a darn good sailor. Caught in a storm, the boat is cast up on a small island inhabited by cannibals; for good measure, there's a group of desperate white men, too, hot on the trail of a fabulous jewel fortune.

Before things wind up to a final clinch, Costello is acclaimed a long-lost hero, gets into a fight with the clapper of a huge bronze bell, makes friends with a hungry lion and is finally sent to a deserted old ruin supposedly inhabited by an angry cannibal god. He's sent, among other reasons, because he explains that he isn't "very digestible."

Between the cannibals and the desperate white men, they come in for a full share of spine-tingling, uproarious adventure. At odd moments the Ink Spots fill in with harmony, and Nan Wynne manages a song or two along with a spot of dancing. Abbott and Costello foil the white men, foil the cannibals and arrange for Robert and Virginia to fall into each other's arms.

By this time every one must have (or at least should have) seen one Abbott and Costello picture; your life isn't complete without it. You should know by now just how these clowns affect you. If they made you laugh before, they won't fail you now. "Pardon My Sarong" is broad, funny and tuneful; Costello is just broad and funny.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Leif Erickson, playing a native, whipped up a new language of his own for some ad libbed dialogue. Turned out to be a combination of Hopi Indian, double talk and old-fashioned Norwegian . . . the wardrobe department ran up three outfits apiece for Abbott and Costello at a total cost of $38.50. Bud's bill was $19.00; Lou's $19.50. Extra charge for Chubby was for labor. . . . Both boys had to learn magic routines for their roles. Instructor was Charles Sylber, owner of the Hollywood House of Magic. Lou got discouraged, trying to fool his youngsters. No one bothered to tell him that kiddies are twice as skeptical as adults. . . . This is Samuel Hinds' 300th picture in ten years. Hinds, once a millionaire lawyer, turned to acting after losing his entire fortune in the crash. . . . Bud and Lou looked at the script, saw they were to work with a couple of wild animals. "Not with US!" chorused the boys, so all those scenes were shot with the beasts in one spot, and A and C in another, far, far, away. . . . Virginia Bruce socked Robert Paige on the head with a break-away vase that didn't live up to its name. Total damages: three stitches had to be taken in the cut on Mr. Paige's brow.

YOUR GOVERNMENT SAYS

EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

This month I want to give you some of the "reasons why" for the first of the food groups in the Nutrition Food Rules listed below. Milk and Milk Products carry the essential food factors in a convenient form. This is true of fresh, evaporated and dried whole milk. Cheese also helps to supply milk solids in a form which most people like.

Everybody needs milk—drink it, eat it in "made" dishes. A glass of milk furnishes about 160 calories—equal to 8 teaspoons of sugar. Its high food value makes it a better choice for those who have to watch their weight.

Helen S. Mitchell

Principal Nutritionist,
Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services

Every day, eat this way

MILK and MILK PRODUCTS

. . . at least a pint for everyone—more for children—or cheese or evaporated or dried milk.

ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT

. . . or raw cabbage or salad greens—at least one of these.

GREEN or YELLOW VEGETABLES

. . . one big helping or more—some raw, some cooked.

OTHER VEGETABLES, FRUIT

. . . potatoes, other vegetables or fruits in season.

BREAD and CEREAL

. . . whole grain products or enriched white bread and flour.

MEAT, POULTRY or FISH

. . . dried beans, peas or nuts occasionally.

EGGS

. . . at least 3 or 4 a week, cooked any way you choose—or in "made" dishes.

BUTTER and OTHER SPREADS

. . . vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads.

Then eat other foods you also like

OFFICE OF DEFENSE HEALTH AND WELFARE SERVICES
Washington, D. C.

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MOVIE REVIEWS
(Continued)

CROSSROADS

What would you do if you were told that you weren't yourself but someone else? It's a pretty point, especially when there's a fortune and a beautiful girl at stake. And it would be even more disturbing if you were a rather tony diplomat accused of being a petty criminal.

In a nutshell, that's what William Powell faces in "Crossroads." As David Talbot, about to leave as Ambassador to Brazil with his newly married wife, Lucienne (Hedy Lamarr), he's suddenly faced with a blackmail demand of one million francs. An ambassador doesn't yield to blackmail. He promptly jugs the extortionist; and just as promptly the extortionist (Vladimir Sokoloff) proves in court that the Ambassador, frock-coat and all, is one Jean Pelletier, a notorious petty criminal.

Ambassadors may be criminals; that much is allowed in diplomatic usage. But petty? Never! Bewildered and stunned, David Talbot fights the charge. But proof mounts up against him. A night club entertainer (Claire Trevor) identifies him as a long lost lover. The blackmailers challenge him to produce proof of where he was in 1919. That's tough; for Talbot had been in a railroad accident and as a result was suffering from a type of amnesia.

History has moved at breakneck speed for the past few decades, and an Ambassador might be excused for not knowing just where he had been. Or even where he's going. But a court of law is a court of law, and proof is proof. He's saved finally when Basil Rathbone steps in and testifies that Pelletier died in his presence. A live Ambassador, obviously, cannot be a dead thief. Case dismissed.

But here's the rub. Rathbone is himself a blackmailer, and no sooner is the trial over than he begins again on poor Talbot. He threatens to reopen the trial, and this time the charge wouldn't be petty larceny but murder! Rathbone claims he has proof Talbot, when he was Pelletier, murdered the victim of a robbery. Talbot has popped out of the frying pan only to land in the fire.

It's then that wife Hedy Lamarr steps into the case. One way or another they must find out his true identity. Did her husband indeed keep jimmies and gimmicks stored away in his striped pants? Was his top hat only a masquerade for a Raffles? Pretty problems and a fine mess for an innocent wife to find herself in.

It's unethical to give away the details of the case; it's like spouting the murderer of a who-dun-it. But it's a mad chase the Talbots run to find out who

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MOVIE REVIEWS
(Continued)

they are; like trying to catch up with your shadow. But Ambassadors are good at chasing shadows or bubbles. It's only occasionally that bubbles burst. —*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Lieutenant Robert Montgomery, on leave from the United States Navy, spent a few—very few—minutes watching Hedy Lamarr and William Powell working in one of the most dramatic scenes in the picture. After Hedy had nervously fluffed her lines three times, she turned to Bob, blushed prettily, said, "I guess it's the uniform. It scares me." Montgomery smiled and left the set. . . . The day the picture started, Powell found two dozen roses in his dressing room, a "good luck" gesture from wife Diana..... Final pages of the script were kept secret. None of the actors knew what their screen fate would be. All of them vowed the suspense made them give a better performance. . . . Felix Bressart always wears a fake moustache in pictures, is never recognized in public 'cause he looks so different with a nude upper lip. . . . Bill Powell sings in one of the scenes. Nothing fancy. He's still a little sensitive about his voice. The first time he sang in public was during a play, 15 years ago. One critic's printed opinion: "William Powell had his good moments in the play, but his singing was not one of them." . . . Daily visitor to the set was George Montgomery. In uniform for "Ten Gentlemen From West Point." It didn't scare Hedy Lamarr once.

GOOD NEWS
(*Continued from page 58*)

first leaked through to the outside world when Chinese youths began arriving at the field in droves, where today they are learning U. S. flying technique, and studying the planes they will pilot against the Japs. They are taught their lessons in Chinese, and few understand English.

Besides Thunderbird Field, the Hollywood gang is also interested in nearby Falcon Field where British fliers are in training. According to a Hollywoodian who recently returned from there, most of these future RAF aces, can't even drive an automobile, and they're so young, their canteen doesn't even carry razor blades because there's no demand for them! But the kids are bright and spirited and eager to get in the fight—and that's what'll count in the end!

HOLLYWOOD DIARY

Sat. May 23rd: Gotta hand it to Priscilla Lane. Imagine eloping right under the noses of the whole darn town! You never would have guessed what was in her mind when Jean Kinkead and I visited her on the "Silver Queen" set the other day. She did seem nervous, though. In the four hours we were with her she puffed away a half a pack of cigarettes, explaining she smokes when she's under a strain; hardly ever when she's not.

Over to Westmore's where I ran into Tim Holt waiting his turn in the barber's chair. Tim's keeping his hair cropped close, these days. Getting accustomed to the military

Beautiful NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD MARRIED THE "WOLF"

(*Continued from page 37*)

Laraine Day's name was flashed at him.

"O.K., so I'm a cad," he told himself. "But this is one way of getting to know her."

He'd heard enough about Laraine to be genuinely interested. She had the kind of face that doesn't happen very often. She danced like a butterfly. She was quick-witted and fun and . . . well, just an all-around good thing.

A few nights later, Ray wondered whether the end would justify the means. After all, he was a singer, not an acrobat. All his adult life he'd gotten by with the simple arrangement of steps he tenderly called "the Hendricks Special" . . . and who ever heard of a wolf doing an adagio, anyhow?

"Where are those knees and elbows going with the rest of you," Laraine was shouting above the music. "Try to relax. Unknot yourself and follow me."

Whereupon Ray found himself gliding through an intricate maze of steps . . . through the breaks, the slides, the works!

"That's the boy," laughed Laraine. "Now you're forgetting yourself!" Forgetting himself indeed. Forgetting everything but Laraine . . . her sure-footed ease. The floating, swirling, shimmering grace with which she danced.

swept off her feet . . .

Their first date had in it all the anguish of one's first high school prom. He'd asked her to dinner. Because Laraine hates hurting people she said, "Yes, thanks, I'd love to." But immediately she'd started poking into her mind for a plausible out. It wasn't that she didn't like the guy. It was that their relationship, until then, had been so casual . . . so "hi-ya-kid-what's-cookin'." But a formal date would be different. They hardly knew each other. What would they talk about. Time would drip by thickly, and of course he'd never ask her out again. Suddenly the Robinsons flashed into her mind. (He's a close friend of Ray.)

The Robinsons took a Boy Scout oath right then and there. "You can count on us," they said, with enchanted grins on their pans. Half an hour later they were echoing the promise to Ray who had phoned to say, "Look, pal, I'm wilting my collar! I've strung myself up by the shirt-tail, and I'm hanging there waiting for help. You know how it is when you're taking out a girl who really means something to you, and suddenly your jaw freezes up."

The Robinsons did show up, but not until ten o'clock. Two thoroughly oblivious diners looked up at them vaguely and said, "O, it's you!"

Laraine and Ray discovered enough mutual habits and interests to fill a Sears Roebuck catalogue. It was natural their friendship should have wound up in marriage two years later. So natural that neither one of them had been fully aware of what was happening.

When the papers carried the brief announcement, "Laraine Day, actress, wed to Ray Hendricks, civilian flying instructor," wires buzzed furiously.

"Laraine, you haven't really done it. A feet-on-the-ground girl like you, marrying during war-time? Could it be possible?"

"It's not only possible. It's actual. And, darling, it's a star-spangled delirium! It's . . . well, it's just something you can't put into words."

But Laraine didn't have to put it into words. You could see it in her eyes.

strains of lohengrin . . .

They were married on May 16, 1942. Hardly half a dozen people attended the ceremony. There was no music, but you could hear the birds busily chattering outside in the brilliant spring sunlight. The fireplace was banked with flowers . . . not orchids, but white gladioli and snapdragons. Laraine entered through a nearby doorway dressed simply in a white print dress.

That evening Ray left for Falcon Field, Arizona, driving through the night to get there by reveille on Monday.

Since then they've both lived for weekends. It's meant more to them than a couple of days spent in tired old clothes. It's meant hours of sun-soaked fun. It's meant the Farmers' Market . . . the picnics . . . the long, starry drives at night . . . the hours of talk about themselves, their work, their house.

Often, on Saturday afternoons, they mosey through furniture stores, stopping now and then to inspect a delicately-turned vase. Or Ray might sink into a deep-cushioned arm-chair while his wife fingers the price tag.

"Don't tell me the price, Laraine. That

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(*Reported in authoritative medical journals.)

always spoils things. Let's pipe-dream."

"But, darling! It's only . . ."

"What would we do with it, anyhow. Wrap it in tar-paper until after the war?" (It isn't until then that they'll be able to have their own place.)

"Just the same, we'll need something like this for your den."

"Not MY den."

"Sorry, darling, I forgot. You do insist on red leather chairs, don't you?"

"And pine panelling," adds Ray. "But, of course, the walls won't really matter so much because they're going to be covered with aviation maps anyhow."

Ray's ideas about the house begin and end with the den. The rest is Laraine's.

"I can see it when I close my eyes," she tells him. "It's going to be done in early American. Chintz at the windows . . . pottery over the fireplace . . . a slouchy sofa covered in linen . . . loads and loads of ivy. I know it's not terribly original, but I'd rather be comfortable than clever."

"Smart girl, my wife," nods Ray in approval.

Sunday mornings they peddle their way from Santa Monica to Malibu for breakfast. After feasting hugely on popovers and sausages, they sit for a while soaking in the sun, then nose their bikes toward home again.

Another energetic madness is driving to Long Beach for an ice cream soda.

blackout blues . . .

One night they took Deanna and Vaughn Paul with them, but it was an ill-starred evening. They'd just about exhausted all the old Irving Berlin tunes when the lights went out along the highway. The radio in their open roadster reminded them of the blackout they'd forgotten . . . a blackout that lasted four hours. When the all-clear sounded they were stiff with cold, but hoarse from laughing at the old jokes they'd dragged out to pass the time.

The Farmers' Market has become a kind of Saturday morning ritual with the Hendrickses. They love roaming through the fabulous bazaar that covers acre after acre. The stalls are jammed thickly together, rich with the color and odor of a thousand things. "This always makes me feel like Richard Halliburton in the Orient," laughs Laraine. "All they need is a snake charmer."

Pointing her nose like a setter, Laraine says suddenly, "What is that heavenly thing I smell?"

"Follow that quivering nose of yours, and we'll find out," Ray advises. But they never do. An oyster bar or beanery always side-tracks them. Sitting at a bright red table under a gigantic yellow beach umbrella, they abandon themselves to the steaming dish before them.

"Remember the day I started with clam juice and ended with those huge slices of cucumber floating in sherry vinegar?" Laraine asks.

"That's the day I named you goon girl."

"And held me back with both hands when we passed the barbecue."

gift goofy . . .

In addition to owning a shock-proof tummy, Laraine has an over-generous heart. Take, for instance, the little matter of Ray's birthday. Seems it follows Christmas so closely it's always been slighted. Laraine thought it wasn't fair.

"Well, knock me down," Ray said, the night Laraine handed him three brightly wrapped packages marked "Happy Birthday." Smiling broadly, he unwrapped a sweater that was a couple of sizes too small but none the less precious. In addition there were two rather gay pairs of

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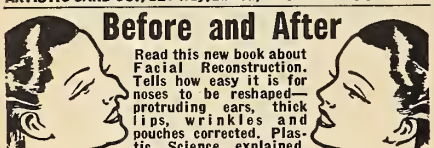

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plaid wool socks and a cigarette lighter. Attached to the latter was a tag bearing a few lines of doggerel.

"There once was a young man named Ray,
Who ran out of matches each day,
As well as at night,
So, here, to give light,
Is a vest-pocket fire,
That won't go astray."

The firm of Day & Hendricks is mad about movies . . . and a lucky thing because movies are inexpensive. By the time Saturday night rolls around their joint budget usually reads, "$4.25 to fritter." That covers dinner, movie and hamburgers. Unusually they drive out along the road for their wimpies.

And after they've munched their two apiece:

"Ray, what do you think of her?"

"Who?"

"The ingenue in the movie."

"You could have done it better."

"No, Ray, I'm serious."

"So am I, darling. The trouble with you is you're modest."

And she is. With utter sincerity she'll tell you she's never been deluged by autograph hunters . . . never been followed mutely by the staring eyes of admirers.

"Listen, my pretty pigeon, every time I take you into an ice cream place, heads bump together and people whisper, 'That's Laraine Day over there.'"

All this might leave one with the impression that all is sweetness and light with the Hendrickses. . . . But the truth is, they've had their darker moments. Moments like the time Ray called long distance from Phoenix, steaming mad. It seems somebody had prematurely released the story of Laraine's engagement. The newspapers and radio networks got the news before Ray's parents.

"A fine thing, picking up the morning paper and finding your son's going to be married," Ray shouted. "What kind of a heel will they think I am?"

"But, Ray, honestly . . ."

"And another thing, Laraine . . ."

By the time Ray said good-by, Laraine was in tears, too bewildered to explain.

But Ray was on the wire again. She listened, keeping an indignant silence, but inside her head there was a singing . . . a glorious, light-hearted singing.

"We've hurdled the first obstacle. We took it clean and now we're safe."

Ray at the other end, was saying, "Darling, I blew my top off, and I'm sorry. I'm just a great big lug who talks too much, but you said you'd marry me, remember? And now you're stuck with it."

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE

(*Continued from page 83*)

he really *was* Mature, (Vic obligingly told 'em), they began writing notes to be passed around to their chums during morning classes. From then on the 7:20 trolley became a rolling chapter of the Victor Mature Fan Club, with new members piling on at every stop!

light fantastic . . .

Any blonde cuties planning to step into Betty Grable roles ought to scan the list of Unfortunate Incidents that nearly ruined our honey-headed heroine during filming of the picture. First of all, she suffered a couple of torn abdominal muscles when Mature, who's not a professional dancer, misjudged his timing in their adagio routine. She did the rest of her dances with a taped-up torso.

Later on, Betty had another dance to do with Vic. She went into the scene a little fearful, and sure enough, came out minus the nail of her index finger! The palm of Victor's hand had struck her outstretched fingers as he swung her to him. She had to have the digit bandaged and equipped with a false finger-nail before production could resume.

The trickiest dance in the picture has Betty literally knock herself out at the finish. Not one, but two Grables appear on the screen, dancing for four and a half minutes. The trick photography involved made it necessary to have every step marked out on the floor, and Betty had less than an inch latitude in overstepping the chalked lines. She had to do both routines, of course, and each had to be timed to match the other. The entire number took two weeks of patient rehearsal, one week of careful filming. Betty spent her entire day off in bed, as a concession to her silently suffering basal metabolism.

The fisticuffs in the film had Jack "I zigged when I should have zagged" Roper as technical adviser, and cost the studio a total of $40,000. To cover the biff-bang stuff between John Payne and Victor Mature, C. H. Halligan of Lloyds wrote a policy on each of the men, for $50,000. Premiums paid by the studio amounted to $57.40. Mature took out a similar policy himself. "If my mug is worth $50,000 to the studio," he reasons, "it's worth as much to me!"

The fight in which Mature knocks out Payne took up only two minutes in the script, but on the screen, actual running time is four and a half minutes. Says Producer William Le Baron: "In a motion picture or in any other descriptive medium which makes an appeal to the imagination, there is no such thing as actual time. An event is only as long as it seems."

bussing technique . . .

The kissing scenes are something else again when it comes to the time angle. Things work just the opposite for osculation. All kisses in the script were shortened. "If a kiss lasts too long on the screen," says Le Baron, "the audience becomes self-conscious and often embarrassed!" Anyone with a complete explanation of why this is so is cordially invited to write to Mr. Le Baron c/o 20th Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Between scenes, the set phone was used constantly and alternately by Jane Wyman and Cobina Wright, Jr. Both were moving into new houses and had to check details by remote control.

Frances Smith, who handles all of the fan mail for the studio, says that during production of "Footlight Serenade" Betty Grable's mail set a new record—14,800 separate pieces in one month. Betty does not personally reply to post cards or requests for pictures, but *does* answer all letters requesting information.

Director Gregory Ratoff worked out a new technique called "shorthand" directing. He likes to explain it to mystified set-visitors.

"Ven a take is no good, I knock my cane vunce on the stage. Ven it is good I knock twice. Ven it's terrific—I knock t'ree times and we print the one *after* that! That's sansashional!"

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NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART

(Continued from page 38)

kid herself that he might come breezing in tomorrow.

Ready for bed, she shifted his picture on the dresser, so it would be the last thing she saw before turning out the light. She'd dreaded bedtime but, worn out by emotion, she fell asleep quickly that night without shedding a tear. A record for her. She seemed to have been howling steadily for weeks. A time came, she supposed, when the well dried up.

shadows . . .

There had been a couple of hysterical scenes in "The Constant Nymph," which had come easily to Brenda.

"How can you cry so much?" young Joyce Reynolds had asked her.

"With a husband going to war, it presents no problem."

Maybe if they'd been married longer—if their time together hadn't been so broken up— No, it wouldn't have made any difference. All their married life had been shadowed by the shape of things to come. She remembered the train, packed with boys in uniform, when she'd gone up to Canada for "Captains of the Clouds." She remembered thinking, "Thank God, we're not at war yet."

After Pearl Harbor she refused to think. When it came, it would come. Meantime each day was a reprieve. She knew Bill would have to go, that he wanted to go, that he was tormented only by the thought of leaving her and the knowledge of what their parting would mean to her. Once she caught him muttering, "Got to get into it."

At sight of an envelope marked *Selective Service* or *War Department*, her blood would freeze. She'd phone Bill at the studio. "Open it, honey." Come down for a physical, it would say, or something like that, and she'd breathe again.

Warners' wanted her to go to New York in February for the opening of "Captains of the Clouds." She wouldn't, unless Bill could go along. So Columbia postponed the starting date of "Meet the Stewarts," and they stopped over in Washington for the President's Birthday Ball.

New York had a special significance for them. They were going to be happy together where once each had been wretched alone. Bill had been sent there for the opening of "Golden Boy"—a greenhorn, on trial in a tough racket, his future at stake, not knowing a soul. Brenda was there at the same time—just back from her first picture in Hollywood, uncertain as to whether her option would be picked up, all her friends away in summer stock.

She scowled at the picture of Bill Holden in the paper. "Young upstart! Who does *he* think he is, playing Golden Boy. Luther Adler's Golden Boy." Later, she and the young upstart compared notes on that summer and resolved that if ever they got time off for a honeymoon, they'd spend it in New York.

On the third afternoon of their stay Brenda got in at five-thirty. They had tickets for "Blithe Spirit." A few of the publicity boys were there along with Bill.

"Well, honey," he hailed her, "the draft board's called me. Got to fly back tomorrow night." Just like that, light and casual, but his eyes never left her face.

She stood, trying hard to swallow the lump in her throat. Then, "Darling," she wailed, "it's getting so big I can't stand it," and fled to the bedroom.

Presently, sounds seeped through her misery. Bill had had a piano moved in. He doesn't play very well, but he likes to bang. When she reappeared, the boys had gone—all but Bill Yolen—and the two Bills were creating a diversion for her benefit by the four-handed rendition of comic songs. She gave them a watery smile, in return for which they played louder, faster and funnier. The noise drowned out another rising sob from the small figure in the armchair behind them. Whatever Bill did, all she could think was, pretty soon he wouldn't be doing it any more—

Noel Coward had to knock himself out for Brenda that night. While the curtain was up, she laughed and laughed. When it came down, she had only to look at Bill and keep a tight clutch on his hand.

Brenda and Bill know what it means to say good night till it be morrow. If the actual moment of parting is the worst of it, they got more than their share. In a minor way, it started the following night when, through a driving storm, she drove him to the airport. She had to stay ten days longer for the opening of "Captains."

The plane was scheduled to leave at ten-thirty, weather permitting. Weather didn't permit, so they sat in the waiting room playing gin rummy till three, at which time they were told to go home and return at seven-thirty. A couple of hours sleep, a dismal breakfast, driving back through the still pelting rain, hanging around some more till the ceiling cleared sufficiently for a take-off at eleven.

Bill fought against making "Meet the Stewarts." He wanted a quick break. But Columbia fought, too, and had him deferred long enough to make the picture. Meantime Warners' had it all planned for Brenda to return to Hollywood via Louisiana, with a couple of stopovers. She nixed that, and no monkey business, even before receiving Bill's wire. "You're my wife. I need you here. Besides, I can't make out my will without you."

While Bill made his picture, she wept her way through the part of Toni in "The Constant Nymph." They had dinner together every night in their little dining room—the only completely furnished room in the house. Among their wedding gifts had been a case of fine wines. Bill would be darned if he'd leave them behind, so he had them served with every meal. "Honey, I love you," he'd tell her from across the table—and laugh as he said it. Once she asked him why he always laughed. "Better than crying."

farewell to arms . . .

She laughed sometimes, too. When he brought new guns home to add to his precious collection. As if he wouldn't be having his fill of guns before long. He handled them so tenderly, he wiped fingermarks off so carefully before returning them to the case. She vowed that when he left, she'd have the case locked and hide the key away, so that no one could touch his treasures while he was gone. She promised that if worse came to worst, his guns would be the last thing she'd part with. She giggled at a vision of herself and Ginger, squatting in rags on some bare strip of ground, entirely surrounded by guns.

His picture finished, he reported to the draft board. "You'll have to wait," they said. He'd had all the waiting he could stomach, asked permission to enlist. It was granted, and he enlisted on

April 17th as a buck private in the signal corps, and was told to report to Ft. MacArthur on Monday.

sentimental journey . . .

By now Brenda felt with him, the quicker, the better. She kept a tight rein on herself. On Saturday they dined with a close friend. On Sunday Bill packed. It didn't take long—socks and underwear, shirts and shaving kit, only one pair of pajamas because he'd heard it was sissy not to sleep in your underwear.

They went to the Beachcomber that night. It held common memories. Bill had gone there one evening, flanked by Wayne Morris and Buddy Westmore, three musketeers who'd scrapped with their girls. They had a fine time feeling sorry for themselves and dubbed their compartment the crying hut. After making up, Bill steered Brenda to the crying hut, which together they re-christened the laughing hut. That's where they went Sunday night. They ate with the special chopsticks marked BM and WH. Then the chopsticks were put away. Brenda wouldn't go to the laughing hut again until Bill came home.

Next morning he said good-by to Ginger. "What shall I send you?"

Ginger's four and a half. "Send me a soldier hat," she said gravely, "or a hat with flowers."

He wouldn't let Brenda take him to San Pedro. He wanted to go with the boys. So she drove him down to the center on Main Street, from which they were scheduled to leave. Bill felt lousy. He had a cold and was running a temperature. Brenda found a tight parking space and pulled up to the curb. As his arm went round her, three Mexican school girls spotted them. They stood on the sidewalk, giggling and poking each other. Brenda drove on. A light turned red. "This is where I get off," said Bill and kissed her. The light turned green. Her eyes clung to his face for a moment, and she forced her lips into an answering smile. Then she turned the corner, wondering dully whether big moments were always like this except in the movies.

Between prowling round the house, bathing her eyes, picking up books and throwing them down again, she got through the day. At five-thirty the phone rang. Bill. They'd allowed him three days traveling time to go home and nurse his cold. Two thoughts snapped through her head. It's all to go through over again. I'm going to see him again.

She nursed him through Monday night and all day Tuesday. On Wednesday he dashed down to the barbershop and had his hair cut off. Again she drove him to Main Street, again they said good-by. Late Friday night he called her. They were leaving for the East next day—if she could be at Ft. MacArthur between twelve and twelve-thirty, there was a chance they might get to see each other. He wanted some more socks and underwear. She could pick up his civvies, which they weren't allowed to keep.

She arrived before twelve, but nobody could tell her where to find him. After chasing frantically from office to office, racing against the minute-hand of her watch, she finally got a pass, found a sentry who directed her right and reached the place five minutes after he'd left. A friend of his was waiting for her with his civvies. Equally frantic meantime, Bill was pursuing the officer in charge for a pass to admit his wife into camp. Breaking down at last, the officer phoned the gate. "Is there a gray Cadillac around with a young lady in it?"

"Left two minutes ago, sir."

On advice from Bill's friend, she'd gone down to the Union station. The troop train was due to go through there, and there might be a layover. She phoned a message home that she'd wait for him near the information booth.

The station was jammed with uniformed men. At first she went hunting for him, because suppose he didn't phone home? But that was hopeless, and no one would admit to a civilian that such a thing as a troop train existed. So in the end she took up her forlorn station by the information booth. And an hour later she felt a hand on her arm and heard a voice say, "Hello, honey."

She'd never seen him in uniform, and the spectacle might have scared her if she hadn't loved him so much. Golden Boy into rookie! An overseas cap perched on an all but clean-shaven head, body bulging from his twice-too-tight khakis. She wanted to laugh and cry and kiss him, and she did all three.

They said he could leave, since his wife was there, but to be back by eight. So they went to the Biltmore. Bill ordered a steak, and Brenda picked at a salad. This time he was really going far away. There were so many things she hungered to tell him. She made one or two abortive attempts. "Don't," said Bill. "The time's so short." What he meant was, he didn't want her to cry.

They said their real good-bys in the parked car, just in case there might not be another chance. There wasn't either. In the train two women stared, so they got out and stood on the platform with all the rest and shifted from foot to foot and looked at each other and said, "It's just another location."

All aboard!—this was it—he pecked at her as if she'd been his sister—the train was moving—she walked along beside it, faster, faster—he was leaning far out to wave and she was running down the platform till a curve cut him off.

Next day came a letter Bill had written from the train—a love letter, in which among other things he said: "Johnny Doughboy's got his gun, and he's finding it a little heavy."

miss you . . .

It's grown lighter since. The first state of confusion when he felt like a bowl of jelly in an earthquake, has given way to the ordered routine of an ordered existence. He's adjusted by now and says it's hard to remember what civilian life was like. He enjoys the training and drilling, the comradeship and military courtesy. He loves pistol and rifle practise and swells with pride, in a modest way, because he's a whiz at both. He could do with a little less of the kitchen police meted out to rookies, complaining that he's likely to emerge a better dishwasher than a soldier.

They write every day—sometimes more than once a day. Bill scribbles little notes from the edge of his bunk between classes—the last one written just before he goes to bed by the light of a flash. He's asked for pictures of the house and of a favorite horse he used to ride and of Rhodes, the lionhound, who sleeps outside Brenda's door since he left. He's asked for more pajamas, too. It seems you can sleep in pajamas and still be a soldier. He was amazed and touched to learn that his fan mail has tripled since he joined the army.

Brenda cries less. She's made a radical discovery. You can bear what you have to bear. The advance terrors are worse than the actuality. What right has she to complain when so many other guys are going, when so many other women are in the same boat?

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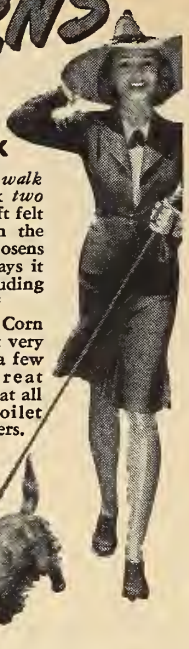

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating
Adventures of Martin Eden (Columbia)	2½★
All That Money Can Buy (RKO)	3½★
All Through the Night (Warners)	3½★
Always in My Heart (Warners)	C 3★
Arizona Cyclone (Universal)	2½★
Babes on Broadway (M-G-M)	4★
Bahama Passage (Paramount)	3★
Ball of Fire (RKO)	3½★
Bedtime Story (Columbia)	3★
Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Below the Border (Monogram)	2½★
Birth of the Blues (Paramount)	3★
Black Dragons (Monogram)	2★
Blonde from Singapore, The (Columbia)	2★
Blondie Goes to College (Columbia)	2½★
Blue, White and Perfect (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Blues in the Night (Warners)	3★
Body Disappears, The (Warners)	2★
Bombay Clipper (Universal)	2½★
Born to Sing (M-G-M)	3★
Borrowed Hero (Monogram)	2★
Bullet Scars (Warners)	2★
Burma Convoy (Universal)	2½★
Buy Me That Town (Paramount)	3★
Cadet Girl (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Cadets on Parade (Columbia)	2★
Call Out the Marines (RKO)	2★
Canal Zone (RKO)	2½★
Captains of the Clouds (Warners)	3★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Chocolate Soldier, The (M-G-M)	3★
Close Call For Ellery Queen (Columbia)	2½★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia)	2½★
Confirm or Deny (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Corsican Brothers, The (United Artists)	3★
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The (M-G-M)	3★
Dangerously They Live (Warners)	3★
Design for Scandal (M-G-M)	3★
Devil Pays Off, The (Republic)	2½★
Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M)	2½★
Dumbo (RKO)	C 3½★
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbia)	2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO)	2½★
Feminine Touch, The (M-G-M)	3★
Fighting Bill Fargo (Universal)	2★
Fingers at the Window (M-G-M)	2½★
Fleet's In, The (Paramount)	3★
Flying Cadets (Universal)	2★
Forbidden Trails (Monogram)	2★
Frisco Lil (Universal)	2½★
Gay Falcon, The (RKO)	2½★
Gentleman at Heart, A (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Go West Young Lady (Columbia)	2★
Ghost of Frankenstein, The (Universal)	2½★
Ghost Town Law (Monogram)	2½★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists)	4★
Grand Central Murder (M-G-M)	3★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Great Man's Lady (Paramount)	3★
Hayfoot (United Artists)	2★
Hellzapoppin' (Universal)	3½★
H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M)	3★
Honolulu Lu (Columbia)	2½★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)	4★
I Killed That Man (Monogram)	2½★
I Wake Up Screaming (20th Century-Fox)	3★
In This, Our Life (Warner)	3½★
Invaders, The (Columbia)	3½★
Joan of Paris (RKO)	3½★
Joe Smith, American (M-G-M)	2½★
Johnny Eager (M-G-M)	3½★
Juke Box Jenny (Universal)	2½★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists)	C 4★
Kathleen (M-G-M)	C 3★
Keep 'Em Flying (Universal)	3★
Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M)	3★
Kings Row (Warners)	3★
Kipps (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Lady For a Night (Republic)	2½★
Lady Has Plans, The (Paramount)	3★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners)	2½★
Look Who's Laughing (RKO)	2½★
Louisiana Purchase (Paramount)	3½★
Mad Doctor of Market Street, The (Universal)	2★
Male Animal, The (Warners)	3★
Man from Headquarters (Monogram)	2★
Man Who Came to Dinner, The (Paramount)	4★
Man Who Returned to Life (Columbia)	2★

Picture	General Rating
Man Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Man with Two Lives (Monogram)	2★
Marry The Boss's Daughter (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Meet the Mob (Monogram)	2★
Men in Her Life, The (Columbia)	3★
Missouri Outlaw (Republic)	2½★
Moonlight in Hawaii (Universal)	2½★
Moontide (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mr. Bug Goes to Town (Paramount)	C 3★
Mr. and Mrs. North (M-G-M)	3★
Mr. District Attorney in the Carter Case (Republic)	2½★
Mister V (United Artists)	4★
Murder in the Big House (Warners)	2★
My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mystery of Marie Roget, The (Universal)	2½★
Native Land (Frontier Films)	3½★
Night Before the Divorce (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Night of January 16 (Paramount)	3★
No Hands on the Clock (Paramount)	2½★
North of the Klondike (Universal)	2½★
Obliging Young Lady (RKO)	2½★
One Foot in Heaven (Warners)	3½★
Pacific Blackout (Paramount)	2★
Pardon My Stripes (Republic)	2★
Paris Calling (Universal)	3★
Playmates (RKO)	3★
Quiet Wedding (Universal)	3½★
Reap The Wind (Paramount)	3★
Red River Valley (Republic)	2½★
Remarkable Andrew, The (Paramount)	3★
Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal)	3★
Riders of the Badlands (Columbia)	2★
Riders of the Timberline (Paramount)	2★
Rings on Her Fingers (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Rio Rita (M-G-M)	3★
Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Road Agent (Universal)	2½★
Roxie Hart (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Royal Mounted Patrol, The (Columbia)	2½★
Saboteur (Universal)	3½★
Secrets of the Lone Wolf (Columbia)	2½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M)	2½★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists)	3½★
Ships with Wings (United Artists)	2½★
Sing for Your Supper (Columbia)	2★
Sing Your Worries Away (RKO)	2★
Skylark (Paramount)	3★
Son of Fury (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Song of the Islands (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
South of Santa Fe (Republic)	2★
Spoilers, The (Universal)	3½★
Stage Coach Express (Republic)	2½★
Steel Against the Sky (Warners)	2★
Stick to Your Guns (Mono.)	2★
Stork Pays Off, The (Columbia)	2½★
Suicide Squadron (Republic)	3½★
Sullivan's Travels (Paramount)	4★
Sunday Punch (M-G-M)	2½★
Suspicion (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M)	2½★
They Died With Their Boots On (Warners)	3½★
This Above All (20th Century-Fox)	4★
This Gun For Hire (Paramount)	3½★
To Be or Not to Be (United Artists)	3★
Tortilla Flat (M-G-M)	3½★
Tragedy at Midnight (Republic)	2½★
Treat 'Em Rough (Universal)	2½★
Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO)	3★
Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M)	3½★
Two Yanks In Trinidad (Columbia)	2½★
Unholy Partners (M-G-M)	2½★
Valley of the Sun (RKO)	3★
Vanishing Virginian, The (M-G-M)	3★
We Where Dancing (M-G-M)	2½★
West of Cimarron (Republic)	2½★
Whot's Cookin' (Universal)	3★
Whispering Ghosts (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Who Is Hope Schuyler (RKO)	2★
Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbio)	3★
Wild Bill Hickok Rides (Warners)	3★
Wolf Mon, The (Universal)	2½★
Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M)	4★
You're in The Army Now (Warners)	2★

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Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps tested. Start today on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

For 30 days use Camay faithfully night and morning. From the very first treatment, your skin will feel fresher—more alive. And in a few short weeks greater loveliness may be your reward.

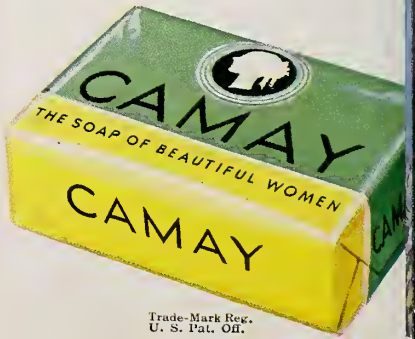
This lovely bride, Mrs. Robert M. Thorsen, of Evanston, Ill., says: "I've found the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to be a beauty treatment that really works for greater loveliness. I'm so pleased with what it has done for my complexion!"

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the Mild-Soap Diet tonight. Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.

In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day for 30 days. Don't neglect it even once. For it's the regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!



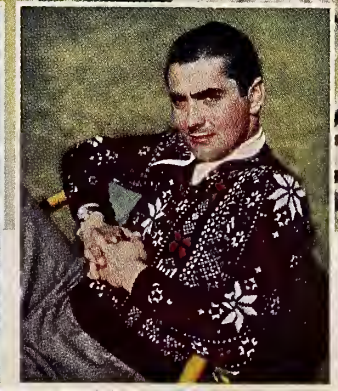
Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MODERN SCREEN

SEPTEMBER

Still 10 CENTS

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

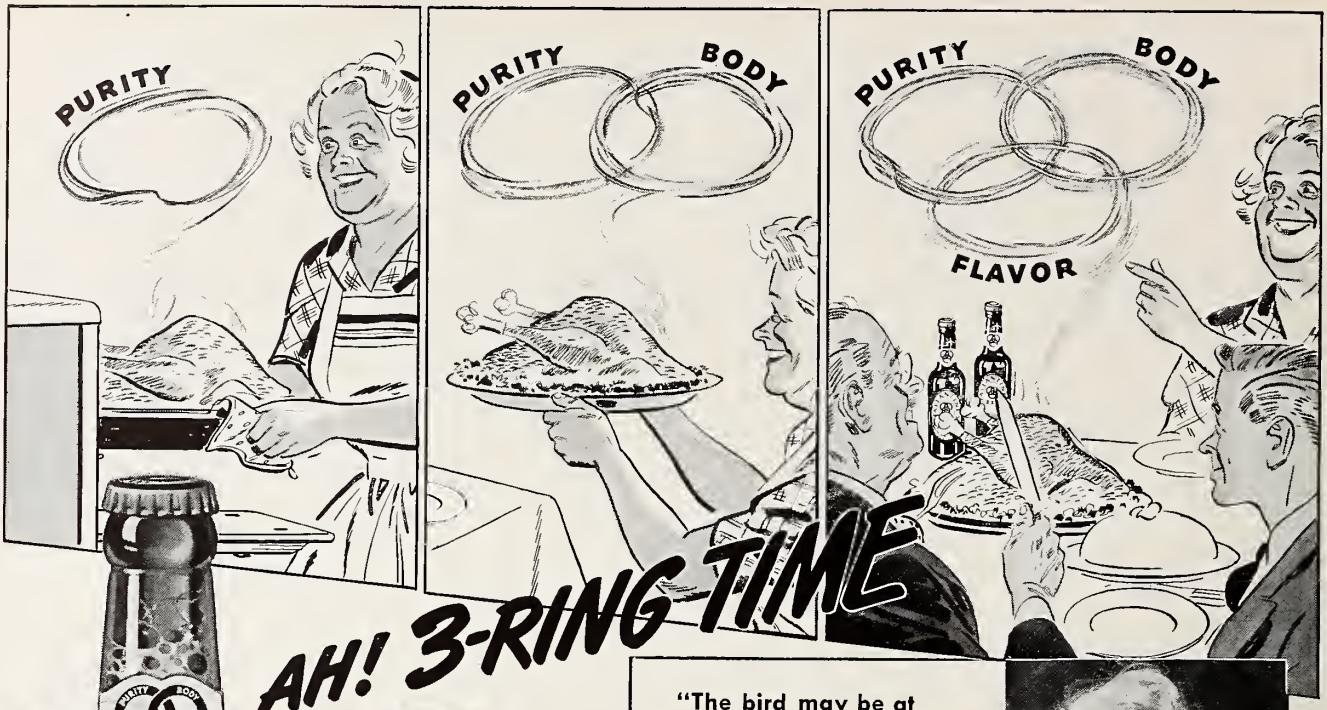


IN THIS ISSUE *Four Color Portraits*

ANN SHERIDAN • GENE TIERNE

TYRONE POWER • BOB STAC

©C1B 551952



AH! 3-RING TIME

"The bird may be at the head of our marketing list—but Ballantine is not far behind. It's a great favorite with everyone at our house."

Mrs. FRANCIS J. SEIDLE
Philadelphia Housewife

For a festive dinner that will go down in family history, serve Ballantine with the main course . . . PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR are the finest accompaniment fine food ever had.

"Special" day—any day—you'll find 3-Ring Time's the pleasantest of all! Look for the 3 Rings . . . call for Ballantine Ale . . . or Ballantine Beer. On draught . . . in bottles.

BALLANTINE

JUST FOR FUN tune in **"3-RING TIME,"** Ballantine coast-to-coast radio show . . . Milton Berle, Shirley Ross, Bob Crosby and Orchestra, Blue Network.

ALE PURITY BODY FLAVOR BEER

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

JUL 29 1942

Now Guess Her Age!

New-Texture Face Powder Makes Her Skin Look Years Younger!

By *Lady Esther*

ONCE THIS lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age.

For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* face powder! It was a cruel powder, both in texture and in shade—showing up every tiny line in her face—accenting every little blemish and skin-fault—yes, and even making the pores seem somewhat bigger, coarser!

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Would you say she is 21—30—35?

She has changed to Lady Esther Face Powder—the powder with a new and different texture. Lady Esther Powder is deliberately planned to flatter the skin, to make it look smoother, fresher, *younger!*

Lady Esther Face Powder is not mixed or blended in the usual way. It's *blown* by ***TWIN HURRICANES*** until it's much smoother, finer, than ordinary powder.

But it's not the texture alone that's so different! The ***TWIN-HURRICANE*** method makes the *shades* different, too! Just imagine—hurricanes *blow the color* into this amazing powder! That's why the shades are so rich and glamorous. That's why Lady Esther Powder makes your skin look so much fresher, younger.

Try this hurricane-blended face powder! See how it helps hide little lines and blemishes, helps hide big pores and even tiny freckles! See how it gives instant new life and freshness to your skin—how it makes your skin look *years younger.*

Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the coupon below and you will receive all 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all! When you come to the one that is most flattering to your skin you'll know that is your *lucky shade!*

LADY ESTHER, (79)
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

In Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario

MODERN SCREEN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

The minutes of the last meeting, read and approved, placed "Mrs. Miniver" right up there on all ten-best film lists of all-time. Now we can get on to present and future business.

Clark Gable (Honky) and Lana Turner (Tonk) ignite again in "Somewhere I'll Find You".

"Tish", based on the popular stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart, dusts off the mantle of Marie Dressler and tenders it to Marjorie Main, who plays the title role.

The inimitable Mickey Rooney becomes "A Yank at Eton" and the role becomes Mickey Rooney.

Judy Garland's out-and-out starring vehicle is one of the out-and-outstanding entertainments on the horizon. "For Me and My Gal".

"Red" Skelton and Ann Sothern are in "Panama Hattie". You'll see Red—and Ann.

"Random Harvest", the James Hilton best-seller, is in the able hands of Director LeRoy and stars Ronald Colman and Mrs. Miniver Garson.

"Seven Sweethearts" brings prominently to the fore those up and coming artists, Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

This completes the agenda for pictures current and in the immediate making at M-G-M, whose promise of great motion picture entertainment has always been fulfilled.

★ ★ ★ ★

Your Miniver Man—

—Lea

STORIES

LOVE, HONOR AND HECKLE
Bob and Babs Taylor give their romance a perpetual hotfoot 24

SUGAR PUSS
Comes '43, Joan Leslie swaps readin' and writin' for rumba and romance 26

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A PICNIC
Off to a day in the country with Dennis Morgan, Julie Bishop, the Jack Carsons, Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens 28

JIVIN' JANE
Shakes hands like a cowboy—this Withers gal! But gives you the eye, too, if you happen to look like George Montgomery 32

YOUNG MAN WITH A SOUL
Why wouldn't Glenn Ford let himself be photographed in his uniform? 36

WHAT THEY EXPECT FROM A DATE
Four Hollywood lovelies tattle 'bout the kind of lunchin' and lovin' they prefer 40

SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN
Or should we say "temperamental gentleman"? The low-down on Tommy Dorsey 50

COLOR PORTRAITS

Tyrone Power 35
Gene Tierney 38
Bob Stack 39
Ann Sheridan 42

FEATURES

"Iceland" 44
Candidly Yours 56

BEAUTY

What's New Under Your Hat 52
How To Care for Your Hair 54
Highlights on Hair Beauty 55

FASHION

For the Modern Miss—Back to Books 60
For the Modern Miss—Smart Sixteen 66

DEPARTMENTS

Movie Reviews 6
Movie Scoreboard 8
Our Puzzle Page 10
Co-Ed 16
Portrait Gallery 19
Good News 46
Modern Hostess 70

Cover: Olivia de Havilland, appearing in Warners' "Princess O'Rourke"

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He's Never Beaten
A YANK AT ETON
Mickey Rooney's
All-Time Topper!
MICKEY
ROONEY
IN THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER HIT
"A YANK AT ETON"
WITH
EDMUND GWENN
IAN HUNTER
FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
MARTA LINDEN · JUANITA
QUIGLEY · ALAN MOWBRAY
Screen Play by George Oppenheimer,
Lionel Houser and Thomas Phipps
Original Story by George Oppenheimer
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Produced by
JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.
An M-G-M Picture

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Zachary Gold

Blonche Stroeve (Doris Dudley) runs owoy with Strickland (Geo. Sanders) ofter nursing him bock to heolth in her husbond's home. Miss Dudley left Kothorine Cornell's show to play in "Moon."

When "Moon ond Sixpence" wos written, it rocked the ort ond literory circles of the doy becouse of its bold similority to the reol-life story of o fomous modern painter-genius!

United Artists' production of "Moon" is bosed on the soltiest ond most widely reod of oll Somerset Moughom's novels. Above, Strickland ond Coptoin Nichols (Eric Blore) when pickin's were smoll!

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE

Swinging from the old Paris of bohemian artists, studio garrets and second rate cafes to the color-drenched islands of the South Seas, "The Moon and Sixpence" paints a wide and absorbing canvas. Lusty, real and alive, it sketches a group of full-blooded figures on the screen that you won't soon forget.

In the movies and fiction generally the artist has usually been portrayed as a romantic, sensitive-lipped, hothouse flower. Charles Strickland, the artist of "The Moon and Sixpence," is a romantic figure, vividly so, but the rest of the definition goes by the board. For Strickland, in many ways, is a male Scarlett O'Hara; driving, intense, proud and egotistical, he leaves wrecked behind him the lives of women and men as he marches toward his goal. "The Moon and Sixpence" is sharp, acrid and somewhat salty to the taste.

Taken from the novel by Somerset Maugham, it takes a place with other unusual films that have been fashioned from his work. You should remember "Of Human Bondage" which not so many years ago catapulted Bette

Third woman in Strickland's life is Ata (Elena Verduga) with whom he falls deeply in love in the island paradise. Rale requires her ta wear a camplicated 2-haur make-up.

Davis to stardom; further back there was "Rain," colorful and dramatic. "The Moon and Sixpence" is another leaf from the work of this sharp-eyed reporter of the human race.

It tells the story of the artist and genius, Charles Strickland. Until he was forty, Strickland lived the placid, somewhat smug life of a fairly successful stockbroker, head of an average family, seemingly somewhat dull and prosaic. And then one day, for no apparent reason, he left his family, his business, all his connections and went to Paris. His wife was sure a woman was involved; but in the usual sense there was no "other" woman. Charles Strickland, at forty, had decided to be an artist. Simply that.

Or perhaps not so simple. It poses a riddle of character and morals, personality and conventions not at all easy to understand. It is that riddle which Geoffrey Wolfe, a writer whose life touched Strickland's at various points, sets out to solve by telling the story of the artist's life as he knew it.

Wolfe met Strickland in Paris and found him utterly without remorse for his action, without pity for his wife, without sympathy for his children. Strickland simply said that he had to paint. Nothing else mattered in the whole wide world. Without money, he lived on crumbs, literally half starved, yet he never made the slightest move to return.

Once, falling seriously ill, he was taken in by a kindly painter, Dirk Stroeve, who believed Strickland a genius. Stroeve nursed him back to health, cared for him, fed him, gave him a place to sleep and work. In the end, his health restored, Strickland repaid Stroeve by running off with his wife. Stroeve's despair failed to move him; he called him a "fat fool." And when, in turn, the wife committed suicide because of him, Strickland merely shrugged. He had taken her in, he said, because he needed practice painting the female figure and could not afford models.

Through all the years in Paris, Strickland lived with the vague dream of a land flooded with sunshine and color, where he could paint as he felt he should paint. And finally, through (*Continued on page* 12)

There Are
MORE
SEATS
On Mid-Week
Days

Avoid crowded week-ends to make the most of Greyhound Travel in Wartime

THE BEST travel-time in wartime is on mid-week days—too many people want each bus seat on week-ends and holidays—the only times that many war workers and men in uniform can travel at all! You'll help ease crowding of buses by going on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday whenever possible. It's also wise to avoid taking trips in rush periods and on holidays. Get information and tickets as far in advance as you can—and don't take any more baggage with you than is absolutely necessary. Your cooperation will aid in keeping vital wartime traffic on the move!

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GREYHOUND

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating
Adventures of Martin Eden (Columbia)	2½★
All Through the Night (Warners)	3½★
Almost Married (Universal)	2½★
Always in My Heart (Warners)	C 3★
Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount)	2½★
Babes on Broadway (M-G-M)	4★
Bahama Passage (Paramount)	3★
Ball of Fire (RKO)	3½★
Bedtime Story (Columbia)	3★
Beyond the Blue Horizon (Paramount)	2½★
Blondie Goes to College (Columbia)	2½★
Blue, White and Perfect (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Bombay Clipper (Universal)	2½★
Born to Sing (M-G-M)	3★
Broadway (Universal)	3★
Cadets on Parade (Columbia)	2★
Call Out the Marines (RKO)	2★
Canal Zone (RKO)	2½★
Captains of the Clouds (Warners)	3★
Close Call for Ellery Queen (Columbia)	2½★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia)	2½★
Corpse Vanishes, The (Monogram)	2★
Corsican Brothers, The (United Artists)	3★
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The (M-G-M)	3★
Dangerously They Live (Warners)	3★
Dr. Broadway (Paramount)	3★
Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M)	2½★
Dumbo (RKO)	C 3½★
Escape from Hong Kong (Universal)	2½★
Falcon Takes Over, The (RKO)	2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO)	2½★
Feminine Touch, The (M-G-M)	3★
Fighting Bill Fargo (Universal)	2★
Fingers at the Window (M-G-M)	2½★
Fleet's In, The (Paramount)	3★
Flying Cadets (Universal)	2★
Forbidden Trails (Monogram)	2★
Friendly Enemies (United Artists)	2½★
Frisco Lil (Universal)	2½★
Gentleman at Heart, A (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Ghost of Frankenstein, The (Universal)	2½★
Ghost Town Law (Monogram)	2½★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists)	4★
Grand Central Murder (M-G-M)	3★
Great Man's Lady (Paramount)	3★
Hayfoot (United Artists)	2★
H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M)	3★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)	4★
In Old California (Republic)	2½★
In This, Our Life (Warners)	3½★
Invaders, The (Columbia)	3½★
I Wake Up Screaming (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Jesse James, Jr. (Republic)	2½★
Joan of Paris (RKO)	3½★
Joe Smith, American (M-G-M)	2½★
Johnny Eager (M-G-M)	3½★
Juke Box Jenny (Universal)	2½★
Juke Girl (Warners)	3★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists)	C 4★
Kathleen (M-G-M)	C 3★
Keep 'Em Flying (Universal)	3★
Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M)	3★
Kings Row (Warners)	3★
Kipps (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Lady For a Night (Republic)	2½★
Lady Has Plans, The (Paramount)	3★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners)	2½★
Lawless Plainsmen (Columbia)	2★
Little Annie Rooney (United Artists)	C2½★
Louisiana Purchase (Paramount)	3½★
Mad Doctor of Market Street, The (Universal)	2★
Male Animal, The (Warners)	3★
Man from Headquarters (Monogram)	2★
Man Who Came to Dinner, The (Paramount)	4★
Man Who Returned to Life (Columbia)	2★
Man Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Mayor of 44th Street (RKO)	2½★
Meet the Mob (Monogram)	2★
Meet the Stewarts (Columbia)	2½★
Men in Her Life, The (Columbia)	3★
Mexican Spitfire at Sea (RKO)	2½★
Moonlight in Hawaii (Universal)	2½★
Moontide (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mr. Bug Goes to Town (Paramount)	C 3★
Mr. and Mrs. North (M-G-M)	3★
Mr. District Attorney in the Carter Case (Republic)	2½★
Mister V (United Artists)	4★
Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M)	4★
My Favorite Spy (RKO)	2½★
My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mystery of Marie Roget, The (Universal)	2½★
Native Land (Frontier Films)	3½★
Nazi Agent (M-G-M)	3★
Night Before the Divorce (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Night of January 16 (Paramount)	3★
No Hands on the Clock (Paramount)	2½★
North of the Klondike (Universal)	2½★
Obliging Young Lady (RKO)	2½★
One Foot in Heaven (Warners)	3½★
Pacific Blackout (Paramount)	2★
Pardon My Stripes (Republic)	2★
Paris Calling (Universal)	3★
Playmates (RKO)	3★
Powder Town (RKO)	2½★
Private Buckeroo (Universal)	2½★
Quiet Wedding (Universal)	3½★
Reap the Wild Wind (Paramount)	3★
Red River Valley (Republic)	2½★
Remarkable Andrew, The (Paramount)	3★
Remember Pearl Harbor (Republic)	2½★
Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal)	3★
Riders of the Timberline (Paramount)	2★
Rings on Her Fingers (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Rio Rita (M-G-M)	3★
Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Road Agent (Universal)	2½★
Rock River Renegades (Monogram)	2★
Roxie Hart (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Royal Mounted Patrol, The (Columbia)	2½★
Saboteur (Universal)	3½★
Secrets of the Lone Wolf (Columbia)	2½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M)	2½★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists)	3½★
She's In The Army (Monogram)	2½★
Ship Ahoy (M-G-M)	3★
Ships with Wings (United Artists)	2½★
Sing Your Worries Away (RKO)	2★
Skylark (Paramount)	3★
Son of Fury (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Song of the Islands (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Sons of the Sea (Warners)	2½★
South of Santa Fe (Republic)	2★
Spoilers, The (Universal)	3½★
Stage Coach Express (Republic)	2½★
Steel Against the Sky (Warners)	2★
Stick to Your Guns (Monogram)	2★
Stork Pays Off, The (Columbia)	2½★
Submarine Raider (Columbia)	3★
Suicide Squadron (Republic)	3½★
Sullivan's Travels (Paramount)	4★
Sunday Punch (M-G-M)	2½★
Suspicion (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Syncopation (RKO)	3★
Take A Letter, Darling (Paramount)	3½★
Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M)	2½★
Ten Gentlemen From West Point (Twentieth Century-Fox)	3★
They Died With Their Boots On (Warners)	3½★
This Above All (20th Century-Fox)	4★
This Gun For Hire (Paramount)	3½★
To Be or Not to Be (United Artists)	3★
Tortilla Flat (M-G-M)	3½★
Tragedy at Midnight (Republic)	2½★
Treat 'Em Rough (Universal)	2½★
True to the Army (Paramount)	2½★
Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO)	3★
Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M)	3½★
Two Yanks In Trinidad (Columbia)	2½★
Unholy Partners (M-G-M)	2½★
Valley of the Sun (RKO)	3★
Vanishing Virginian, The (M-G-M)	3★
We Were Dancing (M-G-M)	2½★
West of Cimarron (Republic)	2½★
What's Cookin' (Universal)	3★
Who is Hope Schuyler (RKO)	2★
Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia)	2½★
Wild Bill Hickok Rides (Warners)	3★
Wolf Man, The (Universal)	2½★
Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M)	4★
Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners)	4★
You're in The Army Now (Warners)	2★

THEIR darkened house sheltered their hushed story..

BUT IT COULDN'T HIDE THEIR LOVES!

To meet them is to love them—but to love them is dangerous! Every strange episode in the lives of these girls that the town called bad emerges starkly from the furious happenings of Stephen Longstreet's talked-about best-seller. See it *lived!* See it the moment it opens in your city!

BARBARA
STANWYCK
as FIONA...She couldn't live down her reputation—so she lived up to it!

GEORGE BRENT
as CHARLES... Tricked into a marriage he couldn't forget!

GERALDINE
FITZGERALD
as EVELYN, who lived as she pleased 'til a kiss changed everything!

with
DONALD CRISP · NANCY COLEMAN · GENE LOCKHART
Larry Simms · Donald Woods · Directed by IRVING RAPPER

and introducing
GIG YOUNG
who had everything except the woman he wanted.

The Story of the Startling Loves of
"The Gay Sisters"

WARNER BROS.
have turned another great novel into another great screen event!

Screen Play by Lenore Coffee • Based Upon the Novel by Stephen Longstreet • Music by Max Steiner • **REMEMBER YOUR WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!**

RITA HAYWORTH
Columbia Pictures Star

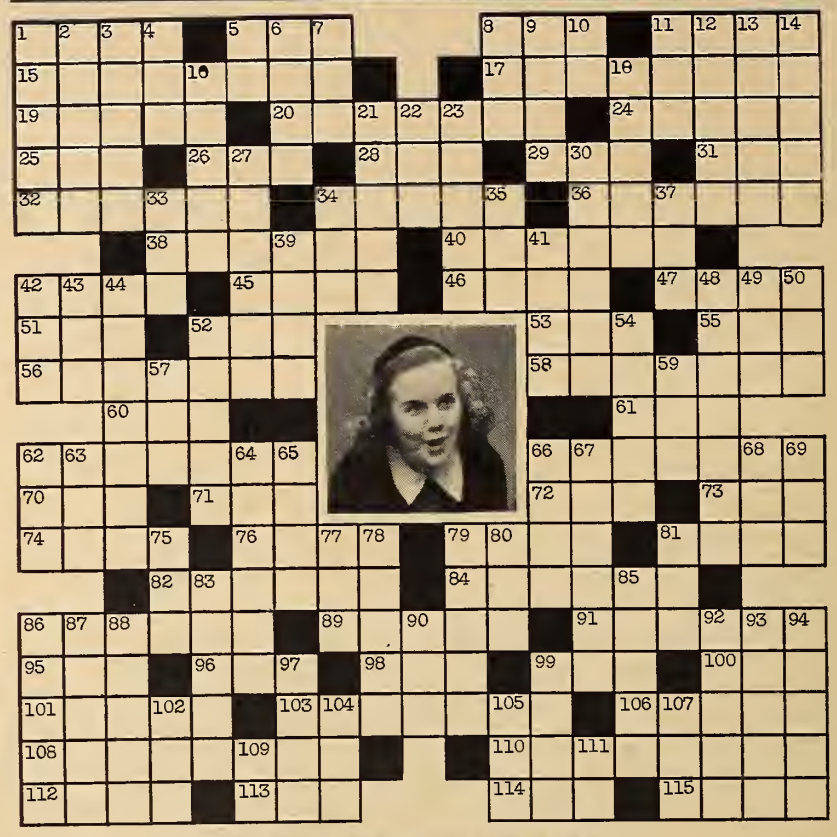
HOLD YOUR HAIR
Hollywood-perfect
with this
MODERN HAIR RETAINER

Hollywood stars can't stop to fix their hair whenever they'd like to. That's why so many of them depend on Grip-Tuth. Grip-Tuth looks like a comb—but isn't. This non-metallic hair retainer slides into your hair in a jiffy—and stays there until *you* take it out! And that's especially important if you're working in the war effort, where you *must* keep your hair up, out of the way! Try one to hold your wave. Try one to keep your hair high on the sides. Try one to anchor bows or flowers just where you want them! Two on a card (or one extra length) only 25c. If notion counter or beauty shop can't supply you, send 25c for card. State hair color.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 47

Nu-Hesive Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated company, are one of our contributions to National Defense

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 97

ACROSS

1. Actor named Kruger
5. T - - - Birell
8. Mother of star pictured
11. "- - - - herd of the Ozarks"
15. "Juke Girl"
17. Fem. in "This Gun for Hire"
19. "A Gentleman at Heart"
20. Opposite "Lady in a Jam"
24. She's in "To the Shores of Tripoli"
25. "It St - - - ed With Eve"
26. Compass point
28. Edible root stock
29. Songwright Gershwin
31. Male lead of "Mokey"
32. Be indignant at
34. "Secret - - - - - of Japan"
36. Narcotic
38. & 40. A Universal film favorite
42. Circle parts
45. Shirley's age: four - - - -
46. Chills and fever
47. Cupid
51. Pooh!
52. Director's call to to end scenes
53. Away from
55. Italian actress
56. With our star in 25 Across
58. Moral
60. Ingrid's daughter
61. Shade tree
62. Hedy's name in "Tortilla Flat"
66. Setting of "Mister V"
70. - - - ta Louise
71. N. Zealand parrot
72. Our star was in "Spring P - - - de"
73. Female ruff
74. "A - - - - on the Burma Road"
76. Noted radio and screen actress
79. A treat when sung by our star
81. Sums up
82. One of "Five of a Kind"
84. Male principal in "I Married an Angel"
86. A Barrymore
89. Selfish sister in "In This Our Life"
91. Seniors
95. Finis
96. - - - one Power
98. Rodent
99. - - - th Fellows
100. "Frisco - - -"
101. Fred Astaire's first dancing partner
103. What Taylor and Power have portrayed
106. Our star's golden treasure
108. Fortresses
110. Thrust in
112. Fastening
113. Player in "Now, Voyager"
114. Beverage
115. Radicals

DOWN

1. Noted English character actor
2. At that place
3. Film newcomers must take these
4. C - - - Witherspoon
5. Paid notice
6. Dagwood in "Blondie's Blessed Event"
7. Star of "Panama Hattie"
8. Farewell!
9. Cabdriver in "Four Jacks and a Jill"
10. "Three Sm - - t Girls" was our star's first hit
11. Walt Di - - - y
12. Feminine name
13. Brilliancy
14. Anne Shirley's ex
16. Fem. in "Destination Unknown"
18. African ruminant
21. Musical instrument
22. Grief
23. Actress: - - - - - Ware
27. What our star's "Oscar" is
30. Opposite our star in "Nice Girl?"
33. Editor's: abbr.
34. Scotch for "One"
35. "- - - boat Annie"
37. "New W - - -"
39. Ensnares
41. Comic Mesquiteer in "Westward Ho!"
42. Primer
43. College yell
44. The Little Fellow in "The Gold Rush"
48. Male in "The Man Who Came to Dinner"
49. Siren in "You'll Never Get Rich"
50. "My Gal - - -"
52. With Lana in "Honky Tonk"
54. Fem. in "Ten Gentlemen from West Point"
57. Dolores Del - - -
59. Doctrine
62. Recently became Mrs. Ray Hendricks
63. Plays a Chinese in "Shanghai Gesture"
64. Weirdly
65. What Errol Flynn does for fun
66. Other woman in "Kathleen"
67. Rubbed out
68. The "dead pan" comic
69. Aye
75. Lead in "Juke Box Jenny"
77. Spanish hero
78. "Always in My - - - -"
79. Playwright: - - - - - Loos
80. Legal point
81. In addition
83. Apportioned
85. "Popeye's" girl friend
86. Cary Grant's real name
87. Sabu's home-land
88. Was married to Luise Rainer
90. Our star's father-in-law
92. Choicest part
93. Pressed through a strainer
94. Sleighs
97. Part in a film
99. Slave
102. Fold over
104. Employ
105. What Bob Hope is noted for
107. Screen juvenile
109. Swedish comic
111. Carmen Miranda's country: abbr.

Private life OF THE MAN MILLIONS CHEERED!

Here's the intimate story of a man millions idolized. He fought his way to the top—and then he met Her! Together they reveled in life and love. But there was one secret they tried to keep from each other—and out of their struggle comes one of the screen's most dramatic and touching romances. Presented by Samuel Goldwyn, who gave you some of the finest films you've ever seen.

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THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES

(THE LIFE OF LOU GEHRIG)

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TERESA WRIGHT · BABE RUTH · WALTER BRENNAN

VELOZ and YOLANDA • RAY NOBLE and his Orchestra • Directed by SAM WOOD

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It's the Great American Story!

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Use GLOVER'S Medicinal Treatment, with Massage, for Loose Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair!

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Send FREE samples, Glover's Mange Medicine and GLO-VER Shampoo. I enclose 10c to cover packaging, handling and postage.

Name .....

Address .....

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 7*)

accident, he heard of the South Sea Islands—Java, Bali, Tahiti. He beat his way there, surviving incredible physical misery, living on slops, braving dangers. Reaching there, he found it the Paradise he had dreamed about.

He settled on the Islands. He took a native wife and found that he loved her as he had never loved a woman before. Isolated from civilization, away from a world which didn't understand him and which he couldn't endure, he found his happiness. It wasn't destined to live long, for Strickland caught leprosy and after a few short years in his Eden, he died.

His end, horrible and untimely, was perhaps the just desserts for his life. Surely he had spared no one in achieving what he had wanted. But that is just the point of the picture; who was at fault in the life of Charles Strickland? For all he did, he repaid in masterpieces of painting, pictures of a wild and brooding beauty. Who was in debt—the world to the artist, or the artist to the world? The picture does not solve the riddle; it does not condemn. It merely presents.

Told in a manner to catch the full flavor of the book, "The Moon and Sixpence," uses a narrative flashback technique. It's not entirely new to the movies, but it has rarely been used so extensively as here. Almost throughout the whole picture, there is a narrator, the writer Goeffrey Wolfe, telling the story in the background while the screen acts out the words. It's a novel and highly effective way of presenting a story whose flavor lies in the mood and the curiously impersonal point of view.

George Sanders, in an ideal bit of casting, plays the haughty, contemptuous Strickland; Herbert Marshall, the writer Geoffrey Wolfe. Doris Dudley and Elena Verdugo handle the female leads. Albert Basserman, Steve Geray, Eric Blore and Florence Bates round out the cast. For good measure Devi Dja and her group of Java-Bali dancers are included.

Depend on it, "The Moon and Sixpence" is excellent entertainment on any level. The story is vivid, moving, different, colorful in locale, exciting in incident. You will get from it exactly what you care to; an hour and a half of rattling, good movie, an hour and a half of good, rattling ideas. Or both; preferably both.—*U. A.*

P. S.

George Sanders stopped off in Hollywood to spend a week-end and has been here seven years. Didn't know anyone here, but got indignant when refused a trip through the studios. One week later he was working at 20th Century-Fox as Madeleine Carroll's husband in "Lloyd's of London" . . . Katharine Cornell advised Doris Dudley to accept the role, said it was the best motion picture script she'd ever read . . . Doris still winces at mention of her previous film appearance, a part in "A Woman Rebels" with Katharine Hepburn. That same opus is also a skeleton in the closet of one Van Heflin . . . Elena Verdugo, the native girl Sanders marries, is 17 years old, a descendant of the old Early California Verdugo family. Studied Spanish on the set between takes and found a tutor in Sanders, who speaks the beautiful language like a native son. When asked how the Javanese liked American movies, Devi Dja said they were very well received, but that Dorothy Lamour came as quite a surprise to them!

HOLIDAY INN

There's a rumor that the film cans of "Holiday Inn" are done up in gift wrappers, gay as a penny post card from a vacation resort. Joyous as a Christmas gift, romantic as a Valentine's day greeting, satisfying as a Thanksgiving Day turkey, "Holiday Inn" is as delightful as an unexpected birthday present.

For the occasion, Paramount has merged the nicest double feature bill you could think of and served it up on one platter. Bing Crosby's dulcet voice and Fred Astaire's miraculous feet beat out counter tempos for the picture. Not enough? Music—tinkling, gay and romantic—by Irving Berlin. More? An entertaining story, bright lines, pretty faces.

The story's about the lives and loves of Jim Hardy (Bing Crosby) and Ted Hanover (Fred Astaire) who have an act doing the rounds of the New York night clubs. And a couple of gals, of course. One of them, Lillie Dixon (Virginia Dale) danced with Ted, kissed Jim and loved everybody. So she marries a Texas oil millionaire—

Ted goes out to the nearest bar to brood; Jim goes out to the country for his. Brooding among the cows and chickens, he turns up the bright idea of making his farm into an Inn. The place is to be open only holidays, some fifteen a year; the rest of the time he can lie around and recuperate. A Holiday Inn!

Up pops the second gal, fresh as a country egg, blooming as a peach on the limb, pretty as a tiger lily, sweet as honey from a hive. She's Linda Mason (Marjorie Reynolds), and she's turned up at "Holiday Inn" for a try at show business. And up pops Ted, drunk, disorderly and with a broken heart. He stays drunk and disorderly, but the broken heart mends quick as a zip of a zipper as soon as he sees the girl. That's where they came in: two guys and a gal—but love, they say, is a merry-go-round anyway.

And this merry-go-round comes complete with music and dancing. Ted snags her for a partner in a couple of routines; Jim serenades her with "Easter Parade" and a couple of other smash tunes. In between, regretfully but firmly, they try to slip daggers into each other's backs. It's a happy threesome up "Holiday Inn" way.

It all works out. But before it does, the picture skips to Hollywood, winds up a lot of song numbers, gets off a slew of gags; and all with high gaiety as befits the holiday spirit. Jim gets Linda at the

end, but Ted gets back Lillie; everything —songs, girls, jokes and spotlight—is divvied up as neatly as a Lease-Lend treaty.

But it's the production numbers which make the picture the top-notch entertainment that it is; and there are fifteen of them spotted through the story. They run the gamut from slick ballroom numbers and romantic ballads to a spiritual with Bing in blackface and a Colonial number with Fred in knee-length pants and buckled shoes. They're just the best there is in Hollywood in their respective fields—Crosby and Astaire. And that's enough.—*Par.*

P. S.

Trickiest of the dance routines is Astaire's Fourth of July number . . . Explosion of fire-crackers was timed to accompany the tapping . . . Dance director set 'em off by means of an "organ" equipped with fuses instead of keys . . . Everyone except Fred wore goggles for eye-protection against the 3000 tiny torpedoes that explode during the dance . . . Bing Crosby's muscles took a terrific beating. For four days he pitched hay, milked cows, dug ditches, pruned trees, while the cameras ground. Result of his hard labor—a fast-moving two-minute montage . . . Prop men spent four days affecting each change of season. Used 20 tons of blossoms, buds and flowers for the Spring and Summer scenes . . . Bing started the film immediately after a trip to South America. All the mail that came to him from his newly found friends there was addressed simply "El Bingo" . . . Fred Astaire went through every one of his dances in slow motion so the "still" man could get his quota of pictures. Contrary to general opinion, Mr. Astaire is one of the most co-operative gentlemen in pictures . . . He's very superstitious and won't allow any member of the cast or crew to get a hair-cut during production. During the last two weeks of the long shooting schedule, the long-haired boys exercised iron control and completely ignored the constant yoo-hoos of their pals.

THE GAY SISTERS

The Gaylord sisters, three of them, were weaned on subpoenas, went to grade school with a bailiff, had their first dates in a Magistrates' Court and bloomed into beauty with the Circuit Court of Appeals. That's not to imply that the Gaylords were a bunch of minor Dillingers. They manage to cut up a few touches; at the opening of the story one of them takes a high kick at a photographer's camera, and one of them sports a monocle. But the gals are really Society, and their long legal career is just due to a will—or really a couple of wills.

It seems that after the death of their father, two wills were discovered, and while the claims and counter claims were being sifted, twenty-three long years passed, the girls got to know every judge in the circuit and lived on advances of the money due them. Root of the trouble is that one will gives a large chunk of dough to a charity, and the eldest sister Fiona (Barbara Stanwyck) has refused to settle or even compromise.

Fiona is quite a girl; high spirited, proud, beautiful and stubborn as an army mule. It's not that she has anything against charity that's kept her fighting these twenty-three years; Charles Barclay (George Brent), head of the charity, has refused to settle unless Fiona sells him the Gaylord house for a project of his which is a sort of miniature Radio

Picture of a Wallflower in the Making!

Men seldom dance twice with the girl who forgets that Mum guards charm!

LOVELY Amy and dashing Bob dance charmingly together. But when this waltz is over, who will blame him if he doesn't ask for an encore?

Prettiness and grace, a sparkling personality, *help* to make a girl popular. But they can't hold a man when underarms need Mum.

Amy would be horrified if you told her her fault. Didn't she bathe just this evening? But that refreshing bath only took away *past* perspiration . . . it can't prevent risk of future underarm odor. The more fun, the more exciting an evening is . . . the more a girl needs Mum.

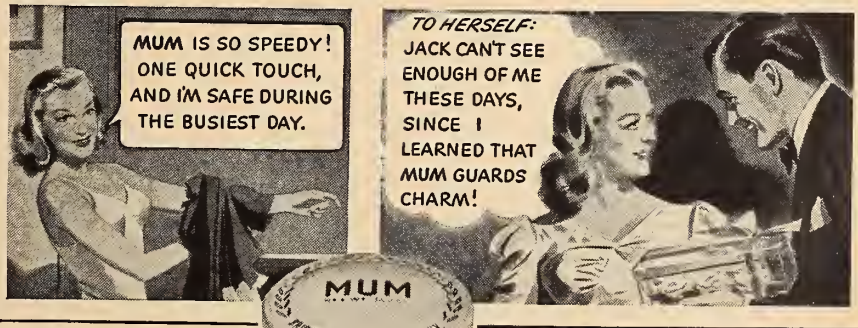
Mum safeguards your charm—keeps previous daintiness from fading. Mum prevents underarm odor for a whole day or evening! Make Mum a *daily* habit.

FOR INSTANT SPEED—Only thirty seconds to smooth on creamy, fragrant Mum.

FOR PEACE OF MIND—Mum won't hurt fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering. Mum won't irritate sensitive skin.

FOR LASTING CHARM—Mum keeps you safe from underarm odor, keeps you bath-sweet—helps you stay popular!

SAFEGUARD YOUR CHARM. MAKE MUM A DAILY RULE!


MUM IS SO SPEEDY! ONE QUICK TOUCH, AND I'M SAFE DURING THE BUSIEST DAY.
TO HERSELF: JACK CAN'T SEE ENOUGH OF ME THESE DAYS, SINCE I LEARNED THAT MUM GUARDS CHARM!
MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

For Sanitary Napkins
Gentle, safe Mum is first choice with thousands of women for this purpose. Try Mum this way, too!

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

THRIFTY NIFTY!

WHEN REMOVING MAKE-UP OR MANICURING NAILS I USE HALF SHEETS OF KLEENEX. IT SAVES TISSUES... SAVES TOWELS!

(from a letter by G. L. K., Phoenix, Ariz.)

WIN $25
(MATURITY VALUE)
WAR SAVINGS BOND
FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH
WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR.
ADDRESS: KLEENEX 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

"Hold Your Hats, Girls!"...

IT'S THE HAY FEVER SNEASON! THAT'S WHY I KEEP SOFT, SOOTHING KLEENEX ALWAYS ON HAND. IT SAVES MY NOSE, SAVES HANKIES, SAVES LAUNDRY!

(from a letter by C. C. J., Longview, Texas)

KLEENEX* "POP-UP" BOX
SAVES TISSUES-SAVES MONEY!
BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Hanks for Yanks!

DURING "COLDS" I USE SOFT ABSORBENT KLEENEX. IT HELPS PREVENT GERMS FROM SPREADING...SAVES MY BACK ON WASHDAY!

(from a letter by Pvt. H. F. W., Jefferson Barracks, Mo.)

City. So the case drags on while each of these two principals refuses to give in an inch.

That leaves the other two sisters high and dry with Fiona. One of them, Evelyn (Geraldine Fitzgerald) has taken up café society while cooling her heels waiting for the millions to drop into her lap, managed to snag an English lord for a husband and sports the aforementioned monocle; the other, Susanna (Nancy Coleman), has stubbed her toe with an unfortunate marriage which broke up a few days after the ceremony and, at the moment the story opens, is in love with an artist. Evelyn and Susanna, however, are completely under the thumb of the quick-tempered Fiona and just sigh and wonder what it's all about.

What they don't know is that Fiona and Charles Barclay were once married. Matter of fact there's a child, Austin, as proof of the nuptials; but no one knows that Austin is Fiona's child, and no one knows, except the two, that Fiona and Charles were once man and wife. The story of that marriage is one of Fiona's high-handed tricks; she married Barclay only to collect some money coming to her from an aunt, coming to her only if she married by a certain time. You can't blame Barclay for being a little angry about it when he found that out; the boy was really in love with Fiona.

Those skeletons in the closet rise to haunt Fiona, for Charles Barclay finds out about the child and threatens to blow the whole case wide open. Meanwhile Evelyn, on the loose and with nothing to do, has taken a shine to Susanna's artist and Susanna is broken-hearted. Faced with the prospect of ruining all their lives unless she settles with Barclay, Fiona gives the child to Barclay in return for a compromise on the wills.

Defeated, lost, her child gone from her, Fiona's a pitiful figure in the run down Gaylord house. But we said above that the guy loves her, didn't we? So it all ends happily, for oddly enough, she loves the guy, too. Fiona and Charles are re-united; Susanna gets her artist and Evelyn goes back to London, to an embattled England.

The role of Fiona is a meaty one for Barbara Stanwyck, tailor-made for her intensity and beauty. In the role of Barclay, George Brent has one of the best parts he's had in a long time. There's a host of top-notch supporting players in the picture; Donald Crisp, Gene Lockhart, Grant Mitchell and Bryant Fleming handle assignments. "The Gay Sisters" is solid screen entertainment, studded with odd and colorful characters. —*W. B.*

P. S.

Larry Simms, Barbara Stanwyck's adopted son in the film, is much better known to fans as "Baby Dumpling" of the "Blondie" series. He's seven years old, a real he-man. Had to be held down by force when the make-up man had to powder his face for an illness scene . . . 14 exterior sets, 27 interiors were used . . . the transportation department had to round up buses, cabs, bikes, even a steam roller, for different periods between 1915 and 1942 . . . Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Coleman had planned a gag, to continue crying hysterically after the director had called "cut" on their weeping-in-the-wine-cellar scene. By the time they'd rehearsed a couple of times they were all out of tears. Had just enough left for one "take" . . . Barbara suffered a pulled muscle in her leg, putting everything she had into a kick aimed at a newspaper photographer's camera during the courthouse scene . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald's complete costume included a monocle . . . At a sneak preview, so many people praised the work of an unknown actor, referring to him by his character name, that Bryant Fleming became Gig Young legally and will use that name for his future screen career . . . Stanwyck and George Brent have worked together before—in "So Big" and "The Purchase Price"...Brent's first scene was his wedding to Barbara. Came time for the take, who should walk demurely up the aisle and stand beside him but Annie Sheridan Brent? The expression on George's face was recorded for posterity by the grinding cameras.

WAKE ISLAND

"Wake Island" has the sharp, stinging reality of a newspaper headline. After sending out a string of pictures in which the war was a sort of khaki background for love and kisses, Hollywood has finally caught up with the grim-voiced communiques which have been coming out of Washington and the capitals of the United Nations. "Wake Island" is Hollywood's finest love story to date; it tells of men whose love of country led them to death and glory on a barren coral rock.

A speck of land in the middle of nowhere, two and a quarter square miles in area, home base for twelve fighter planes and a handful of Marines, Wake Island fought off the full fury of Japanese air and sea attacks for precious weeks until the last plane was gone, and the handful

of Marines had shrunk to a fistful of men willing still to fight and die.

"Wake Island" tells the story of those men in personal terms. Major Caton, who took with him a silver cigarette case from his daughter; Lt. Cameron, who left his bride of a few days in Hawaii only to learn on Dec. 7 that she had been killed in the Jap raid on Oahu; Joe Doyle and Smacksie Randall, leathernecks, who yelled, "Send us more Japs," as wave after wave of attacks beat against the island; McCloskey, the civilian, on the island for a construction job, who watched the last refugee plane take off while he gathered a handful of grenades to toss at the coming Japs; Probenzki, the mechanic, performing daily miracles with the battered motors of the dwindling supply of planes; Triunfo, the steward, who went after the Japs with a Bolo; Commander Reynolds, wounded in the first attack; Johnny and Squeaky, recruits.

They all came to Wake Island. They were there when Kurusu, the Jap Ambassador, stopped over while on his "peace" mission to Washington. They were there on December seventh when the skies were suddenly split with man-made thunder as the Japs made their sneak attack.

Yet it's not all grim and deadly. For men meet danger in many ways. "Wake Island" is full of the sound of men laughing at odds, joking at death. It's a picture about men, naturally; yet not wholly. The women hover over the action, shadowy but real; there were wives and sweethearts left behind, there were girls back home. The tough-bitten old timers discuss regretfully the number of blondes still left in the world that they haven't met.

Cast:

Major Caton.....Brian Donlevy
Joe Doyle.....Robert Preston
Lt. Bruce Cameron....Macdonald Carey
Shad McCloskey.....Albert Dekker
Sally Cameron.....Barbara Britton
Aloysius "Smacksie" Randall.....
.....William Bendix
Ivan Probenzki.....Mikhail Rasumny
Comm. Reynolds.....Walter Abel
Captain Patrick.....Damian O'Flynn
Sgt. Higbee.....Bill Goodwin

The sights and sounds of "Wake Island" were made in Hollywood; but they were created by the Marines on bomb-blasted Wake Island itself. There is nothing in the picture that could not have happened and much that actually did. Here is what American soldiers suffered on a bare atoll that we might be safe. Dare to forget Wake Island!—*Par.*

P. S.

Ryan low-wing monoplanes had their markings changed to resemble enemy Jap attack bombers. The research department discovered that the Nakijima

(Continued on page 86)

Screen comedy so gay...drama so thrilling...love so exciting...it will be the talk of YOUR town!
CARY GRANT • JEAN ARTHUR
AND
RONALD COLMAN
ARE
The Talk of the Town
A GEORGE STEVENS
PRODUCTION
(he gave you "Woman of the Year" and "Penny Serenade")
with EDGAR BUCHANAN · GLENDA FARRELL · TOM TYLER
Screen play by IRWIN SHAW and SIDNEY BUCHMAN
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Co-ed

By JEAN KINKEAD

Gasless summer getting you down? Here's how to settle for a high old time in your own back yard!

Summer's a wonderful institution and all that, but it also has its headaches. Or hasn't yours? F'rinstance, **How are you doing in the moonlight?** A) Slapping swains' faces a dime a dozen? or B) Wondering why the heck nobody makes a pass at you? Either way it's no fun, but—let's face it—it's your own fault. Hardly a man is now alive who kisses without a bit of a come-on. If you're problem A, it's up to you to tone down your oomph.

Take it easy on the too-sheer-too-tight-too-low little numbers you've been wearing. A less lavish hand with the snaky perfume.

Don't double-date with a pair of confirmed smooch-artists. You feel like such a dope sitting there watching them, and you never can think of a word to say to your chum. Result: You take the line of least resistance and hate your lipstickless puss in your coldly critical bedroom mirror.

Another thing—don't be naive when your date heads his jalopy up a dead end street or starts turning off a lot of lights in your living-room. Be one step ahead of the Crisis. Get him interested in talking or doing a crossword puzzle or listening to some music. Should all your best efforts fail, and he's on with the lerve, don't—oh, never—slap his face. Say something pleasantish like, "Please don't, Bill. I'm saving my kisses for something kind of special, and this just isn't it." But smile when you say it, sister, and intimate that if he plays his cards right he might work into something special later on.

If you're problem B, look to your glamor. Stop thinking all the get-beautiful ads are aimed at the gal next door. Lovely hair, a gorgeous complexion and a darling figure are enough to make any guy look at you twice and, having looked, decide you're worth dating. Having achieved a date you shouldn't have any trouble getting yourself kissed, barring B.O. and that whole charm-slaying league. But your attitude's got to be right.

Remember that very few boys will get romantic if they think you're a face-slapper. So if a quickie clinch would make a swell evening perfect, let honey chile know you're available. When you get to your door, stand in a fairly accessible position and look into his eyes while you're telling him what a wonderful time you had. Then, instead of bolting inside, give him an instant to size up the situation. If he knows his Charles Boyer—you'll get it!

Supposing night holds no terrors for you, but **Oh, those hectic days!** Too much sun on the poor face, too much water on the old hair. Frankenstein in a dirndl, that's you. What's to do about it?

Sunburn: Prevent it via enormous brimmed hats, gradual exposure and reliable sunburn lotions or creams. Don't be fooled by those sunless, muggy days. They're treacherous. If you do over-tan your hide, slather on a medicated cream, keep in the shade for a few days and wear very non-scratchy clothes so that it won't peel.

Summer hair: Prevent it by wearing a bathing cap in swimming, no matter how hysterical you look in one. Wash every bit of salt water or (*Continued on page* 67)

Now you can have more alluring hair
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

Dramatic simplicity *characterizes smart hair-dos, as well as clothes, this Fall. Before styling, hair was shampooed with new, improved Special Drene. See how silky and smooth it looks!*

Wonderful improved Special Drene Shampoo, with hair conditioner in it, now leaves hair far easier to arrange . . . neater, better groomed!

There's a new beauty thrill in store for you if you haven't tried Drene Shampoo lately! Because the new, improved Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it to leave hair far silkier, smoother and easier to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo equals this new Special Drene! No other shampoo leaves hair so lovely and lustrous and at the same time so manageable!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers." *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre* than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Procter & Gamble

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage—right after shampooing!

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

OUT OF THE BOOK . . .
ON TO THE SCREEN!
Flaming into your hearts with all its dramatic fervor—
The emotional thrills, the action-jammed dynamite make a great book into an even greater picture!
Tyrone POWER • Joan FONTAINE
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production
THIS ABOVE ALL
by ERIC KNIGHT
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK
with
Thomas Mitchell
Henry Stephenson
Nigel Bruce • Gladys Cooper • Philip Merivale
Sara Allgood
Alexander Knox
Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff
20th CENTURY FOX

Powolny

BETTY GRABLE'S a softie. Way down deep. It kind of gets her when George trots up the front steps, arms full of little homely things like Kleenex and hand lotion. She wouldn't exchange 'em for a million orchids. (Hates orchids, anyway.) Born a real "St. Louis (Mo.) Woman," she keeps the boys "tied 'round her apron strings." (Y'know—those little mink things.) This dainty creature may look a fragrant blossom, but she devours onions and sucks pieces of garlic affectionately. Could be a connection with her missing wisdom teeth? Has no appendix, either, and her dancing in TCF's current "Footlight Serenade" was so hard on her anatomy, she spent days off in bed. Yearns to be a good actress—with those legs! Likes perfume, Dodgers, men. And don't those last two named return the compliment!

CESAR'S a Latin from Manhattan, running true to tradition! Gets around and knows more screen lovelies than any other two swells on Hollywood Boulevard. "Look" aptly described his position in café society thus, "It means as much to an actress to be seen with Romero as it does a piano to be seen with Paderewski." Amazing part is his apparent imperviousness. Says he's never been smitten or even faintly tied down. But we're wondering—what's about a certain sparkler stolen from his premises not long ago? And those reports of his furnishing that room strictly reserved for a missus in his Brentwood home? Folks at TCF (who certainly ought to know their favorite wolf) claim he's still up to his old tricks fascinatin' all the dames in sight in "Tales of Manhattan."

Powolny

JEAN ARTHUR has come a considerable distance from the old two-reel funnies to her present prominence. On theater marquees her name is twinkling beside Ronald Colman's and Cary Grant's (in Col.'s "The Talk of the Town"). But it was a stubbled path upward . . . made more difficult by the lack of the usual fanfare. Jean had always been firm on the subject. Fanfare frightened her. She'd carve her niche with talent rather than tinsel . . . or else to heck with it. When Mr. Deeds came to town he took Jean with him. There was that wonderful rich voice of hers that turned dull lines into music . . . and her rare ability to be both forthright and feminine. They say she used gold-dust in her powder to give her face a glow. What she did to make her personality glow remains a secret.

JOHN GARFIELD used to be a problem child! Used to think he could swipe oranges and trample the teacher's tulips without anybody caring much, 'til famed understander Angelo Patri looked him over and set him on the road to correcting his boyhood speech defect, winning oratorical honors to boot. When John came to Hollywood after Broadway, he was dead set on not "going Hollywood." Made it practically a phobia, left his studio high 'n' dry when he thought maybe he was turning too fancy. It was off to the wars for him, until the film guys argued "Please." Now everybody's happy, with John going great guns in his "Dangerously They Live" role, which both he and Warners' agree is just what the doctor ordered. But nothing or no one's going to make him get a haircut more than once a month, even now!

Schuyler Crail

At 17, Joan counts on horseback and badminton instead of fewer calories to keep her 122 pounds just so. Takes piano lessons tho she's been a whiz on the accordion since she was 6. Currently she's denying all Errol Flynn rumors.

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A *Picnic!*

Off to the California wilds with Denny Morgan and cinemachums for a baseball skirmish and weenie roast with a dash of woo!

2. Banga! Gang loaded up at Carsan's, trekked ta Griffith Park. Spat Denny, Julie Bishap, Kay St. Germaine and Spause Jack Carson, Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens at left?

3. Warming up! Julie (catcher), Alexis (batter), Kay (pitcher) and Denny (umpire) worked up a baseball game! Denny's cinematically scaring in "Wings for the Eagle."

4. Strike! When Julie missed the ball, Alex's mitts taak a terrific beating. Bath gals shawed up at Carsan's early in the morn ta help Mrs. C. make sliced chicken sandwiches.

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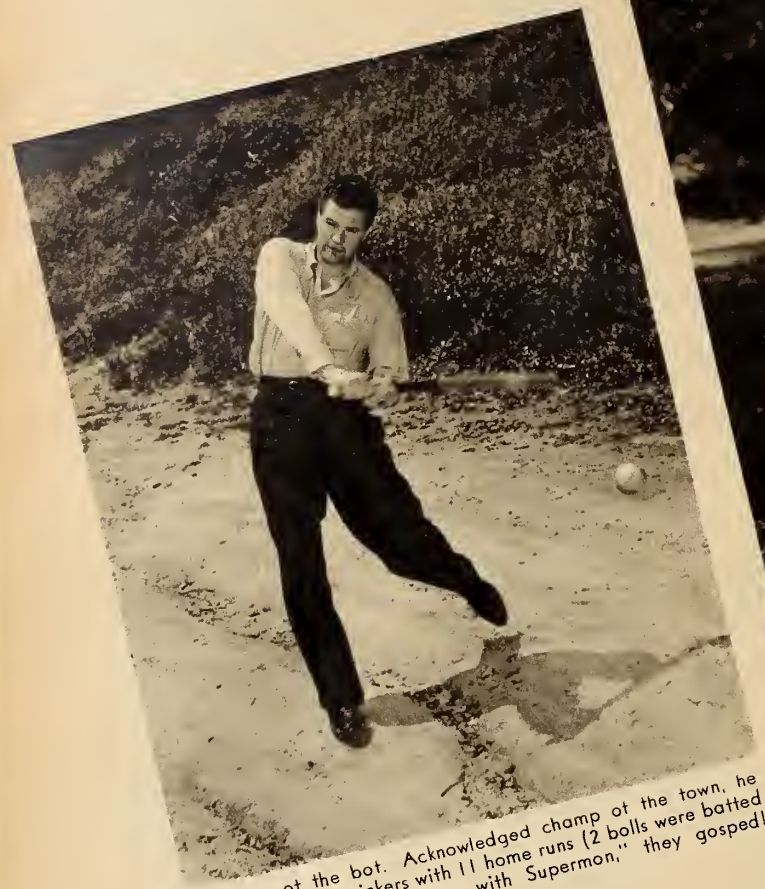


5. Denny at the bat. Acknowledged champ of the town, he flabbergasted picnickers with 11 home runs (2 balls were batted to oblivion). "Like playing with Superman," they gasped!

6. Oops! Despite gallons of pop and milk, Julie quenched her thirst the hard way! When army caravan rumbled thru, she and Alex scooted up a tree, gave boys the glad eye!

11. "Ohhhh, he floats through the air—" After lunch they all sprawled out on Carson's blanket and screamed old-time favorites at the top of their lungs, under Denny's baton!

12. Come! After Craig trounced Julie and Alex at "Victory Rummy" he and A. (those love birds!) climbed a tree to woo, serenaded by Denny's "Don't Sit Under . . ." Later stole off and rode a wicked merry-go-round!

7. Fanning the flames! Dennis hadn't set an open fire since his Boy Scout days in Wis., tried to strut his stuff by starting it without paper. (It wauldn't catch!) Was unmercifully heckled by Carson who didn't lift a finger!

8. Knock! Knock! Dennis egged Alex on to crack hard-baileds an Craig's noggin'! Everyone was so chock full of weenies when they sat down, they horseplayed thru lunch!

9. Dennis and Craig crammed toasted marshmallows down starlet Julie's throat, hung their heads in shame when she came down with an acute tummy-ache. Later poor J. lay down far a few winks, awoke literally crawling with ants!

10. Mrs. Carson wiped Dennis' weenie-smeared puss off under a spigot, prior ta settling down to a chat an babies. His third's en route; her first (a boy) arrived last Fall.

13. Yum! Yum! Just before leaving, Carson and Denny pounced on an apple simmering in the coals. Despite menu of hat dogs, ralls, sandwiches and marshmallows galore, ravenaus Denny downed apple and pint of milk on the ride back!

14. Going home! Playing hard since 10 A.M., the crawd called it quits at 4 P.M., piled three deep in Carson's coupe, drove ½ hr. to H'woad from the 3800-acre park!

Actress, magazine editar, Jane's an authar, too. Thaught up "Small Tawn Deb," was paid $3,000 by studia. Fictitiaus "Jerrie Walters" was credited.

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

jivin' jane

Oh, Mom! They're making eyes at her!

But Wild Indian Jane Withers won't surrender to the smoochers *yet!*

At sixteen, a girl leads a dub-dub-double life. She lives the honest-to-Pete existence of her gang, a very groovy gang of course, absotively hep. But she also dwells in a kingdom of dreams, a misty, enchanted land through which a knight goes riding on a curveting white horse.

She goes jitter-bugging with Pep, or night-clubbing with A C, but she comes home to leaf quickly through an enormous scrapbook of the doings of George Montgomery. She turns off the light and wanders into her playroom where moonlight splashes across the floor. From the playroom French doors, she can look down on the expanse of the U.C.L.A. campus and the glittering lights of Westwood. Next year at this time, she will be a co-ed over there. And George . . . where will George be? At war, perhaps? She has flashing visions of great deeds of valor—long newspaper stories with pictures that can be pasted in that scrapbook—and she hugs herself, shivering. Her eyes bright with unexplainable tears, she tiptoes off to her huge, satin-covered bed, to dream a jumble of parties and the rumba, of a shady bridle path and a lost earring.

Jane Withers was 16 on April 12 this year, but she had her first date, without her mother accompanying, on New Year's night, 1942. It was a triumphal beginning with a slim, courtly young man named A. C. Lyles, Jr. Everyone in Hollywood knows A C and likes him, and A C returns the compliment with gusto and fine Southern manners.

Jane first met him four years ago when he was an 18-year-old reporter sent out to cover the movie scene by the Jacksonville (Florida) Journal. He was escorted by a publicity man over to the Withers set where he met a black-haired (*Continued on following page*)

Wasn't 'til near her 16th birthday that mom permitted unchaperoned dates. Jane and Buddy Pepper grinned at "Citizen Kane" premiere last year. Mrs. W., behind, grinned along, too.

Opening gun of Jane's freedom from chaperonage was fired by publicity man and heavy dater A. C. Lyles, Jr. They celebrated his birthday at the Mocambo, danced long, talked late.

After she finished work on Rep.'s "Johnny Doughboy," whiz-gal Withers appeared around town with none but the suave. Handsome Bob Cornell vied with Lyles for first place, lost out.

hoyden right in the midst of the brat cycle.

"Do you know the soup song?" she demanded.

Mr. Lyles did not.

"Consomme, My Melancholy Baby," shrieked Jane. "Do you know Chester?"

"Chester who?" asked the dutiful Mr. Lyles.

"Chester Song at Twilight," said Jane, uttering a sound akin to the triumphant blast of a locomotive rounding a downgrade curve.

"I'll be back," announced Mr. Lyles, "when you're grown up."

By January 1, 1942, one glance at Jane's magnificent pompadour (slightly hennaed by the studio for her part in "The Mad Martindales") and her blooming curves would have convinced any boy that NOW was the time to ask for a date.

A C—Southern gentleman to his finger-tips—telephoned Mrs. Withers and asked if he might invite Jane to go dancing New Year's night. Now Mrs. Withers has an X-ray eye for the virtues of potential friends of Jane. She said, "Surely, Mr. Lyles, just a moment and I'll call Jane." And when Jane hung up, Mrs. Withers said, "I like that young man. I believe I'll stay at home New Year's night, and you have your date alone, provided you're home at midnight."

Jane whooped, whirled and gave her mother a bear hug. "Mrs. Withers," she said, "you're a wonderful mother, my good woman."

Clothes, clothes. She rushed to the closet to make the astounding discovery that She Didn't Have A Thing To Wear. Mrs. Withers pointed out that the turquoise chiffon would be nice. Jane tried it on. "It's too limpy skimpy. No zing."

"How about this turquoise taffeta?"

Jane squirmed out the chiffon and into the taffeta. She scowled at the mirror. "Look at that skirt! Too fluffy-wuffy—I look like the Ides of March in a school pageant."

Mrs. Withers extracted a white starched lace dress. "There's always this lovely little number," she said with a straight face.

Jane's howl out-coyoted a coyote on a zero night. "How could you!" she yelped. The white starched lace dress has a history. The first time Jane wore it, she and Buddy Pepper, and a group including Mrs. Withers, went to Earl Carroll's. At the time, the producer of "Small Town Deb" was looking for a boy to play opposite Jane, and Jane had been in a brain-bust, trying to think of ways of getting the part for Buddy Pepper.

When the music started, Jane and Buddy made for the dance floor. As Jane entered the aisle between tables she spied her producer at a ringside seat. Clutching Pep's arm she hissed, "As we go by, I'll speak, and you turn and smile. Pack that grin with personality, Pal!"

Jane's starched white lace dress swished along the carpets and Buddy's eyes frisked the face of the producer for signs of being Pepper conscious. As the pair drew opposite the producer's table, Buddy misstepped, lost his balance, clutched Jane and PUT A FOOT STRAIGHT THROUGH THE SKIRT OF HER DRESS. The poised and pleasant smile never left his face. He and Jane, beaming upon each other, got themselves unconnected, swung around with great nonchalance and went back up the stairs. P.S. Buddy got the part.

But Jane had lost confidence in the dress. "No, something awful might happen to me if I wore it," she said. "Besides, it just doesn't have enough oomph for New Year's night."

It was then December 31st at two in the afternoon, but Mrs. Withers telephoned several of Jane's favorite shops to ask what sort of party dresses were available. Jane usually wears sample (*Continued on page 72*)

While hanarary mayar-ing Cleveland, she campaigned tar a "Be kind ta animals" ardinance that's still in effect. Callected $5,000 insurance when her dall calany was blitzed by maths!

Janie answers every scrap af fan mail personally. Lives in a 4-acre hame. Has tap floar all ta herself—living-raam, frilly bedraam and rumpus raam complete with dance flaar, kitchen.

By JEAN KINKEAD

YOUNG MAN WITH A SOUL

Keep your eye on this '42 Ford. Glenn eats like a thresher and dances like a lug—but just watch this model shift into high gear with Joan Crawford!

Funny lad, Glenn Ford. He'd rather talk than eat, but he just won't give on one fascinating subject—Mr. Ford. What's he doing about the war, his current love-life—everything you're dying to know—is just what he's dead quiet about. By a little strategic quizzing here and there, we've finally gotten a pretty good picture of the mystery guy and, say, we kind of like him.

Every time you turn around, you see a picture of some movie cnap in an Army or Navy uniform. The lad you don't see is Glenn Ford, and what with his looking so terrifically draftable and all, you don't get it. Ask him about it, and he gives you the dead-pan. Well, he too has a snappy uniform, gals. He enlisted in the Coast Guard months and months ago. Why no pictures? Just listen.

Recently the photographer from an important Los Angeles newspaper was down at the harbor, snapping war preparedness pictures, and he happened upon Glenn in his elegant ensign's uniform. "Hey, skipper, how about posing for a couple of pictures?" he asked.

Glenn squinted against the brilliant (*Continued on page 90*)

Mamma Ford lives with only son Glenn. Hometown Glenford, Can., built its first movie house in his honor!

Cherishes his tires and drives only on state occasions. Sold motorcycle when neighbors complained of noise.

Ever since his hip-hip-hooray trip home, 14 of Glenn's folks have planned to return the call. They think all stars live in mansions! Next pic's "Flight Lt."

WHAT THEY EXPECT FROM A Date

Hollywood suitors will *die* when they read what tattle-tales Darnell, Withers, Alexis Smith and Janet Blair have to say about 'em!

Their names are Janet and Linda, Jane and Alexis. Their ages run from sixteen to twenty-one. All four said their dress-up dates are few and far between since we went to war. All four said they hardly ever keep the guy waiting. (When we questioned the guys a couple of months ago, all four said the girl is yet to be born who doesn't enjoy making a man wait!) Three hate crowded dance floors. None of them drinks. We didn't pick them that way, it just happened. Try picking four kids at random in your own town, see if you get as high a non-batting average, and don't throw bricks at Hollywood.

For the rest, their routines vary. Boil 'em down though, and you'll find that a glamour gal's evening out has a reminiscent flavor. If you can't think what it reminds you of, I'll tell you. Your own date the other night with Jim.

* * *

When Linda Darnell goes out dancing these days, it's often with Alan Gordon, the young publicist, and it's strictly for laughs. Whatever you may hear to the contrary, they're not altar-minded. He 'phones for the date three or four days ahead, and mostly they go to small places where people don't dress. But we'll take one of their rare Saturday formals at the Mocambo, just to see what it's like.

Linda allows an hour and a half for primping, lays out her clothes and picks the dress she wore longest ago. Two of her formals are black, four white, one flame-red, and there's one slim darling of red lace cascading over black. Red and white are her favorite colors.

After scrubbing her face and showering, she uses cologne. A powder base if they're going to one of those caverns where candlelight tends to wash you out. Then a film of dark make-up. For evening, her rouge is moist and darker than by day, her mascara a little heavier, her lipstick deeper. She wears her hair in a high pompadour with a bun at the back and sometimes slips a white Juliet cap of rhinestones over the bun. *Moment Supreme* is her pet perfume, and she carries a purse-size flaçon with her to freshen up. Alan brings her a red camellia—which she'd rather have than an orchid any old day—she fastens it into her hair, picks up her white fox wrap and they're off for some gala Hollywood celebrating.

Her own simple description of such an evening is, "I sit and stuff, and I dance my fool head off." As between food and the light fantastic, Linda couldn't choose. She dines lightly on seafood cocktail, green salad with a tangy dressing, the Mocambo's wonderful top sirloin with mushrooms and two desserts. Later on she'll have a parfait. She dances it all off, however. Alan's an artist at the rumba. *And* the waltz. The floor's too crowded for waltzing though, and Linda vows that if she ever marries and her husband's a producer, she'll nag him into a terrific ballroom scene for every picture and go floating alone over thousands of feet of film.

She dances only with Alan. After all, he paid the cover charge. "Good night, Little Bit," says Alan at the door and kisses her sweetly like a brother. She has her own method of coping with wolves who take kissing for granted. "Good night, thanks loads, had a perfectly lovely time," says Linda, and bang goes the door. (*Continued on page 43*)

When Alan Gordon and Linda Darnell go dancing, they come home promptly on the dot of 1 A.M. (She's usually exhausted by then.) Alan's running stiff competition to ace-cameraman Pev Marley!

Besides merry-go-rounding, Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens ice-skate, bowl, play badminton, spectate football . . . and romance!

Jane and best friend Jeanne Howlett with swains, A. C. Lyles and Freddie Bartholomew. Gals used to live next door to each other.

By CYNTHIA MILLER

Ann Sheridan

Her dates with Eddie Albert are different. Each has proven a revelation to the other. Eddie marvels that a girl can be eighteen and have so much sense. Linda wonders how an actor can be so unactorish. Going out with Eddie, she wears slacks or a sweater and skirt, and her hair casual. "Hey, what are you trying to be, little Miss Glamour Girl?" he wanted to know once, when she had it fixed fancy. So she went back and combed it out.

They never go where photographers are. She doesn't even know if he dances. Come to think of it, of course he does, he danced on the stage, but he's never danced with her. He doesn't bring flowers, except that he may buy a gardenia if they go to Chinatown, but that's strictly for the sake of the kids who sell them. She was enchanted the first time he took her to *Bublichki.* He knows Papa and Mama Bublichki and he talks a little Russian, and very softly in the candlelight he sang those wonderful Russian songs to the gypsy music.

The best part of being with Eddie is the sense of her mind growing and stretching. Once he asked her to his house for dinner. The other guests included a geologist, an explorer, a mathematician. They talked about Chinese lyric poetry and the lost continent of Mu. She's never known such an exciting evening.

But mostly they go to *El Cholo*, a small Mexican restaurant at Pico and Western. Eddie knows all the Mexicans in town. They both speak Spanish, they both love Mexican food and they tackle everything in sight—tostados, tacos, fried beans, enchiladas, tamales. Eddie got his first jolt on discovering that Linda felt the same kind of interest in trilobites that most girls feel in movie stars. Geology's been a passion with her from childhood. She also has a thirst to learn. He tells her about the stars and how to catch octopods. When he heard that she planned to enroll at UCLA in the fall, he said, "Don't. With due respect to college, you'll get yourself into a clambake. Like it or not, they'll elect you the campus cutie. Read all the books at my house and listen to all the music, and you'll learn more in a year than in five at college."

They're both dreamers, so they sit and dream together. He does most of the talking, since he's been around more. She contributes her bit. About her mountain, for instance—the faraway hill in her mind which she climbs when things get mixed up. Up there she finds a truer perspective on people and problems, gets a feeling of peace. Sounds silly, she thinks, but it works. Eddie thinks it sounds like wisdom beyond her years.

If it's not too late, he goes home with her, they drink pot after pot of Mexican chocolate and listen to the gypsy and Mexican records he sends her. The chocolate comes in patties that have to be ground and pounded. "Woman," says Eddie, "your place is in the kitchen." So she pounds while he takes the easy job of stirring, the jerk.

Once he told her about John Northpole and his other Portuguese fishermen friends down the coast, of the strapping women and their lusty songs and how they drink wine out of goatskins. "I'd love to meet them," said Linda, and he kind of shut up. When she asked about them, he'd answer briefly and change the subject. At length she caught on. He'd have to know her a lot better before he took her down there. Palm off some glamour puss on his friends? Not Eddie! Now she's trying so hard to be good and smart, so he won't be ashamed to introduce her to John Northpole.

Romance? "Shucks, he's never so much as held my hand," says Linda.

* * *

Jane Withers has been allowed to go out with boys since her sixteenth birthday, but the Withers chauffeur drives them. Those she dates most are Freddie Bartholomew, A. C. Lyles, a young Southerner on Paramount's publicity staff, and Buddy Pepper, though he's been out of town lately. She and Freddie, AC and Jeanne Howlett, her best friend, often double-date. To split the use of tires, AC calls for Jeanne who lives nearby and drives her to Freddie's, who takes it up from there. AC stands for Andrew Craddock but even his mother calls him AC. He calls Jane Chuck.

It takes something superspecial for Jane to get out on week nights. Friday and Saturday she's free to make dates. Often it's a jive session at somebody's house—Tim Taylor's or the Lloyd girls'. Whoever takes her, she dances with all the boys. If you dance with just one, you don't get the news. She's strictly at the pal stage, thinks handholding's silly, and one nervy boy who tried to kiss her hasn't been out to the house since. (*Continued on page 83*)

Janet Blair started dating Lamarr's ex-suitor John Howard shortly after Hedy's engagement to Geo. Montgomery. J. says most of her proposals come from fans, via the mails!

MED. SHOT—TRAVELING WITH KATINA AND SVERDRUP as they dance. Jimmy enters and touches her on the shoulder. Katina turns and breaks into a happy smile.

JIMMY: "For you, honey . . . I'll say anything."
SLIP (alsa to Katina): "And if he doesn't, you can depend on me."

"Iceland"

SLIP (painting to his heart ramantically): "It started right here."
KATINA: "It did? I'll get you some bicarbonate."

By ROSEMARY LAYNG AND KAY HARDY

Takes more than icy blasts to send chills tingling down leatherneck Johnny Payne's spine! And Sonja Henie's the gal to do it!

STORY The Marines had landed.

Private Slip Riggs jammed on the brakes, cursed slightly and brought the jeep to a stop two inches from the fender of the coupe that had turned into the line of march. The harsh Icelandic wind whistled down the streets of Reykjavik; snow dotted the roofs of the houses. Private Riggs glared at the coupe.

Then the girl stepped out of the car and the Private said "Oh, oh," to himself, straightened his tie and prepared to step out to meet the population of Iceland. The girl was blonde—definitely. Blue eyes? A little hard to tell because of the light. Figure? Yes. "Oh, oh," said Private Riggs to himself again; but just then the Corporal's hand tapped him on the shoulder and the Corporal's voice said: "I'll take care of this, Slip."

After years of soldiering with Corporal Jimmy Murfin,

ADELE (sweetly to Katina): "Oh, don't mind us. Jimmy and I are still practically engaged . . . (to Jimmy) aren't we, darling?"

PAPA (in alarm): "What's the matter? Is he angry?"
KATINA (not very convincingly): "Oh, no. He's tickled to death."

JIMMY: "You know, honey, at that, there's samething about getting married that's sort af sentimental."
KATINA (hopefully): "Yes, there is . . . if you make up your mind to do it."

KATINA: "Don't come near me."
JIMMY (repressing a smile): "Now isn't that nice? After all if you don't want your family to catch on, I'll have to pretend ta be a husband, wan't I?"

Slip had learned never to argue with him about steaks or girls. Jimmy got the best steaks, and Jimmy got the best girls. There was something about the way Jimmy crooked his finger at a waiter; with a girl he didn't even have to bother to do that. Quite definitely, there was something about Corporal Murfin, the whole (*Continued on page 80*)

PRODUCTION Ice-skating is really very simple, John Payne kept telling himself. You just put on a pair of skates, stand up, then move forward first on one foot, then on the other. Nothing to it. The secret of the whole thing, he decided, was rhythm. After work one day, he waited 'til everyone had left the rink and proceeded to put his theories into practice. Result: Three falls in three minutes, aching muscles and doubled respect for Sonja Henie's talent.

Jack Oakie, orchestra leader Sammy Kaye and Director Bruce Humberstone also suffered from sudden contact with the frozen H_2O. Oakie, cutting up a few touches between scenes, ventured out on the ice and fell flat on his happy, smiling face in literally no time. Enthused about making his first motion picture, Kaye wanted to try everything, including skating with the chorus. Wound up with bruises and skid burns.

The "Dangerous! Positively No Skating" sign didn't go up, however, until Director Humberstone made the mistake of running across the ice one day—his heels clicked two feet above the ground at the exact moment his noggin knocked the floor of the rink. From that day on, no one was allowed to set foot on the ice unless accompanied by a silver loving cup attesting to his ability on steel runners!

While Sonja was still on tour, (*Continued on page 89*)

GOOD NEWS

By SYLVIA KAHN

Total proceeds of Victory Night at Ice Capades premiere went to charity. Ann Sothern with Romero at Pan Pacific Auditorium.

Among the 28-ice-bound numbers were strip tease, jitter-bugging and comic cycling. Linda Darnell and Dick Derr watched Red McCarthy whiz by 50 m.p.h!

Milt Berle took the missus to Mocambo for "escape" from her war work. She's a sergeant in ambulance corps, and he's scared stiff she'll be called to service!

Merle Oberon and Fredric March created a stir at Mocambo when they waltzed in with a party. Merle (now Lady Korda since King of England knighted hubby Alex) constantly requested "Marle."

Gypsy Rose Lee an air-raid warden. John Payne birthday gifts Sheila Ryan with gun! Bette Davis denies divorce rumors!

HOLLYWOOD DIARY

Mon., June 15th: Lunched with Jerry Asher at Warners'. Alex Smith stopped by en route to her Cynthia Miller interview. Poor Smith! Celebrating her 21st birthday and trying to look happy, in spite of an infected wisdom tooth. Spent her lunch hour having it lanced and couldn't eat any of the birthday cake presented to her by the cast of "Gentlemen Jim."

Set-visited with Brenda Marshall who's working with George Brent in "You Can't Escape Forever." Brenda insists that despite newspaper reports, she and Annie Sheridan will not live together when Brent leaves for his post in the air corps. Brenda's spending her evenings sitting for her portrait by Paul Clemens, who's just finished a miniature of Greer Garson.

Ran into Dennis Morgan, in costume for his role in "The Desert Song." Dennis was off to phone his wife, currently hospitalized awaiting the newest Morgan heir. The perfect husband, Dennis goes down to the hospital every evening to have dinner with his spouse.

The "No Visitors" sign was up on the Errol Flynn "Gentleman Jim" set, but Mr. F. let down the barriers, and we were invited in. First person we spotted was Ronald Reagan (pardon, diary—Lieut. Ronald Reagan) whom we had mentally placed in San Francisco. "How come?" we asked. "Transferred to the Public Relations department of the Army Air Corps," he answered. "Stationed at Burbank. I'm as surprised as you are." No, he doesn't think he'll be making movie shorts.

Talked to Alexis again. Her romance with Craig Stevens is taking a beating because of the tire situation. She and her father bought a house in Glendale close to Pop Smith's office. And Craig lives 18 miles away in Beverly Hills! They're busy trying to arrange an in-between meeting place.

Thurs., June 18th: Arrived at RKO's "Sweet and Hot" set just in time to watch Lupe Velez being introduced to Vic Mature. Everyone stood around waiting for something exciting to happen. Nothing did. Mature was polite. Lupe ditto. What no one seemed to know (and what Lupe and Vic are probably trying to forget) is that the two had quite a romance several years ago!

In the commissary at noon, Vic and Michele Morgan spent their lunch hour gazing into each other's eyes. However, Vic's real heart

When Gene Tierney and Count Cassini drove up late at Ice Capades, a crowd of 2,000 fans surged on them. Police and employees rescued them, made pathway to auditorium!

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

throb is Rita Hayworth, who makes her home about two blocks from his.

Met Mapy Cortes, RKO's little Mexican import. Mapy tells me Mature chases her around the set, corners her in back of a hunk of scenery, does nothing, then screams feminine-like, imitating her as he thinks she'd sound if she were being attacked. . She's used to those serious Latin lovers and doesn't appreciate Vic's clowning. Mapy likes 'Ollywood, says it's much more fun making pictures here than in Mexico, where you sometimes have to work 36 hours at a time.

Wed., June 24th: Whipped out to Metro for Ida Zeitlin's interview with Bob Taylor. Lunched with Bob in his dressing room. His hair was plastered flat on his head for a water scene in "Cargo of Innocents." Couldn't comb it, either, because it had to match the next scene. Ida and I ordered up lavishly, but Bob ate only a light salad. He always lunches like a sparrow 'cause he likes to be good and hungry for dinner.

Later watched Red Skelton working in "Whistling in Dixie" with Ann Rutherford and Diana Lewis. Diana was busily knitting a sweater twice as big as herself for her stepson, Bill Powell's boy, who just graduated from Hollywood High and is headed for Princeton.

Red still refuses to discuss the unpublicized shows he puts on for the boys in the service. But I've talked to some of the lads Red's entertained, and I know what a grand job he's doing. If he learns of some out-of-the-way anti-aircraft battery station where only three boys are on duty, he'll spend an entire evening with them going through the same routine he uses before an audience of 300.

Sat., June 27th: Over to Westmore's and met a close friend of Bette Davis. Understand Bette is wretched about those divorce rumors. It amazes her that anyone, in these times, would bother to create and spread such malicious gossip. There's nothing wrong with the Farnsworth marriage, and it makes Bette ill whenever anyone mentions the possibility of a separation.

Dinner danced at the Palladium. Saw Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, living contradiction of all that talk about *their* separation.

Stopped by Schwab's for midnight hot chocolate. Bill Lundigan was sitting around sipping a soda when in walked ex-girl friend Margaret Lindsay. Those of us who expected a dramatic outburst were disappointed. Bill and Maggie hadn't seen each other for a long, long time, but they just chatted merrily and then went their separate ways.

Rumors persist that Mickey and Ava Rooney will be pappa-ing and mamma-ing it. They're both Freddie Martin devotees, went to cheer him at the Grove. Ava's back from a visit to her sick mom in N. C.

Franchot Tone never fails to keep spouse Jean Wallace amused. They're house hunting for a nest with nursery. 'Tis reported they'll be three in Nov.

Bouncing to Harry James' superior boogie beat at Palladium—piano man Freddie Bartholomew and Jane Withers just before she left on bond selling tour. Freddie, 18, will register in the draft.

Wed. July 1st: To Republic for a look-see at "Flying Tigers." Johnny Carroll, in uniform for the picture, expects to be called for actual service within the month. Spends most of his free time working out with his huge gun collection, getting his own basic training. (Saw John later in a drug store. A cab driver stared at him for about five minutes, then turned to me and said, "Aw, I don't think that Victor Mature guy is so good-looking!")

John Wayne sauntered over and began to deny those divorce rumors before I even broached them. Since his wife went east for her sister's marriage, the gossips are having a field day. John's a new ranch owner, and he's exploding with enthusiasm about his hogs. Has the best grunters on the market and gets top prices for 'em! After describing the place down to its last thumb-tack and blade of grass, he confessed he's been working so steadily since he bought it, he's only spent one day there himself!

Gabbed a bit with an authentic Flying Tiger—Ken Sanger, who's acting as technical adviser on the picture. Sanger's on sick leave from the service having picked up a troublesome case of fever that blanks him out every now and then. His partner, Larry Moore, is in the throes of a torrid romance with Comedienne Judy Canova, who apparently has a weakness for uniforms and staunch, brave hearts.

Marjorie Woodworth felt to home at the hayseed Lum and Abner premiere with James Craig and Jane Russell. Has owned her own nag since she was a kid!

Rehearsing for Victory Caravan at Par.—Colbert and Boyer. She's renting a N. Y. apt., near hubby Pressman on Naval duty.

Fri. July 3rd: Stopped in at the Warner Bros. portrait gallery to watch Jack Benny, costumed as George Washington, and Ann Sheridan, outfitted as Martha Washington, posing for stills for "G. W. Slept Here." Benny sniffled pathetically all afternoon. Although he's spent months working opposite the torrid Annie, he's had head cold after head cold throughout the production. Says the day the picture is completed, he'll hie himself to Lake Arrowhead for a complete rest. "And when I leave the hotel, they'll probably hang a sign on the door reading 'Jack Benny Slept Here'!"

Mon. July 6th: Lunched in the Green Room with Kaaren Pieck and Joan Leslie, who looked very beautiful, dressed in a blue gabardine suit, and with hair elaborately done for "The Hard Way." As Joan stabbed into her roast beef, her jacket sleeve pulled up and I gulped at the sight of the high water mark just above her wrist. No, dear diary, Joan isn't afraid of soap and water. She had body make-up on and hadn't taken the time to wash it off anything except her hands.

That Southern hospitality stuff is no bunk when you're visiting Miss Janie Withers of Geo'gia! Had a wonderful time in Janie's playroom while Fredda Dudley popped question after question at little Miss W., who, incidentally, is one of the most interview-able people in the world. Jane's dark hair was encased in a snood, as it usually is these days. When she slipped on the set of "The Mad Martindales" several months ago, and banged her head, gobs of hair were cut away so the doctor could get at the injury. The snood helps conceal what Janie calls her "bald spot."

Didja Know

That Betty Field (Mrs. Elmer Rice) will become both a mother and a grandmother this year! Her baby is due in November, about the same time her step-daughter-in-law, Mrs. Robert Rice, introduces a new citizen. . . . That Lady Merle Oberon isn't the highest ranking British lady in Hollywood? Dame May Whitty has that honor. . . . That the Army is considering a plan to furlough movie stars in the service when they are needed for special Hollywood roles. . . . That Maria Manton, new Paramount starlet, is Marlene Dietrich's 17-year-old chee-ild. . . . That Brenda Joyce will be an October mammy? She'll recess from film work till the great event occurs. . . . That 20th Century-Fox will name its artificial pond Lake Power in honor of Ty who's Navy-bound. . . . That Sheila Ryan received four watches on her birthday? And that one came from David May, Ann Rutherford's steadiest beau! . . . That Sheila's gifts from John Payne include a pair of heart-shaped earrings and a 45-caliber revolver—the latter to serve as protection against house-breakers (*Continued on page* 92)

Sentimental Gentleman

He's a softie with the wimmin, but nothing melts him faster than a barrelhouse boogie or a triple-tongue trill!

Tommy Dorsey's the chap who ran a slide trombone into a million dollars.

He is an unpredictable, strictly individual guy who fights with his brother, arranges a benefit for a former colleague, orders his band out of a bus to walk, buys suits five at a time, and refuses to advertise in trade papers. He has his own music publishing company, wishes he could meet Joe Palooka, cheers the Yankees like a ten-year-old and likes his music straight, without funny costumes, fancy backdrops and quizzes sandwiched in.

He lays off eight weeks a year because, come March 15, seventy per cent of his income goes to Uncle Sam.

"The eight-week layoff isn't hard to take," says T.D. "We spread 'em through the year, and after a long run at the Paramount or a heavy schedule cutting records, it's good for the boys to take it easy for a week. Gives 'em a vacation. Keeps 'em fresh and in there sending."

Tommy's whirlwind romance, Lana Turner, blew in the night he opened at Palladium (below). Recently gave her a baguette diamond cross.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Dorsey isn't a Simon Legree with his band. As long as the teamwork is good while they're performing, he doesn't care what they do on their own, what time they get up or how many eye-openers are necessary. Ziggy Elman, his right hand man who leads the band when T.D. is table-hopping, can play pinochle until noon or spend the wee sma' hours using his candid camera in Fifty-Second Street hot spots. Buddy Rich, the kid drummer, can drive his special body Lincoln as fast through Park Avenue traffic as he likes; Tommy will even bail him out if the law catches up with him. Everything is on the upbeat as long as the music is sweet when the couvert is on.

Tommy is a high-liver himself. Admits it. Give him a thick steak, a bottle of Burgundy and a pretty girl, and he won't bother you. But the steak must be rare, or back it goes. And the wine must be room temperature or Dorsey will get temperamental. And the head must not wear a funny hat or too much lipstick, or she won't be asked again.

In Bernardsville, N. J., Tommy has a country estate that would make a movie mogul gasp. There is not one swimming pool, there are two. There are horses, show dogs, a private rehearsal hall from which he broadcasts upon occasion, and enough rooms to sleep his entourage of thirty any night in the week. There is a miniature movie theater and bar attached. There are buttons to be pushed for service, and there is service. T.D. lives high, wide and handsome.

Married young, divorced, Tommy has a boy seventeen and a girl a couple of years younger, who think Pop plays a mean trombone.

T.D. is known as a fast man with a buck. He doesn't gamble unless he's playing a dance at Saratoga or Belmont, and the horses run right past the bandstand. Or if the layout he's booked for has a game of chance room adjoining, he might risk a century on the red between dance sets. Or if those Yankees are in the lead in the seventh, and the opposition starts a batting streak, he'll still take the Yanks to win. But he doesn't gamble the way some of the boys in the money toss it away. However, he is still a speedy man with a bankroll.

His general factotum, Leonard Vannerson, had a couple of friends in the service, in California. One had been a cutter at Warners' and the other designed sets. On leave, they were anxious (*Continued on page 68*)

When Jimmy and Tommy were kids their pop made them practise until they were blue in the face. T. started on the sax, soon switched to trombone!

When Goodman opened at Meadowbrook, Tommy was on hand to heckle the King. Since making the strictly hep "Ship Ahoy" for M-G-M, he's signed for a repeat performance.

T. D.'s fans range from Mickey Rooney to Leopold Stokowski, who gave Tommy the thrill of his life when he requested 10 numbers at the Palladium!

What's new under

Wear a new coif for fall! Here are the rules that will help you choose the style that will do most for you.

Before you buy your new fall bonnet, give some thought to the hair that will wear it. You don't want to go through life always looking like last year's snapshot. Help yourself to a new hair-do for fall, 1942!

Dancer Irene Castle revolutionized coiffure fashions during the last world conflict by having her hair bobbed. Her daring act started tongues wagging—and most heads of hair have been waving her fame ever since. Hairdressers are wondering now if history always repeats, and if some startling change in feminine hat racks is lurking on the horizon.

The latest news in hair styles is the short curly coif called by a dozen names—feather cut, three-incher, gamin, baby curl, windblown, and so on down the list. In the original, authentic version, every strand of hair is snipped off at the same distance from the scalp—between three and five inches—and usually cut with a razor. The feathery edges are turned into ringlets with a tight, close permanent, and the result, on the right face, is a bewitching, angelic picture! On the wrong face it looks skimpy and badly groomed—like a stray kitten caught in the rain. So look at your mirror carefully before you decide it's the type for you. Long bobs are flattering to some, short hair to others. Every girl for herself we say—and we're here to help her.

When you pick out your new fall hair-do, match it to your figure, your face and your hats (or the ones you are going to buy). Keep in mind, too, that your hair is your most adaptable feature, and you can move it around to suit a new dress, idea or mood of the moment. Learn to wear it more ways than one. Your friends get tired of seeing the same old haircomb every time you come around! Learn the basic principles of the proper coiffure for you, and then experiment within these limits for new ways and means to get becoming effects.

Choose your hair style in front of a full-view mirror (and the same for your hats of course). If you are tall and slender, don't make yourself into a bean pole with a pompadour set on top of your head. If you are small in stature, don't cut your height by hair flat on top and fluffed out at the sides. Add several inches to your five-feet-two or under, by piling your hair up high and walking around holding your head like a swan.

The amount of hair you show should be in proportion to the size of your face. If yours is large, give it a curly-locks fringe to bring it into balance; hair pulled straight back from ears and eyes makes it look out of proportion. If your face is small, don't wear complicated or fly-away styles or you will look top-heavy. Instead, be delicately young and appealing with hair close to your head. Show your ears if you have pretty ones, to add a couple of inches.

The shape of your face is the next thing to look at. The lucky lady with an oval contour should show it off with hair drawn straight back. But if your particular countenance is too round or too square, break up the outline with swirls or plump curls above the forehead and over the ears. Part your hair to the side . . . never in the middle. Wear it low at the earlobes, and build it up over the forehead. On the other extreme, if your face is long and narrow, don't add to its height with curls perched on top, and don't wear hair falling down limp and straight like a cocker spaniel's ears. Add width to your face with soft curls on the sides, and fullness at the ears. If you can put bangs on your forehead without looking coy or kittenish—swell. They help shorten and broaden the outline.

Now that the comb has done its duty and put your locks where they look best—what about the scissors? Wally Westmore, Paramount make-up director, says, "My plea, and that of every man I know, is for women to dress their hair to suit their age." Hair length has a lot to do with that. As a general rule—the younger set can get away with long, flowing manes, but the older woman slices a few years off her age when she cuts her hair shorter. The shoulder-length is fine on an ingenue, but incongruous on a sophisticated matron. What she needs is hair up and off the neck and slanted back at the sides, to give her face a younger look.

If you decide the new short hair-cut is best for your face and your age, you will want to curl your tresses with a very tight perm. The kind that performs its miracle while wrapped up in a turban and without the discomforts of any heat or heavy machinery, really gets close to the scalp and turns out a mass of ringlets. It's also a good bet for obstinate hair that doesn't like to curl. Its gentle process is kinder to the wig that's been bleached or dried-out or otherwise mistreated.

When you think of your crowning halo, there are two viewpoints we'll bet you overlook. The first is that all-important one—a man's! Most men are taller than you, but how much consideration do you give to the picture of the top of your head? Not enough, we'll warrant! Hair parts are pretty when they are neat and sharply defined—but a menace if they're crooked and straggly.

your hat?

Be sure that yours travels in a straight line, and that it is scrupulously clean and white (cotton wound on an orange) stick and moistened with hair tonic will attend to that). To complete the pleasant scene for your partner on the dance floor, see that the hair on your crown lies smooth and untangled, without any bumps.

The other neglected point of view is the one that the people behind you look at. You have a hand-mirror, don't you? Then use it, my pet. Don't be the girl who never sees the back of her head except when the beauty operator proudly shows it off when she's finished combing a wave. The rear view of some heads looks like a plate of sausages—of others like a rag doll's hank of yarn. Comb and brush the back of yours as generously as the front, and then inspect your handiwork with a critical eye.

Once you get your hair in order, see that it stays that way. Hair lacquer is one of the secrets of many of the Hollywood stars' fresh-from-the-hairdresser look. And it comes in ten-cent bottles! Apply with fingertips or an atomizer, and it will give unruly hair body and sheen. Brilliantine will also help control drooping tresses and prolong their waves and curls. At this time of year, when hair is likely to be wilted by summer sun, it is especially helpful to hold rebellious ends in place.

If you use hair or bobbie pins to keep your coif coiffed, hide them under the ringlets so the public will think it's all done by magic. A great help for invisible hair-holding is a new comb-like retainer. It comes in innumerable shades and sizes, with split teeth which slip softly into place and hold curls, buns or pompadours in a firm but loving grip. This comb-like (*Continued on page 85*)

Loroine Doy was one of the first Hollywood stors to odopt the short, curly "Feother-Cut." It is very becoming on her, os you con see. Her next picture, coming soon, is M-G-M's "Journey for Morgoret."

HOLLYWOOD HAIR-DO'S

Elizabeth Fraser, Worner storlet, chooses a simple, girlish hair-style.

Joan Leslie, of "Yonkee Doodle Dandy" fame, hos hair up in front, down in bock.

Ruth Hussey wears o pert, trim hoir-do. Her next picture is "Pierre of the Plains."

Jone Frozee has a smart, practical coif. Her next picture is "Get Hep to Love."

By Carol Carter

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

	What to Do	What to Use
BRUSHING	A hundred-ar-mare strokes each night far beauty-full tresses. Bend aver fram the waist, far figure exercise, ond brush both scalp and yaur glawing hair with full, even mavements.	Hairbrushes shauld have lang, flexible bristles, sa they bend with the hair and dan't break aff ar split the very delicate hair ends.
SHAMPOO OFTEN	Haw frequently your hair needs a bath, depends an its condition. Oily hair should be dumped in the bosin abaut ance a week. Dry hair, at least ance every twa weeks. Shampoo narmal hair every ten days ar so.	Dan't grab the first shampaa you see! Get ane that's mild and lathers easily. If yaur hair is extra dry ar aily, use shampaa with special ingredients added ta carrect the traublesame canditian.
CONDITIONING	Canditianing starts with the scalp. Massage with the praper tonics ar aintments. Apply them after yaur brushing and knead and "pinch" the scalp to give it stimulation and circulation. That impraves hair texture.	Oily hair needs a drying tanic. Dry, frizzy hair requires rich, lubricating ail ar cream. Far dandruff, the remedy is ane of thase latians that help chose it away.
BEFORE YOUR PERM	A little core beforehand, will insure a soft and lustraus permanent wave. Nightly massage with cream and weekly hot ail treatments put your tresses in a receptive canditian to take a much more successful curl.	Far the nightly massage, use hair pamade ar dry-hair cream. Once a week, an ail treatment hat as you can stand—then tie up yaur wig in a towel and sleep on it!
REPAIRING SUMMER DAMAGE	Mast everyane discavers by this time of year, that sun's rays dry the hair unmercifully. Ta avercame a scarched, wilted mop, put your trust in extra brushing, lats af massage and thoraugh lubricating treatments.	Special duty at the hairbrush and massage with creams, pamade ar ail. Ta make dry ends saft, use brilliantine. Ta make them stay in place, smaath an hair lacquer.

Veronica Lake's newest pic is "The Glass Key."

Highlights on Hair Beauty . . .

By Carol Carter

How's your crowning glory these days? All set for furloughing with your soldier or sailor sweetheart? The stars in Hollywood set a shining example for you girls all over the country. They spend hours under hot Klieg lights and dazzling sun—yet who has lovelier, more lustrous tresses? Take your hair in tow and start now to follow the routines of Veronica Lake, Lana Turner, Deanna Durbin and the other screen lovelies you admire. Gleaming hair may not bring you filmdom fame—but you can be sure it will reap rewards in army camps or your own home town.

Any Hollywood glamour girl will tell you your hair's best pal is a brush. Make sure that hairbrush of yours means more to you than a tricky ornament for the dressing table. Remember, it's a prime requisite for refining and beautifying your top mop. Be sure, though, that its bristles are long enough for the tips to reach the scalp and remove dead skin or dandruff flakes, and that they're flexible enough to bend with the hair. Bristles that are too short and firm bre[illegible] know how disa[illegible] *she uses Lond's!* [illegible]he

[illegible]fully, with gentle little pats, [illegible]r her face and throat. This [illegible]lps soften and release dirt and [illegible]ake-up. She tissues off well. She [illegible]rinses" with more Pond's. Tis- [illegible]es off again.

[illegible]se Pond's every night—and for [illegible]ne clean-ups. You'll see why [illegible]sy society leaders like Mrs. [illegible]acob Astor are Pond's users, [illegible]nd why more women and [illegible]l over America use Pond's [illegible]ny other face cream. Buy a your favorite beauty counter. [illegible]opular-priced sizes—the most [illegible]mical the lovely *big* jars.

[illegible]O MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

Now that Alice Faye, Sr., hos returned to work for the first time since the odvent of 3-month-old Alice F. Horris, Jr., (so nomed 'cause of countless fan moil), 5 ormy comps have opplied to USO for her services if she tours. Plons to come Eost in August to be with Phil who'll be persanol oppeoronce-ing oround N. Y.

Face The New World Gayly

WITH NAILS IN THE NEW CUTEX Young Red

THE HAND that drives a truck, carries a textbook, rolls a bandage, rocks the cradle! Let's keep it gay, let's keep it feminine in the new Cutex YOUNG RED! A red badge of courage for every finger tip . . . a touch of cheery, chin-up color with neutral suits and dresses. Get a bottle today and meet your new world with new charm—and the old femininity! Only 10¢ (plus tax).

Northam Warren, New York

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH

FOR THE

Carol Bruce, soon to appear in Universol's "Off the Beoten Trock," shows just how ottractive a priority dress can be. Note buttons instead of zipper. A Freshy original at Russeks, New York, for $8.95. Carol personolly likes her clothes conservative, well toilored, but odores red in small doses. As for jewelry, she prefers to dongle her Mexicon silver bracelets.

Back to Books

Do a pert George Washington with bright velvet bows from the five ond dime.

Match your corduroy suit with Kleinert's campus Sportimers. $2.95

Don't lag in smartness just because there's less of this and none of that for your new fall clothes. Use all the book tricks and then some, to look your spick-and-span freshest. Flaunt your cleverness at making berets, and you'll soon get an "A" reputation for chic accessories. Delve into fabric information and use to your best buying advantage. If a wide-eyed pal asks, "But what is a furlough dress?" answer not too smugly, "Well, it's simpler but more dressed up than the old date dress. Maybe a pastel flannel trimmed with wool lace."

Enhonce your bracelet collection with "Forget-me-not," a sterling silver conversation piece, friends' names engraved on the 25c links.

It's news when a sweoter is pure wool and only $3.50!! The fomous La Conga by Lois Anne includes a bow for the hoir.

Begin with a pair of socks from the five and ten, then get o ball of rug yarn, two skeins of embroidery floss and crochet yourself some lounge socks.

Pure cotton in a soft, novelty weave with short sleeves and a contrasting yoke. A Glamour-Knit by Lois Anne for $2.

SEND SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR LOUNGE SOCK INSTRUCTIONS OR FURTHER FASHION INFORMATION

Keep 'em pretty
Let Dura-Gloss have the job! While your hands are busy with war-work and extra tasks of all kinds, let Dura-Gloss keep your nails bright and shining. It'll stay right on the job—no polish wears longer (there's a special ingredient* in Dura-Gloss to make it *stay on*). So keep your nails pretty—protect them. You'll find lovely colors of Dura-Gloss nail polish at 10¢ counters, each at the pleasant price of 10¢. Get 'em today!
*The special ingredient is Chrystallyne, a pure and perfect resin.
POSTAL SAVINGS PLAN
for the Purchase of
UNITED STATES
SAVINGS BONDS
AMERICA ON GUARD
DURA-GLOSS
DURA-GLOSS
NAIL POLISH
CUTICLE LOTION • POLISH REMOVER • DURA-COAT
3 new colors - Blackberry Wineberry Mulberry
10¢ PLUS TAX
So little means so much

Jane Withers' next, her first picture for Republic, will be "Johnny Doughboy," a musical comedy.

A velveteen two-piece (Jane steps into all her clothes to save make-up and hair-do) with saucy peplum and white dickey, answers most any problem.

FOR THE MODERN MISS

Smart Sixteen

by Elizabeth Willguss

"Just don't bring on any box coats or bloused effects. I hate them!" confides clothes-wise Jane Withers. Give her a princess line, a perfect fit and tailored styles even for formals and date dresses. It's a small "Jane" on all blouses and robin's-egg-blue lingerie, but a huge JW on lounging pajamas. Still hunting new earrings though she already owns 187 pairs! Adores royal blue, cyclamen, Kelly green. Says a sure cure-all for tiredness is music and color.

Burgundy velveteen adds sparkle to a natural colored wool mixture.

Gold wool and brown velveteen combine for a school-and-after dress.

Dresses from Loma Leeds, available at your favorite store for only $8.95.

All this drama from 3 balls of rug yarn and 3 yards of ribbon!

THINK OF the freshest, loveliest bunch of violets you've ever seen, and there you have it, the pet new shade for wools and faille-trimmed velveteens. Don't confuse with the old-fashioned purple and do dare to add a dash of brilliant cyclamen.

Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for absolutely free instructions on how to make above-shown bag and hat set.

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 16*)

chlorinated water out of it daily, and supplement the natural oils thus lost with oily tonics and pomade massaged in by night. Wear a turban or a hat if you're going to be in the sun for a number of hours. And if your hair's long and shaggy, for the love of Mike and the rest of the boys, put it up on bobbies or curlers every night.

Freckles: A smattering is cute. Don't touch 'em. If they're colossal and annoying, bleach them with lemon juice, then keep them from coming back by using a powder base and plenty of powder.

Split nails: Prevent them by drying your hands when you come in from swimming and rubbing a rich cream into the nail base every night. And don't forget to drink milk daily.

Girl Over-bored: Vacation is utter bliss for a while, but along about now it palls. You're surfeited with sun and blue skies and perpetual Saturday. Oh for something to do. Ideas!

1. Begin to keep a war scrap book. Devote the opening pages to maps so that you're clear on exactly where everything's happening. Then paste in an account of each day's developments. Think what a trophy the book'll be for your children to flaunt in history class some day!

2. Learn Spanish. If you had either French or Latin in school, it'll be a cinch. In fact, you'll be chattering like a muchacha after twenty-five one hour lessons, we've been told. Inasmuch as Spanish is becoming more and more *the* language both commercially and socially, learn it now while you have the time.

3. If you just haven't the strength for anything as brainy as the foregoing suggestions, amuse yourself by keeping a "him book." It's never too early to begin looking for Mr. Right, and your "him book" will help you spot him. Get a big notebook and allot two or three pages to each boy you go out with. Give his name, age, color of hair and eyes, height and weight, hobbies, outstanding characteristics—and, if possible, paste in a picture of him. Give the date, where you went and what kind of a time you had. Years hence, you'll treasure this volume, and your husband will scream over your analysis of him.

Out of Gas: Your dream guy's no sooner gotten his driving license when doesn't the government gang up on you and ration gasoline, trapping poor you in your back yard for the duration.

Any back yard worthy of the name has room for a badminton net and a miniature golf course. You can get a complete set of the former at any good-sized drug store for about $3. To make the latter, sink nine flower pots into the ground at five-yard intervals. Invest in a few inexpensive putters and golf balls.

And why not a couple of co-ed softball teams? You can play on the school diamond and it's indescribable fun.

Instead of whipping off places to dance of an evening, invent ways to have fun at home. Get one of the boys to dig a hole in one corner of your yard, fill it with charcoal, put a grill over it and voilà—a barbecue pit.

Have an old-fashioned ice cream party. You make the mixture beforehand and let the crowd take turns freezing it.

Have a second childhood for yourself this month with roller-skating parties, hay rides, charades—and bet you'll forget there ever was such a gadget as a car!

Don't Trust Yourself
TO A FACE POWDER THAT FAILS TO GIVE YOUR SKIN COLOR-HARMONY
MEN THRILL to the touch of warm smooth skin. But how does your skin *look?* If your face powder is imperfectly blended—if noticeable streaks and blotches mar the color-harmony of your face—a precious moment may be lost to you forever.
TRY THIS TEST. Press out a bit of your present face powder against a mirror with your fingertips. See those little streaks of raw color? Sure as fate, he'll notice them . . . just when you want him to notice only *you*. Don't trust such a face powder.
FOR NATURAL, GIRL-LIKE COLOR HARMONY switch to Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. Its color is blended so perfectly that it gives your complexion an all-over veil of delicate beauty . . . a color-harmony so natural no flaws can be detected. Scented, too, with the "fragrance men love" . . . exclusive with Cashmere Bouquet.
6 Ravishing Shades of Color. In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.
Cashmere Bouquet
FACE POWDER
Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder
A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

Smoke Smudge
DOES NOT CLOUD
Our
Smiles
Smoke Smudge—or any unsightly smudge on your teeth—does put your smile behind a cloud. Twice a day use IODENT Tooth Paste or Powder. Use IODENT No. 2 for hard-to-bryten teeth. You'll like refreshing IODENT. Made by a Dentist; guaranteed to bryten hard-to-bryten teeth or your money back. At ten cent stores.
IODENT
TOOTH PASTE
POWDER
IODENT TOOTH PASTE No. 1
FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
IODENT TOOTH PASTE No. 2
FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN

(Continued from page 51)

to come East to have a celebration. But the short furlough meant train travel and was out. And flying raised the ante too high. So T.D. sent the boys round trip tickets on the T.W.A. He didn't know them. But they were friends of Van. That made it a deal for Tommy.

Last time Tommy went to the stadium to root for Dimag' and the gang, an orphanage had been invited. Treat of the year. So T.D. sent over a thousand hot dogs and a hundred cases of pop. Strictly for a laugh.

His worst extravagance is original in its conception. Tommy likes to buy farms. There are five scattered throughout the Jersey countryside, in addition to the Shangri-la at Bernardsville. One he hasn't even visited since he bought it.

Estimates run close to $200,000 a year for Tommy's end of the band. Less than a third of this is his, after the slice to taxes and alimony. He is loaded with insurance to take care of his old age, annuities and the like. But money is to spend, says Tommy. His manager keeps an eye on income and outgo, often scotching a happy idea of being too extravagant. But occasionally Tommy tells him to leap into the nearest lake. Then doesn't he spend! Tommy has a mind of his own.

There's a dance casino at Lakewood, near Tommy's home town of Shenandoah, Pa., but Vannerson only lets Tommy and the band play there once every five years because it costs the maestro more in handouts than the date nets him.

slip horn heaven . . .

Tommy has definite ideas about bands. Thinks the leader should be a musician; has no use for the vaudeville artist type who turns on the personality and shakes a baton at his men without being able to handle an instrument himself. If he had a dream band playing celestial swing he would start with Artie Shaw and his own Ziggy Elman, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Claude Thornhill and brother Jimmy Dorsey. Ziggy he calls the hottest horn in the world. Benny he agrees is in a class by himself. Krupa shades his own Buddy Rich by a beat. Buddy he would carry in his all-star aggregation for extra wham. "Might as well finish the outfit," he remarked when we were mulling it over. Picking up paper and pencil he scratched for a few minutes, coming up with these additions to the names already mentioned:

Jack Jenney, Miff Mole and Jack Teagarden on the trombones.

Harry James trumpeting next to Ziggy.

Freddie Greene and Carmen Maestren on the guitars.

Artie Bernstein and Artie Shapiro on the basses.

Jess Stacey, Joe Bushkin and Teddy Wilson at the pianos.

Tommy is a hard man to work for when recordings are being made. That's where a band's reputation is made and held. When rehearsing for a recording, Tommy drops the carefree manner that characterizes his work on the bandstand. He turns into a stewing, steaming, fretting taskmaster with a talent for invective. Let someone hit a false note and the air gets blue.

One morning when the boys were returning from a suburban date in the Dorsey bus, an argument broke out, tempers grew short, and it wound up with T.D. stopping the vehicle and ordering the boys out. Five miles along the road he cursed himself for a prima donna, turned the bus around and started looking for his musicians.

After rehearsal mistakes are quickly forgotten. The only time Tommy bears a grudge is when he has been double-crossed. Then he remembers until the matter is squared.

square tooter . . .

He is known to be eminently fair with his men. If a member of the unit gets an offer to join another outfit, T.D. first has Vannerson try to meet the offer, within reason. This failing, he lets the musician go with his blessing, and to show that he means it, he takes him back later if things haven't panned out.

He isn't exactly a good mixer, but he carries off the role fairly successfully. At the Astor Roof Tommy makes it a practice of starting a number with the boys, then leaving the bandstand to visit. There will be an arranger for Victor records. Over there is a Broadway star. Back in the corner is a radio tycoon. Important stuff. Tommy makes each stop, orders scotch and soda, drinks a sip, moves on. It makes them feel that he meant to stay longer. It's an angle.

For his Astor engagement he added ten strings—violins—causing a trade paper to crack that he was employing every out-of-work musician on Broadway. "Let 'em have fun," said Tommy. "I like a lot of strings. For sweet."

Then there was the time T.D. and the boys were playing the Strand, and a theatrical trade paper criticized them editorially for horsing too much and not being serious enough while they were on.

"I can't run a Sunday school," says T.D. "The boys fool once in a while, sure. Buddy might tap Ziggy on the head with a drumstick for a laugh. Or Sinatra might get ribbed before he thrushes. But it's good for the boys to keep that light touch."

Ever since they were kids, the brothers Dorsey have scrapped with one another. When they had their own band, it was a case of who would hold the baton. Now that they have top bands of their own, it's a case of rivalry. Every once in a while this flares into fisticuffs. Not long ago Jimmy and his manager visited the Roof to felicitate T.D. on his opening. Before the sun had come up, the boys were throwing knuckles at each other. It has been a friendly feud with truces and brawls alternating.

When T.D. went to Hollywood to make "Ship Ahoy" for M-G-M, one of the cinema capital's most enthusiastic rug-cutters met him at the plane. Tommy didn't know her. He knew who she was, of course; had seen her picture here and there. It may be that the studio publicity department had sent her to the airport to cook up a front-page romance. It may be that the girl just had a feeling for bandsmen. However it happened, and your guess is as good as anybody's, T.D. was welcomed at the airport by Lana Turner.

It started out strictly as a laugh, gradually turned into a modest flicker and wound up in a five-alarm blaze.

Lana took him to her home and played some of her 500 records until dawn. They talked swing and jazz, sweet and hot. They were two rhythm lovers chinning

about their favorite subject. Then at the studio Tommy would find his lunch hour coincided with Lana's. His evenings were free. What better to do than take the little Turner number out to Santa Monica for dinner? That's the way it went. T.D. says Lana is tops. Before he came East they gave each other watches. Most fun he had with her was when she came to New York recently, incognito (although a lot of people knew those legs weren't just an anonymous pair of legs) and stopped at his aunt's apartment in Brooklyn. They went sneaking all over town without being chased, Tommy in dark glasses, and Lana under-made-up to look like a regular Flatbush home girl.

Probably the most romantic part of their month in Hollywood was the moonlit nights that Lana would take Tommy in her sports coupe to the beach, and T.D. would play "Sleepy Lagoon" on his trombone against the sigh of the surf swishing against the shore. "Sleepy Lagoon" is her song. She introduced it to him, played an English recording of it the first night they met and sold him on what a great hit it could be in this country. Whenever you hear Tommy blowing sweet on "Lagoon" you can rest assured he is thinking of Lana. Other girls in his life are associated with other tunes. Not many guys can serenade a girl with five million people listening in. But T.D. can, has and still does.

strictly hep . . .

While he was in Hollywood Tommy saw a lot of Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Hank Fonda, Spencer Tracy and Bing Crosby. He thinks Bing is as good as the fans think him. And he would no more miss a Tracy picture than a Yankee home game.

Follow T.D. down Broadway. He's coming out of the Paramount. A flock of kids surround him for an autograph. Tommy handles a few pencils, kidding as he writes his name with a flourish, then starts for the Astor. The throng hangs about him, giving way to let him greet Howard Dietz of Metro. Conversation over, they eddy about him again, like a convoy. Farther on, Bob Weitman, manager of the Paramount Theater, stops to say "Hello," and the mob eases away. The tide sweeps in on Tommy as he starts to move on.

He is not popular with a lot of people, however, probably because he breaks too many rules and gets away with it. He is cocky, assured, satisfied with life and ready to have another portion. Time never means a thing to him. He will sit around the Roof until five or six in the morning kicking the ball around conversationally. He hasn't any use for swing sessions, pick-up style. He thinks the gutbucket style is outmoded, and he feels that too many third-raters get by on the jive and jitter stuff. First a man must be a musician for T.D., then if he wants to swing or blow sweet or get hot, that's his business. But first he should be able to do it straight and no kibitzing around.

He doesn't care what the reviewers write about him; the columnists don't bother him one way or the other. He doesn't care what rival band-leaders say about him, either, although his ears should ring occasionally. He doesn't believe in advertising his band; lets those records do the talking. The only thing he asks of a reporter is an echo of George M. Cohan's timeless request. "Write what you want about," says Tommy D. "Anything goes. But, for heaven's sake, spell the name right!"

Chin up!...

HOW can a girl deal with trig and trivialities when her brother's out there fighting for freedom? Today, especially, when you feel so dull and droopy you've half a mind to cut a class.

Half a mind is right! . . . you can almost hear Bud making a crack like that! "School's your job, Sis", he wrote. "It's part of the American way we're fighting for"!

Well, if he can fight—you can study! But why not organize an all-school treasure hunt for the scrap material Uncle Sam needs for his win. (*Hey look*—one worn-out tire makes 8 gas masks!)

So you tell Jill your brain-wave . . . that you're getting in the fight come Monday, when you'll feel better. And does she give you a look! "Why be so old fashioned?", she asks. "I thought every girl knew about Kotex sanitary napkins"!

Don't wait until Monday!

Jill explained you needn't wait—you can keep going in comfort *every* day of the month . . . when you choose Kotex.

Because Kotex is made in soft folds, it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch!

Besides, those flat, pressed ends of Kotex keep your secret safe. And the "safety shield" means real "forget-about-it" protection.

No wonder more girls choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

So now your chin's up—for keeps! And you'll be working for Victory . . . *every* day!

Keep Going in Comfort
—WITH KOTEX★

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

FOR GIRLS ONLY! The new booklet, "As One Girl To Another" tells all . . . what to expect . . . what to do and not to do on "difficult days". Mail name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-9, Chicago, and get copy FREE.

Let's dine out with the STARS

where the menfolk meet

By Marjorie Deen

Because of its homey atmosphere, Victor's is a place where movie folks like to go with their families and friends to eat and relax.

FIND a restaurant that has an exceptionally large masculine following, and you can be pretty sure that its atmosphere will be friendly and informal, its food portions large and its cooking definitely on the simple side—with special emphasis on meats!

Should you set out to find such a place out here, in Hollywood, you might be lucky enough to come across Victor's, one of the most popular eating spots in town with folks actually in the movie industry, though not so well known to the fans.

Here, in a smallish room done in restful shades of brown, writers, directors and producers go into a huddle over double porterhouse steaks; family folk like Dick Powell and Joan Blondell drop in with their kids, friendly rivals from different studios join forces in demolishing huge orders of roast beef with Yorkshire pudding; and big name stars wander in, in make-up and sport clothes—happy in the knowledge that their meals will not be disturbed by autograph hunters. For here this pastime is definitely discouraged. In fact it is Victor's boast that the only person ever to be asked to give an autograph, in his restaurant, was Igor Stravinsky. Even in this instance the approach was an indirect one. A local musician dashed off the first few bars of one of this famous Russian composer's works on a menu and sent it over to him. Stravinsky obligingly corrected a mistake, signed the menu and returned it. Score up one for ingenuity.

A list of Victor's patrons would read like a veritable Hollywood Who's Who; while a listing of their food preferences would provide a culinary What's What in the line of substantial foods which men go for in a big way. Any night—right up to midnight—you might find there Ray Milland who usually orders a double New York steak, on which he dabs prepared mustard. John Carroll who prefers a Chateaubriand (that's a filet of beef with oomph!) And other well knowns too numerous to mention—including, of course, the three gentlemen pictured here who were caught by our rambling photographer, Bob Beerman, as they started to dine.

Take a look at their keen, anticipatory expressions, and you will understand why we are so pleased to have secured recipes for some of the very dishes that make such a big hit at Victor's. Now you, too, can dine *Victor-iously* right in your own home!

John Wayne, after a day on the "Flying Tigers" set, stops off at Victor's for a steak dinner and with Chef Goby's expert assistance, helps himself to a man-sized meal.

Mine host, himself, serves these hungry diners, Victor Killion, arch villain of "Reap the Wild Wind," and Regis Toomey who is in "The Man on America's Conscience."

Lamb Kidneys, Sauté

6 lamb kidneys
salad oil, butter
8 large mushrooms
¼ cup sherry wine
½ teaspoon salt, or more
¼ teaspoon pepper
⅓ cup brown stock or gravy*

Select fresh young kidneys, free of any discoloration. Scald, remove outside skin. Split, remove all trace of white centers, tubes and fat. Slice *very* thin. Sauté for 5 minutes in hot salad oil. Quarter mushrooms, sauté for 5 minutes in hot butter. Combine kidneys and mushrooms, add sherry and simmer gently for 5 minutes more. Add salt and pepper and the stock or gravy. Bring to a fast boil, remove from heat immediately. Serve on rye bread slices which, with crusts removed, have been fried on both sides, in butter, to a golden brown. Serves 2 or 3.

**Canned bouillon, slightly thickened with flour and colored with a little Kitchen Bouquet, may be used, instead.*

Yorkshire Pudding

(Traditional Roast Beef Accompaniment)

3 eggs, beaten
1 cup sifted flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1¼ cups milk
beef suet or beef drippings

Beat eggs thoroughly. Victor's directions call for *20 minutes of beating!* Only those who have an electric beater will wish to attempt this—but if you do own one, go to it—with indicator set at low speed. However, this recipe was tested —with excellent results—using a rotary egg beater and but 5 minutes of beating.

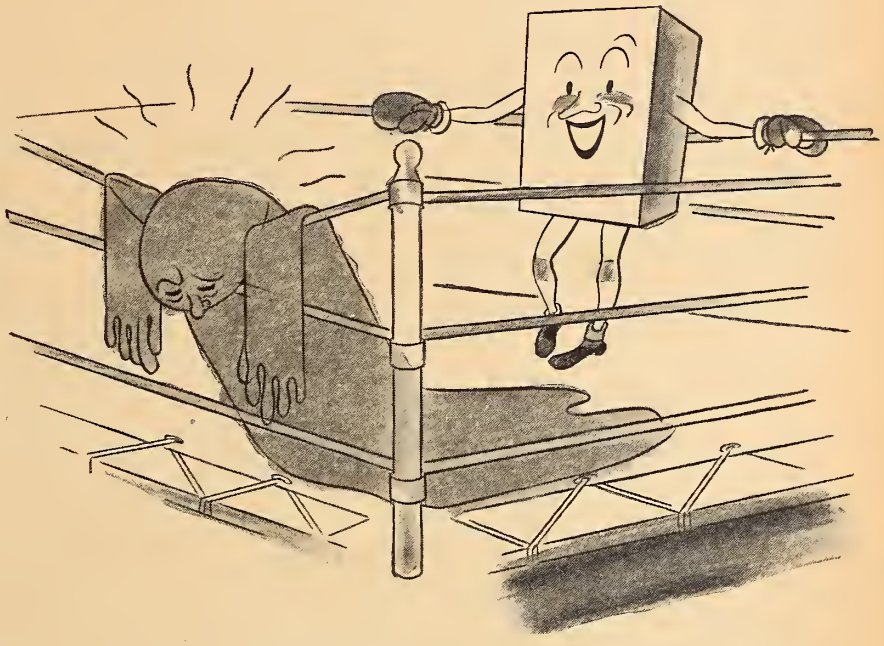
Sift together flour and salt, gradually add beaten eggs, then the milk. Beat again, this time for 2 minutes. Get your baking pan red hot, grease with suet or drippings and when they are bubbling hot add the Yorkshire mixture—giving it a final beating for good measure. Bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) 15 minutes. Reduce heat and bake until done. Cut into squares for serving.

Pears, Speciale

4 Bartlett pears
½ cup granulated sugar
4 whole cloves
2 tablespoons lemon juice
cornstarch, to thicken
2 tablespoons rum or brandy

Pare, core and quarter pears and place in saucepan. Cover with the sugar, add cloves and lemon juice and just enough water to cover. Bring to a boil. Simmer 20 minutes, or until tender. Remove pears from liquid with slotted spoon. Place in individual serving dishes. Thicken remaining syrup with a little cornstarch, moistened with water to a smooth paste. Cook until clear, stirring constantly. Add rum or brandy. Pour over pears, chill.

All Washed Up!



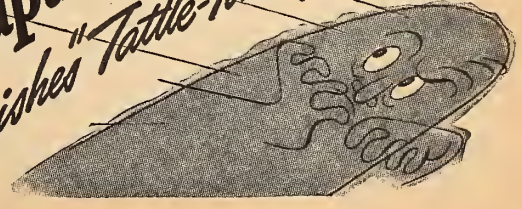
Sorry, you just missed it! . . . A championship washing contest . . . "Tattle-Tale" Gray versus Fels-Naptha Soap . . . "Tattle-Tale" was tough but the Fels-Naptha Treatment softened him up . . . now he's on the ropes . . . washed up!

How about a private exhibition, right in your own home? Fels-Naptha Soap will be glad to oblige—any week—and for a few cents you can have a tub-side seat to see the champion perform.

It's a sight you won't forget. To watch Fels-Naptha in a rough-and-tumble with grimy work clothes. To see how skillful it is with delicate things. To compare Fels-Naptha's washing speed with ordinary laundry soaps.

P. S.—Make your arrangements through your grocer. Better ask him about Fels-Naptha Soap now.

Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



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Wear slacks or swim suits or snug evening gowns; Tampax will not and *cannot* show a line or bulge. And *you* cannot even feel it while wearing it! As no odor can form, a sanitary deodorant is not required. Tampax was perfected by a doctor and comes in dainty one-time-use applicator—modern, scientific and *simple.*

Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, very absorbent. *Three sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. (The new *Super* Tampax is about 50% *extra* absorbent!) Ask drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy Package gives real bargain of average 4 months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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JIVIN' JANE

(*Continued from page 34*)

frocks, size 13, and needs not one stitch of alteration. Having done some preliminary reconnaissance, Mrs. Withers and Jane breezed down to try on dresses and finally compromised on a white mousseline de soie trimmed with black lace.

So excited that her heart was pumping Mexican jumping beans instead of plasma, Jane started to dress at five o'clock on The Day, preparatory to an eight o'clock date. She applied a light pancake makeup, no eye shadow nor false eyelashes (although her eyelids have a naturally bluish cast) and a deep cardinal lipstick. In the midst of dressing, she realized that A C would come up to the playroom—she couldn't remember having dusted it for several days.

So she whipped out in dressing gown and spruced up the reception center—a dido that stopped Mrs. Withers dead in her tracks when she spied Jane behind a dust cloth at such a crucial time.

"What on earth are you doing?" queried the astonished mother. Jane has tried to teach her to say "What's cookin'?" but Mrs. Withers discourages too much slang. Jane, herself, long ago announced that the words, "Oh, nuts," or "Sourpuss" would never join her vocabulary. If you speak Withersiana, and you find something exceedingly sour, you say Half A Lemon. If it is sour beyond all reason or redemption, it is Completely Lemon and a goner.

"Just putting things to rights," announced Jane. "Just being pre-hostessy." She straightened and fixed her mother with an appealing eye. "How about wearing the white fox tonight?" she asked. "*Please*, let me strut it!"

The sumptuous white fox coat had been Jane's Christmas present—and thereby hangs a story. Before Christmas, Jane hinted with every innuendo she knew that a set of drums would be a gift right on the beam. She mentioned how neat she was on Freddie Bartholomew's percussions, and how Jackie Cooper had said, "You've got the beat, Janie." She tapped out rhythms with a couple of pencils on a table top and said, "Now, with a pair of flyswatters that would be 'Chattanooga Choo-Choo.'"

But when Jane charged in to open her packages in front of the Christmas tree —no drums. Her heart felt as hollow as a bass skin, and her hopes were as shattered as a sat-on snare. She slipped into the substitute white fox coat and wandered in to the mirror. "I look regal in a lonely sort of way," she observed.

"New Year's night would be a good time to initiate it," she told her mother, but Mrs. Withers couldn't see it that way.

"The white ermine jacket will do for tonight," she said. "We'll save the Christmas coat until a later date."

"Well, what good does it do me to have it hanging around the house without being worn?" demanded Jane.

"Jane!" said her mother, and that settled it, of course. The white fox coat eventually made its debut in April when Jane wore it to the Ice Follies, and very appropriate, too.

heavy date . . .

On New Year's night, A.C. arrived right on time, resplendent in dinner clothes, and carrying a florist's box sheltering an orchid. Jane pinned it in her hair and away they went to June Carlson's. From June's they breezed over to pick up Tim Taylor, and the foursome advanced on Sunset Towers to see Buddy Pepper who was too ill to go out, but not too limp to have plenty of company.

The gang put on records and danced. Their jitterbug routines include absolutely *no* backbreaking gymnastics. Jane first learned her fast footwork from Joe Brown, Jr., who took pity on her when she was at 20th Century-Fox. "You're either too young or too old for everything," he told her sympathetically. "Too young for the real hep-cats like Cooper and Granville and their gang, but too old for the real juves like Weidler and company. Guess I'd better take charge of you." So he taught her the intricate footwork and the time breaks of down-to-the-very-bricks jitterbugging.

A little later she learned a rumba that would make Katie from Haiti blink with approval. A C, she soon found, could jitterbug right in the groove, but he wasn't hep to the rumba. "I'll fix that," Jane promised. So she started the New Year right by giving him instructions in the beginning box steps.

suitable suitor . . .

At five minutes of twelve they were having such a good time that it seemed a shame to break up the party. "I'm going to call Mother and ask to stay another hour," Jane announced.

"Nothing doing," said A C "This is my first date with you, and I'm not going to let anything spoil my chances of taking you out again. Here's your coat, Janie; come with Papa and don't pout."

At the door, he tapped the tip of her nose with his finger. "You looked mighty pretty tonight, sugar," he said. "I was right proud of you." Then he rang the bell and, with hat in hand, told Mrs. Withers, "Happy New Year, ma-am. Here is your daughter, all safe and sound."

Two of the many things Jane admires about A C are his perfect manners and his offhand comradeliness. He never gets smoochy. After Jane had "endured" her first movie kiss, she told a studio friend, "That stuff is okay for pictures, but—so help me—I want none of it off the set. I can't bear to be touched. These boys who are always drooping around with moon eyes drive me loopy."

Boys usually describe Jane as a swell egg. "When you shake hands with a person," Buddy Pepper told her one day, "you don't leave any doubt about how powerful your grip can be on a tennis or badminton racquet."

Since their first date, Jane and A C have gone to Mocambo several times, to the Ice Follies and to the Military Ball. From the Mocambo at five minutes of twelve one night, Mrs. Withers received a call. "A C wanted to talk to you," Jane said, "but I told him I'd rather handle it. We're having such a lot of fun that I don't want to leave yet. *Please* let me stay just another hour."

Mrs. Withers thought it over swiftly. A wise movie mother knows that sometimes the tether has to be slackened or the colt is going to bolt. "All right, dear," she answered. "You may stay until one-thirty! I'll expect you here at fifteen minutes of two."

"You're the most wonderful mother in the world, my good woman," shouted

Jane, simply stunned by her hour's reprieve and her extra thirty-minute dividend. "I'll do something super for you some day."

While all this hotcha gay life was going on, Jane had time for another type of experience. During the period when she was making the last of her 29 pictures on the TCF lot, she met George Montgomery.

While having luncheon one day, she spied him in the commissary and demanded of her companion, "F'heaven's sake, who's that—my, oh, me!"

He was wearing chaps and a plaid shirt. He twirled a ten-gallon hat, and with one eyebrow lifted, coolly surveyed the spread of tables.

"That's George Montgomery, second generation Russian from Montana," Jane was told.

"Woo-woo," chortled Jane. Then, more softly, letting the sound die away in her throat as she watched him stride to a distant corner, "Woo-woo-oo-oo-o."

She started a new scrap book that night. Scrap books, collecting perfumes, and amassing earrings are the Withers' hobbies, but especially scrap books. She has a book commemorating every party she has ever given. Usually they were birthday parties, and she has the pictures taken and the hundreds of cards received, all neatly pasted page after page. She

has a scrap book for every personal appearance tour she has ever made. And a scrap book about George Montgomery.

She went to the studio filing department and asked them to let her look through their George Montgomery data. There she found an enlarged snapshot of a tow-headed little boy clad in faded and torn blue overalls. He was staring sulkily at the camera. Behind him stretched the trackless Montana prairie. She rested a finger on the pictured tousle-head. "I'd like this one, please," she said. "Wasn't he a darling?"

News of this devoted fan reached George so he wandered over to the Withers set to meet the young lady. "I used to see her kid pictures," he told a studio friend afterward, "and expected a brat instead of a half-grown honey."

Jane stood there, smiling up at him, and wishing to heaven she could think of something to say. "I . . . I guess you're quite a rider," she ventured.

"Oh, sure. Brought up on a horse. How about you?"

"Well, I ride quite a bit. Tony Carrillo let me ride her horse once—she's Leo Carrillo's daughter, you know."

"How about going riding with me some day soon?" George asked.

Jane almost swooned with joy. She managed to say that she'd love to go riding sometime *soon*.

Several days later, George took her

Are you *sure* of your present deodorant? Test it! Put it under this arm.

Put FRESH #2, the new double-duty cream, under this arm. See which stops perspiration—prevents odor—better!

Use Fresh #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2, under one arm—put your present deodorant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which stops perspiration better. We feel sure that FRESH #2 will!
2. See which prevents perspiration odor better. We're sure you'll feel complete underarm security with FRESH #2.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how delightful to use! Never greasy, gritty, or sticky, FRESH #2 spreads easily—smoothly!
4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is! You can use it before dressing—it vanishes quickly!
5. Revel in the fact that FRESH #2 won't rot even delicate fabrics. Laboratory tests prove this.

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TODAY the smartest girls are no longer "soaping" their hair. From beauty experts they have learned how to glorify it, reveal all its thrilling natural beauty with modern Halo Shampoo.

You see, all soap or soap shampoos, even the finest, leave a dulling soap-film . . . film that makes hair look drab and dull. But Halo contains no soap, therefore *cannot* leave soap film! Halo's creamy cleansing lather comes from a new-type ingredient—a patented ingredient that means exciting new beauty for your hair.

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over to the small, unobtrusive academy where he was later to take Hedy Lamarr. He watched Jane carefully that first day.

"You're quite a horsewoman," he said, both impressed and pleased. "Just relax a little more. You're holding your shoulders sort of rigid."

Relax! While out riding with Sir Launcelot! Don't be like that, George.

They talked about Montana. George never tires of talking about Montana and the farm he is going to have there one day. He talked about his 12 brothers and sisters and their antics—a revelation to lone child Jane.

equestrienne bliss . . .

After that first ride together, he called occasionally in the evening. "May I speak to Jane, please," he would ask the maid, secretary or even Mrs. Withers if she happened to answer the telephone. "This is Jane's uncle."

One night he asked for a date. "Will you hold the wire a minute while I ask Mother?" she said. Her hands unsteady, she walked slowly into the other room and placed her question. Her heart waited in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, dear," Mrs. Withers said, "but George is too old for you. He's 24 or 25. Stick to your own little gang for regular dates, although I think it's nice for you to go riding with George in the afternoon."

Jane stood silent for several moments. Then she went back to her room and explained as gently as possible what she had to say. "Your mother's right," agreed George.

One afternoon George said, "You're so good I've decided to let you ride my horse this afternoon. You deserve a fine animal."

He gave her the leg up and she swung into the western saddle of one of the tallest horses she had ever seen. She was afraid of a horse for the first time in her life, but she would have died and been buried to long-hair music before she would have admitted it. She gripped the reins and gritted her teeth. And prayed a thousand prayers.

The horse, hep to what gave, pirouetted on his toes, snorted and flung his head. Jane made a valiant attempt to hold him, but he was off like a streak. She didn't try to stop him, she just stayed put. Down the road and over the bridge went the horse, headed straight for a walnut orchard practically swarming with low branches and fractured skulls.

Jane was getting ready to slip her stirrups and take a chance at sliding off onto the meadow when George's mount drew alongside and George reined up the runway. "Are you all right?" he demanded.

"Sure," panted Jane. "Some horse."

"Lamb, *you're* some rider," he said, cupping her shoulder with his big hand and shaking her gently.

"Only one trouble," Jane confessed. "I've lost one of my hearts."

"Come again?" said George.

She explained. She had been wearing a pair of tiny heart-shaped locket earrings. One was gone, so they dismounted and walked slowly back, scanning the ground. They didn't find the lost heart.

A week later Jane received a package from the jewelers. Inside was a new pair of heart-shaped locket earrings. In the old pair she had pictures of Buddy Pepper and Joe Brown, Jr. In the new pair she has snaps of her girl friends—and two blank spaces.

As for George, at this time a good many stories began to appear about "How George and Ginger Fell In Love." Dutifully, Jane cut them out and pasted them in her Montgomery scrap book. She even set aside a page for a series of gorgeous pictures of Ginger alone.

Jane's crush didn't pass politely unnoticed by her gang. Through the mail one day she received a toy six shooter from A C A week later he sent her a pair of miniature chaps.

Buddy Pepper did a Longfellow on the subject, to wit:

Another poem,
Another date,
Another corsage for a girl who's great.
I'm not George Montgomery or Cary Grant,
Just Pep who's taking you to "Charley's Aunt."

Jane had her tonsils taken out and George sent her a box simply bursting with gardenias. Jane couldn't speak, of course, but she wrote in a thrill-jerky scrawl, "I counted them — there are THIRTY-SIX!"

In the scrapbook the Ginger Rogers section was closed and a new department started: Hedy Lamarr. When the engagement was announced, A C rushed some versification over:

Feel not too sad.
There are many others to be had—
Your dancing partner.

A few days later, Jane was transporting a load of magazines, the scrap book, glue, scissors, pen and ink from her playroom to her dressing room where she could work undisturbed. As she was crossing her bedroom, chaos took over. Glue flew in one direction, scissors rampant, magazines far and wide. And the ink smashed onto the rug, broke like a bomb and spouted like a pinwheel. Jane collapsed onto the floor and began to cry. Then she inspected the scrap book. It was safe. No damage at all. The tears dried.

The curtains and bedspread had to be scrapped; the rug had to be processed—cleaned; one wall had to be repapered, but—oh, happy day—the scrap book was unharmed.

One of the minor things that makes the book so valuable is the TIME that has gone into its preparation. The other day one of her girl friends asked Jane why she hadn't done thus-and-so. "Because, pal," she said, "my time just comes in minutes."

working gal . . .

She's still deep in school, taking Spanish, American literature, social science, physiology, and hygiene and math. Also twenty minutes of terrific calisthenics. She's now 5 feet 5½ inches tall and weighs 118; she doesn't diet, but she *does* exercise.

On week-ends she really pours on the coal. Saturday morning she starts out in a station wagon to collect thermos jugs, cups and other empty containers from the army stations serviced with sandwiches and coffee by AWVS night crews. This round-up takes about 3½ or 4 hours, depending upon the amount of conversation she exchanges with uniforms and upon traffic. Once back at headquarters, she washes and dries all the equipment.

On Sunday mornings she goes to the Hollywood Presbyterian Church, where she is president of her Sunday School class. Usually she takes a few soldiers along with her.

Whenever she and her mother are

driving anywhere, they pick up any uniforms along the way. One Saturday they collected three boys on leave from a rather distant station. Two of the boys were originally from Jane's home town —Atlanta—and the third was from No'th Ca'olina, ma'am. The Withers household expanded to take in the three for the week-end, and they accompanied Jane to church on Sunday.

There are 22 boys stationed directly across the street from the Withers home, so they are invited over at specific times to splash in the pool and to imbibe some of the terrific chocolate sodas or lime cokes that Jane concocts at her own soda fountain. She also has a miniature piano in her playroom, so one of the boys usually knocks out an alleged tune or so for dancing and harmonizing.

They argue happily about their favorite orchestras. "Glenn Martin has positively the hottest brass section in the world," Jane told one of the boys.

"Yeah? How about Goodman? Howcome you give him a dishonorable discharge?" demanded the army.

"Goodman's hep—don't get me wrong. So help me, the biggest thrill of my life happened when I was dancing at the Waldorf one night, and Benny recognized me. He called out, 'What will it be, Janie?' I said the 'Hut-Sut Song.' In spite of my thrill over that, if I had to take one orchestra to a desert island with me, I'd say, make it Cugat," said Jane.

Between entertaining the army, keepin a full-fledged career on the wing, going places with her gang, selling bonds, studying toward a High School diploma and keeping scrap books, Jane also finds a few moments in which to buy presents for her nine godchildren (8 girls named Jane and 1 boy named Jerry) and to knit.

She's turning out a turquoise sweater at present, simply because someone gave her a turquoise snood and she needed something to match it. Another friend matched the snood with a knitted bag, and Jane already had a turquoise suit. She went through the stores, searching for a turquoise blouse, but couldn't find it, so Miss Resourceful got out her own knitting needles. This antic proves one of the things all her friends know about Jane—she likes to have everything she wears match in color. If she wears blue, she insists on everything being the identical shade. Same with red . . . and turquoise.

"Only a sour potato," Jane told her mother, "goes around out of sync."

So there you have Jane Withers at 16 —a sweet potato definitely in sync. A gal who is going places and doing things strictly on the beam. A busy little brain on the upbeat—with a heart that is just beginning to wonder about waltz time.

UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

Send today for the new, up-to-date list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrapbook. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send request to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

"Sleep your way to Beauty... try my Beauty Nightcap"

DOROTHY LAMOUR, STARRING IN "BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

says Dorothy Lamour:

"Sleep's a beautifier! But take my Beauty Nightcap with Woodbury Cold Cream--and sleep brings new allure!"

Nightly, Dorothy cleanses with Woodbury, whose beauty oils help relieve dryness that may lead to lines. Then tissues and fresh Woodbury--a thin film--for all night softening. She can trust Woodbury, for an exclusive ingredient acts to purify this cream right in the jar. Says Dorothy:

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WOODBURY COLD CREAM

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Try Dorothy's beauty secret. Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Large jars are 50¢ to $1.25. Introductory sizes are 10¢ and 25¢.

For special skins—special creams. If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you'll ever need. If oily, cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream. If dry, use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream at night. For any skin, use new Woodbury Foundation Cream for powder base.

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Before you choose your tampon—

Of course, you've been hearing about internal protection. And, being modern, you've made up your mind that you, too, will enjoy this new freedom and comfort. But, when you choose *your* tampon, make certain you choose the most modern, improved tampon! Do this . . .

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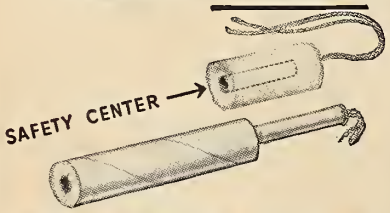

For *real* protection, absorption must be *quick, sure!* Meds, with their exclusive "safety center" feature, absorb *faster!* Meds, made of finest, pure cotton, hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

...make sure of Comfort!

Comfort means *correct* fit! Meds were scientifically designed by a woman's doctor! No bulges, pins, odor, chafing! And—each Meds comes in an individual applicator—quick and easy to use.

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Meds cost less than any other tampons in individual applicators! For protection, comfort, value—choose MEDS!

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

The Modess Tampon

SUGAR PUSS

(*Continued from page 26*)

One particular morning she had to do a very difficult scene. Jack Carson had died, and the camera picked up Morgan, Ida and Joan at his grave. The company rehearsed the scene several times in the morning, preparatory to final shooting in the afternoon, and Joan lost herself in serious rehearsal and wept bitterly.

Dennis was uttering a brief soliloquy over the rain-drenched grave. He was letting Joan know—or the character played by Joan—what a scurvy little beast she was. Joan cried harder and harder. He mentioned what a swell guy Jack had been, how happy-go-lucky, how good-hearted. Joan sobbed until she shook.

"Steady, ducky," Ida Lupino said, her arms around Joan's shoulders. "You mustn't wear yourself out—these crying scenes are killers."

Said Jack, from the sidelines where he was relishing his own funeral. "Who said dead men tell no tales? Have you heard this one about the . . ."

The rehearsal finished, Joan scooted across the set, her brow furrowed. The assistant director stopped her with a sympathetic hand. "You're great, kid," he said. "You're going to break plenty of hearts in that scene. Don't look so worried."

Joan came out of her fog long enough to thank him. "I'm not worried about the picture," she confessed. "It's that darned physiology test that I'm taking between scenes. I'm trying to remember exactly how to describe and give the functions of the alimentary canal."

In the front office at Warner Brothers' there is a large, prominently displayed calendar showing only the month of January, 1943. On this page, the 26th is circled in red. July 4, Labor Day, October 12 or Pay Day are nothing as compared to the promise of January 26, 1943. On that day, Joan Leslie becomes 18 and is freed from that old ogre, the Los Angeles Board of Education.

earthbound adolescence . . .

Until she is 18, Joan leads a life bound round with restrictions, red tape and protective custody. Her presence at the studio is allowable for a maximum of 9 hours a day; of that time, 3 hours must be spent studying with her teacher; 1 hour must be devoted to luncheon, and 1½ hours are necessarily used by the make-up department. By simple mathematics—which Joan can work for you in much less than the twinkle of her brown eyes—that leaves just 3½ hours for acting, for still picture-taking, for being interviewed and for all the rest of the time-taking business of being one of the screen's sub-deb darlings.

Because of Joan's time limitations, Warners' have found all manner of short cuts to save precious moments. For instance, until recently, Joan's older sister, Mary, (known around the house as Bunny) gave Joan's interviews. She answered all questions about her baby sister, while attired in that baby sister's navy blue slacks, blouse, matching blue sox and shoes.

The three sisters (Betty is the middle Brodell) exchange clothes left and right. They are all near enough the same size so that they can and do trade everything descending to and including shoes. They have just one rule, no one touches another person's brand new things until the owner gives her official okay. At present, Joan has a new blue suit, frilly white blouse and blue-and-white spectator sport pumps that are specials. Nobody dares touch them. When she leaves the house in the morning, she is likely to shout, "No matter what you wear, *don't* you dare touch my gold lamé dress or my navy formal with red dots. And that's positive."

modish miss . . .

The navy formal with red dots is an off-trail outfit for the titian-headed destiny's tot. Because her hair is red, she has never worn red—just stayed true to blues, browns and greens—and because she couldn't wear red, she hated it. Quite a dodge. However, the studio shot some fashion stills of Joan wearing a dress designed without her color consent. She liked it so well in spite of the red dots that she ordered a duplicate for her personal wardrobe. She wore it, let it be noted, at the most recent Loyola formal to excellent advantage.

Of Joan's three favorite foods, (chop suey, beef stew or ice cream), about which the family tease her, she can have all she wants of the first two. She is now five feet five inches tall and weighs 122 pounds. She doesn't exactly diet—just watches her calories. She drinks a quart of skimmed milk a day, a private stock of which is kept at the studio for her.

Another time-saver the studio has devised is the dodge of washing and setting Joan's hair at night before she leaves the lot. Her head covered with pin curls, she knots a bandana under her chin and

WIN $5.00 in WAR STAMPS

Are you giving up an extra ice cream soda for a War Stamp? Saving up the shekels from mowing lawns for War Bonds? USO-ing? Victory Bond vending? WE WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT. Write us, and the best letter will win $5.00 in War Stamps. Address your letter to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. The brightest idea this month came from someone who signed his/her letter "Sincerely American." No name . . . no address . . . no nothin'. If "Sincerely American" wants it that way, O.K. We'll donate the money to the USO. Otherwise, please do write, and we'll forward the reward for the winning letter, below.

"For our annual Junior-Senior high school banquet and prom the admission fee was one twenty-five-cent defense stamp. These stamps have been changed into a bond that will be left in the hands of the school until it matures. At that time it will be cashed, and the money will be used to buy a plaque on which the names of all our boys fighting in this war will be placed. In the next few months, thousands of school dances will be held all over the United States. My plan is that the admission to these be war stamps or even bonds. If this plan worked here in our little town it ought to work in thousands of other towns, schools and universities."

hurries home to let her thick, auburn mop dry. The color is strictly a Joanie special—the studio adds no tint or rinse of any kind. The Leslie special hairdresser has perfected her technique to the point where she can set Joan's thick head of hair in 8 minutes. The hairdresser says, "Joan times me, and sort of cheers for me in the stretch. She yells, 'Gee, look at your hands—they almost whurr!'"

The Brodell family life is an especially happy one. They are extremely "sympatica" and have the usual running family gags. Since they first came to Hollywood, the girls have been teasing their mother to buy herself a closet full of knockout clothes. Regularly, she agrees to a purchasing spree, so one day a few weeks ago the three girls and Mrs. Brodell started out with the best of intentions.

Mrs. Brodell looked at this and that, yet nothing seemed to be quite right. Meanwhile, Mary saw a suit that was just what she had been wanting—she made the purchase. Betty noticed a blouse that was exactly what she had been needing for ages. Joan saw a pair of white slacks that gave her that buy-buy feeling.

When they got home in a cloud of chatter, they dropped down to rest, kicking off shoes. Mother Brodell had ONE package—a pair of gloves. Joan rushed over and slid her arms around her mother's neck. "Why do you let us do it?" she burst out. "Why don't *you* buy the pretty things instead of standing back while we grab everything in sight?"

"I want my girls to be neat and lovely; I don't matter," she said in the voice of most mothers.

Joan said fiercely, "When my allowance gets to be more than ten dollars a week, I'm going to buy you every gorgeous thing I see. You've sacrificed for us so long that you can't break the habit, but *I'm* going to be extravagant for you."

bankbook blues . . .

Joan's ten dollar allowance clearly cramps her style. According to state law, half of Joan's salary is set aside in a trust fund; from the remaining half, all the legitimate operating expenses of a star are deducted, plus a sum allocated to Mrs. Brodell as guardian, plus the price of a war bond a week . . . the remainder is free and clear, but it isn't very large.

Not only is her mother going to benefit by Joan's generosity, but there are others she's bearing in mind. She has a mental note book into which she engraves little wishes of those about her. She heard a script girl say one day that she'd love to own a pair of blonde cocker spaniels. Joan confided to her school teacher, "I'll buy her those dogs one day."

She is planning to splurge her ducats for one personal boon. The Brodells have bought the house they rented for so long, and they have redecorated it according to the Early American theme. Joan came running in one day, all out of breath, with a fraction of her petticoat showing. She told the wardrobe mistress, "I thought lamps for our place was our most important problem, but I've changed my mind. As soon as I've saved up enough, I'm going to buy a simply sumptuous full-length mirror, maybe two or three, and put them on doors where a girl can do a last minute check-up."

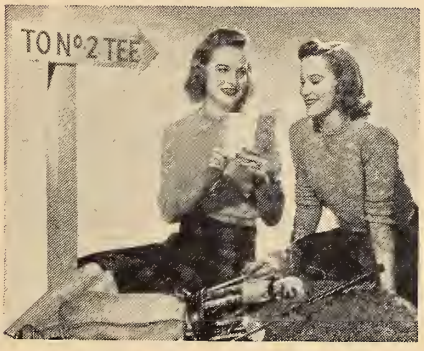
Just as she has plans for an epidemic of spending, she has a pet economy: she goes around the house turning off lights, "because, if I'm not careful, our house looks as if we're having a party all the time."

Actually, while she is working in a picture, her social life is nil. Between

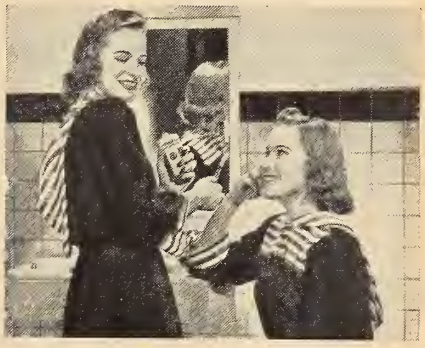
The Brautigam Twins of Des Plaines, Illinois

Brautigam twins offer attractive proof that

PEPSODENT POWDER makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT



"I guess the first time in our lives we were really different was when Beverly and I made the tooth powder test. Naturally, as twins, we not only look alike... we usually do everything alike. But in the test, I used Pepsodent. Beverly used another leading brand. From then on, there was a big difference between us!"



"No test could have been fairer. But at first I thought maybe I just imagined my teeth were *twice as bright*. However, when a friend of mine asked me what made my teeth shine so, I was really convinced! Did I give *him* a selling on Pepsodent! The proof is so definite we'd never think of going back to any other brand!"

**"We're a trio from now on!
A pair of twins and Pepsodent!"**

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**For the safety of your smile . . .
use Pepsodent twice a day . . .
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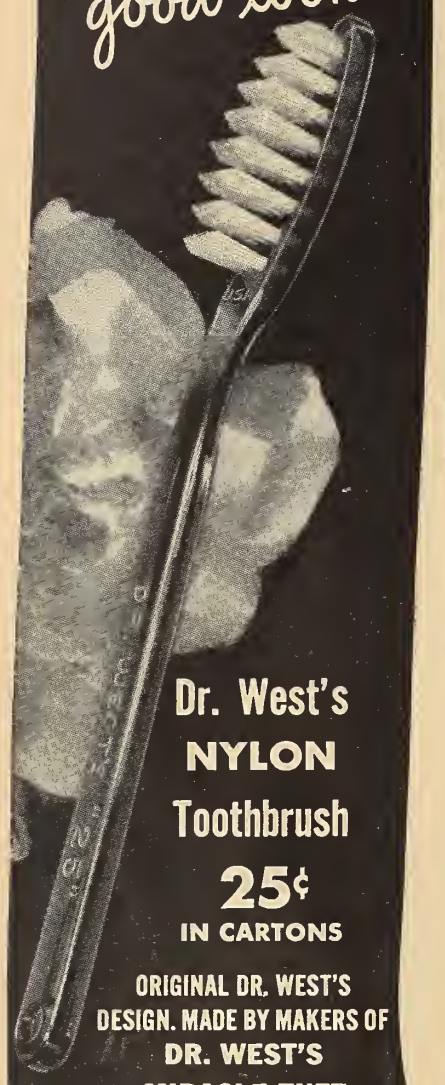
Bargain in good looks!



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Triple-Tested

CLEANSING TISSUES

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STRONGER As strong as a man's fond embrace. Sitroux is made from pure cellulose.

MORE ABSORBENT Drinks in moisture. Ideal for beauty care and a thousand and one uses everywhere.

AT 5 & 10¢—DRUG & DEPT. STORES

pictures, she and Betty go on a spree of badminton, ping pong and movies. On Saturday night they stand in line at Grauman's Chinese along with half the town, and she is never recognized.

The very first time she went bowling she rolled a 115 score, but she has never done so well since, hence dropped the sport. "But ping pong," she tells everyone who passes her on the set, "now that's another story."

Another athletic event at which Joan excels is dancing—any old kind. She can jitterbug, waltz, conga, samba or rumba. When the company reached New York recently on Joan's personal appearance tour, a professional male model was secured to pose with Joan, who was showing off a series of dance dresses to be photographed. During camera adjustments, a studio representative looked around to find Joan and the handsome picture partner in a far corner dancing happily; she was teaching him a series of rumba breaks that were strictly from Samoa.

Fred Astaire wanted Joan for "Holiday Inn," the picture he is making with Bing Crosby, because he says she is the best dancer he has ever lead through an intricate routine with the single exception of his sister, Adele. However, Warners' had her scheduled to dance with Jimmy Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" so she couldn't be loaned out, an occasion that brought forth tears from Joan. However, Fred is still determined to make a dancing picture with her some day.

He telephoned Joan on the set one day, but was told that she couldn't answer at that time because she was busy studying for an English quiz. He turned from the phone in despair and lifted an eyebrow at Bing. "My longed-for leading lady," he explained wryly, "can't talk to me because she's still in school. I guess that will settle me for awhile."

readin', writin' and rhythm . . .

School restrictions or no, Joan is mentally far advanced for her years, possibly because she has been entertaining the public with her songs, dances and impersonations since she was eleven, although her first stage appearance occurred at the delicate age of 2½. Hanging to the arm of a five-year-old male escort, she sang "Let A Smile Be Your Umbrella."

When the Brodell family was on the road, traveling from one date to another, they always took an apartment in the town in which they were playing. (Their dog, Mike, had an aversion to hotels and vice versa.) While Mother Brodell was preparing dinner, the three girls practiced their orchestrations: Mary played the banjo, Betty the sax, and Joan the accordion.

If music palled, Joan would practice her impersonations. One of her first was the Luise Rainer telephone sequence from "The Great Ziegfeld." In order to be able to reproduce this perfectly, Joan spent an entire day in a continuous run theater, watching the picture over and over again. "When we finally left, it was dark outside and our eyes were so tired that we saw everything in jagged lines," she confessed to her mother.

Nowadays, her repertoire of impersonations includes Hepburn, Gary Cooper, Jimmy Cagney, Jack Carson and Ida Lupino, among others. Someone told Ida that Joan had perfected a wonderful imitation of her delicious British intonations and the slow manner in which she uses her wonderful eyes, so Ida asked Joan to repeat the performance for the original. Joan nearly went through the floor. "It's meant as a compliment to you," she explained, "but I still can't do it. I'd die of embarrassment."

the hard way . . .

The keen insight that makes it possible for Joan to understand and imitate the pantomime of the people with whom she works, also prompted one of the sagest remarks ever to be uttered by a 17-year-old girl blessed by motion picture fame.

A group of studio people were discussing the antics of a new starlet on one of the major lots. "The girl is nothing but a four-star brat," someone said. "She makes me want to strangle her. Never have I seen such airs, such rudeness, such conceit."

Joan said slowly, "She shouldn't be blamed too much. After all, she had the bad luck to have her very first picture selected as an outstanding success."

In that simple sentence was Joan's realization that all the years of setbacks and disappointments, of screen tests that bore no contract fruit, of juicy parts she failed to get, had stood her in good stead. Her early reverses had planted humility deep in her heart. Today, she is just as sweet, as unassuming, as thrilled by little things as any High School girl in Wabash Bend, Indiana.

At home, she sets the table, always makes her own bed and occasionally "gets to mow the lawn or squirt the hose," as she puts it.. At such times she has trouble with Mike, her wire-haired terrier. His wife is named Cammie, short for Camera, and they have six new pups named as follows: Close-up, Longshot, Montage (he's all mixed up and frustrated) S.T. for Sound Track, Set (the lazy, fat one that had to be coaxed to eat his dinner) and Wardy, short for Wardrobe, the elegant pup with white spats.

Outside of this menagerie, her second best enthusiasm is her victory garden, planted mainly with radishes and carrots, because—as she told the studio gardener, "they come up fastest and look prettiest."

She doesn't care particularly for bangles and jewelry. The only ring she wears is a worn signet of gold bearing the initians A.O.H. This memento was given to Mrs. Brodell by her brother when she made her first communion. The initials stand for Agnes O'Hearn, Mrs. Brodell's maiden name. When Joan's older sister, Mary, made *her* first communion, the ring was her commemorative gift from Mrs. B.

Then, when Mary was married and wore her engagement and wedding rings on the third finger of her left hand—where the signet fits—Mary passed the ring on to Joan. When Joan is before the camera, she leaves the ring in her dressing room, but the instant she washes up for luncheon, she slips the ring on again in spite of the fact that it has to fight for space on her slim finger with a prop wedding ring—necessary for her role in the picture.

"Some wedding ring!" Joan told Jack Carson. "Look—" The wedding band is divided at the back so it can be made to fit any actress' finger. "A universal joiner, you might call it."

The other trinket she values is a topaz daisy set in gold leaves. Her sisters gave Joan this pin to wear with her gold lamé dress when she went to one of the Loyola dances. She gets scolded, now, for wearing the pin on everything. Betty said, "That gold dress needed a touch, and this was it. But why?—on this blue suit?"

"Like it on everything," retorted Joan immovably.

Most seventeen-year-olds are busy having dates, planning for senior proms, ambling to the corner drug store for a coke with the football captain, and otherwise mingling with males of the species.

As for Joan, she has attended practically every formal Loyola College has given during the past two years. Loyola is the outstanding Catholic college in Los Angeles, and Joan met her escorts through their sisters who were her classmates during the year she attended Immaculate Heart High School.

Outside of these widely-spaced events, her only other fling was with Harry Lewis, a Warner Brothers' fellow employee, with whom she attended the Warner party at the Biltmore Bowl. Afterward, someone asked her if she wouldn't like to go to a lot of parties—see the town—maybe, huh?

busybody . . .

"It sounds corny to say this," Joan explained quickly, "but I just don't have much time to go places. I have been, and I still am, working pretty steadily."

She could have added that it was difficult for her to meet boys who would have courage enough to ask her for a date, but that situation is going to be corrected—but promptly. Beginning Sunday, May 17, she was enlisted to help entertain service men at the Beverly Hills USO canteen. Although there are strict rules prohibiting any of these USO hostesses from giving their addresses or telephone numbers to their guests, you can imagine what that flock of lonely uniforms is going to do when it meets up with a dancing doll like Joanie.

Even this activity, of course, will be supervised by Joan's mother or teacher.

Yet, comes now January 26, 1943, great changes are going to be made. The butterfly is scheduled to shed her chrysalis and to spread her wings. We'll keep you posted on further developments, of which we can guarantee you plenty!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

As you know, this summer Olivia de Havilland spent two weeks at Snow Inn on Cape Cod. I was staying at a hotel a few blocks away, and I witnessed a very amusing scene between Miss de Havilland and a grocery boy.

The boy was delivering groceries and whistling as he came down the walk. Miss de Havilland evidently thought he was whistling at her because she turned, looked, then winked and whistled back. No one was more surprised or flattered than the boy, when he realized who she was.

Elizabeth Roos,
2234 Meadowood Drive,
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● ● ● ●

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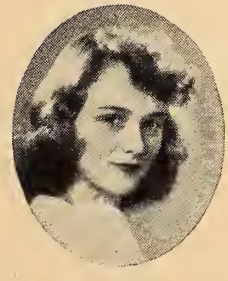

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ICELAND—STORY

(*Continued from page 45*)

six-foot-two of him. Slip Riggs watched glumly while Jimmy stepped out to look over Iceland.

The Corporal apologized for his driver's bad manners and worse ability. The Corporal said how pleased he was to meet the people of the town in person.

"Well," said Slip when Jimmy came back.

"Her name's Katina Jonsdottir. Her father runs a coffee shop."

"Married?"

"Just waiting."

"What's the situation?"

"The Marines have landed, haven't they?" Jimmy said.

Slip said: "Oh, oh."

"They're dancing at the hotel tonight—she and her ex-beau."

"Ex-beau?"

"Did you ever see me do the Iceland Lindy, pal?" said Corporal James Murfin.

murfin-on-the-spot . . .

The Jorg Hotel was small, colorful and featured a jazz band and smorgasbord. Smorgasbord is Scandinavian hash in small doses; put enough of it together, and you have a hot dog. But Jimmy Murfin wasn't interested in food when he barged into the café; nor in the music or the crowd—British and American soldiers and Marines, some native Icelanders, bright-cheeked, laughing girls. Jimmy was looking for a blonde with wide, innocent eyes. Katina.

She was dancing with her beau, Sven, when he came in. He crossed the floor slowly until she saw him. The music was a low, soft background, and he cut in on the dance hardly looking at Sven.

"I'm glad you came," she said.

Then they were twirling slowly past the other dancers, toward the door at the back of the café. It opened on a small empty room that looked out on the bleak, snow-filled Icelandic scene. It was quiet in there and dark. From the café room outside came the sound of music and laughter, the shuffle of feet.

They hardly heard it; they heard nothing at all. Looking up Katina could see the light glints in his eyes and the soft curve of his mouth smiling down at her.

Bending swiftly, he kissed her.

She said simply: "I wanted that."

He was laughing now. "Did you? You're a funny kid."

"Am I?"

"You're the kind of girl a guy could really go for."

"Am I?"

The music came in again, loud and fast this time, and a girl's voice rode out over the background of trumpets. They danced back into the room, and as they twirled, Jimmy saw a girl on the stand. A girl named Adele whom he'd jilted back in the States. He stiffened. "Come on, Katina, I'd better get you back," he said. "Your beau'll think you're lost."

"He's not my beau," Katina said.

"Besides, I've got to get back."

"I'll see you again?" Katina said.

"Just keep looking," Jimmy said. "I'm the guy with the light in his eyes."

Outside, Slip was waiting for him, bundled up against the chill, driving wind. When Jimmy came out, Slip grabbed his arm. "Did you see her?"

"Who, Adele? Yes . . . but did *you* see Katina? She's wonderful. Where did they ever get the name Iceland with a gal like that around?"

"Never mind the Iceland popsicle.

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More important, Adele's singing here."

Jimmy groaned, "Why did she ever have to leave Brooklyn."

"Maybe you had something to do with it," Slip said.

"I don't know where she got the idea I'd marry her."

At the Coffee Shop the whole family was waiting for Katina and Sven. They had been waiting that way for weeks, waiting for Sven to propose to Katina, waiting for Katina to accept. As soon as the door opened, Papa called: "Well, is it all settled? Are you going to wed?"

"Oh, yes," Katina said happily.

"Wonderful," said Helga, Katina's younger sister. "Now Valtyr's father will let Valtyr and me get married. You know how old-fashioned he is. He insists that the older sister marry first."

"Wonderful," said Aunt Sophie. "Now Valtyr's father will save the coffee shop from bankruptcy."

"Sven," cried Papa. "My future son-in-law. Come have a drink."

"It isn't me," Sven said glumly.

"Not you!"

"It's an American, I think."

"Who? An American? Katina!"

"His name," said Katina gaily, just before she closed her bedroom door, "is James Aloysius Murfin."

So the next few weeks were happy. Didn't Jimmy tell her that he liked home comforts and home cooking; and couldn't she make fifty different kinds of smorgasbord? And didn't Jimmy tell her there was no one else like her, and that some day he wanted a little home with a girl like her around to call herself Mrs. Jimmy Murfin?

Of course he seemed to jump a little every time Papa spoke about setting a date; and he didn't seem to like Herrn Tegnar, the Justice of Peace very much. But then men were strange.

There was a celebration that week in honor of the Marines. Around the pond the native Icelanders gathered in gay costumes; soldiers mixed in the audience. A band played gayly at one side.

let's face it . . .

And on the ice, Katina skated. Behind her swooped a troupe of native boys and girls, but it was Katina that held their eyes. She was like a beam of moonlight, weightless, graceful, romantic. She swooped past them in long, effortless glides, she spun like a shimmering icicle.

"Brother, she's good," Slip said.

"Yeah," Jimmy said.

"Everybody thinks you're going to marry her."

"I never said—"

"Well, that's what they think."

"I was going to talk to her tonight," Jimmy said. "I don't want her to get any ideas."

He was waiting for her as she came off the ice at the end of her final number, breathless, flushed, looking for him. He bent to untie her skates and not meeting her eyes, he said: "I've got something to tell you."

"Yes, Jimmy?" she said.

She bent to help him with the skates and her hair brushed against his face. "Jimmy," she said. "I love you so much."

Down in the village the bells in the church steeple began to sound softly through the night air. "That's St. Olaf's," Katina said. "There's a custom in our country for sweethearts to get married on his day."

"That's swell," Jimmy said absently.

"Would you like that, Jimmy?"

"I'd like nothing better," Jimmy said. "Only—"

She rose happily. "Then we'll set it for then," she said.

"Listen—" Jimmy said desperately.

But before he could say anything more, she cupped his face in her hands and kissed him. After that, for a long time, there was nothing he wanted to say.

Going back to the barracks that night, Slip said to him, "Is it all settled?"

"I couldn't tell her," Jimmy said.

Slip stopped outside the Nissen hut. "You can't do that, Jimmy. She's just a kid. She's sweet. She's innocent. She's—"

"You try telling her," Jimmy said harshly. He ripped into the Nissen hut.

Slip stood there a moment silently. "You asked for it, pal," he said softly.

So the blow-out at the Jorg Hotel was Slip's idea. It took a little doing, of course. Adele? Adele was on a boat back to America, he told Jimmy. There was nothing to worry about. Old Slip just wanted to treat everybody to a good time. They were all there at a table that night—Slip, Jimmy and Katina.

out of the frying pan . . .

But Adele hadn't left. She came out on cue and when she sang her song, she sang it straight at Jimmy. Everybody could see it. At the end of the number she crossed the room to their table.

"Hello, Jimmy," she said.

For a while Slip thought he'd arranged to hit too hard. It was a good idea to have Adele tell Jimmy off in front of Katina; that would tell the whole story. But it was like murder. You could see the kid's heart was breaking; it was there in her eyes.

But she stayed through it all. She listened while Adele spilled everything. How Jimmy had run out on her at the

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last minute, how he'd given her a song and dance about moonlight and roses and love . . . and marriage. It all added up to nothing; it was just his line.

She sat through it all until Jimmy, to shut up Adele, took her out on the dance floor away from Katina. Only then with no one to see her but Slip, the tears came to her eyes and her shoulders moved slightly as if she were crying. Even then she didn't say anything. She got up and started to the door.

"I'm sorry," Slip said. "It was the best way. You had to find out.

Jimmy followed her, of course. He told her he loved her. But later he got mad when she had the marriage license filled out by Herrn Tegnar with his name. He said he loved her, but he wouldn't marry her. He said he was no good at all for her.

Then when he didn't come for a week, she went to see him at the barracks and found him marching off to the docks with a detail of Marines. It was all for the best, he said; he'd bring her nothing but grief. Maybe he was right. But seeing him march off, all she knew was that she loved him and missed him.

She wanted to be alone then. But the kitchen was full when she got back to the Coffee Shop. The family was there —Papa, Helga, Aunt Sophie, Grandma.

"Ah," Papa said when she came in, "everything is fine. Valtyr's father was here. Helga will be married right after you. And I've already sent out the invitations for your marriage."

"No," Katina said.

"No?" Papa said. "No?"

"Yes. I'll never get married now," Helga cried bitterly.

"Quiet!" Papa roared. "I have sent out invitations. There will be a marriage. If it is not the American, it will be Sven."

little white lie . . .

"I won't marry Sven," Katina said.

"You will do as I say," Papa shouted.

"I can't marry him," Katina said wildly.

"Can't?" Papa said. "Can't?"

"I'm married already," Katina said.

"Married!"

"I'm Mrs. James Aloysius Murfin."

"And where is your husband?"

"He's gone with the Marines." She was in her bedroom, leaning against the door before they could ask her anything else.

"Well," Papa said, "a marriage is a marriage. How soon can you arrange for yours, Helga?"

So Helga and Valtyr were to be married at last. Papa explained gravely to Valtyr's father that Katina had been married by the Army Chaplain. It was all regular, in order; the records were with the military officials. And how was the herring business—good enough to help out a little Coffee Shop, perhaps?

It would have worked. It was only a little lie Katina had told so that Helga could get married. Let Helga, at least, be happy. Katina kept herself busy helping with the arrangements for the marriage. On the set day she helped with the food and with the flowers. She helped Helga with her dress. Anything to keep her hands busy.

"Katina!"

Like that! She could almost swear she heard him and if she looked up—

"Jimmy!"

He was standing in the doorway, holding a bouquet of flowers, smiling at her. "They didn't send me away after all, baby," he said. "It was just dock detail."

Before she could move, her family had surrounded Jimmy, pumping his hand, clapping him on the back while he stood there bewildered.

"Welcome back," they shouted.

"Did you bring the certificate of marriage with you?" Papa said.

"Papa," Katina cried sharply. "I want to be alone with Jimmy."

"That's natural," Aunt Sophie said.

When they were alone, Jimmy said suspiciously: "What's all this about a marriage certificate?"

She explained it to him shamefacedly. She had thought it would do no harm. He was leaving, and no one would ever know. It was just a little story so that Helga could get married.

"A little story!" Jimmy yelled.

"It was only because I love you," Katina said softly. "They wanted me to marry Sven, but I couldn't. . . ."

"So we have to play Mr. and Mrs. until Helga is married tonight?"

"Will you, Jimmy?"

"All right," Jimmy said. "Strictly as a favor."

They were together when the musicians played "Here Comes The Bride" for Helga and Valtyr. They watched the dancing. They even danced the Lover's Knot together. But it was only play acting. . . .

Or was it?

At the end of the evening, it was the Icelandic custom that the bride and the groom be serenaded to their bridal chamber. Blushing and giggling, Helga and Valtyr were led off while the musicians struck up something gay and romantic.

But then Papa returned with the musicians. Aunt Sophie smiled mischievously from a corner. There would be a serenade for Katina and Jimmy, too, Papa announced. There was a bridal chamber made ready for them.

"But we're married already," Katina said desperately. "We shouldn't be serenaded to a bridal chamber."

"It sounds like a swell idea," Jimmy said blandly.

They danced them down the hall, the warm friendly voices singing. She didn't dare object. And Jimmy, grinning, only paused once on the way to whisper something in Slip's ear.

In the bridal chamber Katina stood whitefaced against the door. Outside the music of the serenade floated in the air. They could hear Papa boasting to Valtyr's father. Katina eyed Jimmy cautiously. He started toward her.

"Don't!" she said.

"Why, honey," Jimmy said. "We're married, aren't we. You said so."

"I'll tell them. I'll tell them everything. I warn you, Jimmy Murfin!"

Without stopping, still laughing, he swept her into his arms.

"Break," said a voice from the window.

It was Slip. And behind him, climbing into the room, was Herrn Tegnar, the Justice of the Peace. He was a little startled, Herrn Tegnar, but then . . . .

"Why did you bring Herrn Tegnar here?" Katina whispered.

But Jimmy didn't answer her. Instead he said "I do" at the right place in the marriage service. That was answer enough; that was answer for everything. That, and a few kisses. Tomorrow there would be music, dancing, skating, eating, sixty kinds of smorgasbord. . . .

At that, kisses and smorgasbord were alike; you never got enough of either.

Katina Jonsdottir	*Sonja Henie*
Corp. James Murfin	*John Payne*
Slip Riggs	*Jack Oakie*
Papa	*Felix Bressart*
Helga	*Osa Massen*
Adele Wynn	*Joan Merrill*
Tegnar	*Fritz Feld*
Sverdrup Svensson	*Sterling Holloway*

WHAT THEY EXPECT FROM A DATE

(*Continued from page 43*)

Sometimes the gang gathers at the Palladium. Jane's latest yen is to start a dancing class for service men. After all, it was she who taught AC to glide, wasn't it?

She wears formals only to premieres—otherwise a print or tailored suit. She likes her clothes brilliant in color and simple in line—red, royal blue and fuchsia being her current favorites. The night before a date, she tries on every dress she owns and sticks every pin up against it to get the effect.

Mostly she has dinner at home, runs out to play with the dogs for a while to allow an interval between eating and showering, then goes upstairs. Until lately, her mother had to pick out the evening's costume and help her dress. Now she's on her own and, being a little new at the business, takes Rex, the Belgian shepherd, along for company. He flops on the dressing room floor and watches the rites, which take between thirty and forty-five minutes, depending on how fresh she is from the beauty parlor. If her hair's just been done, it's easy. Sometimes she wears it in a pompadour and behind her ears, sometimes parted in the center with a long bob. The first makes her look older; the family prefers the second.

A little powder, a little lipstick, a touch of mascara for formals, a drop of light perfume on her handkerchief. Once she dabbed it self-consciously behind her ears. "That's sophisticated," she confided to Rex. "They do it in the movies."

When she's ready—before the boy comes, because promptness has been preached at her all her life—Mrs. Withers gives her a strict once-over. Then she comes down to pirouette before Daddy. But if her escort compliments her, she goes shy and turns it off by telling him how keen that tie is with that suit. Freddie kids around. "If Louis B. Mayer calls, tell him I'm busy, will you?" Mrs. Withers has some flowers for AC's mother. "They'll be wrapped and waiting on the table when you get back." Then she sees the young ones to the car—the sedan, by Jane's choice, so they can give waiting soldiers a lift. "You all be good," says Mom, "and be home by twelve."

"Got any gum?" That's Jane, as they drive off. She's made a deal with her mother, says she won't ever touch a cigarette, if Mom please won't fuss at her about chewing gum.

After the dance or the movie they stop at Simon's Drive-In for a bacon and tomato sandwich and a lime freeze. Jane gets in by twelve and would gladly spend the rest of the night telling all to Mom. What thrills her most is seeing stars. She's as movie-struck as your own adolescent. Mrs. Withers finally shoos her off to bed and sees that she's in it. Else she'd spend an hour or two writing up her date-book and straightening her dresser drawers, which were last straightened that afternoon. Miss Withers is known to her folks as "the old maid."

To celebrate his birthday, AC coaxed Mrs. Withers into letting him take Jane to her first night club. She went wild with excitement, but wouldn't it cost too much? She knew what. The Mocambo had little tables over at the side, where you didn't have to pay a cover charge. "It's my birthday," said AC. "We're hav-

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Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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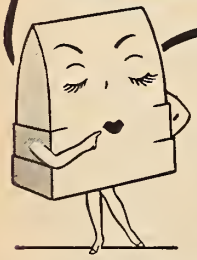

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ing the works." So the works it was.

She wore a white dress with a row of fuchsia flowers, casting longing glances meantime at the black her mother won't let her wear till she's seventeen. By that time, Mrs. Withers hopes, it'll be out of style. She doesn't know why she let Jane heckle her into buying it. But didn't Mom think it was just the thing for tonight. Mom didn't.

She wore silver slippers, a silver ribbon in her hair and a short white ermine wrap. AC brought baby orchids, which she fastened to her shoulder. After dinner at Gail Patrick's, they proceeded to the Mocambo, whose decor includes birds in cages. Jane worried about the birds having to sit up all night, enjoyed her lime freeze till she found it cost eighty cents, craned her neck for movie stars, spotted Deanna Durbin, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, and when AC asked her to dance, said she'd rather sit and look if it was all the same to him.

At eleven word went abroad that Mae West was expected. Jane would die if she couldn't see Mae West. They phoned Mrs. Withers, leaving the door of the booth open, so the wonderful music and stuff would break her down. Mae arrived at last with four escorts. "Gee," breathed Jane, "if I could only get her autograph!"

* * *

Janet Blair's the kid with the big brown eyes and chestnut hair who hoofed with George Raft in "Broadway" and still can't believe she's my sister Eileen. She promised her mother she'd never bleach her hair, but for a part like Eileen, what mother wouldn't release a girl from her promise?

She shares an apartment with her sister and goes out with several boys, especially John Howard who calls her Punk'n. Their activities are diversified and informal. Ice-skating, roller-skating—if she's had a hard day, dinner at a drive-in so she won't have to change from slacks. Or they go to his house. John's parents must be fun. Hedy Lamarr used to love spending evenings there, so does Janet. She and John sing for the recording machine, or they all play records or darts or silly little house games or poker for stakes that can lose you as much as fifty cents. There's always homemade ice cream, and Janet gets the big dipper to lick.

For dancing, she prefers the Cocoanut Grove. Partly because the floor's so huge that, even when crowded, you can move, not wriggle. But mostly because of happy memories. She used to sing there with Hal Kemp's band. She knows all the waiters and the lady in the powder room. She knows Freddie Martin, whose orchestra's playing there now, and she knows the boys. Going back to the Cocoanut Grove is like Old Home Week.

She's probably the world's quickest dresser, can make it in ten minutes flat. Shower, underwear, dress. Peasant clothes in summer, or a light suit, her favorite color being red. For make-up, mostly lipstick. Then a comb through her hair, which is always in good condition because it's naturally curly and she's bugs on brushing. A do-gadget on her lapel or round her neck. She's got drawers full of the junk bought at the ten-cent store, which lures her as Tiffany's lures other women. A dab of Cobra or Breathless on her bra and wrists, behind the ears, at the nape of the neck. Not too much—she hates to reek. Mostly no hat, unless she remembers that mother'd like her to be a lady and wear one.

Where they eat doesn't matter, so long as the food's foreign—Chinese, Russian, Hungarian, Swedish. She's a healthy eater and prefers to have the man order for her.

Still fresh as a daisy at two, she likes to drop in at the Bar of Music to hear a couple of wonderful pianists, then to the Brown Derby for coffee and eggs, and so home, harmonizing all the way.

Back in her room, she turns on the radio, scrubs her face and brushes her teeth—with a guilty sense that mother would know if she didn't—hangs up her clothes, goes through the apartment closing windows and doors—she can't stand a closet door standing ajar—opens the bedroom window, turns off the radio and gets into bed, still humming. At twenty-one, life's a song to Janet. She can't be sure, but she thinks she sings in her sleep.

* * *

Alexis Smith isn't engaged to Craig Stevens, the goodlooker who's getting a build-up at Warners', but she doesn't date anyone else. Craig isn't engaged to Alexis, but he travels the eighteen miles from Beverly to Glendale just to take her bowling. "I'll pack a lunch," he phones, "and be right over."

For bowling she wears slacks and pigtails which her mother braids and ties with bows. She used to be one of your never-on-time girls. Craig didn't beef, but there was a look in his eyes which told her she'd better mend her ways. Now she's ready when he comes.

They drive to the Sunset Bowling Alley, play three or four games and wind up at a drive-in for a strawberry milkshake which has to be so thick that you can turn it upside down, and it won't run out. Otherwise they send it back.

Not more than once a month they go out fancy. Alexis makes a four-thirty date at Westmore's to have her hair done. Not washed, since the studio takes care of that when she's working, and she's been working steadily in "The Constant Nymph" and "Gentleman Jim." So it's just combed and lacquered, pompadoured in front, swirled up behind. To keep the creation intact, her mother once had to rip the back seam of the dress she'd worn to the beauty parlor. Now she's careful to wear one that buttons down the front.

Then comes the production number of getting a shower cap on and off. With that, the worst is over, she's earned a rest, wraps herself in a robe and runs down to gab to her mother. "You'll be late, Alexis." "Oh no, there's loads of time." But suddenly there isn't, and the rest is a scramble, with tops left off jars and powder all over the bathroom.

Make-up in moderation. A base to hide the freckles. Rouge. Mascara and eyebrow pencil because she's very blonde, and if she didn't use them, she says, any resemblance to Alexis Smith of the movies would be purely coincidental. Most of her clothes are black—because there's nothing smarter, because it's most flattering to her, and because her only fur coat is a silver fox which looks best against black.

She wears little round pearl or rhinestone earrings and a small flat black velvet bow in her hair, unless the dress is too sophisticated. Since she can't afford real jewels, she'd rather have none, so buys clothes that don't need a lot of dressing up. Any perfume that's light. If the dress is new, she goes down to show herself off. In their old house, where she'd grown up among the neighbors, she had to be ready fifteen minutes ahead of time and go running around back fences and kitchen doors to give them all a look. She doesn't know the new neighbors well enough for that.

Craig's ring usually finds her at the dressing table, a blouse that's ready for the laundry over her slinky evening gown, fingers fussing with her hair. She runs down, forgetting her wrap and bag, runs back, changes things over from day to evening bag, grabs up her wrap and flies. Craig has a mystery gardenia for her shoulder. She can never remember which shoulder it goes on, so it won't be crushed while they're dancing. "The right," mother tells her for the hundredth time.

"Come home early," says Dad. "You're still a growing girl."

They go to the Players, where the atmosphere is restful and conducive to relaxed dining, order fruit cocktail, consommé, chef's salad, steak, french fries for her, baked potato for him, tea for her, coffee for him. The pie on the menu looks wonderful when they start out, but by the time they get there they settle for sherbet. There are plenty of windows, so the air never gets stuffy and the floor's never crowded. They dance between courses. The rumba's their favorite. Like Linda, they dance their appetites back and fill up on hamburgers and milk at a drive-in on their way home.

One night, what with tires and taxes, they decided to see how much fun they could have on how little money. Seventy-eight cents did it. Twenty-four apiece to hold hands in a fourth-run movie house, fifteen each for milkshakes. Nothing for laughs. The soft sweet night and the moon thrown in. As for what goes with such nights and such a moon, "Let's skip that," said Alexis. But you can't be sued for what you imagine.

WHAT'S NEW UNDER YOUR HAT

(*Continued from page 53*)

creation can also be had with a safety pin attachment for holding flowers, bows and—hooray!—hats, too, on your head. Pin one of these precious gadgets into your sailors and beanies, and put an end to that unhappy gesture of walking around with one hand clutching your head.

As to your hat—here are a few important don'ts. No pill-boxes with long bobs, please. And no cover-up hats with brims if your hair is short. No hat should hide all the hair that's under it. If you have a long narrow face, tilt your hat. Don't wear it perched on top. If you wear glasses—buy an off-the-face hat—and comb your hair up off the forehead.

Rosemary Lane has a word for the wise we'll pass on to you. She recommends as a good looks aid that you "learn to be your own hairdresser." Train yourself to take your hair-dos apart and put them back together again. You can't run to the beauty parlor every time a ringlet slips. Watch the operator while she is pinning your curls, and be your own repair shop. While you're dressing for a big date, dampen loose ends or wisps with lacquer, brilliantine, wave-set or what-have-you, turn 'em up on hair or bob pins, and leave them to dry while you go about other business.

One more rule, my chickadee . . . hands off your hair when you're out and around the town. Don't ever touch your comb while you are sipping a soda at the counter or meeting a friend on the corner. Do your hair right behind closed doors, and you won't have to do it out in the open for all the world to see.

"Married— to an Iceberg"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT OFTEN RUINS A MARRIAGE.

1. At first, we were the most romantic couple! Happy as larks. But little by little, Dick grew neglectful of me. I couldn't think why his love had cooled off so soon.

2. Then my nerves cracked, and Dick's uncle, who's a doctor, guessed the truth. "Poor child," he comforted me. "So often a devoted wife is guilty of this one neglect. She's careless about feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*). Now if that's your case . . .". And understandingly, he set me straight.

3. He told me how, today, thousands of modern women use Lysol disinfectant for feminine cleanliness. "You see," he explained, "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses *thoroughly*, and deodorizes, as well. Just follow the easy directions on the bottle—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."

4. Today, I use Lysol disinfectant regularly for feminine hygiene. I'm thankful it's *so* inexpensive, *so* easy to use, too. But best of all, Dick's kisses aren't icy—not any more!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

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(Continued from page 15)

97's used by the little brown men were almost exact copies of our Ryans, so no major changes were necessary . . . Biggest problem was to locate five of these particular ships. Owners of the 10 known to be in this country were contacted, and five agreed to fly their ships to Salt Lake City, where the scenes were filmed . . . No accidents occurred. Residents of Utah were informed by radio to ignore planes with the insignia of the Rising Sun . . . Marine scenes were shot at Salton Sea, 250 feet below sea level, the lowest point on Continental United States. Because of climatic conditions, Cameraman Dyer had to lubricate his equipment with whale oil of low density . . . Dyer had the two large side doors of a giant DC-3 transport plane removed, so he could photograph the dogfight scenes . . . Every move had to be plotted with toy planes on a table top before shooting for the day could begin. The pilots and Dyer spent hours huddling around the blackboard, until every problem that might possibly arise was ironed out . . . During the bombardment of Wake Island, Filipinos, hired to portray Japs, "died" at the first sound of gun-fire. Nothing would induce them to keep advancing. Finally about 40 of the 150 agreed to act brave, but their hearts weren't in it—they felt they weren't really in character.

PRIDE OF THE YANKEES

He was gaunt then, incredibly weak and thin, on that July day in 1939 when 60,000 people jammed the Yankee Stadium to do him honor. There were tears in his eyes but, oddly, they were tears of happiness and, husky-voiced, he whispered into the microphone that he thought he was the luckiest person in the world—this man who knew he was going to die soon. New York roared its farewell to this son of its streets, the "Iron Man" of baseball, to the gentle-faced and great-hearted Lou Gehrig.

It was more than good-by to a baseball hero; at the end he had become a symbol. Not all the great and good Americans are in the history books; you can find them sometimes on farms, in factories—clerks, laborers, seamen, mechanics and baseball players. For there is a pattern in American life which can make the common man heroic beyond conquerors and dictators. In life and in death, Lou Gehrig was a symbol of that.

It's a simple story, and "Pride Of The Yankees" tells it lovingly and with a wealth of ordinary detail that was its flavor and meaning. The Gehrigs were just another family on the East Side of New York; Pa, who somehow could never keep a job very long; Ma, intensely proud and strong-willed; Lou, serious, a plugger, but still playing ball in the junk-littered lots on the street corners, hoarding the baseball player pictures that came with Sweet Caporal cigarettes.

Ma Gehrig saw her son through high school and into Columbia—on his way to being an engineer, an "educated" person like Uncle Otto whose gilt framed picture hung in the place of honor in the parlor as an incentive to young Lou. But fate and America had different plans for this chunky son of an immigrant family.

When a crisis arose, and the family needed money desperately for an operation for Ma, Lou turned to the one thing he knew well to earn the money—baseball. The rest of the story could have happened only here; for Lou went on, you know, to become a member of the Yankees, key man in the "murderers' row," setting incredible records, earning more money than the "educated" Uncle Otto had ever dreamed of.

But "Pride Of The Yankees" is more than a picture of a pattern of success. It's a love story, too, tender and great-hearted as the man who is its hero. It's the heart-warming story of Lou and Eleanor Gehrig, their meeting and marriage, their years together building a sweetly happy life. That part of the story is no hero's tale; it's almost too simple and ordinary to be dramatic. But because it is so simple, it touches depths beyond many a more high-flown romance.

Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan are teamed again in "Pride Of The Yankees"; Gary as Lou Gehrig and Brennan as a sports writer who was his intimate friend. Teresa Wright, whom you last saw in "Mrs. Miniver" and "The Little Foxes," got the coveted role of Eleanor Gehrig. Elsa Jannsen plays Lou's mother in a role beautifully drawn and detailed; Ludwig Stossel, his father. Dan Duryea, Virginia Gilmore, Ernie Adams and Hardie Albright round out the cast.

It's a Goldwyn production which means that the picture has been produced imaginatively and with all the craftsmanship that Hollywood can afford. "Pride Of The Yankees" is a picture full of the sweet flavor of life despite its tragic ending. Throughout there are scenes that will catch and hold your eyes and your heart. It's a picture for everyone and a fitting tribute to Lou Gehrig, baseball player, American and a man.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Samuel Goldwyn arranged the first showing of "Pride Of The Yankees" for Mrs. Gehrig alone. She emerged from the projection room with tears in her eyes and confessed she could hardly bear it the first few minutes the picture was on the screen. Gary Cooper was a fine actor, she told Goldwyn—had Lou's mannerisms and gestures exactly. Mrs. Gehrig also praised Teresa Wright (who is Mrs. G. in the picture), saying, "There isn't another actress in Hollywood who could have done as well" . . . Gary trained for the baseball sequences with Lefty O'Doul, former big-league slugger . . . Goldwyn pleaded with Irving Berlin via long distance phone for weeks before securing permission to use "Always." It's Berlin's favorite ballad, but he finally gave in . . . No one but Babe Ruth could play the Sultan of Swat, so the Bambino came out to the Coast especially for the picture. Mr. Goldwyn winces every time he thinks how much he had to pay the guy! . . . 110 sets were constructed for the film—18 more than were used in "Gone With the Wind" . . . Most complicated and expensive set was the duplication of the Chicago World's Fair. Two complete sound stages were used . . . Cooper wandered around for weeks before production began, talking to scripter Paul Gallico, practicing batting left-handed.

THE LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

Everybody knows Edgar Allan Poe whose Raven has been croaking "Nevermore" in the classrooms of America ever since that moody genius first put him on paper. But not everyone knows that his life story was as tragically romantic as the most delicate of his love lyrics. In a life, disappointing and poverty-stricken, he found his only brief, personal happiness in the love of his wife, Virginia.

Played against a background of the America of the eighteen hundreds, "The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe" parades some famous names across the screen; Washington Irving, Charles Dickens, Thomas Jefferson, Robert E. Lee appear briefly. The story swings upward from Richmond through New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. It was a time when America was expanding her frontiers, rough, conscious of her power.

Against this drop of a teeming, hurrying world was played the bittersweet tragedy of Poe's life. In a treatment remarkably free of bunk, Hollywood tells the simple, direct facts of his life. It carries him from the wild days at the University of Virginia when he tried to adapt himself to the life around him by playing fast and loose with the world, piling up huge debts at poker, drinking, cursing and loving with the southern

gentlemen who never understood him; it takes him to West Point where Poe, never meant to be a soldier, was bitterly unhappy and completely unfit for the life. And it brings him finally to the quiet all-consuming love of Virginia Clemm and tragedy of her early death.

It was a love story that was lived in all the back alleys of the great cities of the East. Tales, poems, editorials, criticisms flowed from his pen, never earning quite enough to keep them from the thin edge of poverty. He fought with his publishers, struggled against an unfair copyright law and tried to find a place for his genius and his talents. "The Raven," "Lenore," "Annabel Lee," the stories of mood and murder which have

made his fame were sold for mere pennies.

"The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe" teams Linda Darnell as Virginia Clemm and John Shepperd as the poet; as an extra bonus, Shepperd reads several of Poe's poems during the picture. Virginia Gilmore, Jane Darwell, Mary Howard and Frank Conroy all carry important roles.

It's a curious coincidence that the same month should bring the "Moon and Sixpence" and the story of Edgar Allan Poe to the screen; for one is the story of an artist in paint and the other the story of an artist in words. The artist of "The Moon and Sixpence" flees the world; Poe stayed with it to the bitter end. And ultimately, neither of them was defeated, for their poems and pictures were immortal.—*TCF.*

P. S.

Director Harry Lachman was tempted to have his pet talking Minah bird flit through the picture croaking "Nevermore!" . . . Research brought to light the fact that Poe used his manuscripts in the same manner the modern man-about-town employs etchings . . . Release of the picture will undoubtedly stimulate a terrific sale of Poe's works . . . Arthur Caesar wrote additional dialogue for the script, characterized Poe as a "man who would walk up stairs to buy a suit with two pair of pants." Caesar is a student of Poe from 'way back, knows most of his poems by heart . . . John Shepperd (Poe) used to play parts at M-G-M under the name of Shepperd Strudwick. Though taller and heavier than Poe, Shepperd greatly resembles the famous writer . . . Linda Darnell gives her mother a present every time she makes a picture. This time it was a diamond ring . . . Director Lachman and his beautiful Chinese wife, Chia, own one of the most unusual shops in Beverly Hills featuring patio furniture designed by Mr. L. himself . . . Producer Bryan Foy got the idea for the film after a talk with Edgar Allan Poe, III, a lawyer who's a descendant of a collateral line of the Poe family . . . While the picture was in production, Linda broke her last material tie with Texas when she sold her house in Dallas. She had spent only 14 days there during the past four years . . . Note of irony: One of the scenes in the picture cost more than Poe made during his entire life!

FLYING TIGERS

Over the fabled Burma Road, that thin, winding strip of precious road, East meets West. They meet in the air, twisting over the jagged peaks and cliffs, machine guns spitting. Even before December seventh there was a group of American aviators flying over the life line, diving on the massed Japanese bombers, working with the Chinese Armies that fought and died, undefeated, on the battlefields below. They weren't a regular army group then; they were volunteers, gathered from everywhere —old China hands, transport pilots, youngsters who came across the Pacific from the states, former Army and Navy flyers, old timers who had learned flying by the seat of their pants. The A. V. G. —American Volunteer Group—the Flying Tigers.

Of their exploits Republic has fashioned a picture. Perhaps it leans too heavily on other and older air pictures, but the locale is new and the formula sure and effective. At Kutsing, air base for the Tigers, were gathered a tough and lean-figured group of pilots who took the air daily against overwhelming odds. They flew for money, for ideals, for China and some just for the hell of it.

You would have found there Jim Gordon, the squadron leader, slow-spoken, serious; Hap Davis, his eyes going bad; Blackie Bales, out to redeem himself; Alabama Smith, McCurdy, Tex Norton, Reardon, Dale. Some of them marked for death, some of them for glory—all of them itchy-fingered for the planes with the rising sun on their wings.

To Kutsing, too, comes Woody Jason, talking big, flying big; on the make for money and on the make for any skirt that crossed his path. The main current of the story follows the triangle between Jim Gordon, Woody and the lovely, efficient Red Cross nurse, Brooke Elliot. It had been Brooke and Jim until Woody turned up; Woody always ready for a good time when Jim was struggling with the paper work of a squadron leader. Woody with his gags and laughter where Jim was slow and serious. You couldn't really blame Brooke for falling a bit for his line; you couldn't really blame anybody, because it was a very good line.

GOING GREAT ON BROADWAY!
LOU HOLTZ, WILLIE HOWARD and PHIL BAKER
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Or perhaps you might blame Woody. For Woody had his eye out only for the number one man—Woody Jason. That might have been all right on the ground. But in the air, it meant death. It meant death for Blackie Bales when Woody failed to cover his tail, and it meant death for Hap Davis when Woody failed to turn up on time and Hap took his place.

It all works up to the climax of December seventh and a dangerous flight into enemy territory—a flight the group couldn't undertake; only a single plane. And in that single plane Jim and Woody find themselves dependent on one another. In the crisis Woody sends Jim to safety and carries through the assignment alone. He makes it back alive, too.

You'll find John Wayne as Jim Gordon; it's a good role for Wayne who's on his way slowly but surely to stardom. There's another Gary Cooper hidden there and coming up the same way, out of the horse operas and the quickies. John Carroll is the swashbuckling Woody Jason and Anna Lee plays Brooke Elliot. Paul Kelly, Gordon Jones and Edmund MacDonald have important roles; and don't miss Mae Clarke, returned to the screen in a minor role. It's an action picture with all the trimmings and the never failing excitement of wings slashing across the screen. —*Rep.*

P. S.

The six P-40 canvas-and-plywood planes built especially for the picture took a staff of workmen exactly six weeks to build. Perfect duplicates of the real thing, they're equipped with obsolete motors so they can do everything but take off. Every studio in Hollywood has put in a bid for their use, but Republic has them bedded down on the home lot surrounded by more guards than Fort Knox . . . Special scenes were shot at Curtiss Aircraft Co. in Buffalo. The United States Government gave the studio permission to film both aerial and ground scenes there . . . Outstanding in the cast of over 200 men is Anna Lee, the lovely blonde widow of "How Green Was My Valley" . . . Technical advisers were two honest-to-goodness members of the Flying Tigers—Ken Sanger, radio technician, and Larry Moore, who was staff secretary to Col. Chennault . . . Actor Gordon Jones has a brother serving as a Captain under General Joe Stillwell. Jones plays a pilot with the Group . . . Included in the picture are several thousand feet of film showing Jap planes in actual combat over Burma and China. Pictures were culled from Japanese propaganda files . . . The prop department made exact copies of the signs all "Flying Tigers" wear on their backs. The Chinese characters, translated, read "This American has come to the aid of the Chinese. He should be respected by all and by all persons of military rank." . . . Mae Clarke is used to playing in war pictures. Got her start in them starring in silent version of "Waterloo Bridge."

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What stories and features did you enjoy most in our September issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Love, Honor and Heckle (Taylor-Stanwyck) ..... ☐
Sugar Puss (Leslie) ..... ☐
Modern Screen Goes to a Picnic ... ☐
Jivin' Jane (Withers) ..... ☐
Young Man with a Soul (Ford) .... ☐
What They Expect from a Date .... ☐
"Iceland" ..... ☐
Sentimental Gentleman (Tommy Dorsey) ..... ☐
Good News ..... ☐

Which one of the above stories did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

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PIERRE OF THE PLAINS

What with tourist travel cut to the bone by transportation priorities, and vacations likely to be back-yard affairs in these days of war, "Pierre of the Plains" jaunts up to the Canadian Northwest to catch a few fish in the backwoods, away from the world and its worries. Maybe a few of the fish it catches aren't quite fresh, but the boys are in there casting away all the time.

It's a triangle story among the towering pines. Up there in the Northwest, Pierre, trapper and guide, is in love with Daisy Denton, but Daisy hasn't decided yet whether or not to marry a chap named Jap Durkin. Now you know and I know that no girl in her right mind is going to marry anybody named Jap these days. But it's a tight squeeze for a while before Daisy declares for Pierre and the Free French.

The whole thing is complicated by a murder and a couple of fights. A trader named Clerou is shot deader than a mackerel which somehow wandered up into that trout stream country, and Pierre has a tough reel or two setting things right. The chase takes him backwoods with a comedy tenderfoot and finally ends in a slam-bang fight near an abandoned mill.

Such first rate actors as John Carroll, Bruce Cabot and Ruth Hussey are involved in these shenanigans, and they are, reading from left to right, capable, handsome and beautiful. You'll find

Henry Travers dropping a dry joke or two in his accustomed manner. It's a bit surprising to find the svelte and sophisticated Miss Hussey tussling with trout, but as was stated above this picture is strictly a vacation number.

"Pierre of the Plains" is a harmless double-biller, but this is no time for business as usual. They're not making any more pleasure cars in Detroit; out Hollywood way there are still plenty of Mrs. Minivers and Wake Islands waiting to be made. Entertaining, too. It may be a good idea to bring the single feature back; there are still Bingo and free dishes to fill out the bills.

As for Pierre, did we mention that he gets Daisy, who, you remember, is Ruth Hussey . . .

Ah, zat lucky Pierre!—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Producer Edgar Selwyn was the original "Pierre" in the New York Stage version . . . John Carroll spent his free time at home, working in his Victory Garden, preparing one room of his house as an air raid shelter for the kids who go to school just 200 yards the other side of his property. He owns 1000 chickens; each one has a separate nest. Says John: "No egg for three days—fricassee" . . . the fight scene was saved for the last, so the

ooys could really rough each other up. Both of them (Carroll and Cabot) rolled in and out of the river during the brawl without mishap, then nearly caught pneumonia doing a couple of scenes in a tank of warm water on a sound stage . . . Company went on location to Sonora, about 76 miles southeast of Sacramento . . . A special fish-hook had to be made for Evelyn Ankers—one that she could swing over her head and catch in her clothing with a minimum of practice . . . Between scenes, Cabot and Carroll kept on playing the game of gin rummy actually called for in the script . . . Jack MacVeigh is a former lawyer who walked out on his practice one day and enrolled at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Studio execs saw him, gave him a swell break in the picture, made plans to pick up his option. Uncle Sam beat 'em to it, and Jack is now in the service of his country after a quick career.

TOMBSTONE

Richard Dix sets his jaw . . . lays his gun aside . . . and starts thinking. It's the era of sprawling western towns and two-gun racketeers, but Dix feels that "Tombstone" should be built with brains and fists, and then .22's. The yarn is based on true incidents taken directly from the yellowed tomes of Tucson and the filming is done in the piney outdoors of California and Arizona.—*Par.*

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ICELAND—PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page 45*)

before beginning "Iceland," she long-distance-phoned ace publicity man Jack Cooper at the studio. The most popular number in the show, she told him, was a Hawaiian hula; how could they work it into a picture with an "Iceland" background? The next day an item appeared in the columns stating that Sonja would do one super-colossal number based on the dances of all the peoples our soldiers were pledged to defend—among them, of course, the Hula!

Funniest sight during production was a small, stocky muscular gent togged out in dainty tulle ruffled costume, pirouetting and twirling on the ice. He's Bert Clark, Sonja's "skate-in."

Most stars would complain, but loud, if the attention were taken away from them, even in comedy scenes. Not the Henie. "The better they are, the better I like it," she says. Besides, Sonja knows that when she steps out on the ice—well, that's all, brother!

The day the red line of Los Angeles' official thermometer zoomed to 99, the "Iceland" company was shooting scenes on the back lot. Sonja was trigged out in heavy Winter clothing, complete to a fur-lined hood. Johnny Payne had on a regulation uniform, coat collar turned up, and a 30-pound pack on his back. After a couple of hours, the final "take" was okayed. Henie made a quick dash for her dressing room, locked the door, and peeled off her costume. Payne strip-teased down to shirt and trousers, dived into the canvas wind-tunnel and yelled for the crew to turn it on full force.

"Lucky" Humberstone, fortified himself with another aspirin and made his way to the mouth of the tunnel.

"Will you please get out of there? You'll catch cold. Know what will happen then?" said Humberstone.

"You mean I'll die?" answered Payne, not budging.

"Die! Die!" screamed 'Lucky,' "Who said anything about dying? If you get pneumonia, you'll hold up the entire production and cost the company thousands of dollars!"

Quickies: Adeline de Walt Reynolds, who graduated at 70 from the University of California, is taking a course in shorthand and typing. Wants to answer her own fan mail, so she can urge folks to buy more War stamps and bonds. . . . Sonja's new skating partner is 20-year-old Eugene Turner, a local boy she saw skating at the Polar Palace. . . . Sterling Holloway averaged 20 hours of work per day, entertaining in a touring camp-show every night for the small units of soldiers stationed in the Hollywood hills; slept the other 4 if possible.

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YOUNG MAN WITH A SOUL

(Continued from page 37)

sunlight. "If you don't mind," he said, the Ford jaw beginning to show its lines. "I'd rather not be photographed just now. I'll be glad to pose for all the pictures you want if you'll come out to the studio tomorrow when I'm working."

"No can do," said the photographer. "Besides, I want to get you in uniform."

Glenn's forehead furrowed into that photogenic frown of his. "I'm darned sorry," he said, "but I've got a funny feeling about this uniform. See, my dad was in the diplomatic corps, and I know that if he were living now, he'd be sort of proud of my pitching into this thing without making a fuss. My work here is important to me, not as an actor, but as a person. I think it's corny for a guy to show off his patriotism. You see what I'm driving at?"

The reporter saw. Afterward he said to a friend of Glenn's, "Ford is okay. That is one guy without a drop of phony blood in his system."

mom's eye-view . . .

You just don't get phony around a mom like Mrs. Ford. "I really can't believe he's famous," she says. "To me he's still just a nice youngster with Sir Galahad manners and a healthy dose of Marx Brothers." He loves to charge into the house, swoop "Little One" (his name for his mother) up off her feet and carry her around under one arm. On the Sir Galahad side, he bought her a stunning Kolinsky coat—the last one in Beverly Hills—for which extravagance she's still scolding him in a tickled-to-pieces voice.

What's he like around the house, you pump her. She looks amazed that anyone should care; but he's like this.

When he's working, he rolls out at six, bright as brass, and eats a hearty breakfast. He can eat like a thresher without gaining weight. He puts on, after shorts and shirt, a burgundy tie—he never wears any other color—and burgundy socks. While he is dressing and eating breakfast, he keeps half an eye on his watch, a Longine—because he has a phobia about being late. He walked out on a governor who had promised him a job several years ago, simply because the governor was thirty minutes late for their appointment. The last thing he does before leaving the house is to brush his teeth—with paste, because powder makes him sneeze.

Mama Ford further divulges that his favorite beefs are hats in general, men who wear scarves and the high cost of dating in Hollywood. Seems that he took a girl to Ciro's not long ago for a sandwich and such. The check was $17.50, and his burning thought as he blasted a twenty was that he could have bought three complete symphonies with the dough. His extravagance never takes him to swank spots but to music stores or book shops. He owns about 175 albums of symphonies, and he has lost count of his reading library. "He's crazy about dogs and boats—and, well, he's really no different from most boys his age," says Mrs. Ford, not meaning a word of it, you can tell. She may think it, but there's none of this he-ought-to-be-president stuff out of her. That's Joan Crawford's line.

She probably knows Glenn better than any other girl in Hollywood, and when she gets talking about him, you wonder why the heck he doesn't axe his agent and put her on the payroll.

They have dinner together two or three times a week, sometimes at her house and sometimes in an inconspicuous booth back in the shadows at Dave Chasen's. When Joan reads a book she likes, like Paul Gallico's "The Snow Goose" or Mildred Cram's "Forever," she passes the story on to Glenn. He reads it, then they rehash it and spend hours casting the characters.

Occasionally they go to Mocambo, but they seldom dance. Joan may be the original dancing daughter, but Glenn rarely touches the stuff. "If a girl dances with me," he says, "she has to put up with a waltz or the Ford special."

"I've tried 'em both," grins Joan, "and now I've seen everything. Somehow, though, you don't hold those two left feet against him. He's such a spellbinder of a conversationalist, you can even sit out 'Jersey Bounce' without a pang. Whether he's telling you where he went for lunch or about his trip to Canada, he makes it sound like something out of Jules Verne."

That trip to Canada was pretty wonderful.

This spring, Glenn and his mother decided to return to Glenford and Port Neuf, where they used to live, for a visit. "When we pulled into the station," Glenn says, "there were about five thousand people milling around. And, drawn up at attention, was Father's World War I regiment. That hit hard. I looked at Mother, and she looked at me. Neither of us could choke out a word, but we were both thinking, 'If only *he* were here.'" Glenn's father died suddenly of a heart ailment in 1940.

After the gala reception, the Fords left the city of Quebec for Glenford in Quebec Province. There he rediscovered his own family. The aunts, uncles, cousins and great-greats of his line. He told Joan, "I found that we are very simple people."

his silent love . . .

It was in Canada that Glenn fell in love. He has never told anyone the girl's name, because she belongs to one of those aristocratic old families that wouldn't understand even the friendliest kind of American publicity.

And it was a love affair doomed from the beginning to a zero-zero ending. The girl was a member of the Canadian Woman's Auxiliary Army Corps, which lives in barracks and constitutes the clerical and nursing force of a regiment. Glenn told a close friend, when he returned, that he had asked her to marry him, but she had convinced him that, for the time being anyway, her place was with the army.

"So for the duration at least," he told

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Joan (theirs is one of those rare boy-girl relationships where they can even discuss their romances), "I'll settle for my first love, the sea."

When he heard that his best friend, Bill Holden, was going into the service, he grinned from ear to ear, whammed him on the back and just as a matter of routine said, "Navy, of course—"

"Army," said Bill, giving him the wanta-make-something-of-it leer. Glenn did. They pro-ed and con-ed for hours and finally stalemated somewhere around dawn, not seeing eye to eye at all, but still swell friends. And when Bill left for his training a week or two later, something pretty important went out of Glenn's life. The night before he left, Glenn called him up, racking his brain as he dialed for something smooth in the way of good-bys.

"I just called up to caution you against trying to play the violin in an army show," Glenn said. This harkened back to the fact that Bill's first part was that of the prize-fighting, fiddling "Golden Boy," and that he had learned one piece of music rather shakily for the picture. Not too funny a crack, but Bill guffawed in that determinedly jolly way you do when you feel more like bawling.

"At least," he said, "the notes will be sweeter on land than on sea."

There was a long silence while each tried to think of something to postpone the good-by. "They feed you much better in the Navy," Glenn finally observed.

"Considering my stomach's objection to waves, it's continuity, not quality, that interests me," said Bill.

There was another pause. Glenn finally said desperately, "Take care of yourself, fella."

"Same to you," came back fervently from the Holden phone. "And keep an eye on Ardis, won't you?"

Ardis, of course, is Brenda Marshall Holden. Since Bill has been away, Glenn hasn't had a chance to do more than telephone occasionally, but when he is free, he'll see her only in a group. Reason: He profoundly distrusts the gossip mills in Hollywood. In rapid succession he has been reported that way about Jinx Falkenburg, Judy Canova, Carmen Miranda, Michele Morgan, Pat Morison, Patti McCarty, Laraine Day, Martha O'Driscoll and Evelyn Ankers.

false rumors . . .

"Boy, the gossips kept me hopping," Glenn told a Columbia publicity man. "No tête-a-têtes for Ardis and me. We'll get ourselves chaperoned by the Ray Millands or the Fred Macs or someone."

Next to the Holdens, they're about Glenn's greatest chums. When he spends a day with the MacMurrays, he and Fred talk sports or guns. They exchange rumors about the Springfield versus the Garand, and argue happily over who'll win the pennant this year.

With Ray Milland, Glenn discusses world affairs. Ray took his seventeen thousand dollars, inherited from a deceased relative, and went on a trip around the world in his pre-Hollywood days. He's been in almost every country where the war is going on.

Another pal of his is Pat O'Brien, with whom he usually talks pipes. Both of them have extensive collections (Glenn's now totals 140), and the latest addition to the Ford group was an O'Brien gift. This one consists of a bowl and stem carved out of an honest Irish shillalah.

There's a rugged look about it that goes with the rugged Ford puss. And the puss, incidentally, is the tip-off on the whole guy. He can take the bumps. No Model T, this Ford. He's strictly A1!

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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 49*)

during blackouts. . . . That Greer Garson is an expert on wines? Learned all about vintages when she was a university student taking summer tours through France. . . . That Gypsy Rose Lee is an air-raid warden?

That Hattie McDaniel is an inspiring sight in her AWVS uniform. . . . That Flyin' Bob Taylor, too old to be a fighter pilot, will probably join the Ferry Command. . . . That Myrna Loy met new hubby, John Hertz, Jr., at a party she and ex-hubby Arthur Hornblow tossed several months ago?

Change of Hearts

Bang! With the expectancy of a Kansas tornado, came the startling announcement that Hedy Lamarr had returned her engagement ring to George Montgomery. Overnight, what had been the town's most idyllic romance, turned up its toes and died. The reason? Apparently no one knows, except Hedy—and she isn't telling.

As usual, there are plenty of rumors afloat. Most persistent is the whisper that the whole affair was nothing more than a high-powered publicity stunt. But this should be squelched by the fact that Hedy bought gobs of bridal linens and had each piece monogrammed with her were-to-be initials. Still another tale has it Hedy discovered George isn't the even-tempered lad he's cracked up to be.

But then, who knows? Perhaps it's nothing more than a lovers' spat, and by the time this gets into print the pair will be seeing heart to heart again!

Lord Louis Mountbatten

If Hollywood moguls are wise, they'll whip up a nice, juicy contract and wave it under the aristocratic nose of Lord Louis Mountbatten the minute this war is over. Even before he became the leader of Britain's dashing, heroic Commandos, Lord Mountbatten's handsome six-foot-plus had feminine hearts thumping throughout his native land.

As far as we know, Lord Louis has never had any commercial contact with the movie colony. However, he has known individual movie stars. Back in the twenties, he visited the United States with his beautiful wife, and at a public function watched approvingly, as his lady went through the contortions of the Charleston with Fred Astaire.

Not until the Mountbattens returned to England did they discover they were in disgrace. Queen Mary, three thousand miles away in Buckingham Palace, had heard of Lady Mountbatten's exhibition. And, expressing her disapproval of royalty who dances with movie stars, had had Lord Mountbatten barred from his swank Royal Yacht Squadron!

Every Knock a Boo

Maybe his unsuccessful wooing of Gene Tierney still rankles. Maybe he never liked

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Apollo-like Vic Mature discovered, through experimentation and interesting experience, that he looked most like what his publicity agents said he looked like when he was photographed standing next to wisp-like blonde maidens! Accordingly, in one year, he had himself spotlighted and photographed standing next to no less than eighty such wisp-like blonde maidens. Nice work, if you're qualified.

—Look Magazine

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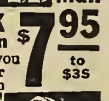

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Hollywood anyway. But whatever the cause, when Richard Watts, Jr., New York drama critic, summed up the 1941-42 theatrical season, he couldn't resist taking a few swipes at Movietown and its personnel. Wrote Richard Watts in his paper:

Actor the season did best without: Victor Mature.

Film actress who is wisest to confine her acting to the screen: Bette Davis.

Sight I could least stand to see: George Raft in the Lee Tracy role in the movie version of "Broadway."

Mr. Watts paid Hollywood some left-handed compliments, too. Supplementing his barbs were the following:

Film actress this department admires despite its better judgment: Veronica Lake.

Film actress who would probably be most successful on the stage: Ida Lupino.

Comedian the season most missed: W. C. Fields.

Home Front

Jeanette MacDonald's in a dither over that story going the rounds about her quitting her career. Seems she's supposed to be trailing husband Gene Raymond, First Lieutenant in the Army Air Force Combat Command, the world over, wherever his job takes him! Started by a Southern newspaper who failed to check for confirmation, the tale was sent over the country's wire-service and caused no end of distress for poor Jeanette.

"On the contrary, I have no such idea. Now is the time for all women to stand by their jobs and work harder than ever to make those jobs count. With our men fighting for victory, the Victory front at home is every woman's responsibility. Our men expect us to shoulder that responsibility bravely!"

Since Gene's been in the service, Jeanette's spent every available moment between pictures, trotting to army camps and singing her head off for the boys. In Hollywood she's continuing her "Date-Leaves" entertainment, the same hospitality initiated by her and Gene last September.

Last we heard, Gene was in England, and Jeanette was playing a six weeks concert tour of the army camps in July and August.

Good News About Ray Middleton

There's usually at least one woman behind the success story of every man, but Ray Middleton has had so many to cope with he's not figuring 'em any more. We asked Ray just about how many times he'd been in love, and when he ran out of fingers he looked up dreamily and smiled that he'd

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In high school here in Los Angeles, Marie Wilson stole the show when she had one word *to speak in the Senior play. Even that wasn't a real word. It was just "uh-huh." (She was the maid.) Everybody roared at the way she said it, and most of the boys and girls attended all three performances just to see Marie shake her giddy head, hear her utter her one "word," and bring down the house. Not one of us was surprised to see her name in lights about ten years later.*

Margaret E. Youngdahl,
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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

simply "lost count" . . . He did admit to having a secret crush on Greta Garbo, but for that woman-on-a-desert-island setup, Ray would choose the whole Ada Broadbent dancing troupe any day . . . Long before the present rush of events, he started a personal precedent by sticking to a rigid rehearsal routine . . . locking himself in his apartment and playing a game of "nobody's home" whenever the phone rang or the buzzer buzzed. Nevertheless, Fate and the famous Chicago Opera Company said him nay when he said "Please!" in 1930 . . . but both repented, and six years later Chicago was on the asking end of the line, and Ray finally consented to become their star attraction . . . In the same streak, he remembers his stage days in New York when frantic women fans almost mowed him down after every performance of the musical show "Roberta," in which he had the male lead, and another good scout, Fred MacMurray, was his understudy! 'Course Hollywood held out its arms pronto to Broadway's pet glammer singer, but when Ray saw the results of his first screen test, he felt like an ostrich just before it runs away and buries its head in the sand . . . The men on top disagreed, though, and sentenced Our Man Middleton to a long stretch of pleasing the

Alan Mowbray and Family

public . . . It worked, too . . . fact is, one woman fan from the Middle West was so thrilled that she sent him a bow tie, asked him to pose in it for her . . . said her husband refused to wear them, claiming only sissies wore bow ties . . . and she wanted said husband to see how a real he-man looked in one of the darn things! . . . At present, as far as Ray's concerned, only rule for his unknown missus-to-be is, "Don't be a scat singer" . . . He doesn't care if she's a goddess or a G-girl, just so long as she's "poised, well-groomed and attractive" . . . she can smoke, if she wants, but she'll smoke alone, 'cause he lays off to keep his warbling channels clear. . . . In case you've been wondering what Ray Middleton's real name is, we'll let the secret out here and now—it's —s-s-sh—Ray Middleton.

Good News About Alan Mowbray

He's one man who can say, and has said, "Veddy good, suh," in more pictures than

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he can count and with more variations than any other three words in the International Butlers' Language. It's all in the angle of the eyebrow, the dilation or lack of it in the nostrils, and the stiffness of the shoulders. Or so Alan Mowbray will have us believe. Though he's butlered some of our best heroes into background insignificance, Alan himself has never bothered with bright lights and fancy billings. He's thoroughly evasive about his love life, too . . . when questioned closely he withdraws quietly with, "Careful! I'm married!" . . . refuses even to commit himself on advice for future would-be missuses . . . tells us we should ask the missus . . . but he blossomed out when we asked him if he liked women who smoke, wear red nail polish, etc. . . . countering satisfactorily with, "I just like women." Sounds like an example of what Alan calls his worst stage habit . . . "Kidding during the show. I'm still trying to cure it," he fibs. How did he feel when he first saw himself on the screen, we wondered . . . his one-word answer, "Sick!" . . . may account for his not having seen himself on the screen for the past seven years . . . refuses to see his completed pictures . . . refuses in fact to gape at himself in the mirror before he starts work on one, doing his "rehearsing" strictly on the set as the cameras are about to take over. Seems to work, though. The most interesting fan letter Alan's ever received? "The first one!" he smiles back at us. Hopes some day to play the role of Cyrano de Bergerac, the 17th century ultra-schnozzled poet and would-be Romeo . . . which would take him out of the class into which he's fitted like he was born there . . . gentlemen's gentleman and all that . . . but Alan's not diddling his thumbs until that role comes along for him . . . life's too busy . . . and his favorite director is always waiting. Favorite director? "My next one," he jibed, "always my next one!" Any achievement that London-born 6-foot Alan is secretly proud of is completely overshadowed by his two greatest . . . a growing son and daughter, who are, after all, not entirely his own doing, ex-actress wife Lorayne Carpenter having had some say in the matter. The future for Alan Mowbray? All he wants in the future is to look like the person he thinks is the best looking guy around . . . you're right . . . it's his son!

Olivia Goes to Town

The war has caused Olivia de Havilland to do something long years of prosperity could not. It's made her move out of the Los Feliz home she's stubbornly clung to since the first day she arrived in Hollywood. For ages her boy friends have screamed about having to trek way out to the suburbs to fetch her for a date, but like Scarlett O'Hara, Livvy's refused to desert the old manse.

When her telephone stopped jingling a few months back, Olivia figured she was in for one of those no-date spells all girls go through. Then her best friend told her. Her beaux still loved her—but they loved their tires more. That was enough for Olivia. Fast as fire she hunted up a new house. Now she's quartered in the heart of town, blissfully justifying her title of Hollywood's Most Popular Bachelor Girl.

Meet Gene Krupa

Surprisingly the King of the Drums is not the slappy, swing-happy music man most people imagine. Of course he's no long hair. But neither does he spend his youth beating his brains out in jive-dive jam sessions.

Serious about his work, he once wrote a book on drumming that outsells every other tome of its type . . . When he lectured at the New York Museum of Natural History on the subject of primitive drums, museum authorities pronounced his talk one of the most learned ever delivered under their roof . . . He practices three hours daily on a specially-built rubber pad, keeping his hat on all the while to get the tune sound . . . Learned to write and eat with left hand so his left wrist will stay supple . . . He loves to play along with symphonic records.

Devours A. J. Cronin and Thomas Wolfe, but didn't learn to read music till a few years ago. In the old days with Red Nichols' band, he used to get the melody from the trombone player, one Glenn Miller, who'd play the tune to him during rehearsal . . . Yearns to play baseball but doesn't dare endanger his wrists. Contents himself listening to the Daphnis et Chloe Suite by his favorite composer, Ravel, and to Cosy Cole of the Duke Ellington crew, in his opinion, the top drummer in the business . . . Must eat five meals a day to keep his weight up . . . Benny Goodman used to pay him $500 weekly. As his own boss, he's made as much as $1000 nightly.

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Don't let dandruff spoil your beauty! Keep your hair shining with natural life and color, antiseptically clean, AND COMPLETELY FREE OF DANDRUFF by using Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff in one application, and it is the ONLY shampoo whose guarantee is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT SOAP SHAMPOOS

Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dondruff scattered, but nat removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

Soap Shampoo

3. Micraphota shows hair shampaaed with ordinary saap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by saap ta mor naturol luster af hoir.

Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dondruff and other foreign matter campletely destroyed ond removed by Fitch Shompaa.

Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphota after Fitch Shampaa and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampaa remaves all dondruff and undissalved deposit, and brings aut the natural luster of the hair.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Strictly Dishonorable

There's a tall, handsome Hollywood leading man whose career story could well be titled Portrait of A Heel. Fourteen months ago, said leading man was just another small name on the studio payroll. Today, thanks to his shrewd maneuvering of romances with leading glamour girls, he's one of the most important stars in the business!

His practice of "using" famous women as stepladders to fame first attracted notice when he fell into the habit of lunching at two different studios with two different stars, on the same day. Instead of concealing his double-timing, he encouraged reporters to publicize both dates!

Later, he went after and wooed another top feminine star who was so bewitched, she made him her leading man. After brushing that romance out of his life, he launched himself on another amour. This time he became engaged, to the accompaniment of reams of publicity in every newspaper and magazine in the country.

When he grew too possessive, even to the point of charging items to his fiancée's department store accounts, the girl faced the bitter truth. She returned his ring—but at his request!

His most recent leading lady (who happens to be happily married) can't understand it all. Why, she asks, do glamorous beauties, who have known every type of man, let themselves in for broken hearts at the hands of this particular punk?

"It's their own fault," she charges. "They should realize that anyone who kisses the way he does can't be a gentleman!"

Short Shots

They do say that John Howard's stepped-up dates with Mary Brian and Janet Blair are intended to make Hedy Lamarr jealous . . . Veronica Lake moves to Seattle for the duration to be near husband Capt. John Detlie, assigned to the Army Engineering Corps. She'll come into town for pictures then scram back to her spouse . . . Universal's paying premiums on a million dollars worth of insurance covering their precious Abbott and Costello . . . A gang of kids at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, pool their dough every two weeks to put in a call to Betty Grable. A crap game decides which one talks to her.

Leslie Howard has married off his last child. Daughter Leslie is the bride of a British Army captain . . . Arthur Murray's new dance studio features a "Rogers and

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One of my school teachers went to the University of North Carolina with Kay Kyser. It was just after Kay had started his small college band which played for dances, etc. His teachers had warned him that if he didn't get to work and improve his grades, he would be forced to give up his band.

Kay was a favorite among all of the students, so that night before his final exams, the students got him into a room and crammed into him everything he needed to know. The next day he passed the exams with flying colors. He's really a swell guy, and I appreciate his being a fellow North Carolinian very much.

Nancy Lawder,
2109 Glenwood Avenue,
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DON'T ENVY long, tapering smart nails—have them! Simply cover short, broken, brittle nails with NU-NAILS. NU-NAILS can be worn any length and polished with any desired enamel. *So natural they cannot be detected.* They even have half moons. Helps check nail biting habit. *Will not harm nor soften natural nails.* Protect fragile nails while they grow strong again. Easily applied, remains firm, waterproof. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c at all ten cent stores.

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Astaire" room . . . Mary Ann Hyde, the Beverly Hills socialite whose romance with Errol Flynn is drawing parental frowns, was screen-tested by Warners' at Errol's request. Results were unsuccessful . . . Constance Worth, at one time Mrs. George Brent, will quit her job as a carhop in a Beverly Hills drive-in and accept a long-term movie contract . . . Ruth Chatterton, another Brent "ex" is appearing in summer stock with Ralph Forbes. Miss Chatterton was Mrs. Forbes before becoming Mrs. Brent.

It's "Grandpaw" Basil Rathbone! Daughter-in-law, Mrs. Rodion Rathbone, is the mother of a baby girl . . . Who said Hollywood males are shopping for cushion jobs in the service? As we go to press, Vaughn Paul is on active sea duty, and Gene Raymond is out of the country, probably in England . . . The conversion of George Montgomery into a Clark Gable type will be complete when Montgomery blossoms out in a mustache for "China Girl" . . . The Marine Corps is claiming new rage Macdonald Carey.

Hayes Fever

Jeffrey Lynn's a busy boy in Uncle Sam's Army so we don't think he'll have much time to brood over the sudden elopement of girl friend, Margaret Hayes, with Tarzan-hulked, Leif Erikson. Just in case Maggie couldn't squeeze all the details of her romance into the wire she sent Jeffrey, here for his information is the story of how it happened.

Maggie went to the movies one night and in the middle of the picture got to sneezing. Leif, sitting behind her, tore out of the theater and was back in a flash with an aspirin tablet and a cup of water. When Maggie recovered, Leif introduced himself and returned to his seat. Next day, Maggie got to thinking about what a nice guy he was and wrote him a note of thanks. That was the beginning. Two weeks later Leif was in Reno dissolving his marriage to Frances Farmer, and six weeks after that, he and Margaret met in Minden, Nev. and were wed.

From our agents in the East, we hear that Jeffrey, far from being the jilted suitor, is spending his leaves very happily in the company of a New York thrush named Rosalie Gibson. Only thing that burns him, according to our informant, is the fact that Maggie eloped in his station wagon!

Lonely Cinderella

Here's a story that's never been told. The story of a beautiful little girl who came to Hollywood and rose to be a great big movie star. At her studio she was treated like an adult. At home she was treated like a child. Her parents, hoping to shield her from the wolves of the town, sternly restricted her dates. When suitors refused to be discouraged, they invented the tale that their daughter was engaged to a childhood sweetheart, living in faraway Mexico.

The ruse worked. It kept the wolves away. But as the girl grew older she realized something else. It was keeping the nice boys away, also—the boys she wanted to date. She asked her family to deny the whole story or to announce that the engagement had been broken. But the parental thumb was down. The family refused and the deception continued.

Recently the star left home. Behind her she left the shackles she felt deprived her of normal womanhood. Now she will live alone and be free. In confiding her story to a few friends, she asked that they try to understand her parents' viewpoint as well as her own. "I love them," she says, "but I have my own life to lead." Okay, Linda Darnell. We hope it will be a happy one!

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Just as the baby Panda goes straight to your heart . . . this soft-as-a-mist cardigan is sure to become your best-loved sweater. Fashioned in Brushed Rayon, PANDA is as cuddly and appealing as its namesake. The youthful lines and flattering, furry texture of this gay, ribbon-bound cardigan make PANDA the perfect casual jacket for wear anywhere, anytime. Sizes 32 to 40 . . . about $5.00 at your favorite store.

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"Amateur" Night

The big moment in Sammy Kaye's night-spot floor show always occurs when Sammy steps to the mike and announces his sensational feature, "So You Want To Lead A Band." Repressed baton-wavers leap from every corner of the audience, clamoring for the privilege of holding the stick over Sammy's boys. The results are generally brutal, but everyone has fun.

The other evening Sammy stepped to his mike as usual, and had hardly completed his speech when a huge man lumbered up and demanded to be first. Sammy obligingly relinquished his baton and waited. Two minutes later he was plugging his ears.

The next night the big man was back. "And do you know who he was?" asks Sammy. "Otto Klemperer, the symphony conductor! He apologized for his bad performance and told me he'd been practising all day. Then he begged me for another chance!"

Follow the Leader

Speaking of Sammy Kaye—he and producer William LeBaron are developing an idea that may give you and you and you a chance to get into the movies!

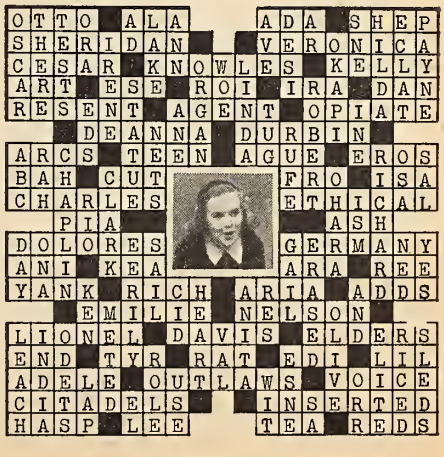
Sammy told LeBaron about "So You Want To Lead A Band," and the producer liked it so well he's going to use it as the basis of a picture. Sammy will act as unofficial casting director and, in his next swing around the country, will be on the lookout for boys and girls with special talents who will be brought to Hollywood to appear in the picture with him. So—be on the lookout for Sammy!

Disa and Data

The star in Warner Bros. service flag representing George Brent was sewed in place by wifie Ann Sheridan's own two hands . . . Ava's ambition for a film career is the serpent in the Mickey Rooneys' Garden of Eden . . . There's another baby winging toward the Douglas Fairbanks, Jrs. Doug is still overseas, but Mrs. F. hopes he'll be home by Fall to greet his second heir . . . Looks as though Mr. and Mrs. America have forgiven Lew Ayres. His last movie is amazingly popular with audiences who even applaud his appearance on the screen . . . Spencer Tracy is expected to follow Major Clark Gable into the Air Corps . . . If and when Peter Lorre becomes a free man, his bride will be Karen Verne . . . Paul Muni is up for the lead in the life of Joseph Stalin.

Vital Statistics Dept: Send greetings to Mr. and Mrs. George Sanders who celebrate their second anniversary on October 27th. And send condolences to Marie Wilson whose springtime elopement with Allan Nixon will end in a summertime annulment.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 10



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HOUSE OF LECHLER, Dept. 339
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HIGHLIGHTS ON HAIR BEAUTY

(Continued from page 55)

helpful hints . . .

Your hair beauty starts where your hair does—at the scalp. Invigorate and loosen it by frequent massage. Pinching is a dandy toner-upper. Grasp a sizable portion between thumb and forefinger, and pinch for all you're worth all over your head. With all ten fingers, knead until your head tingles. This nourishes the countless little hair cells from which new hairs grow and helps oil glands to function properly.

It's the wise lassie who doesn't let her old permanent run out to the very end before having a new one. These busy days leave little time for a nightly "put-up" job. Don't bargain hunt for your permanent. Once you have it you can't send it back. It's yours to keep until you outgrow it. Go to a reliable shop that has a reputation to uphold and have several test curls so you'll know in advance how your hair will look.

You launder your undies and wash your face when they need it, and we're of the school that says treat your hair the same. Oily hair tends to soil quickest because oil is a magnet for dust and dirt. Shampoo with a special oily-hair cleanser at least once a week—even twice weekly when you want to be especially glamour-ful and posy-fresh. In between shampoos, oily hair can be cleansed and refreshed by rubbing a drying tonic over scalp and hair with a bit of cotton or an inexpensive toothbrush. Wipe with a towel or cleansing tissue and both tonic and excess hair oil will disappear! With a little practice at this waterless cleanser, you'll always have your hair looking shampoo-fresh.

bring out the brush . . .

Oily hair is in dire need of brush exercise, for over-oiliness shows an unhealthy condition. Brushing stimulates circulation, makes the hair and scalp vibrantly lovely and helps remove daily accumulated dust and excess oil. Along with brushing, massage a corrective tonic into the scalp at least three times a week. Part the hair into sections, apply tonic, massage well. Then press waves back in place, don curlers or bob pins and a hair net—you'll be all set for the night. Simple?

If you have dry hair, you, too, must brush, brush, brush! Daily, at least—more often, if possible. Dry skin needs rich softening emollients and dry scalps do, too. Before you shampoo your dry brittle tresses, give them a hot oil treatment. For best results do it the night before. This lubricates every follicle of hair and makes your topknot gleam and glisten. When you wash off the oil, dunk your hair first in cold water. Then proceed with your shampoo, and you'll be surprised how easily it lathers in spite of the oil in your hair. After every shampoo, and often in between, spray or smooth on brilliantine— It's a perfectly wonderful hair-shiner and helps your coif keep its well-groomed appearance.

Dandruff is a mean old beauty-stealer. Those bothersome little flecks can deglamorize the loveliest hair style (the prettiest costume, too). Send them scampering away! Massage with a dandruff tonic nightly and wash with a special dandruff remover shampoo. If your hair and scalp don't respond to your own home treatment, consult a reliable hair specialist or dermatologist to help overcome the trouble.

good looks a-head . . .

A final touch for glamour is a vegetable rinse to pep up your hair to a brighter, more flattering shade. Rinses merely coat the surface and won't harm the texture. In fact, many have extra nutritional value. Their ingredients also help cut any remaining vestige of soap and make your hair behave better and set easier.

There ought to be a law against curling sopping wet hair in tight little rings and leaving it that way to dry. Before hair is set, it should be aired and exercised. Rub it briskly with a big fluffy towel for several minutes. Remove tangles and snarls with brush and comb (we hope you haven't forgotten to clean them thoroughly, too—if you have, it's not too late to do it now). Then shake your hair and let it become at least partly dry—in the open air or sunshine, if possible—before you get busy with hair and bob pins.

You probably know that your general condition affects the quality of your hair. If your system lacks proper nourishment, your hair will be dull and lifeless. After an illness, particularly, it craves reconditioning, for a systematic upset tends to hamper hair growth. Eat the proper foods, drink plenty of water and fruit juices. These are important to make hair the "thrilling-to-touch" kind.

Follow the rules faithfully . . . Don your perky hat, your festive flowers or gaily-colored bows — with a shining foundation of lustrous, gleaming tresses, and you'll be the belle of that USO dance you're planning to attend.

* * *

Fitch's Hair Pomade is a new product introduced by an old and reliable company. It gives your coif a healthy, lustrous look, and at the same time is beneficial to dry hair and prevents brittleness. To overcome the effects of summer sun or a frizzy permanent, massage Fitch's Hair Pomade into your scalp at night or whenever you want your tresses to look especially smooth and glamorous.

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For a truly successful permanent, treat yourself to a Turbanwav. This modern curling method leaves hair soft and flexible, and is especially kind to dyed, bleached or mistreated locks. Turbanwav does its job with no discomfort, no heat and no machinery. A fashion-bright turban covers the feather-light gadgets that miraculously give you a wave at the same time you are doing your marketing, meeting a friend for lunch or attending your First Aid class.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Bob Burns made $85,000 in a single year by simply sitting around and letting a smart tin manufacturer plaster Bob's name all over a noisy contraption which the maker called a bazooka.

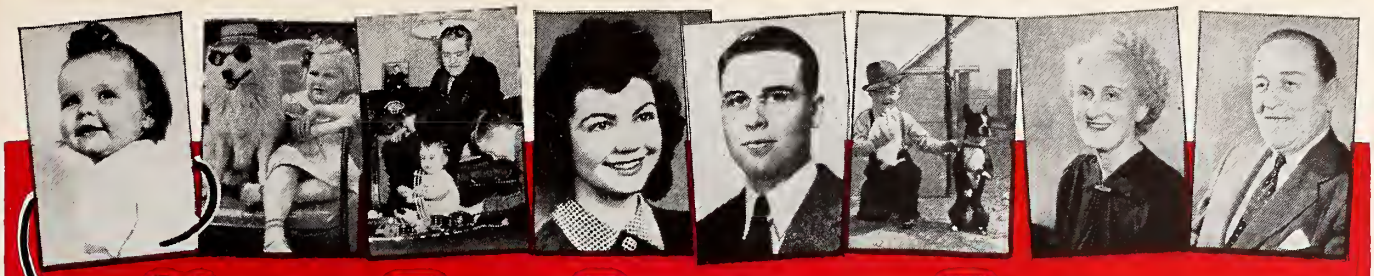
—Look Magazine

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Despite her suave manner, Norma Shearer has kept onlookers in stitches by balancing a glass of water on her head, sinking to the floor and rising without spilling a drop on her gown!

—Look Magazine

Printed in the U. S. A. by the Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



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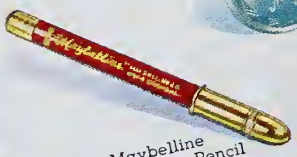

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In Hollywood, one of the first rules of beauty is soft, natural-looking eye make-up. Film "heart-stealers" could tell you, it's easy—with Maybelline! For Maybelline gives your eyes beauty you never even suspected. It gives your face a new personality, vivid and vibrant—inviting "the man in your life" to discover a new, young, irresistible You!

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Today, awaken your beauty with Maybelline as so many Hollywood beauties do. Be *sure* you insist on genuine Maybelline . . . dependable, long-lasting, truly natural-looking —the Eye Make-up in Good Taste. All popular harmonizing shades. At drug and department stores, or attractive purse sizes at any 10c counter

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Maybelline

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MODERN SCREEN

OCTOBER

Still 10 CENTS

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Ronald Reagan

Jane Wyman

Exclusive Story: **LANA WEDS!**

AUG 29 1942
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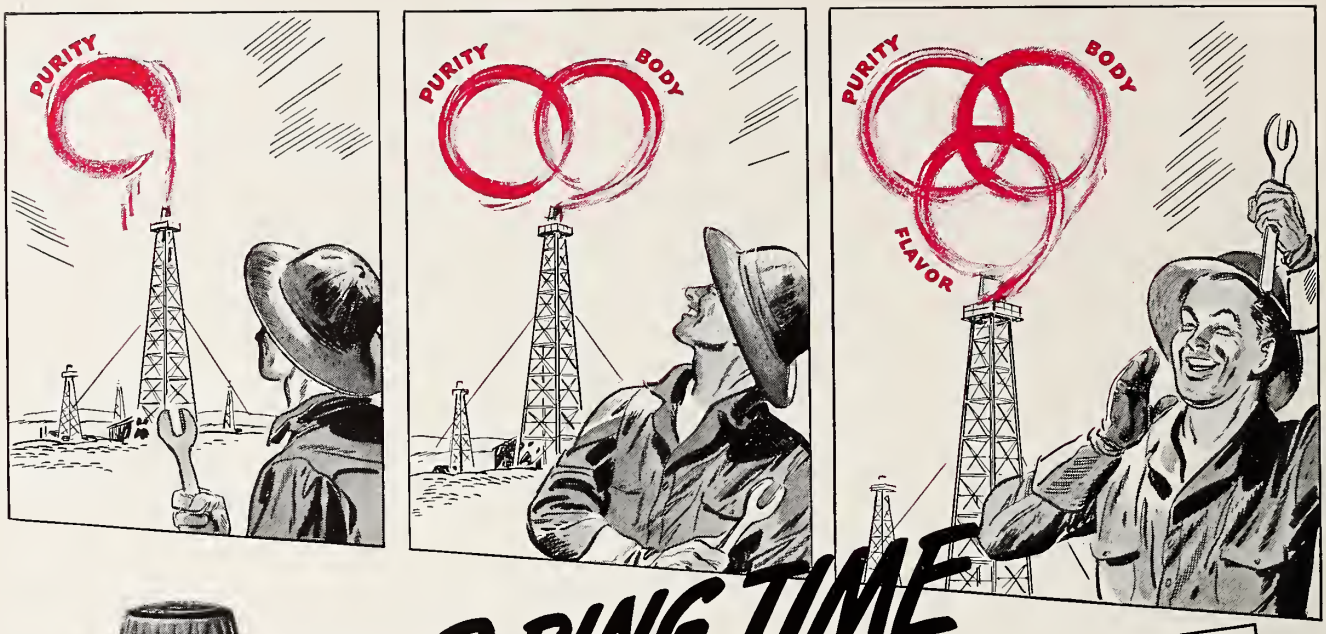
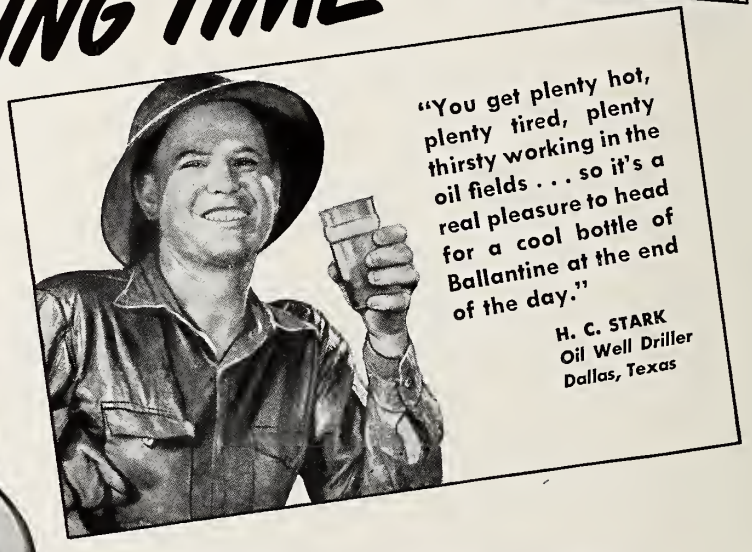


AH! 3-RING TIME



"You get plenty hot, plenty tired, plenty thirsty working in the oil fields . . . so it's a real pleasure to head for a cool bottle of Ballantine at the end of the day."

H. C. STARK
Oil Well Driller
Dallas, Texas

Three rings in any shape or form tell the world it's "3-Ring Time"— and the world knows just what to do about it . . . Look for the 3 Rings, standing for PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR— call for Ballantine Ale or Ballantine Beer.

Make sure it's 3-Ring Time for you sometime today—and every day. On draught . . . in bottles.

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P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

"Glamor-Girl, You're Kissing Your Career Good-bye—

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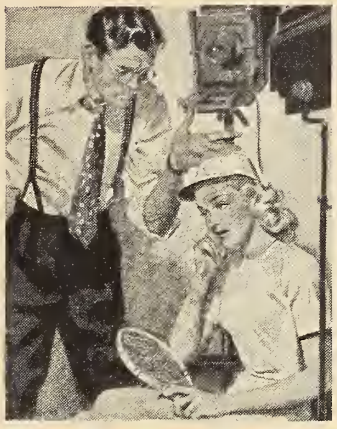
There's no future in a smile that ignores 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"



"It doesn't make sense, Lady! With your looks, you're a natural for the Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year—and what happens! 'Pink tooth brush' puts your smile in shrouds. It's oblivion for you unless you do something about that dingy smile!"

"Look at the glamor girls in any magazine. Their bright, sparkling smiles spell charm! And that's the kind of smile you can check up to healthy gums as well as sparkling teeth. I'm making your next booking—with the dentist!"

"Young lady, sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. And today's soft foods rob gums of natural exercise. They need more work." (Note: *A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.*)

"That photographer really was my friend! Ipana and massage each day—brighter teeth already—sparkling smile on the way! And when I massage my gums that stimulating 'tingle' seems to say, 'Your smile will soon be a picture for any magazine!'"

And sure enough, there came a day—

"O.K. Mr. Camera Man. Now let's see if you can really do justice to my sparkling new smile. And orchids to you and that dentist of mine for helping me win the honor of Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year. Yes, and a great big credit line to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Without that beauty treatment for my smile, I might have been minus a career."

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

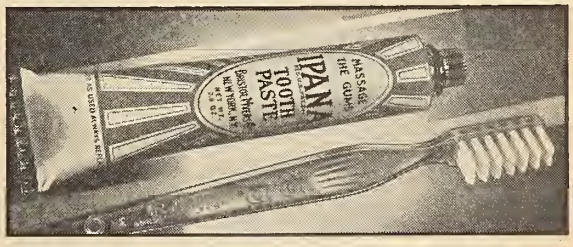
"PINK" on your tooth brush calls for immediate action. It means —*see your dentist at once.*

He may tell you our soft, creamy foods have denied your gums the natural exercise they need for healthy firmness. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help make gums firmer, stronger.

Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you that circulation is speeding up within the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Let the regular use of Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier, more appealing smile through healthier gums and brighter teeth.



A Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're hearing on all sides that the motion picture industry is doing a great job—producing marvelous training films, morale films; the theatres are selling stamps and bonds day and night and the stars are everlastingly on tour or on the air.

★ ★ ★ ★

Meanwhile in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer corner two feature films have bobbed their heads up with considerable bob. Like Tennyson's brook "Mrs. Miniver" goes on forever. The other picture deals with another "Mrs".

★ ★ ★ ★

It is "The War Against Mrs. Hadley". This tale of a Washington diehard has already captured its early audiences. It brings a lump of laughter to the throat. A lump of laughter is the kind with a tear in it.

★ ★ ★ ★

The "ten-best picture" game, started with "Mrs. Miniver", spread quickly to the four corners of all newspapers. If the game was a strain on you, we are afraid you're in for more of the same. For "Random Harvest" is coming (advt.).

★ ★ ★ ★

"Random Harvest", as you all-knowing readers know, is the best-selling novel by James Hilton. *The* James Hilton. *The Goodbye Mr. Chips* James Hilton, *the Lost Horizon* James Hilton.

★ ★ ★ ★

But above all, the Random Harvest James Hilton.

Ronald Colman, Greer Garson—Random Harvest stars. Mervyn LeRoy, R. H. Director. Sidney Franklin, R. H. Producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

In a column entitled "Picture of The Month" which runs in Good Housekeeping, McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's and Newsweek, "Seven Sweethearts" is the choice.

★ ★ ★ ★

Many are screened but few are chosen. Congratulations "Seven Sweethearts". And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for thus bringing to the fore three promising stars in Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

I'm head over heels with joy at the crop of new films coming.

—*Leo*

One of the tricks of the trademark

MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

LANA WEDS!
And Linda Darnell tells Ida Zeitlin about the elopement that caught Hollywood napping 24

BIG BROTHER BING
"One for all, and all for one"—some warm, human and inside stuff on the singin' Crosbys 28

MODERN SCREEN SPENDS A DAY WITH JOHN PAYNE
Come on down to a bachelor's beach house and get an eyeful of Johnny Apollo in shorts! 30

YANKEE DOODLE DOTTIE
That Lamour! She outwitted jeering collegians, washed her own girdle, and got a heartful of America at war on her record-making bond tour 34

"I, CARY, TAKE THEE, BARBARA . . ."
Parson's-eye view of the Grant-Hutton marriage. At last, the facts in the romance that kept everyone guessing! 36

YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT GUY WRONG!
Did'ja know that Vic Mature is really a sheep in wolf's clothing? 40

KILLER-DILLER
Synthetic gangster—Alan Ladd. He's as dangerous as a loaded water pistol! 46

BENNY'S FROM HEAVEN
Ask any waitress who's gotten a tip from Worryin' Jack! 78

COLOR PORTRAITS

Betty Grable, *Appearing in 20-Fox's "Footlight Serenade"* 52
Ronald Reagan, *Appearing in Warner's "Desperate Journey"* 54
Jane Wyman, *Appearing in Warner's "Princess O'Rourke"* 55

FEATURES

Candidly Yours 38
"Somewhere I'll Find You" 48

BEAUTY

Call to Color 42
Yankee Doodle Dandy Smile 44
Modern Screen's Smile Chart 45

FASHION

For the Modern Miss—on the Fashion Front 60

DEPARTMENTS

Movie Reviews 6
Our Puzzle Page 12
Movie Scoreboard 14
Co-Ed 16
Portrait Gallery 19
Good News 56
Modern Hostess 64

Cover: Lana Turner, appearing in M-G-M's "Samewhere I'll Find You."

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A RIP-ROARING COMEDY!

Here comes the hilarious Queen of Musical Hits that rocked Broadway stage audiences with laughter for a solid year. Radio riot Red Skelton and Blonde Bombshell Ann Sothern at their best! A happy screenful of talent, temptresses and tunes by Cole Porter and others.

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STARRING

Red SKELTON Ann SOTHERN

with "RAGS" RAGLAND
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Watch for:
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A Musical Number you'll be wild about!

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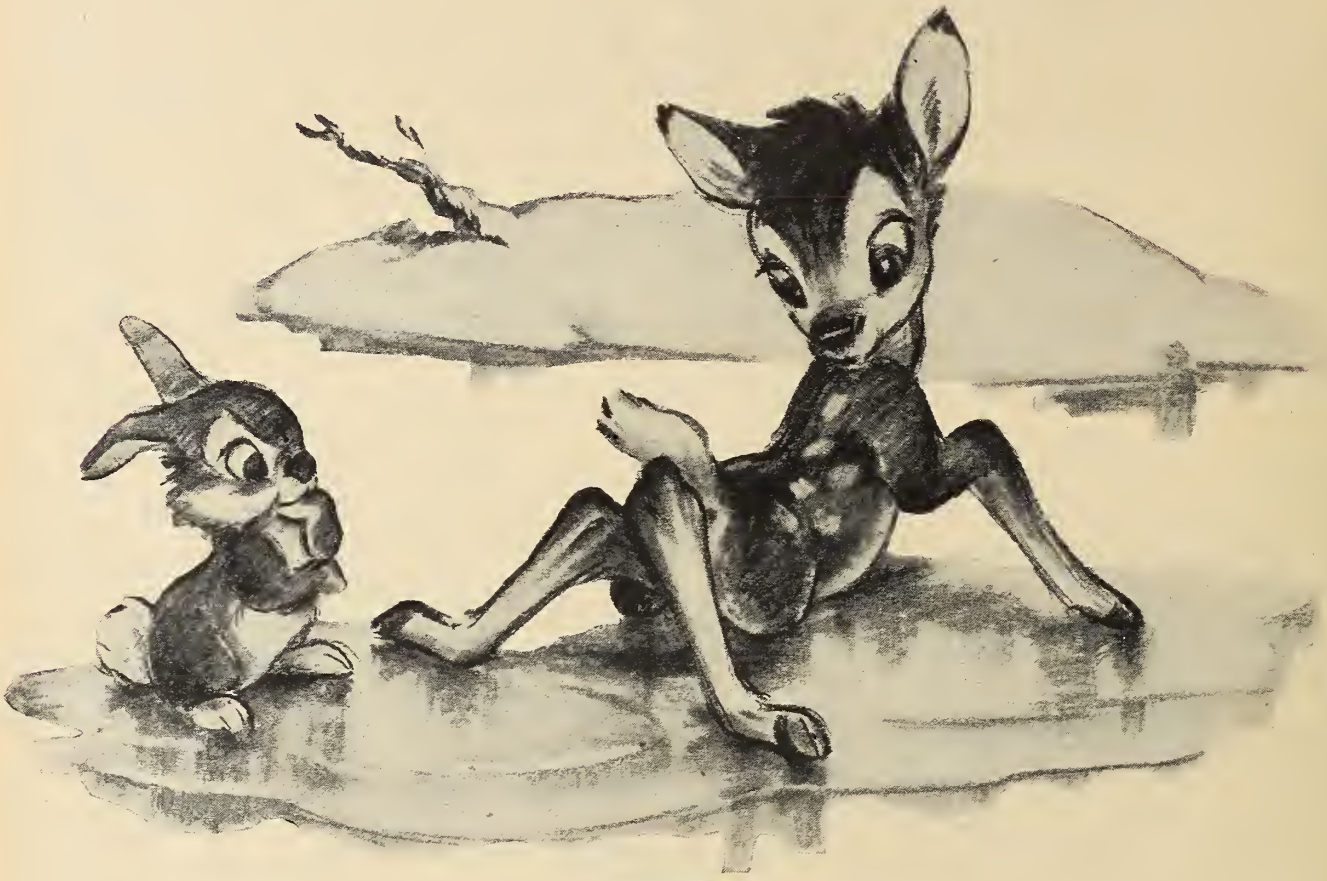
Screen Play by
Jack McGowan and Wilkie Mahoney
Directed by NORMAN Z. McLEOD
Produced by ARTHUR FREED

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS



Wobbly Prince

Bambi

"Flower"

It took them five years to come out of the woods with "Bambi," and the wonder is that they came out at all. For Bambi's forest ranks with Shangri-la and the other hidden paradises of this sad world; having found the place, the wonder is that the Disney Studios didn't move to it lock, stock and barrel and disappear forever and live happily ever after.

"Bambi" is pure Disney. There's not a Prince or a Witch, not even a Dwarf on the scene; the male animal is put in his proper place—in the audience. And from your seat in the theater you can look enviously on a world delightful, natural and real as only Disney can create. If, before the final fadeout, you find yourself wishing you were born a deer, a rabbit or even a skunk, that's only fair tribute to the Disney magic.

There used to be a rhyme about what little girls are made of; they were made, it said, of sugar and spice and everything nice. But the little girls will have to take a

Twitterpated

Forward Doe

Barbed Antlers

By Zachary Gold

back seat now that Disney's here. "Bambi" is made of trees and flowers, birds and meadows, the sun in the morning and the moon at night. It's made of snow and rain, clover and grass. That's what "Bambi's" made of.

Does it sound dull? Ah, you don't know Disney. For there isn't a moment of it that doesn't charm the eye and soothe the ear. It's full of Disney's daily miracles of small details; a daisy from Disney's hand will make you forget Lana Turner; a twist of the brush is good for a belly laugh worthy of Chaplin himself. Dull? They evolved eyes back in the days when the world was still evoluting, because someone had a suspicion Disney was coming.

Nor is "Bambi" all just a woodland idyll. It's freighted with suspense and drama, and I suspect it may be the love story of the year. The world of Bambi, the deer, and Thumper, the rabbit, and Flower, the skunk, is an enchanted world; but it's real for all of that. The summer lightning plays like a gigantic spotlight among the tree-trunks; and winter is a time of sleet and ice. More, there's a full-dyed villain: Man. Strictly speaking, as noted above, man doesn't appear on the screen. He's characterized by a short, ugly, realistic device; the sound of his guns.

"Bambi" is the story of a year in the forest; it follows Bambi from birth to maturity, from fawn to buck. Bambi was Prince of the forest, but a Prince at first without much dignity. As Thumper, the rabbit, remarks irreverently on first seeing him: "Kind of wobbly, ain't he?" Kind of wobbly he was, too; and bewildered. Just when he had a couple of things down pat, birds, say, or flowers, what should turn up in a bed of violets but a skunk. And Bambi grinned and was sure he knew just what it was and said: "Flower."

He learns, though. He learns about the meadow—a dangerous place, far too open and flat. He meets the bucks, thundering through the forest, (*Continued on page 8*)

REDUCE FAT

Pounds Off Hips, Etc.

No Danger

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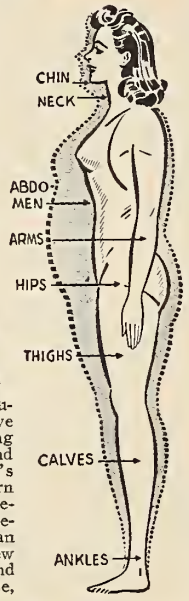

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The "Complete Weight Reducer," a wonderful new book, has just published these marvelous reducing revelations. No matter how overweight you may be from non-glandular dysfunctions, these measures will help slim you considerably in a few short weeks. Just follow the simple directions on general reducing and spot reducing on abdomen, double chin, hips, neck, thighs, arms, legs, etc., at once and your reducible pounds and inches of excess fat will go down, down, down . . . until you soon feel like a different person, with new pep and popularity.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

making incredible bounds and leaps; and he meets the magnificent stag who is his father. He learns about food and water, and the safe runs of the forest. And he learns about women.

For there is one in the picture, of course: Faline, the doe. He falls in a pond the first time he meets her and like any self-respecting male he just glares and chalks it up to experience. But he's a year older, the second time he meets her; older, wiser, sadder and no longer a spotted fawn but a buck sprouting antlers.

And "twitterpated."

You'll have to talk to Friend Owl for an exact definition of "twitterpation." It's got something to do with spring and a young buck's fancy. It leads Thumper, straight as an arrow, to a Lady Thumper and it sends Flower skittering down the landscape, for all things like a love-sick skunk. And it leads Bambi to Faline.

Building from there with steady intensity, the picture follows the adult life of Bambi. Faline is his but he must fight to claim her. And he must fight again to save her when the hunting dogs come on her trail and corner her against the rocks. In the roaring climax of a forest fire Bambi and Faline flee to final safety. When Spring returns again to the forest, he takes his place as the Great Prince, guarding Faline and the new Prince who, like he once was, is "kind of wobbly."

Technically, the picture is not quite perfect. There are times when the color and the line are not what we've come to expect of Disney. But Bambi was five years in the making, and some of it was surely done before other Disney releases. And don't let that spoil the fun. For Bambi is the best of Disney in spirit and touch.

Don't miss the great scene of the bucks fighting in the dimly lit woods; or the twitterpation sequence, sharply observed and hilarious. The music, as in all Disney productions, is enchanting, brightly melodic and a constant counterpoint to the action. Thumper, Flower and Friend Owl are worthy to stand beside Mickey, Pluto and Dumbo. The smaller animals, as a matter of fact, are each and every one a joy from the blue birds to the chipmunks. Bambi, of course, is in a class by himself.—RKO.

P. S.

Studio workers ditched their jobs the day the two tiny deer models arrived from Maine. Everyone gathered around the specially built pens, and those standing too close lost coat buttons and dress ornaments to the hungry little animals. Their regular diet was goat milk, limewater and a little fresh fruit, but they ate anything they could get. . . . Thousands of feet of film and hundreds of stills were shot for study by the animators. Toughest problem was making the animals move convincingly. Bone structure and muscle placement had to be studied. Furry bunnies have well-covered anatomy, but the minute a deer moves, his skeleton is visible under the tightly drawn skin. . . . Disney first began thinking about "Bambi" in 1936, but didn't actually assign writers to develop the story 'til 1938. . . . Director Sidney Franklin owned the screen rights and at one time wanted to produce the story himself. Disney finally convinced him that the cartoon medium only could do justice to Felix Salten's beloved story. . . . The picture became the pet project of everyone working at Disney. Those actually at work on "Bambi" were constantly being kidded by their fellow-animators, who were busy turning out "Pinocchio" "Fantasia" and "Dumbo" and used to find cartoons left on their desks, showing old men with long beards, still working on "Bambi." . . . Disney gave the film a special preview, inviting 700 young people between the ages of 18 and 26. The response was so overwhelmingly favorable, Disney discovered he had turned out a perfect picture "for young people in love!"

MY SISTER EILEEN

Eileen's sister happens to be a gal named Ruth. Ruth is level-headed, pretty enough, hard-working, ambitious, thrifty and talented. Eileen is—well, Eileen.

Eileen had a bus driver go three blocks out of his way to pick her up. Eileen got prime salmon and potato salads from the manager of the lunch counter in the local drugstore. Eileen had a cynical Manhattan newspaperman make passes at her and then matched it up with passes from a Greenwich Village janitor-artist. Eileen had six Portuguese merchant marine cadets chase her through the front door and out the back. And all Eileen did was smile occasionally.

Adapted from the Broadway success that had New York audiences rolling in the aisles for a year or so, "My Sister Eileen" is a scatterbrained story of the local gals who come to the big town to make good. The stage version was hilarious and paced fast as Whirlaway on a good day. The screen adaptation follows the play faithfully and adds a few furbelows of its own.

The Sherwood sisters, Eileen and Ruth, are the belles of Columbus, Ohio. Looking for greener pastures, they hit on New York—Eileen for a stage career, Ruth for one in writing. Arriving in the big town, their first worry is for a cheap place to live. And they land eventually, not in Brooklyn, but in Greenwich Village. Their apartment is one of those cellar arrangements with a window opening on the sidewalk and impressionistic blobs on the ceiling. Regularly there is a thumping sound; that's the blasting for the subway they're building just under the foundation.

They find the big town a little less than enthusiastic to welcome their talents but more than willing to make a play for Eileen, who attracts men like a moth and a flame. They find life in the village a little bewildering. Strange men wander in and out of their apartment; their janitor is a thwarted genius of the canvas; the man upstairs practices football

Congratulations Errol Flynn

FOR YOUR VERY, VERY BEST WARNER BROS. PICTURE!

What a list of hits he has behind him! Yet for excitement unsurpassed, for pace unparalleled, for action beyond compare--for everything that makes an adventure-picture a life-long adventure for moviegoers, the top of the list is

ERROL FLYNN
thrillingly, stirringly teamed with fandom's favorite
RONALD REAGAN
to lead a 5-man Commando mission in a devastating dash to Berlin and back!

DESPERATE JOURNEY
TO BE SEEN THIS MONTH!
(To be sure of the date check with your theatre)
WHEN YOUR JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME THESE ARE THE STORIES HE'LL TELL
She handled the Nazis her own way —a woman's way!

With NANCY COLEMAN · RAYMOND MASSEY
Alan Hale · Arthur Kennedy · Directed by RAOUL WALSH

Original Screen Play by Artbur T. Horman

PRODUCED BY HAL B. WALLIS

Music by Max Steiner

September is SALUTE TO OUR HEROES month at all movie theatres! Buy a War Bond to honor every mother's son in Service!

in the backyard and does the washing and ironing for his wife who works to support his pleasant existence. The Sherwood sisters didn't make any money, but they certainly had a lot of fun.

They do, finally, achieve a modicum of success. At least Ruth does. She gets some of her pieces into a magazine called "The Manhatter" and some of her charm attracts Tommy Baker, the editor of the magazine. She's doing fine until Eileen sees Tommy and then it's one long, mad, merry chase to final fadeout and clinch. Ruth gets her man; Eileen gets the other three million four hundred and eighty-six thousand men in New York.

Rosalind Russell plays the part of the long suffering Ruth with Brian Aherne as the magazine editor love interest. Janet Blair is the beauteous Eileen. Allyn Joslyn, George Tobias and Gordon Jones act the slightly addled admirers of Eileen and her Village apartment. The Portuguese cadets are by courtesy of a conga line.—*Col.*

P. S.

Roz Russell, impressed by cinema sister Janet Blair's ability, insisted their names get equal billing as stars of the film! . . . The main apartment set was built on rockers and wiggled wildly back and forth by crew members during dynamite sequences. Five copies of each "prop" were made as extras in case of breakage . . . George Tobias slowed up proceedings in the Ladies' Make-Up Dept. every day he worked. Gal hairdressers had to curl and adjust the special hair-piece he wears—a full one-hour job . . . Xavier Cugat came over from the set of the Rita Hayworth-Fred Astaire picture to teach the "Eileen" cast the latest in Conga kicks . . . Director Al Hall has a standing order with a local confectioner to whip up birthday cakes on a few hours' notice. He celebrates every natal day that comes along during production. Score on this one: 14, including Miss Russell's . . . Brand-new-movie-actress Jeff Donnell was born in a Boys' Reformatory at South Windham, Maine. Her papa was superintendent there . . . Richard Quine and Gordon Jones, both of the original stage play, wangled their current movie commitments so they could repeat their roles for the Columbia version . . . 11 players left to join the service the minute they finished their parts in the picture . . . Max Gordon, producer of both stage and screen "Eileens," thinks the movie will be much funnier than the play. Bases his opinion on the fact that close-ups of players' reactions to gags—possible only in the film medium—makes for stronger comedy.

GIRL TROUBLE

There's a honey of an apartment on the market just now, in case you're interested. Rent—$500 a month. That, of course, rules out ribbon clerks and average guys. Matter of fact it rules out practically anyone except North American millionaires and South American rubber magnates.

It's the South American rubber magnate that gets the apartment in "Girl Trouble." And besides the apartment he gets June Delaney (Joan Bennett) as the maid of all work. Don Pedro (Don Ameche) doesn't know that the apartment once belonged to June herself; the war froze her English securities, and June put the apartment on the block.

June burns the toast and scalds the coffee. Not only that, she fails to wake him up for an important business appointment. To top it all, she hands over his best suit of dress clothes to a war charity. As a maid, June is strictly a girl with pretty ankles.

Well, ankles are something and truth

to tell, Don Pedro finds himself no little attracted by the girl who's wearing them. For her part, June decided from the very first that Don Pedro was the man for her. But things are a little complicated by social registerite Helen Martin (Helen Reynolds) who also has an eye for South American security. And June, after all, is only the maid. To make things worse, Helen knows that June is masquerading and threatens to spill the beans if June queers things.

But love will out, and one night Don Pedro corners June for a date. They make the rounds of the town's dance palaces, cut a few rugs, have themselves a time and then end up on the balcony of the five-hundred-dollar a month apartment. There's only one way to end a night like that. Don Pedro kisses his maid good-night.

DANDRUFF HAD ME WILD!

My wedding day was only a week away! And my hair hung dull—lifeless—and worst of all, thickly sprinkled with ugly dandruff! I was frantic! Then on Sunday evening, I heard the ***Fitch Bandwagon**** over the radio. The announcer said, "Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the ***first*** application. This guarantee is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms." I bought a bottle of Fitch Shampoo that night. I found that even in hard water it is effective. It really goes into the tiny openings of the scalp. And it certainly rinses out easily! I believe it actually reconditions the hair! "The season's loveliest bride!" they said of me. And today, my husband says Fitch Shampoo keeps my hair as lovely now as it was the day we were married!

***LISTEN TO THE FITCH BANDWAGON** presenting a different "big name" band each Sunday at 7:30 p. m. Eastern War Time, over 117 NBC Red Network Stations.

GOODBYE DANDRUFF

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

Soap Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.

Fitch Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.

Soap Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

Fitch Shampoo

Unlike ordinary cake soaps, Fitch Shampoo does not contain those solids that leave a dull film on the hair. Fitch's rinses out completely without the aid of lemon or vinegar.

Fitch's
TRADE MARK
DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF EFFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Copr. 1942 F. W. Fitch Co.

The F. W. Fitch Company • Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles, Calif.

Meanwhile the rubber deal he has been promoting has not been going at all well. The Flint Rubber Co. (Frank Craven) just isn't interested. Mr. Flint is more interested in antique guns and war trophies than he is in Don Pedro's rubber plantations.

And what do you think June has locked up in an old trunk? Nothing else but a priceless antique blunderbuss, which is a weapon of war men used before they got around to tanks and dive bombers. That's June's ace in the hole. And before the picture's over, she needs it. For Helen finds out about June's romance with Don Pedro and tells her little story. She accuses June of queering the rubber deal for her own interests. Seems June owns a guayule ranch out in Arizona and next to natural rubber, guayule is the thing.

Out comes the blunderbuss. But June doesn't use it to shoot Helen. Instead she carts it down to Flint and passes it under his nose a couple of times. Flint lights up like a neon sign when he sees it. But June isn't selling unless Flint meets her terms. And her terms, what with love and everything, are that Flint go through with his deal with Don Pedro. So Flint gets his gun, Don Pedro does business and June wins Don Pedro. With the rubber money all in the family by then, June can afford to hire a maid. Which solves everything, all around.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Don Ameche's toughest chore was denying rumors he was moving to the Middle West. Received wires from hotels, saying his reservations were all taken care of, and when did he plan to send his baggage on? Newspaper clippings poured in, speculating on the probable choice of land he'd make when he settled in Oklahoma. Representatives haunted the set, wanting to know how much he'd take for his Hollywood "farm." It was no gag. Just one of those things . . . Joan Bennett has always refused to do scenes reclining on a couch. Insisted a woman in full-length profile doesn't look attractive on the screen, (horizontally, she meant). Director Schuster persuaded her to try one scene that way, and Joan was so pleased, she had three more written into the script . . . Whiskey, the dog, is known as "One-Take" Whiskey. Replaced a Great Dane, who didn't seem to have a feeling for the cinematic art. "Whiskey" pays an enormous income tax, lives luxuriously in a special home built for him by his owner, trainer Carl Spitz . . . Joan had to do so many scenes in bed, she ordered her own triple-mattress job brought from home. Felt she could emote better in familiar surroundings. Only drawback was going home at night and bunking in the guest room (one mattress less) . . . Dave Anderson was the man in charge of stars (sky ones, that is). Has to work hard to keep them from looking phony, especially if they have to have a moon alongside.

ORCHESTRA WIVES

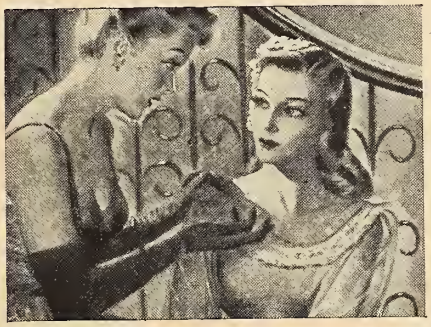
The next time you're out dancing to the sweet strains of a big name orchestra, give a thought to the girl who married the trumpet player. You're out front in your best bib and tucker, hep to the jive, cutting a rug and out of this world. She's probably home reading a good book and wondering why she ever married a man who made music.

Or else, as per "Orchestra Wives," she's cutting a few touches with the wives of

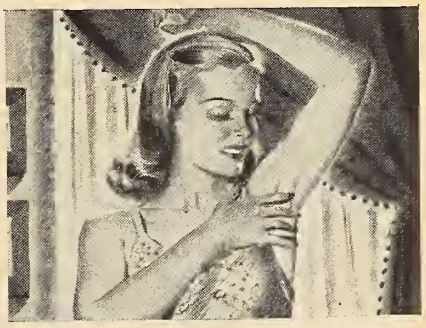
(*Continued on page 13*)

"It's fun to sit out dances . . . but not when you sit alone!"

Peg: "But I'd rather solo out here, Helen, than sit on the mourner's bench inside!"
Helen: "Peg, darling, you shouldn't be a wall-flower! You dance like a dream—and you *look* like a dream! You'll have partners galore, if you will let me speak up!"



Peg: "But underarm odor, Helen! Why I bathed just before this party. I always shower every day. Isn't that enough?"
Helen: "Not if you want to be *sure*, Peg. Every day, before every date, I use Mum too!"



Peg: "Helen's right—and a pal to give me that hint! A bath washes away past perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come!* Tonight's another party! I'm playing safe, with MUM!"

STAY POPULAR with Mum! Mum protects charm—the minute you use it, yet it *lasts* all day or all evening! Without stopping perspiration, Mum *prevents underarm odor.* Mum is *sure!*

Mum is *handy, quick*—takes only 30 seconds to use. You can use it even after dressing, or after underarm shaving, because *gentle* Mum is kind to clothes and skin. Get Mum today!

MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

For Sanitary Napkins—*Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable! That's important in a deodorant for this purpose.*

It's a
BIG PICTURE

There's plenty to chat about in CHATTERBOX, Republic's gay, zestful new collegiate musical. With breezy tunes and uproarious funny-business and a whole campus full of pleasant people, CHATTERBOX is made-to-order for fun!

CHATTERBOX

with

JOHN HUBBARD

MARTHA O'DRISCOLL

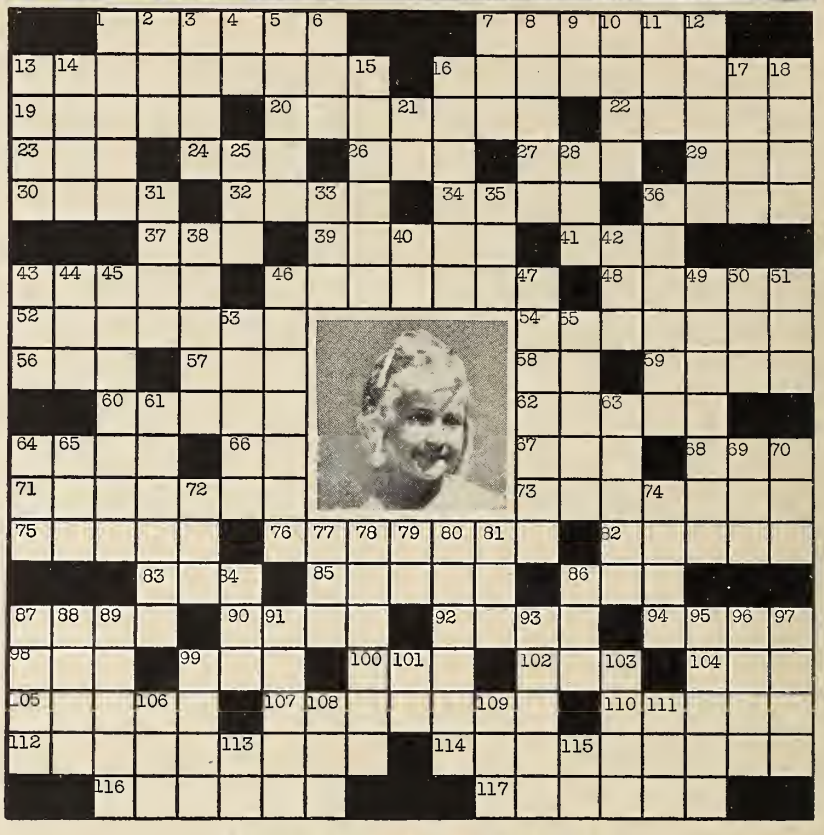
RUTH TERRY • TOM BROWN

CHARLES SMITH • LYNN MERRICK

Buy More War Bonds!

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 85

ACROSS

1. Ann Sothern's most famous characterization
7. and 13. With Cooper in "Syncopation" (pictured)
16. Describes 7 across
19. Girl's name
20. Actor in England's service
22. Act before cameras
23. Yale
24. Radio and screen singer: - - - Wynn
26. "Frisco - - -"
27. What "Dumbo" was famed for
29. Funny guy in "Ship Ahoy"
30. Van Heflin's bride
32. Box
34. Find in "This Gun for Hire"
36. Tableland
37. Likely
39. Track
41. Fem. in "Meet The Stewarts"
43. Fill with joy
46. Business woman in "Take a Letter Darling"
48. Maid in "Suspicion"
52. Star of "Bedtime Story"
54. Hollywood's top male dancer
56. Famous film studio
57. Unit of work
58. Starred in "Johnny Eager": init.
59. Production unit of a film
60. Hero of "Desperate Journey"
62. Systematized
64. Villain in "Saboteur"
66. Jimmy Stewart's home state: abbr.
67. Glenda Farrell's birthplace: - - - d, Okla.
68. Hawaiian wreath
71. Give evidence of
73. Cleanest
75. Silly
76. With Bing and Bob in "Road to Morocco"
82. Durante's and Fields' outstanding features
83. Organ of sight
85. Where Gene Autry shines
86. Our star's brother in "Down in San Diego"
87. "Butch Minds the - - - -"
90. Chatters
92. Roman king
94. Kind of cheese
98. He was in "Hellzapoppin'"
99. Jump
100. Actor's signal
102. Lydia in "Twin Beds"
104. Literary sayings
105. Roy Rogers' lariat
107. Linda Darnell's favorite pet
110. Rescued
112. One of "The Gay Sisters"
114. Firmness
116. Mesquiteer in "Westward Ho"
117. Strips of wood

DOWN

1. Principal in "The Mystery of Marie Roget"
2. With Benny in "George Washington Slept Here"
3. Polished Russian actor
4. "Yes" to the "Cisco Kid"
5. "International Lady"
6. James - - - ison
7. Busy insect
8. Equipped with paddles
9. Greek letter
10. Roman road
11. Juvenile in "The Magnificent Ambersons"
12. Before
13. Secluded narrow valley
14. Film part
15. What actress is Mrs. Harry Joe Brown?
16. Mother in "In This Our Life"
17. Shoshonean Indians
18. Wife of Tyndarcus
21. Six
25. Our star proved she can - - -
28. Sum up
31. Tardy
33. Erwin's nickname
35. "This Above - - -"
36. What Bela Lugosi portrays
38. Star of "The Face Behind the Mask"
40. Since
42. Dine
43. Shade tree
44. Ship's diary
45. Greek comedian
46. Comic in "Born To Sing"
47. "- - - - - -, Inc." stars Robinson
49. Belts
50. Before
51. In "Fingers At the Window"
53. Figurative use of a word
55. Mousey in "Affairs of Jimmy Valentine"
61. "A Yank At Eton"
63. Barrymore in "Eagle Squadron"
64. Genevieve T- - - n
65. Number
69. "Th - - - Three"
70. "- - - A date
72. Lock
74. In "The Wife Takes a Flyer"
77. Globe
78. The stuttering comic
79. "Lady Be Go - -"
80. Doctrines
81. What we use in Victory gardens
84. Self
86. In "The Magnificent Dope"
87. Veda Ann - - - -
88. On the sheltered side
89. Eudures
91. Month
93. Setting of a Canova film
95. Our star's aunt in "Now Voyager"
96. J - - - - Blair
97. Danish actress: - - - - Christians
99. "Captains of the Clouds" pilot
101. "The Gold R - - - h"
103. Continent
106. Make lace
108. Mickey's box office rank
109. And so forth: abbr.
111. W - - - er Pidgeon
113. Olivia - - Havilland
115. "To - - or not to - -"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 11)

the first trombone, the bull fiddle and the drums. The first trombone, for some reason, is catty and carries enough gossip around to equip three or four back fences for the summer. The gossip, needless to say, is about the saxophone's husband or some other instrument not then present. Throw all these wives to-

gether on a band tour, and you've enough material for a movie.

Connie Ward (Ann Rutherford) was just one of the girls out front until she married Bill Abbot (George Montgomery) one of the mainstays of Gene Morrison's band. It was a whirlwind romance beginning at a one night stand in Dixon and ending a night later at Elgin, forty miles away. Connie had to make up her mind fast because the band was on tour, headed straight for California in hundred-mile jumps.

For a gal who was Queen of the local Juke Box, you'd think traveling with Gene Morrison's band would be heaven. Especially since the crew hiding under that movie name is none other than Glenn Miller and his orchestra. But there are a few disappointments waiting for Connie just around the corner.

For one thing, Bill doesn't dance. He

(Continued on page 91)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In the show-window were cakes, rolls, fudge brownies and a pot of steaming coffee. I WAS HUNGRY, and I had just one dime that would have to take me to the job beginning the next day.

A plump girl came up beside me. "They should not be allowed to display this tempting food," she said.

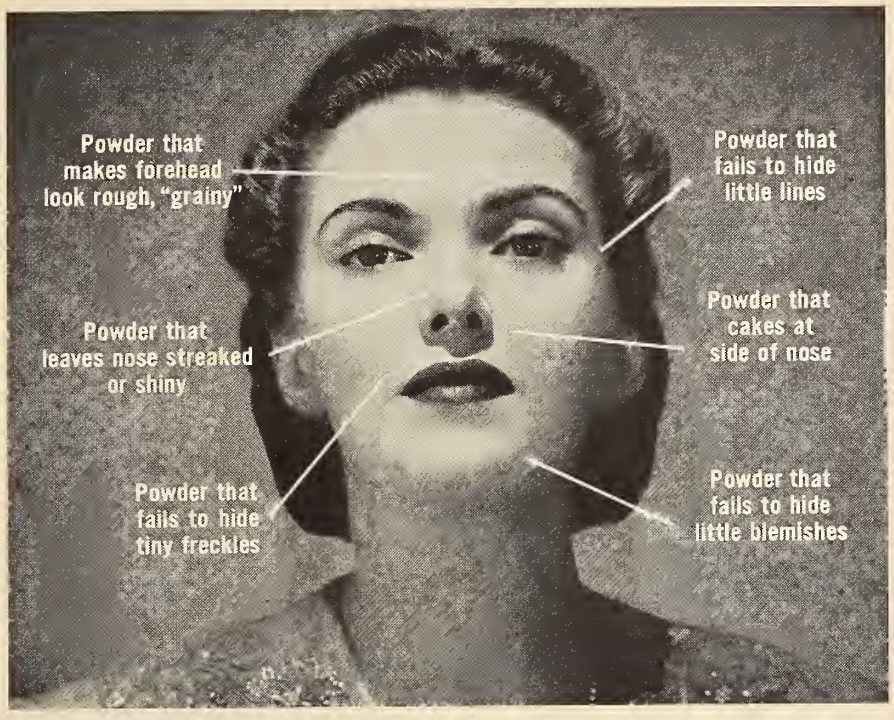
Impulsively I turned to her. "I have a job beginning tomorrow, and I'll get paid by the day. Will you have supper with me tomorrow night?"

Then an amazing thing happened. The curvaceous girl opened her purse, pulled out a roll of bills, handed me a fiver and said:

"You poor child, I thought you were dieting voluntarily as I am." Then she smiled, dimpled and twinkling; and through my grateful tears, I recognized Joan Blondell.

Ima D. Byrd,
2709 Highland Avenue,
Shreveport, Louisiana.

Which of these 6 "FACE POWDER TROUBLES" do You have?


Powder that makes forehead look rough, "grainy"
Powder that fails to hide little lines
Powder that leaves nose streaked or shiny
Powder that cakes at side of nose
Powder that fails to hide tiny freckles
Powder that fails to hide little blemishes

New-texture powder helps end these troubles—makes skin look fresher, younger!

WHAT DO YOU SEE when you *re-powder* your face? Does your skin look smooth, fresh, appealing? Or does the powder look caked on your forehead and chin? Does your nose look streaked or shiny? Do tiny lines around your eyes and mouth seem emphasized?

Don't blame your skin for what you see in the mirror: *blame your face powder!* For these are "face powder troubles"... and now you can quickly help end all these 6 troubles, just by changing to the amazing new-textured face powder!

Here is the secret of this new face powder

What is its name? *Lady Esther Face Powder!* Why is it so different? *Because it's made differently!* How is it made? It isn't just mixed in the usual way—*it's blown and reblown* by *TWIN HURRICANES,* blown until it's smoother, finer by far than powder made by ordinary methods!

Women who use this new-texture face powder for the first time are thrilled to see what a "baby-skin" smoothness it gives their skin. They say this new, smoother texture seems to hide tiny lines and blemishes, and even little freckles! They say this new-texture powder seems to change the whole appearance of their skin—seems to make it look smoother, fresher, and often years *younger!*

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the coupon below for the 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—and when you find the one that's most flattering to your skin, *you'll know you've found your lucky shade!*

Lady Esther FACE POWDER

LADY ESTHER, 7110 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (80)

Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

WOMEN who discover Tampax usually want to tell it aloud from the housetops. And why not?...This kind of monthly sanitary protection can be worn with *any* costume without a bulge or edge-line showing. And it brings a new sense of glorious freedom to the wearer.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor—to be *worn internally*. Made of compressed surgical cotton, the Tampax is very small in size but extremely absorbent. Each one comes in patented throw-away applicator—for quick and dainty insertion. No chafing. No odor. No disposal trouble. You can change it in a jiffy—and need no sanitary deodorant.

Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. (The new Super is about 50% extra absorbent!) Use Tampax and you can travel, dance . . . use tub or shower . . . keep on the go . . . Millions using it. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Start Tampax today! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN — AN EMBLEM OF A REFUND OF MONEY

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating
Adventures of Martin Eden (Columbia)	2½★
All Through the Night (Warners)	3½★
Almost Married (Universal)	2½★
Always in My Heart (Warners) C	3★
Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount)	2½★
Atlantic Convoy (Columbia)	2½★
Babes on Broadway (M-G-M)	4★
Bahama Passage (Paramount)	3★
Ball of Fire (RKO)	3½★
Beyond the Blue Horizon (Paramount)	3★
Big Shot, The (Warners)	3★
Blondie Goes to College (Columbia)	2½★
Blue, White and Perfect (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Bombay Clipper (Universal)	2½★
Born to Sing (M-G-M)	3★
Broadway (Universal)	3★
Cadets on Parade (Columbia)	2★
Call Out the Marines (RKO)	2★
Calling Dr. Gillespie (M-G-M)	2½★
Canal Zone (RKO)	2½★
Captains of the Clouds (Warners)	3★
Close Call for Ellery Queen (Columbia)	2½★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia)	2½★
Corpse Vanishes, The (Monogram)	2★
Corsican Brothers, The (United Artists)	3★
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The (M-G-M)	3★
Crossroads (M-G-M)	3★
Dangerously They Live (Warners)	3★
Down Rio Grande Way (Columbia)	2★
Dr. Broadway (Paramount)	3★
Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M)	2½★
Drums of the Congo (Universal)	2★
Dumbo (RKO) C	3½★
Eagle Squadron (Universal)	3★
Escape from Hong Kong (Universal)	2½★
Falcon Takes Over, The (RKO)	2½★
Fighting Bill Fargo (Universal)	2★
Fingers at the Window (M-G-M)	2½★
Fleet's In, The (Paramount)	3★
Friendly Enemies (United Artists)	2½★
Frisco Lil (Universal)	2½★
Gentleman at Heart, A (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Ghost of Frankenstein, The (Universal)	2½★
Ghost Town Law (Monogram)	2½★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists)	4★
Grand Central Murder (M-G-M)	3★
Great Man's Lady (Paramount)	3★
Hayfoot (United Artists)	2★
Her Cardboard Lover (M-G-M)	2★
H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M)	3★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)	4★
I Married An Angel (M-G-M)	2½★
In Old California (Republic)	2½★
In This Our Life (Warners)	3½★
Invaders, The (Columbia)	3½★
It Happened in Flatbush (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Jackass Mail (M-G-M)	2½★
Jesse James, Jr. (Republic)	2½★
Joan of Paris (RKO)	3½★
Joe Smith, American (M-G-M)	2½★
Johnny Eager (M-G-M)	3½★
Juke Box Jenny (Universal)	2½★
Juke Girl (Warners)	3★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists) C	4★
Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M)	3★
Kings Row (Warners)	3★
Kipps (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Klondike Fury (Monogram)	2½★
Lady For a Night (Republic)	2½★
Lady Has Plans, The (Paramount)	3★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners)	2½★
Let's Get Tough (Monogram)	2½★
Little Annie Rooney (United Artists) C	2½★
Louisiana Purchase (Paramount)	3½★
Mad Doctor of Market Street, The (Universal)	2★
Magnificent Dope, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Maisie Gets Her Man (M-G-M)	2½★
Male Animal, The (Warners)	3★
Man from Headquarters (Monogram)	2★
Man Who Came to Dinner, The (Paramount)	4★
Man Who Returned to Life (Columbia)	2★
Man Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Mayor of 44th Street (RKO)	2½★
Meet the Mob (Monogram)	2★
Meet the Stewarts (Columbia)	2½★
Men of Texas (Universal)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire at Sea (RKO)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost (RKO)	2★
Moontide (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mr. and Mrs. North (M-G-M)	3★
Mr. Bug Goes to Town (Paramount) C	3★
Mister V (United Artists)	4★
Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M)	4★
My Favorite Spy (RKO)	2½★
My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mystery of Marie Roget, The (Universal)	2½★
Native Land (Frontier Films)	3½★
Nazi Agent (M-G-M)	3★
Night Before the Divorce (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Night In New Orleans (Paramount)	2★
No Hands on the Clock (Paramount)	2½★
North of the Klondike (Universal)	2½★
Obliging Young Lady (RKO)	2½★
Pacific Blackout (Paramount)	2★
Pacific Rendezvous (M-G-M)	2★
Pardon My Stripes (Republic)	2★
Paris Calling (Universal)	3★
Playmates (RKO)	3★
Powder Town (RKO)	2½★
Pride of the Yankees (RKO)	4★
Priorities on Parade (Paramount)	3★
Private Buckeroo (Universal)	2½★
Raiders of the Range (Republic)	2★
Reap the Wild Wind (Paramount)	3★
Red River Valley (Republic)	2½★
Remarkable Andrew, The (Paramount)	3★
Remember Pearl Harbor (Republic)	2½★
Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal)	3★
Riders of the Timberline (Paramount)	2★
Rings on Her Fingers (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Rio Rita (M-G-M)	3★
Romance on the Range (Republic)	2★
Rubber Racketeers (Monogram)	2★
Saboteur (Universal)	3½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists)	3½★
She's In The Army (Monogram)	2½★
Ship Ahoy (M-G-M)	3★
Ships with Wings (United Artists)	2½★
Sing Your Worries Away (RKO)	2★
Sleepytime Gal (Republic)	2★
Son of Fury (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Song of the Islands (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Sons of the Sea (Warners)	2½★
South of Santa Fe (Republic)	2★
Spoilers, The (Universal)	3½★
Spy Ship (Warners)	2½★
Stage Coach Express (Republic)	2½★
Stagecoach Buckaroo (Universal)	2½★
Stick to Your Guns (Monogram)	2★
Submarine Raider (Columbia)	3★
Suicide Squadron (Republic)	3½★
Sullivan's Travels (Paramount)	4★
Sunday Punch (M-G-M)	2½★
Sweater Girl (Paramount)	2½★
Syncopation (RKO)	3★
Take A Letter, Darling (Paramount)	3½★
Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M)	2½★
Ten Gentlemen From West Point (Twentieth Century-Fox)	3★
They Died With Their Boots On (Warners)	3½★
This Above All (20th Century-Fox)	4★
This Gun For Hire (Paramount)	3½★
To Be or Not to Be (United Artists)	3★
Tortilla Flat (M-G-M)	3½★
Tragedy at Midnight (Republic)	2½★
Treat 'Em Rough (Universal)	2½★
True to the Army (Paramount)	2½★
Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO)	3★
Twilight on the Trail (Paramount)	2½★
Two Yanks In Trinidad (Columbia)	2½★
Valley of the Sun (RKO)	3★
Vanishing Virginian, The (M-G-M)	3★
We Were Dancing (M-G-M)	2½★
West of Cimarron (Republic)	2½★
What's Cookin' (Universal)	3★
Who is Hope Schuyler? (RKO)	2★
Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia)	2½★
Wild Bill Hickok Rides (Warners)	3★
Wolf Man, The (Universal)	2½★
Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M)	4★
Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners)	4★
You're in The Army Now (Warners)	2★

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Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

Wherever he is, he thinks of you. So stay pretty for him. Dura-Gloss will keep your nails pretty, takes care of your fingers while your hands are taking care of war-work. Its special ingredient, Chrystallyne, gives it exceptional wearing qualities—Dura-Gloss doesn't "get tired," *stays on*. So whatever happens, keep yourself bright and shining—don't be without Dura-Gloss. It's only 10¢.

10¢ PLUS TAX

See these handsome Dura-Gloss colors—
Blockberry Wineberry Mulberry

So little means so much

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion Polish Remover Dura-Coat

Co-ed

By JEAN KINKEAD

Here's a new season! Meet it halfway? In coffee lingo, old bean, no drip, no grind—perk up and git goin'

Suddenly, out of a clear sky, it's September, and as you pull beautiful, carefree August off the calendar, you discover you've got eagles in the tummy and Gene Krupa's drum for a heart. This is the month things start happening again. College, maybe—or a brand new job. But most likely another year of school. No matter what, it's the beginning of something, and it's exciting and challenging. You want to get off to a really special start. Well, all right.

S'pose it's just down the street to the big brick high school. Home room 202 again. Same old gang. Same old stuff. Don't get right smack into the rut you vacated last June. You know—a couple of minutes late every day, writing notes to Janie all during study hall, a 40-minute siesta in the infirmary come every Latin quiz. This year don't see how much you can get away with, but how much you can get out of school. Stop thinking that fun begins at 3:00.

Your required Spanish takes on all kinds of glamour if you think of it as step one toward an elegant job when you graduate. Take pains with your accent, and get teacher to prescribe some supplementary reading.

Instead of thinking of your American history as a dreary conglomeration of dates and names, color it a trifle with your imagination and make it the most complete and exciting historical novel you've ever read. Try to realize that the Nathan Hales of yesterday were just earlier editions of Colin Kelly. If one particular phase or person fascinates you, read up on it or him in the "libe." Here's a gorgeous chance to really learn something about *the* country.

If your schedule can stand it, why not take a flyer at a completely new course? Art or Typing or Current Events. Something you don't absolutely have to have for graduation, but which sounds like fun. Try to work up a real thirst for knowledge, and you've no idea what it will do to enrich your whole life.

Last year you feigned sprained ankles till you developed a chronic hobble just to get out of gym class. If you ever did venture into the pool, it automatically meant cutting French on account of your hair looking so atrocious. Now, don't start that again. You're a year older and a year smarter. Get yourself a strip of chamois and wrap it around your head turban-wise. The bathing cap goes over that, and your hair-do is practically hermetically sealed. Go out for basketball and softball and soccer. Make a team or two. And even if you don't, the exercise'll make you feel and look like the proverbial million.

Have extra-curricular activities been leaving you cold for years? Dramatic Club, Camera Club—do the whole tribe of them cut no ice atall with you? Then start one that does. If you're mad for dogs, instigate something canine. Study up on blood lines. Know how to take care of an injured pup. Read what amazing things dogs are doing for defense. Write the nearest S. P. C. A. for first aid advice, and ask the American Kennel Club, Fourth Avenue, New York, to give you the names of worthwhile dog books.

Why not a music club? Concentrate on either classical or swing, and make the meetings kind of festive by having them at various members' houses one evening a week. Each member can take turns conducting the meetings. For instance, one week the Beethoven addict can take over and discuss B.'s life and work, and you can play one of his symphonies. Inveigle the head of your school music department to give you a general introductory talk explaining the origin of music and a bit about its evolution. You can have a circulating record library, occasional trips to concerts, local authorities as guest speakers. Fabulous fun!

You might start a Latin-American Club, studying the culture and history of the South American countries. Or an Aviation Club. Learn to tell a Messerschmitt from a Piper Cub. Take inexpensive flights at your nearest airport. The world is so full of a number of things—take your pick and have a swell time doing them. (*Continued on page 62*)

To give you new glamour, more allure
SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO ARRANGE!

So romantic—*this lovely new "up" hair-do, designed around a center part. Before styling, the hair was shampooed with new, improved Special Drene containing hair conditioner!*

Improved Special Drene, with hair conditioner in it, now makes amazing difference! Leaves hair far more manageable . . . silkier, smoother too!

Would you like the man of your heart to find you even more alluring? Then don't wait to try the new, improved Special Drene, which now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it! For if you haven't tried Drene lately, you just can't realize how much silkier and smoother your hair will be, because of that added hair conditioner. And far easier to manage, too, right after shampooing!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre* than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money — If Defective or Not As Advertised Therein

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Procter & Gamble

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage—right after shampooing!

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

2 Triumphs!

FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX, THE COMPANY THAT GAVE YOU...

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY" AND "MY GAL SAL"

OUT OF THESE TIMES MANY GREAT STORIES WILL BE BORN...BUT NONE WILL BE GREATER THAN THIS!

NEVIL SHUTE'S mighty story of Today becomes the picture of the year!

The PIED PIPER

MONTY WOOLLEY
RODDY McDOWALL
ANNE BAXTER
and OTTO PREMINGER
J. CARROL NAISH

Produced and Written for the Screen by Nunnally Johnson
Directed by Irving Pichel

35,000,000 people thrilled to the story in Collier's, Reader's Digest and the best-selling novel!

IT'S YOUTH SET TO DANCE! LOVE SET TO SONG!... and *Your Heart will beat the Rhythm!*

SHE'S BETTY! WILLING AND GRABLE.

John PAYNE
Betty GRABLE
Victor MATURE

EARL MORAN

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE

with JANE WYMAN • James Gleason
Phil Silvers • Cobina Wright, Jr.
Directed by Gregory Ratoff
Produced by William LeBaron

SONGS YOU'LL BE SINGING
by Robin and Rainger
"I'M STILL CRAZY FOR YOU"
"I'LL BE MARCHING TO A LOVE SONG"
"I HEARD THE BIRDIES SING"
"ARE YOU KIDDIN'"
"EXCEPT WITH YOU"

Coming soon to your favorite theatre!

Sothern's the name, but it doesn't matter what they call her, she's always "Maisie" . . . fluttery . . . lissome . . . slightly daft. Or is she? Robert Sterling or, say, Hedy Lamarr would tell you those harebrained roles are only a medium for her Puckish spirits. Actually her thinking is straight as a plumb line. Her tastes are slightly pedantic. Russian history, for example. She takes it straight . . . in large swallows. She also throws Scandinavian and French around . . . and makes music in a lilting treble. The wide-eyed morsel really owes her career to Florenz Ziegfeld, who plucked her out of anonymity for a stint in musical comedy. Currently she's cuttin' up in M-G-M's "Panama Hattie."

John Wayne is 6′ 4″ of shoulders with a folksy kind of pan. Started in movies accidental like when, as a prop boy, he strolled on-scene casually holding up a 2-ton table. Director hollered "My man!" and he was an actor. Fired when he refused an affair called "Girls Deserve Excitement." (Title made him awfully sick.) After which he went on to Westerns and fame. Pop owned a drugstore, which makes him a real drugstore cowboy. He's currently in Rep.'s "Flying Tigers." Mrs. W. is Jo Saenz of L.A. and the Social Register, which lists them as Mr. and Mrs. Marion Morrison (his real name). They've 4 children, one of whom frankly prefers Gene Autry!

"I CAN'T TELL A LIE"
"BE CAREFUL, IT'S MY HEART"
"ABRAHAM"
"HAPPY HOLIDAY"
"LET'S START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT"
"SONG OF FREEDOM"
"EASTER PARADE"
"PLENTY TO BE THANKFUL FOR"
WHAT A HOLIDAY!
11 New IRVING BERLIN HITS
Hear BING CROSBY SING:
"WHITE CHRISTMAS" • "I'LL CAPTURE HER HEART SINGING" • "BE CAREFUL, IT'S MY HEART"
See FRED ASTAIRE DANCE To with 2 beautiful partners
"YOU'RE EASY TO DANCE WITH" • "LET'S SAY IT WITH FIRECRACKERS"
Irving Berlin's
HOLIDAY INN
starring
Bing CROSBY • Fred ASTAIRE
A Mark Sandrich Production
A Paramount Picture with
MARJORIE REYNOLDS • VIRGINIA DALE • WALTER ABEL
Lyrics and Music by
IRVING BERLIN
SCREEN PLAY BY CLAUDE BINYON
ADAPTATION BY ELMER RICE
ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Ingrid Bergman's face gives her away. There are dreams in the corners of her mouth, and her smile holds all the wonder of a new springtime. A bit of a lovely melody, this Mrs. Lindstrom. Sometimes she's a tousle-haired school kid, and you gaze at growing daughter, Pia, in disbelief. Then she's a barmaid, a blackmailer or a richly wise woman. For she's a fine actress, the magic Bergman. And a popular one, although the only people to recognize her in '39 were the waiters in the Swedish Pavilion at the World's Fair. Now in Warner's "Casablanca," she's coaching Humphrey Bogart in Swedish, 'tween scenes. And where's the man who wouldn't bring an apple for the teacher?

SHE'S ALL THIS · · · and 21 TOO!

A Brand New Brilliant Barrymore!

She's Bewitching! . . . as a 12-year-old imp!

She's Radiant . . . as heroic Joan of Arc!

She's Glamorous! . . . as daring Sadie Thompson!

She's Magnificent! . . . as dynamic Queen Victoria!

Diana **BARRYMORE**

AND

Robert **CUMMINGS**

in THE HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION

"Between Us Girls"

with *Kay* **FRANCIS**

JOHN BOLES, ANDY DEVINE, WALTER CATLETT, GUINN WILLIAMS, ETHEL GRIFFIES

Screen Ploy, Myles Connolly · True Boardman
Based on "Le Fruit Vert" by Regis Gignoux and Jocques Thery
Adapted by John Jocoby

Produced and Directed by **HENRY KOSTER**

Associate Producer, Phillip P. Karlstein

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

BETWEEN US GUYS—*She's Terrific!*

and when Diana goes all-out for Bob . . . it's a gay and gleesome riot that'll keep you whirling for weeks!

COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

LANA WEDS!

By IDA ZEITLIN

Linda said she felt like weeping when Lana and Steve said "I do." "Lana looked so gorgeous. There was such an expression on her face—she's so-o-o in love!"

A juke box played "Lohengrin" and Lana smiled through tears. This time she knew it was playing for keeps.

Linda Darnell had a dinner date that Thursday night with her friend Alan Gordon, the young publicity agent whom the papers are trying, in vain, to marry her off to. He phoned at six. "We're joining Lana Turner and Stephen Crane, if that's all right with you."

"I'd love it." She hadn't seen Lana for quite a while, and she'd never met Crane. She'd heard about him though, and wondered, as she slipped into her purple dress and tilted the black hat over her pompadour, just how serious this was.

Alan called for her, and they picked up the other two at Crane's apartment. Lana wore powder blue under her cape of natural fox, with a tiny blue-gray hat and, whether it was love or what, looked particularly luscious. Linda was struck by the height of the young man, introduced to her as Stevie—six feet he must have been. His eyes were brown, so was his wavy hair, and he seemed awfully sweet and considerate and rather on the quiet side—or maybe it was just by contrast with the bubbling vivacity of America's favorite sweater girl.

It was love all right—the way Lana hung on his arm, the way they looked at each other, and their voices caressed each other, and every second word was darling and baby. Linda, older at eighteen than Lana will ever be, smiled at them like an indulgent aunt.

While Steve was in the other room, trying to get his mother on long distance, Lana told all—anyway, the high spots. The minute she'd laid eyes on him, she'd known this was her guy. Not wanting the papers to get hold of it and maul it, they hadn't gone out much together. She'd seen him at home. They were going to be married in Las Vegas on Sunday. Her mother knew. So did Louis B. Mayer. He'd patted her head and said, "Bless you, my child—"

That's why Steve was calling his mother. They wanted her to know. Lana was nervous as a witch. What'll I say to her? I won't know what to say."

"Honey," called Steve.

When they came out, she was giggling.

"Well, what did you say?"

"I feel so silly," she wailed. "All I could babble was, 'Oh thank you.'" (*Continued on following page*)

On band tour, Lana changed costumes 5 times a day, wore jewelry made of war stamps, kissed everyone who bought 50-grand worth. Wore down this sailor's resistance, made $5 sale!

Playbay Alexis Thompson vied with Howard Hughes, T. Dorsey, Bob Stack, Buddy Rich, etc., for Lana. Only few months ago, she winged cross-country, met him at Stork Club for Sun. night date!

"For Steve?" Alan wanted to know.

Steve grinned. "Mother told her she was the most beautiful girl in the world. So she's blushing."

They went to André's for dinner, danced and held hands. Flushed and laughing, the impulsive one suddenly leaned toward him across the table. "Oh, honey, why do we have to wait till Sunday? Sunday's so long to wait."

"Well. Why *do* we have to?"

She'd been half kidding. He was wholly in earnest. Her face turned thoughtful, then lit up like a thousand-watt lamp. "Yes," she echoed, "why *do* we? Linda, will you come along and be my bridesmaid?"

Linda'd be glad to. Alan was dispatched to find out about planes and came back with reservations on the eight o'clock next morning. They'd meet in his office at seven and have breakfast at the airport. That meant getting up at six. They'd better turn in early. But Lana was much too excited to sleep. So they went to the Mocambo and saw the floor show.

At one-thirty Linda broke it up. "Look, I'm no bride with stars in my eyes, and I need some sleep. See you kids at seven."

She didn't, though. Alan called her at six. "Hey, you up yet?"

"Mm, vaguely."

Just the same she was on deck by ten of seven. The bridesmaid wore a blue, pin-striped suit, white sailor perched on the crown of her head, silver fox draped over her arm. Alan was making last-minute phone calls, leaving instructions with a kid on his staff. Came seven and seven-fifteen, and no sign of the others. They called Lana's house. She'd left. They called Steve's apartment. No answer. Steve's brother arrived with orchids done up in brown paper, so no one could guess they were flowers.

"Where's Steve?"

"Search me. He phoned me to pick these up and bring them here."

By seven-thirty, half the polish was chewed off Linda's nails. "Maybe they forgot. What'll we ever do!"

"Take it easy, Bit." Little Bit, Alan calls her, but clipped it in sheer nervousness. "After all, it's their wedding."

The bridal pair tore in at seven forty-five. Fifteen minutes to get to Burbank, pick up the tickets and make the plane. No time for breakfast or explanations. Lana had changed her clothes and told her mother of the change in plan. She wore a two-piece beige dress with big dolman sleeves, beige shoes and bag, white gloves, a little white straw hat trimmed with lilies-of-the-valley and one huge red rose. Steve carried her baum marten coat.

They made the plane by one minute. Most of the other passengers were army officers who, because they were sleepy or engrossed in their own problems or just didn't give a darn, paid the movie queens no heed. For all the stir they created, the girls might have been Jane and Maggie Smith. Which was okay by them. They hadn't been able to get seats together. Steve and Lana were way down front, Linda and Alan near the back. They communicated only once. When the stewardess appeared bearing coffee, Steve turned round and grinned.

By the time they reached Las Vegas, the news had already broken in Los Angeles. Some eagle eye must have spotted them at Burbank, and a nine o'clock broadcast released the flash to a gaping movie colony. Phones started ringing and tongues wagging, and what most of them wagged was who the hell's Stephen Crane?

The bride's party, meantime, were having their own troubles. They couldn't get transportation to town. A photographer friend of Lana's met them at the airport. Knowing the story would have to be covered, she'd let him in on it, and he'd driven up the night before. But his little coupé was filled with equipment, and they couldn't all ride in the front seat.

The waiting room was hotter than blazes. Uniformed kids kept breezing in and out. Not having the dignity of officers to maintain, they went "Whee! Lana Turner!" Lana was going mad, jumping (*Continued on page 72*)

She and her mam at Annual Charity Ball last year! Daughter L's chummy with every maestra and jivin' jahnny in tawn, is immartalized in their Tin Pan Alley hymn, "Lanapalaaza."

Upan completian af "Somewhere I'll Find Yau," Lana taak a rest in her Brentwaad hame and embarked on successful band selling taur. Belaw, Alan Gardan and Linda with Mr. and Mrs. Crane!

BIG BROTHER BING

Bing Crosby guesting an brother Bob's show. It's quite o jump from wolkathon vocolizer to leoding o big time bond, but Bob dood it!

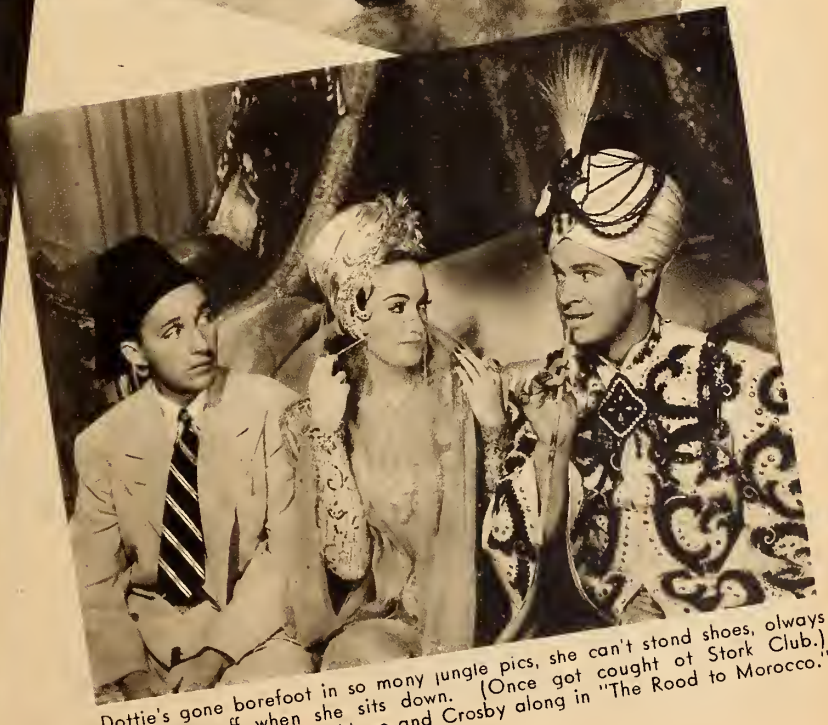
By Fredda Dudley

Top to bottom: Colifornio Elmer, No Talkin' Joe and New York Chorlie. Thot's the fomous brothers Crosby, Bob, Bing and Everett.

DOTTIE

All the Yankee doughboys plaster their barracks walls with Dottie's picture. They've dubbed her their official "pin-up" girl.

Time out with agent Wynn Rocamora at Mocambo. Potriotic Dottie toured in 6 last-yeor's gowns, restyled by Edith Heod at o cost of one new '42 outfit!



Dottie's gone borefoot in so mony jungle pics, she can't stond shoes, olways kicks them off when she sits down. (Once got cought ot Stork Club.) Currently she's stringing Hope and Crosby along in "The Rood to Morocco."

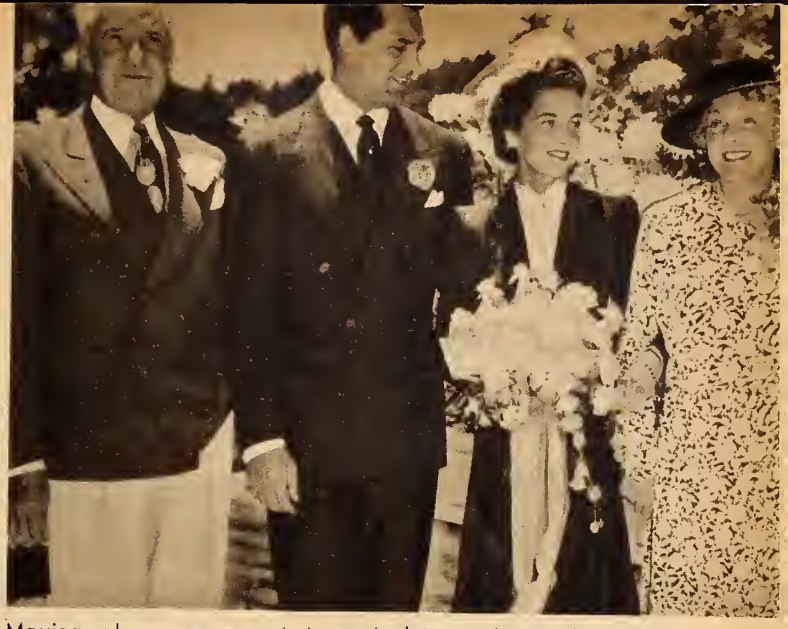
By Cynthia Miller

"I, Cary, take thee

License gave his age as 38; hers as 30. He became citizen in June. Marriage ta Grant will nat restare her citizenship, but makes passible her applicatian withaut filing first papers, cutting time wait fram 5 ta 3 years.

Barbara..."

Modern Screen gives you a parson's eye-view of that incredible Grant-Hutton marriage!



Marriage plans were deep, dark secret; date wasn't set till night before, altho they'd had license since previous week. Mgr. Frank W. Vincent was best man and Mrs. Madeline Hazeltine, matron of honor.

Couple will live in Brentwood till he leaves for the Army this Fall. Day after ceremony, Cary was back at studio for work. Above, with Jean Arthur and Ronnie Coleman in "The Talk of the Town."

Barbara Hutton has come home to happiness. After years of searching, after hundreds of heartaches, dozens of mistakes and a quest that has taken her all over the world, she has found the right man at last. A man who will never, never be known as "Mr. Barbara Hutton." A man who will be the head of his house. A man to depend upon, honor and love.

Immediately after their wedding ceremony at the mountain lodge of Mr. Frank Vincent, one of the guests said to Barbara, "I wish you all the happiness in the world, Mrs. Grant."

"Thank you so much," she answered. Then she thought over that salutation. "Mrs. Grant," she repeated to herself. "Mrs. Cary Grant. Isn't it a nice name? I'm going to love getting used to it."

When the news that Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton had been married at high noon on July 8 hit the news wires, there were a flock of astonished people in Hollywood as well as throughout the world—but they had absolutely nothing on the Reverend H. Paul Romeis, pastor of a small Lutheran church in San Bernardino.

Mr. Romeis had been sitting in his study, working over church matters, when two of Cary Grant's friends appeared. They told the clergyman nothing except that they would appreciate it if he would prepare to perform a marriage ceremony at Lake Arrowhead. "The contracting parties have their license, I presume?" he asked.

They showed Mr. Romeis a license issued to Archibald Leach and Barbara Reventlow. He nodded without lifting an eyebrow. As far as he was concerned, those monikers indicated nothing more than a couple of people hooked with fairly unusual names.

He and his escort talked about the weather, but—as a side line—Mr. Romeis was still pondering the problem he had left on his desk when interrupted: How to get an organ for his church. He had wanted a small organ to replace the exhausted piano that they had been using for what seemed centuries, but when he looked into the future he could see nothing but zero. Small churches in small San Bernardino just don't have pipe organ incomes.

Halfway across Lake Arrowhead in a speed boat, it occurred to Mr. Romeis' escorts that he should be told about the young couple he was to marry. One of the men shouted, above the slap-slap of the speed boat, "Archibald Leach is Cary Grant and Barbara Reventlow was formerly Barbara Hutton."

Mr. Romeis blinked. "Cary Grant! Why, he's my favorite actor," he said. "As for my wife . . ."

The instant the ceremony was over, he said quietly to Frank Vincent, "May I use your telephone? I'd like to tell my wife the exciting news." (*Continued on page 66*)

CANDIDLY YOURS

'Heraes faund dinner dance more exciting than parade ar ceremonial speaking. Bamber Navigatar Lt. Carrithers impressed .Betty Grable with his gald wings!

Hollywood goes all-out to give visiting U. S. and British war heroes the glitter time of their lives! Movie stars are dates at Civic Ball at Ambassador Cocoanut Grove!

When Mickey Rooney (above, with Ava), Abbott and Costello took over, heroes howled with laughter. Music-makers were Freddie Martin, Ethel Waters and Jeanette MacDonald who sang nat'l anthem.

English boys were thrilled when a picture of King George was flashed on screen and m.c. Eddie Cantor toasted him together with Roosevelt and 28 allied nations. Above, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Boyer.

Testimonial dinner started at 8, with mayor, civic leaders and military officials seated at head table with guests of honor and their movie-star hostess. Ronnie Colman and Merle Oberon dazzled.

Before party, actresses drew names out of bowl for partners. Claudette Colbert and her soldier for evening, Second Lt. George S. Welch, Pearl Harbor hero, got along like a charm, led grand march!

YOU'VE GOT A

Boy Scout Mature would sock you in the jaw to prove he's a cast-iron heel!

After being reclassified from 4F to 1A in April, he was sworn in Coast Guard in July. Turned up at recruiting office at 7 A.M., later in day bombshelled studio with the news!

Now that he's in the service, wife Martha Kemp may not file divorce. She detests Hollywood and has turned down movie offers. Says she'd rather finish her stenographic course!

RIGHT GUY WRONG!

By Jack Wade

THE other day I dropped into the lobby of the Ambassador Hotel and ran across a Broadway columnist I know who was visiting Hollywood. This guy is usually in a sweat about something or other, but when I saw him he looked particularly upset.

"Say," he began, "what kind of a town is this Hollywood, anyway?"

"Why," I recited, "it's Glamourland, of course. Hollywood is a fabulous Fairyland where pampered stars pitch it around like kings and queens. It's Sodom and Gomorrah doubling in brass. It's the High Life capital of the world. Haven't you read——"

"Yeah?" he broke in, barking. "Well, guess what I just saw! Coming down Sunset Boulevard this afternoon I saw Victor Mature, the champ Casanova, the Magnificent Jerk, the glamorous Wolf of Vine Street—that's what they write about him, isn't it? Well—guess what he was doing!"

I didn't dare. "This front-page Don Juan," sighed the columnist—and his face was disillusioned and disgusted—"was leading a three-year-old baby girl by the hand into—into *church!*"

It may be dangerous debunking, but it's the truth: A whole lot of things you (*Continued on page 75*)

Vic would spend more than he made if he answered half his ¾ million fan letters. Mode final bow to flickers in "Sweet and Hot" but didn't have time to finish before taking to the briny!

Typical Mature lunch is grapefruit juice, coffee, Pepsi-Cola and hamburger. A great one for diet fads, he once had a spell of eating meat only—no vegetables or desserts whatsoever!

When Rita Hayworth made one of her rare public appearances with Vic, banquet tickets were anonymously registered "Fred Huxley." Vic left bracelet for her to remember him by!

Call to Color

Hedy Lamarr is a gal with full, warm, beautiful lips. The luscious Hedy is now make-believing as "Tondeleyo," the native girl in "White Cargo."

EVERY bright girl knows a lipstick has more important uses than writing phone numbers on the back of a menu. It's a slim, scarlet baton that transforms plain-Jane into a popular beau-catcher . . . changes your personality to suit your latest whim . . . and can always be depended upon to highlight the drabbest, weariest face with a dash of sparkle and zest!

Do you use your lipstick effectively? If not, you're cheating yourself out of an extra helping of glamour. And this is no time to waste anything, especially glamour, which is often just another spelling for m-o-r-a-l-e.

One of the bigger and better cosmetic firms offers a new "Lip Service" which will help you decorate your own Cupid's Bow. It's a cellophane strip wrapped, for no extra charge, around a plastic-case lipstick. The outlines of six alluring movie-star types of lips—the same ones pictured across the bottom of this page—are printed on the strip (we might call it a "strip-tease"!) You hold these famous lips in front of your own, and have a lot of fun deciding whether your beauty would be enhanced with a mouth like Dottie Lamour's, Hedy Lamarr's, Claudette Colbert's or one of the other's. Then you go ahead and follow the outline, but be sure to use a rich, creamy, opaque lipstick—like the one the Lip Service strip encircles—so that it will effectively cover the old lip-line and hold the new through heat, havoc or high water!

Remember, above all, that you don't have to limit yourself to one new shape. You may be able to wear a half a dozen (one at a time of course) for different moods and effects. The movie stars change around for the different parts they play and, in the same way, you can be Dietrich-ish one night and a simulated Vivien Leigh the next!

Drawing Your Mouth

There are certain rules you must follow, though, in redoing your mouth. If your chin is pointed or if your face is heart-shaped, your lips should be, too. But make it a modified heart-shape, not the cupid's bow that's as outmoded as pantaloons. If your upper lip is a straight Bette Davis mould, it needs a full lower lip to go with it. If your jaw is square, try a square effect on the lips, too. Is your nose up-turned? Then paint on a wide upper lip. Is your nose long or large? Then give it a full lower lip to balance it.

It's easy to change the size of your lips. If they're too thin and make you look prissy, draw the lipstick over the edge. If they're too full, keep well within the lip-line. If they are too long, stop the rouge before it reaches the corners. In every case, please keep the

Lip service

Pattern your mouth after the lips of famously beautiful women.

BY CAROL CARTER

That slim, scarlet wand—your lipstick—can give you lips lovely as a star's

corners turned up. This is no time for tragic effects!

Back to Nature

For the natural effect the boys are clamoring for, take time and trouble to do a good lip-painting job. Thickly smeared lipstick that leaves a flaming imprint on coffee cups, cocktail glasses or uniform collars is strictly taboo. Resolve to help nature along, not to insult her. Bob Hope quips that when a man kisses you he wants to feel he's kissing your lips . . . not sliding into third base. Another thing the darlings don't like to see is a red-dyed fingertip. If you use your pinkie as a lip rouge spreader, be sure to clean it thoroughly.

Ways and Means

If at all possible, your lips should be clean and smooth before you apply your lipstick. It's best to remove all traces of your late make-up with cold cream or soap and water. Then pat softly with towel or tissue so the lips are absolutely dry before the lip rouge goes on. If you have difficulty removing color which has extended beyond the lip-line, try a bit of peroxide or astringent on a tissue or a puff of cotton.

Color your upper lip first, and then press the lips together to transfer excess lipstick to the lower lip. It should not be heavier than the upper, so the imprint will also tell you how thick to draw your outline. Next fill in the lower lip. Then, to avoid a watermelon rind effect, cover the inside of the lips, both upper and lower. If you have any trouble getting the outline you want, go over it with a lip pencil before you use the lipstick. If covering the inside is a problem, do that with a brush, as many movie stars do.

Press cleansing tissue against the lips to remove surplus rouge. Then pat on a little face powder to "set" the color. Wet the lips to dissolve the powdery surface. Some gals stop at this stage but we always find it more satisfactory to apply a second film of lipstick over this foundation, and then to press the lips firmly again with a tissue. Keep pressing until there is just a faint pink mark on the tissue. Then defy the hottest coffee to melt your careful lip-art! (*Continued on page 62*)

Crisp, cool and incisive is the Davis personality and Bette's lips are purposeful, firm . . . and gorgeous! "Watch on the Rhine" is her next film.

Jeanne Cagney smiles her way through Warner Brothers' new flag-raiser, "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY SMILE

Lip and mouth beauty hints from Jeanne Cagney add up to a grand old American smile!

By CAROL CARTER

★ Winsome Jeanne Cagney, up-and-coming sister of her famous brother, has some things to say to you about beautiful smiles. And Jeanne is one to know whereof she speaks. Before the movies got her, she took a pre-med course at one of the New York colleges. There she learned what doctors think about beautiful teeth and smiles—and you'll know she practices what she preaches when you see "Yankee Doodle Dandy." She's a charming addition to that grand American movie, and never more so than when she parts her pretty lips and shows those gleaming rows of white, sparkling teeth. So heed Jeanne's words of wisdom on how to have the smile that wins friends and influences suitors.

A Tooth's Best Friend Is Its Toothbrush! Ply your brushes, lassies, if you want teeth that shine and gleam. Cover the bristles with paste, powder or liquid dentifrice, and then scrub. Not a couple of licks and a promise, from one end of your mouth to the other, but a thorough, 'round and 'round stimulating motion on each half inch of teeth, upper and lower. For real smile beauty, spend more time with your toothbrush than you do with your lipstick. Jeanne says to keep your wrist watch on, so you don't chisel on the time. Three minutes is the minimum allotment. Then, for good measure, take a little more of your dentifrice on your fingertips, and massage your gums. Pretend you're pressing the insides and outsides together. With one finger on each side, squeeze hard and draw little circles. The friction will give your mouth a glorious feeling of exhilaration.

Don't Tell Me to Shush! We don't go along with the folks who say "even your best friend won't tell you." We think a best friend will, but unfortunately she isn't always around. So don't take any chances on unpleasant breath. Swish a refreshing rinse all through your mouth after every toothbrushing and before every social engagement. Prevention is nine-tenths of success. Make sure you're a welcome addition to any group, by this quick, easy precaution.

The Dentist Wants to See You! Don't be shy. Step up, at least once every six months, and have your dentist clean and inspect your teeth. The thorough cleaning is necessary, in case there are any crevices you have missed despite your brushing, dental floss and energetic rinsing. The inspection is important to catch small holes before they grow to painful proportions.

Eat Your Spinach, Kids! And your lettuce, celery, eggs, tomatoes, cheese, and bread and toast crusts. Chew briskly, and drink a lot of milk and orange juice. That's the way to have strong, healthy dentals—the kind the movie stars smile with. Jeanne Cagney—knowing her oats and foods in general from her medical training—wants us to be sure to emphasize this subject of proper diet. So don't say we didn't tell you, if the dentist finds cavities, cloudiness and weak gums next time he looks!

Don't Lend-Lease a Lipstick! Not only because it's unhygienic, which it is, but because the chances of borrowing the proper shade are slim. Deep blue-reds are luscious on some, delicate pinks are entrancing on others. Find the tint and tone that goes most glamorously with your own skin, hair and costumes—and then buy rouge and nail polish to match. Remember that you need a bluer shade for night than for day, and that summer colors usually look gaudy or "corny" with sleek fall clothes.

Smiles Come Easier with Practice! The quickness of a smile is as important as its size. You should see Jeanne Cagney with a group of people. When someone speaks to her, she looks up expectantly, the pleasant suggestion of a smile already turning up the corners of her lips. Don't be one of those people who look as if the effort of a laugh is almost enough to break them in two. The right to laugh when you want to is one of the privileges of living in a democracy. Take advantage of it. Have fun! Smile often —smile pretty—smile at every excuse, and two to one, you'll find the excuses come much more often.

SMILE CHART

For	*Use These*	*This Way*
SPARKLING TEETH	Firm bristled tooth brush. An exhilarating dentifrice (paste, powder or liquid). Dental floss.	Minimum time allotment: 3 minutes, twice daily. Brush up, down and around with circular motion. Never brush crosswise. Use dental floss daily.
MOUTH HEALTH AND HAPPINESS	A brisk, invigorating mouth wash. Dentifrice for gum massage.	Rinse mouth with antiseptic after every brushing. Massage gums for stimulation. Use soft brush or a finger dipped in your pet dentifrice. Rub 'round and 'round.
AN EXPRESSIVE, MOBILE MOUTH	Chewing gum.	With consideration! No gum popping. No sound effects. No careless leftovers for unsuspecting people to step on.
LIP ART	Lipstick. Lip pencil or brush. Face powder and cleansing tissues.	Outline lips with brush or pencil. Fill in with lipstick. Blot with tissue. Dust lips with face powder, then apply a lighter, second coat of lipstick. Remove excess with tissue.
LIP PAINT	Lipstick shades that harmonize with your hair, skin, nailpolish, rouge and dress! Avoid clashes.	Brownettes, light brunettes, ash blondes use blue-red. Blondes, gypsy-brunettes, red-heads use orangey red. Most everyone can wear a true red-red with all colors.
CLEANSING SOOTHING SMOOTHING	Cleansing cream. Tissues. Emollient cream. Lip pomade.	Before applying fresh lipstick, slather lips with a rich cleansing cream. Remove with tissue. At night apply emollient cream. Use pomade to soften chapped lips.

Teresa Wright's a happy girl. "Pride of the Yankees" rates rave reviews.

That Deanna Durbin smile is a dandy. You'll see her next in "Forever Yours."

The smile that wins—Jean Arthur's! Her next pic is "Come One, Come All."

KILLER-DILLER

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

You'll die when you meet Alan Ladd! He's no more a tough mug than Shirley Temple!

If they could rustle up a number Nine-C gent's model glass slipper around Hollywood, they'd probably be easing it today over the lucky socks of Alan Ladd. It's a very great temptation to tag Alan Hollywood's blue ribbon Cinderella Man.

Because look:

From a national nobody a few weeks ago, lucky Laddie has blasted his way to a round-the-world rave as ruthless *Phil Raven* in "This Gun for Hire." In practically no time at all Hollywood postmen have developed humps on their backs lugging in fan mail hailing our hard-boiled hero as the greatest male star stunner since Clark Gable handed Norma Shearer a straight left in "A Free Soul" and Jimmy Cagney wrapped a grapefruit around Mae Clarke's mush in "Public Enemy." Alan has already set Ray Milland and Fred MacMurray in the popularity shade on his own home lot, and even Dottie Lamour, with all her soldier and sailor pen friends, is being rudely muscled from the front of Paramount Studio's postage stamp parade. (*Continued on page 81*)

Sue Corol ond Alon just remorried. (Mexicon ceremony isn't considered legol). Sue is o stor of ten yeors ogo, ond hubby's ogent. Joon Crowford wants him for her new picture, "Reunion."

Alon Lodd's received more proposols of marrioge from femme fans during past 8 months thon ony mole stor in the history of Poromount! He ploys Ed Beoumont in Doshiell Hommett's "Gloss Key."

"G.K." repeots "This Gun For Hire" stor combinotion, Lake ond Lodd. Alan tried to join the ormy but wos rejected for physicol reosons (probobly those internol injuries he suffered os o diving chomp).

1. Jonny Davis was a newspaper man. Tough, gay, debonair, with a cocky grin and a smash approach. As for Paula Lane she wrote good newspaper copy, too, but Paula was a woman and love came first. The pair of them crashed together like a shot of lightning zigzagging into an oak tree. Here was Jonny fresh back from Europe in October, 1941, with a job to do. He had to put over to a reluctant editor the terrific discovery he and his kid brother Kirk had made. A crawling yellow snake was writhing out of Japan, spurting venom toward this country. No time for a dame! But here she was, catapulted into his life, blonde, gorgeous, beautiful and full of memories that seemed to include him. Jonny met 'em and loved 'em and left 'em. He'd done that to Paula when he stood her up on a date three years ago. All Europe had slashed between, and war was flaring up inside Jonny Davis. Memories had ripened in Paula. And now she was meeting Jonny who didn't know that she'd tried to love his brother Kirk and blot out lingering pain that way.

"Somewhere I'll Find You"

By DAPHNE McVICKER and KAY HARDY

Army-bound Gable winds up his fabulous screen career with the top-notch performance of his life!

2. Jonny had work to do. He and brother Kirk had dug out of Europe an advance view of the rotten apple treachery planned by Japan. George Stafford, editor of the Chronicle, didn't believe it. He was still howling for appeasement and isolation through his paper's columns. He laughed at the pair and threw their big story back in their faces. But Jonny and Kirk, and some other people around the office saw a trick that would work. They had to sit on Stafford and hide his clothes as the story sneaked into page one. And he wasn't laughing anymore.

3. Fresh from making Stafford publish the big blast by substituting a faked dictaphone record for one of the editor's bland speeches, Jonny went back to his old boarding place, where Willie and Eve, commercial artist and his wife-model, still rented wisecracks, loyalty and shelter. But somebody else was using these. There was a girl in Jonny's old room. At least there was lingerie and lipstick. A good reporter like Jonny could track down these clues and find a blonde in his bath. Jonny bore down on the bathroom like a dive bomber, and the voice he heard spelled youth, beauty and bother with a great big capital "B".

4. Even a scoop-sleuth like Jonny Davis couldn't figure that Paula Lane, the girl, was the guiding star who'd shone across European blackouts for Kirk. She was no star to Jonny—just a firecracker, crackling on a fuse that he had to step on. Jonny offered the blonde a break. He took her to his special old Greenwich Village hangout for wining and dining—behind a closed door. Paula, illuminating the dimness of the scene with an old torch rekindling, tagged along. Jonny's kisses were blue fire, and Kirk's gentle caresses began to dim down into distance.

5. Jonny didn't get it. Sometimes she kissed back and sometimes she ran out on him. But Kirk came raging to accuse big brother of breaking up his one romance, and that without any serious intentions of his own. Kirk had tried to put the ring on Paula and found a new priority ahead of him—Jonny. Kirk was a big boy now, and he knew what women were to Jonny—sound effects for spare seconds. But Jonny laughed at the kid and went to work to clear the girl out of the path of the two of them. Kirk must learn. Both brothers were out of jobs, and Europe was on fire with red hot stories being born of its grim tortured flames.

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

6. Paula made a mistake. Everybody was trying to show her that Jonny was a two-timer with women and a no-good and that Kirk was the old reliable lover. She couldn't dodge the barrage of Jonny's kisses. And he could be so sweet. So she struck where he lived—in his newspaperman's world. Paula was on the Chronicle, too, and Stafford had offered her an assignment in Indo-China. She told Jonny that, expecting him to ask her to give it up for him, and all ready to do so. But Jonny burned—a dame in a big job and Jonny Davis stuck with only the dame? He waved Paula away and she set off, through tears, for China.

7. Now Stafford, the editor, called Jonny and Kirk to the Chronicle office to tell them that Paula had disappeared. Kirk turned white, but Jonny gave the old lip-curl. He knew these dames and their tricks! Stafford had to set the presses roaring their call to Jonny's blood. What a news break—the pair of Davis brothers going off on an assignment to find one small girl in a hell of slaughtered Oriental cities! Kirk heard Paula calling, but Jonny saw only page one and a by-line in capital letters. They left for Shanghai, while headlines began to blaze.

10. So Paula was Kirk's girl again, and the young Davis kid was in for a few moments of glory. He had to break the news that Big Brother had gone—and there was Kirk's shoulder for a girl to cry on and Kirk's kind kisses to console her. Paula couldn't understand why things were this way, but she gave up trying. As for the old torch, it was burning down to a shattered stick and Paula didn't intend to let it kindle ever again. She was ready to put on fresh lipstick and lift up her chin and make the best of a shattered world with Kirk. As for Jonny, he was in Manila now, in the Tropical Club forgetting with a girl named Crystal.

11. She couldn't make out why it took glass after glass of champagne and whiskey to get Jonny's attention focussed on her. When Paula Lane came, at the Chronicle's command, to get Jonny Davis and bring him back to work, she found the pair of them in Jonny's room. The newspaperman had passed out on the bed. The flashy girl wasn't surprised to see Paula. Jonny's binge had the earmarks of something started by a skirt. Crystal suggested that they cut cards for Jonny. But it didn't take Paula's King to Crystal's Knave, to show who owned Jonny's life.

8. China was just a reporter's beat to Jonny. He searched out a debauched old newspaperman named Kirsten, with a Chinese friend named Chang. The pair of them could stir up the Chinese cauldron with a long spoon. Jonny dragged out of them what they knew—the Japanese at the doors of Thailand, tanks glistening impervious to bows and arrows— And a white woman named Paula Lane who was secretly leading parties of small, terrified children out of attacked territory into safety. So Jonny wrote a big story carrying Kirsten's by-line, and was on his way.

9. He and Kirk and Chang went to find Paula. She wasn't the suave and lovely blonde that Jonny had played around with in New York. She was thin and dirty and bedraggled, but there was a glow about her and it kindled something in the newspaperman that he couldn't understand. They helped her stow away the frightened children. Then they found her a bath. Jonny helped wash her face, and all at once he was kissing her in a strange new way. This scared Jonny Davis, he didn't understand it, and he couldn't take it. Kirk wanted it—but bad—so Jonny picked up his hat and walked out alone, and rather gallantly. Davis was off again.

12. Now it was Paula's turn to tell a story. It wasn't too hard to tell it in Jonny's arms. It wasn't too hard to get a sobered-up Jonny to listen. He'd starved for this moment and this girl, and now he had her to kiss too much and hold too tightly. In Paula's room behind the bamboo screen that night, the story was told and kisses made a borderline around the page of the past. But then Paula jerked away. She'd merely tried Jonny out, she told him, to see if he'd double-cross his own brother. And now she was leaving him. And Jonny was alone, in a tropical night, staring at a calendar that marked the date—December 7.

13. Things happened then. Kirk met Paula and her story was all in her eyes. She couldn't deny that what heart she had left was staying with Jonny. As for her, she wasn't going back to safety. Kirk was off to the army, because things were crackling and he had a job to do. So Paula decided on the Red Cross. And when Jonny Davis reached the thickest of the smoke that had wreathed up on December 7th, he found the blotted-out cross that had marked a field hospital—and a soldier to tell him that nobody came out of it alive. Jonny was in Bataan, and Kirk was arriving there, too—and a girl had gone under a sign that no longer reached any chivalrous hearts. There were none left to reach.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 98)

Betty Grable

HONEY-BLONDE—WITH A FRESH-AS-WILD-ROSES COMPLEXION

Jane's Precious Engagement Ring is dear and sweet like herself. A Tiffany setting of gold holds the clear, sparkling diamond that once belonged to her fiancé's grandmother.

DAINTY JANE DRURY

of Leominster, Massachusetts—engaged to Loring Harkness, Jr., of New York and Connecticut. Loring was preparing for a teaching career—but, like so many boys now, he's working in a defense plant until the Army calls him.

Adorable, modern daughter of a distinguished New England family, Jane plunged right into war duties after college. She works like a beaver at her Civilian Defense job and nearly dances her feet off "hostessing" at U.S.O.

Wherever she goes, Jane has compliments about her lovely complexion. "I tell all the girls just to use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "Then they'll see why I say it's so 'super'—and makes your skin feel so soft and spandy clean."

Copy Her Soft-Smooth Complexion Care

First—Jane smooths Pond's Cold Cream carefully over her face and throat—pats with gentle finger tips to soften and release dirt and old make-up. Tissues off well. Next—she "rinses" with more Pond's. Tissues it off again.

Use Pond's Cold Cream as Jane does—*every night*—for quick daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Miss Fernanda Wanamaker and Mrs. Allan A. Ryan use this soft-smooth cream—why more women and girls all over America use Pond's than any other face cream. At your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big* jars!

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S

They love to look at Jane!

Loring and Jane with two Army friends on leave. There's always a "sweet-as-a-pink" look about Jane's flower-fresh complexion. She gives Pond's lots of credit for helping to keep her skin so softly smooth.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

Ronald

Jane Wyman

GOOD NEWS

BY SYLVIA KAHN

Tierney and Chaplin ablaze!

Billy Halop off to air corps.

Tarzan searches for jungle mate!

Fri. July 10th: Started the day with a visit to John Payne. And what more can a gal ask? Found him on the "Springtime In The Rockies" set sipping Pepsis with Betty Grable. John tells me his mother is in town for the first time in years. He beaus her around by night, and she spends her days getting acquainted with her two-year-old grandchild, Julie Anne. Much as he loves having her here, John wishes his mother wouldn't embarrass him to bits by raking up memories of his adorable childhood. One of her dillies concerns the time John was about eleven. His dad gave him a twenty gauge shotgun and showed him how to use it. First time out, Papa Payne made the mistake of walking ahead of his young son. John, free from the parental eye, held the gun incorrectly and sent a blast of bullets within two inches of his father's boots!

Got first-hand information about the reported Grable-Raft rift from Betty herself. She waggled a new gold cigarette holder under my nose (the fifth she's received from George this year—she loses them that fast!) and pointed to the affectionate inscription. Then she marched me to the door of the sound stage and showed me Mr. Raft seated at the wheel of his convertible, patiently waiting for his blonde to conclude her day's labors.

After Errol Flynn collapsed during boxing scene in "Gentlemen Jim," M.D. cholked it up to o case of fotigue, ordered him to take it eosy. Spent one of his first p.m.'s out with June Millond at Mocomba.

Latest light to join French movie colony is M-G-M-signed Jeon Pierre Aumont. Michele Morgon's busy discounting romonce rumors with Gobin. Says they've been buddies for years; she goes to him for odvice.

Now thot Freddie Brisson (Lt. in Army Air Corps) is back, Roz is beoming! She'd heard he was shipped abroad, was ecstotic when he suddenly showed up, took her for o Sot. whirl.

Heard later that George strolls off his own sets at five o'clock sharp. Yet he'll linger around the lot till seven if Betty's busy and never murmurs a complaint.

Thurs. July 16th: Back in civilization, after three days on a mountain top with Deanna Durbin and Daphne McVicker. Daphne McVicker is the brilliant writer whose "Life Story Of Deanna Durbin" will appear in two up-coming issues of MODERN SCREEN. Deanna's making "Forever Yours," and the mountain peak—probably the hottest in the world!—is the scene of a Chinese village. Deanna spent the three days with her hand cupped over her nose to ward off sunburn. Can't say it helped much!

Sat out the long periods between "takes" in Deanna's trailer dressing room. Saw the first picture of Vaughn in uniform on his wife's dressing table. He was seated in a boat, eyes squinted at the sun—and the marriage and engagement rings Deanna gave him were very much in evidence!

Sun. July 19th: Accepted Dorothy Lamour's invitation to lunch with her and Kaaren Pieck at the Santa Monica Swimming Club. Kaaren stopped by, and we drove to the beach together. Dottie was on the enclosed sun porch looking like the stuff dreams are made of. Her skin is earth-brown, and her white jersey bathing suit and white terry cloth cape had the scrambled eggs whistling! Dottie's a changed girl since the war came. She's terribly in earnest about her tours for Uncle Sam. Social dates are out, and men are just creatures who buy bonds. Certainly, to her mind, bond-selling is her Number One job for the duration, with movie-making riding in the sidecar.

Attended an 8 P.M. broadcast of "Command Performance, U.S.A.," the radio show transcribed in Hollywood and beamed by short wave to our troops in Australia, Ireland, Africa and all the far corners of the globe. Every star on the program is there at the request of some soldier, sailor or marine who has gone overseas. Tonight, Master of Ceremonies Edward Arnold introduced Ethel Waters, Rise Stevens, Richard Haydn and the two greatest violin virtuosos of our day—Jascha Heifetz and Jack Benny! No person, from the stars to the technicians, receives a penny for his services on "Command Performance," and the show is unsponsored because there isn't an advertiser who could afford the talent!

Tues. July 21st: Over to RKO's "Sweet or Hot" set to say good-by to Vic Mature, who's Coast Guard-bound. Waited around a bit while Vic went into conference with studio heads who are hysterical over his enlistment. Seems every time 250 extras are called in to surround Vic in a scene, the Coast Guard phones and orders him to report for a radio broadcast or publicity stills. The extras stand around and wait for Vic's return—and production costs soar!

Vic denies it, but the story persists that he disobeyed his first official order. He was summoned to the pool of the Ambassador Hotel to try out a new overall life-saving suit. Instructed to jump in the deep end of the pool, Vic replied: "How do I know this thing works? I might drown!" And he waded in from the shallow side!

Met Cary Grant, giddy as a kid, strolling across the lot. Took a look-see at his wedding band, which is plain gold, same as his wife's.

Spotted a darling little boy on the "Here We Go Again" stage. Lucky thing I didn't chuck him under the chin. Turned out he's Jerry Maren, a twenty-two-year-old midget and Charlie McCarthy's stand-in! His last job was in Paramount's "Road To Morocco." He wore a fur suit and played a baby chimpanzee!

Speaking of Paramount—understand Paulette Goddard put the studio in a dither by going off to Mexico again. Mexico is Paulette's haven when anything goes wrong, and her friends believe she's not too happy about the betrothal of Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's right hand man, and Mrs. Louise Macy.

Thurs. July 23rd: Billy Halop phoned. He's off to the Army Air Corps and his departure will probably mean the end of the Dead End Kids. His beautiful Valley home is up for sale, and his romance with Georgianna Young will be laid away for the duration.

To Paramount with Kirt Baskette to interview Alan Ladd. Hope the fans never see Ladd as we did. He'd be a double dose of disappointment to anyone who thinks he's a leering menace off-screen! Actually, Alan's blonder and younger than he photographs and looks more like a shy, college kid than a potential killer.

Sat. July 25th: Met Ronald Reagan in a filling station. Asked him about posing for pictures for MODERN SCREEN. Said he'd be happy to oblige old friends, but he'd have to consult his superior officer first.

On to Brentwood for an interview with Shirley Temple. Found Shirley entertaining the Mayor and Police Chief of Santa Monica. They were there to present her with a gold plaque in appreciation of her bond-selling efforts. (*CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE*)

If you like Rachel, you'll LOVE this New Rachel!

Pond's New Dreamflower Powder

Fragile and Creamy as exquisite bridal lace . . . Pond's new Dreamflower "Rachel" powder is deftly keyed to your most exotic skin tones—the rich, luscious *ivory* tones. As you smooth it on, you'll see Dreamflower "Rachel" lend your skin a look of mysterious new beauty—delicate . . . creamy-clear . . . tender . . .

New Dreamflower Smoothness gives your face a dreamy "misty-soft" appeal—

"Pond's Dreamflower Rachel is the loveliest, creamiest rachel I've ever tried! It makes my skin look *different*, somehow—richer in tone, more dramatic—even *softer!*"
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III

Enchanting New Dreamflower Box —big dressing table size—only 49¢! Two smaller sizes, also. 6 shades—each *lovely!*

New "know-how" lipstick

Pond's "LIPS"—*stays on longer!*

5 gorgeous Stagline Shades. Wear Pond's "Lips" with new matching Pond's "Cheeks" (compact rouge).

FREE! All 6 New Dreamflower Powder Shades

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-PK, Clinton, Conn.

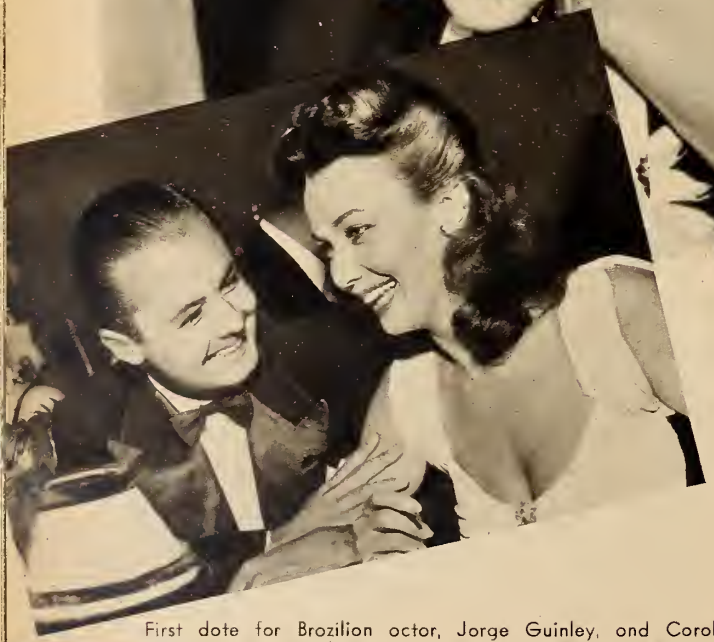
I'd like to try all of Pond's glamorous new Dreamflower Powder shades including "Rachel." Will you please send me FREE SAMPLES of all 6 Dreamflower Shades right away?

*My name*_____

*My address*_____

(This offer good in U.S. only)

Among those vying for Anne Shirley's favor are Edmond O'Brien (above) and Bun Granville's ex, Jackie Briggs, who's now in the Navy. Most likely to succeed: estranged hubby John Payne.



First date for Brazilian actor, Jorge Guinley, and Carole Landis! C. loves white low-cut neckline of her favorite gown, adds material as dress wears out, i.e., black backing or new skirt.

When they left, Shirley told us she was at the beach yesterday and came home with her shoulders sunburned and sore. Even the soft-textured pink dress she wore hurt her skin. A maid called her to the phone once, and when she came back she was giggling. Didn't say whether it was a boy or girl who phoned, but after that her sunburn was forgotten!

Mon. July 27th: R. Reagan called. Army said no. But we have first call when the war is over!

Wed. July 29th: Spent the morning at Warners' watching Ingrid Bergman making "Casablanca." Ingrid's husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, was there too, and I think every man on the set envied him. If all women looked like Ingrid, (*CONTINUED ON PAGE 85*)

CANTEEN-JOB TESTED

"AFTER A WHOLE WEEK OF K.P. DUTY I DIDN'T NEED A MANICURE"

Beatrice Mann

NEW CUTEX ALERT RIGHT AFTER MANICURE

"Rolling sandwiches and rolling out in a mobile canteen to the boys on sentry duty ... leaves little time for manicuring!" says Beatrice Mann. "Cutex is a lifesaver. Imagine 30 hours a week as cook-and-bottle-washer without a manicure!"

SAME HAND DAZZLING THE DOUGHBOYS 7 DAYS LATER

A week later Beatrice's polish is still dazzling the armed forces! Try Cutex Alert, YoungRed, Saddle Brown, Black Red or Gingerbread! Their beauty lasts on war-busy hands! Only 10¢ (plus tax).

Northam Warren, New York

Wear **CUTEX** THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH

Get into a pair of the new carduray pedal-pushers and give no ground to the "What is it anyway?" stares. Laok even ¾ths as smart as pretty, trim-figgered Katherine Booth, and you won't need to lean on the how-patriotic, how-very-comfortable crutch.

FOR THE

On the Fashion Front

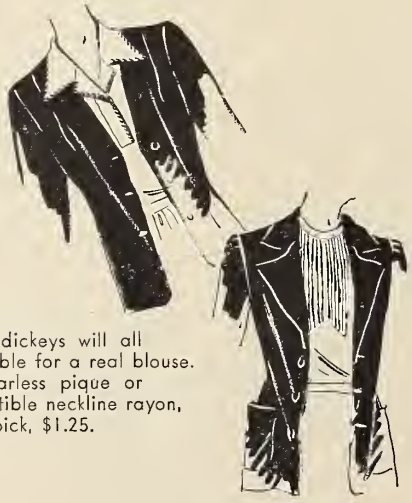
Make up your mind. Right now before even one mistake sneaks into your closet for the prize-winning leer of the season.

Give all the new wartime fashions and fads the eagle-eyed twice-over. Once isn't enough. Once makes you want the coat meant for the creampuff down the street, or the suit that really belongs to Tweedy. A good, hard second look brings you into focus, and you begin to sort out what goes with you.

But don't automatically pigeonhole yourself even if you think you know your formula. You might lose out on a bright new novelty like the stole shawl, because you think it old-fashioned and you've never worn one. The 24-by-72-inch shawls are all wool or wool mixture, but smart, not just warmers for a too-cold room.

If, like the two stars shown on these pages, you love unusual shoes, be first to wear one of the new, wood-soled types.

Take the loveliest, most becoming of Allied fashion inspirations for your own.



These two dickeys will all but dauble for a real blouse. White collarless pique or convertible neckline rayon, take your pick, $1.25.

Acquire another corduroy this fall and put it through the paces. Arleen Whelan shows how, adding tawn shaes and her favorite lapel pin to a simple suit of forest green.

Write in for any further fashion information.

MODERN MISS

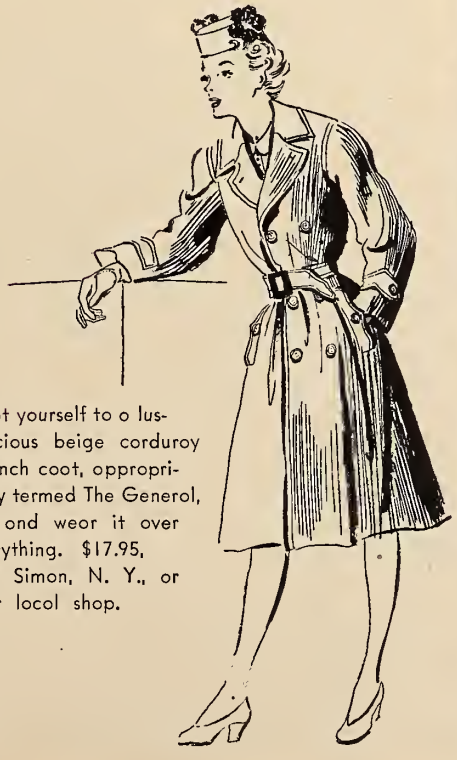
by Elizabeth Willguss

Perhaps a color like Chinese blue, the blue of the turquoise in their silver jewelry. Or one of the peasant-inspired coifs. Or a Cossack shapka in felt with matching velvet.

And keep right on wearing cotton, our country's choice, but of course that means warm velveteens and narrow-to-wide wale corduroys for the winter.

Worried over the first millinery reports? The importance of big, big hats, hats that sit firmly on the back of the head? Don't be alarmed. The most exciting head news is young and made for you, like the heart-shaped pillbox in beige, encrusted with material to match your teddy bear coat; like the witch's hat, crocheted with high crown and a broomstick ornament of feathers.

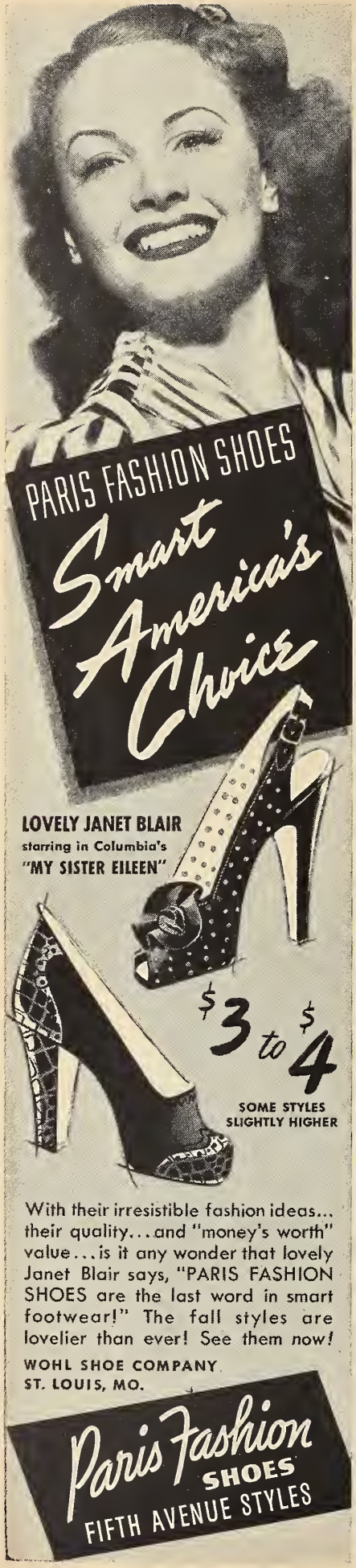
Finished your second look and made up your mind? Know just what you want? Go ahead, then; but, remember, buy them and love them or leave 'em alone!



Treat yourself to a luscious beige corduroy trench coat, appropriately termed The General, and wear it over everything. $17.95, F. Simon, N. Y., or your local shop.

Watch for separate jackets like this soft, rabbit's hair mixture shown on Katherine Booth. Comes in Victory purple, Chinese cherry, blue and green. Only $5.95 at your favorite store and a colorful, perfect answer to WPB's "no-dress-with-jacket" ruling.

If there's always room in your sweater drawer for just one more cardigan set, you're like Paramount star, Arleen Whelan, who wears sweaters and skirts or a suit to the studio. The set she models above is bright red, pure wool with tricky design, at $3.50.


PARIS FASHION SHOES
Smart America's Choice
LOVELY JANET BLAIR
starring in Columbia's
"MY SISTER EILEEN"
$3 to $4
SOME STYLES SLIGHTLY HIGHER
With their irresistible fashion ideas... their quality... and "money's worth" value... is it any wonder that lovely Janet Blair says, "PARIS FASHION SHOES are the last word in smart footwear!" The fall styles are lovelier than ever! See them now!
WOHL SHOE COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Paris Fashion SHOES
FIFTH AVENUE STYLES

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 16*)

All the foregoing is your spinach, too, about-to-be-freshman. And so's this.

When you get to college, be slightly aloof for a while. Instead of pouncing on the first soul who looks friendly, sit back and see which ones look like extra good fun. Be pleasant to everyone, but make friends slowly. If you simply can't tolerate the roommate they dole you out, effect a quick divorce early in the game. If you once get chipping in on curtains, electric grills, etc., you're sunk. Be nice to the sophomores, and maybe they'll throw a couple of cast-off men your way.

You're going to sit in on some pretty hair-raising bull sessions the first few weeks, and you'll hear some big talk about men and drinking and religion and life. Don't swallow it all whole. If you hear anything that sounds sensible, think it over and incorporate it in your own philosophy.

So you begin your first job this month! You can type like a dervish and take shorthand from Walter Winchell, but still you know you'll get fired the first day for having too many legs and thumbs. G'wan. Here's how to let them think you're an oldie at the game.

The most important item of all is to know you look all right. Wear a business-like dress and a tried and true hair-fix. This is hardly the time for anything Dietrich. Bring a comb, lipstick and powder with you, as nothing turns your co-slaveys against you faster than cosmetic-borrowing. Get there on time, so's you'll have a minute to pull yourself and your desk together. Don't make personal calls on the office phone. After you've been there a while and you see that everyone else does it, okay. See what the office policy is before whipping out the old cigarette case.

If you finish your work quickly and nothing new seems to be forthcoming, don't heckle your associates for busy work. Straighten up the files or something until you're given further chores. Don't flirt with your boss, or loll in the shadow of the water cooler chinning with the male element. They do it in the movies, but not in real life and remain employed.

All of which probably sounds like something by the Voice of Experience. Don't think it ain't—and, honest, it works!.

CALL TO COLOR

(*Continued from page 43*)

Seeing Red!

The shade of your lipstick is governed by so many factors—your hair and eyes, skin tones, dress, rouge, powder and yes, even the shade of your teeth—that it takes a braver woman than we to make any hard and fast rules. See MODERN SCREEN's Smile Chart for lip paint colors, and remember that for after-dark glamour, you need a bluer shade than in the daytime, because artificial lights fade orange tones.

You can paint your lips with a free hand, for there is nothing in the new lipsticks that is essential to the war effort. Lipstick cases will shed their shiny metal holders for the duration, but plastic, wood and cardboard will take its place. As for the lipstick paste, nothing will go in it that our soldiers and sailors need.

Talking about those crimson magic-wands, have you ever given a thought to the fixin's? Well, listen my children, to the story of the lipstick. Basically it's a mixture of essential oils, lubricants, dyes and fixatives. But not just a hit-or-miss arrangement. Oh, no! The stick needs a melting point high enough to defy varying temperatures of storage and use; yet low enough not to be brittle and crumble. It must also be of the proper consistency to withstand its daily use. Too hard, it will break in two; too soft, it will lose its shape and smear on the lips. That's quite a lot and besides, they must be made with certified materials that won't poison you or your lips, and carefully chosen colors that will hold their shade. So have more respect for your lipstick the next time you flourish it in front of your mirror.

If your lips crack or peel, cover them at night with a rich emollient to soften the surface skin. In the daytime, be sure they're protected with lipstick or lip pomade, because once they're accustomed to a protective covering, exposure to the elements makes them chapped or rough.

How's Your Smileage?

Now that your lips are so luscious, they're not going to be beautiful but dumb, are they? In the course of a few hours you may talk, eat, smoke, kiss your best beau, smile or (horrors!) pout—so don't mar your lip beauty with careless, un-ladylike habits.

Your smile moulds your lips as firmly as your lipstick. So perk up the corners in a friendly grin . . . and make it a big one! There's nothing grimmer than a half-hearted smirk you could wipe off with the lipstick. See to it, too, that your teeth are always gleaming. To be positive you've not missed up on tooth-sparkling, read Jeanne Cagney's recipe on page 44.

Another gauge of character is your use of lipstick. Smeared, blurred, caked, smudged on teeth or napkins and towels—and you are careless, thoughtless, sloppy, and we'll waste no time on you except to say, mend your ways. Give your lips a neat, clean, artistic outline, with perfect color and fastidious mouth habits, and you'll be the girl who's well groomed, poised and charming. For you, the slim, scarlet lipstick is today's call to color!

Before you wield your lipstick or any make-up tools, glamorize your skin with a flattering foundation. Hampden Powd'r-Base is a magic stick that cleverly conceals unwanted freckles, minor skin faults, or a summer-parched complexion. It goes on smooth as a breeze, and holds powder and rouge in a firm, faithful grip. Powd'r-Base comes in luscious lively shades to glorify drab-looking skin tones.

"Girls with sweet fragrant skin win out"

RITA HAYWORTH

"Here's an easy way to make SURE"

"I always use my complexion soap—gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap, for my daily beauty bath, too," says this charming star. "A delightful way to protect daintiness!" You will find Lux Toilet Soap's creamy ACTIVE lather gently carries away every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin really fresh. You'll love the way it caresses your skin, leaves it fragrant with a delicate perfume that *clings*.

STAR OF COLUMBIA PICTURES' "DANCING ON AIR"

RITA HAYWORTH IS RIGHT! A DAILY **LUX SOAP** BEAUTY BATH PROTECTS DAINTINESS, LEAVES SKIN DELICATELY PERFUMED, TOO!

GOSH, SUE I LIKE TO BE NEAR YOU—YOU'RE SO **SWEET**

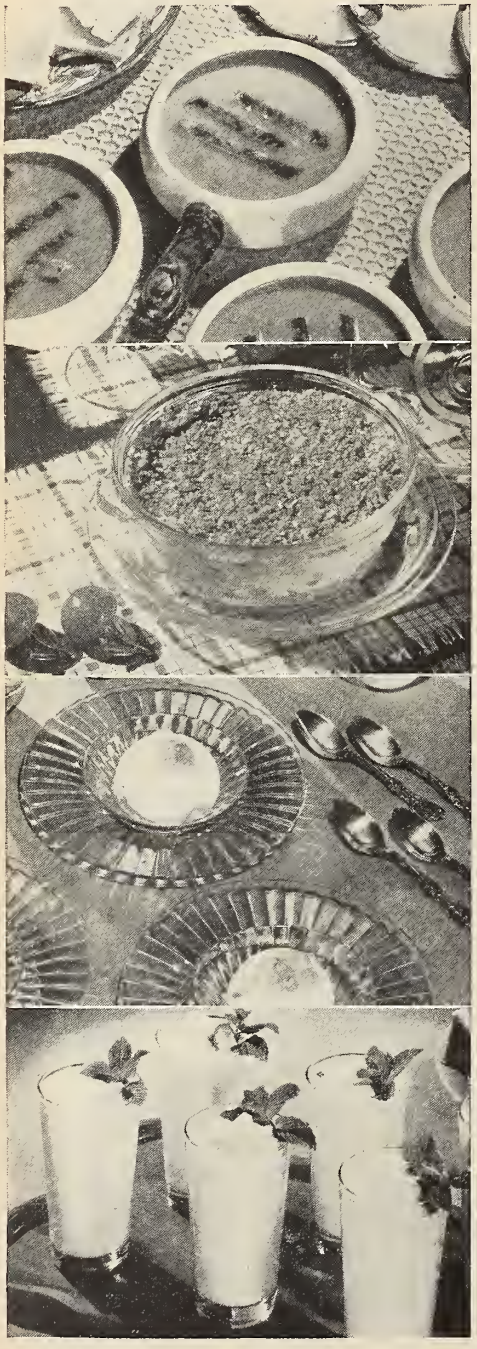
It's the soap that leaves skin ***SWEET***—

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

. . . ON THE HOME FRONT

By MARJORIE DEEN

Courtesy National Dairy Council



Here you see just a few of the many ways in which you can add more milk to the family's diet in the form of cream soups . . . casseroles . . . custard desserts and extra-special beverages.

U.S. NEEDS
US
STRONG
EAT NUTRITIONA
Every day, eat
MILK and MILK PRODUCTS . . . at least a pint for everyone—more for children—or cheese or evaporated or dried milk.
ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT . . . or raw cabbage or salad greens—at least one of these.
GREEN or YELLOW VEGETABLES . . . one big helping or more—some raw, some cooked.
OTHER VEGETABLES, FRUIT . . . potatoes, other vegetables or fruits in season.
Then eat other
OFFICE OF DEFENSE
WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY

Applying the principles of good nutrition to our daily diets is one of the most important "Voluntary Services" we can perform for our country, says Jeanette MacDonald.

With hubby, Gene Raymond, serving with the armed forces, Jeanette MacDonald feels she has compelling reasons for doing even more than her share to further our national war efforts. When we met, Jeanette was about to leave on a concert tour for the USO—her itinerary including camps "Deep in the Heart of Texas" and back East as far as Illinois. Can't you imagine how thrilled our boys will be to have this charming star entertain them for over an hour with songs that they've always loved to hear her sing on the screen!

Once this ambitious camp-visiting program has been completed, Jeanette will be back in Hollywood, working once again as a member of the American Women's Voluntary Services—whose trim uniform she wears with great distinction, as you can plainly see. Among the activities of this group of progressive women that interest Jeanette greatly are the courses they offer on such things as Physical Fitness, Air Raid Precautions, and Nutrition. It was this very course on Nutrition, Jeanette assured me, that made her realize, as never before, the star role played by food, on the home and production fronts.

"Food is of such vital importance, these days," said Jeanette, "that all patriotic people should learn all they can about every item on our Government's Nutrition Chart." (The one, incidentally, in front of which Miss MacDonald obligingly posed.) "Take the first item on this Chart" she continued, "MILK! 'Oh yes, fine for children,' we say and think that we have covered the subject; entirely overlooking the benefits that milk has to offer to people of all ages."

Right, Miss MacDonald! And the facts about milk that they taught you in those Nutrition classes should be better known to all. Because no one ever really *outgrows* the need for milk. And yet, how many of us overlook that first rule on the Official Food Chart: At least a pint of milk a day for everyone—more for children.

Yes, milk should play an important role in the diet of each and every member of the family. The baby begins life with milk which supplies calcium and phosphorus to harden his bones and build his teeth. Vitamins and other essentials in milk insure the normal, healthy growth of each little organ and muscle in his body. While before baby comes, mother should drink milk—a full quart and a half daily—to supply the needed calcium for his teeth, and to protect her own.

The growing boy or girl requires a quart of milk a day to develop muscle, build sound teeth and grow sturdy and strong. The young adult continues to need the minerals, vitamins and other food essentials found in milk. No other single food will do as much for grace and beauty in a young woman; for vim and vigor in a young man—enabling him to push ahead in his studies, his job or in the armed forces.

Then, in the prime of life the modern woman wishes to retain her vitality and her figure so that she may take active part in the interesting life about her. The modern man desires above all else to maintain his energy, his drive, so that he can excel in his chosen profession. And milk will help them, too.

Of course, there are many ways to include milk in your meals besides drinking it. In the first place—as you will immediately note by looking at our Government's Nutrition Chart—cheese is highly recommended as a milk product. There are many kinds from which to choose, to add interest, flavor *and food value* to your meals. Ice cream also contains a large proportion of the food nutrients of milk. Butter should be included with meals because it adds immeasurably to food value as well as to flavor. However, because it contains only the butterfat portion of whole milk it cannot be used *in place of milk!*

We may, as our illustrations suggest, include milk in our meals in the form of cream soups, escalloped dishes, creamy casseroles and custards. Also in beverages flavored with chocolate, malt, vanilla, nutmeg, molasses and fruit juices to intrigue those for whom plain milk may not have great appeal. Besides these uses there are cream gravies, creamed vegetables, meats, eggs, and countless other possibilities.

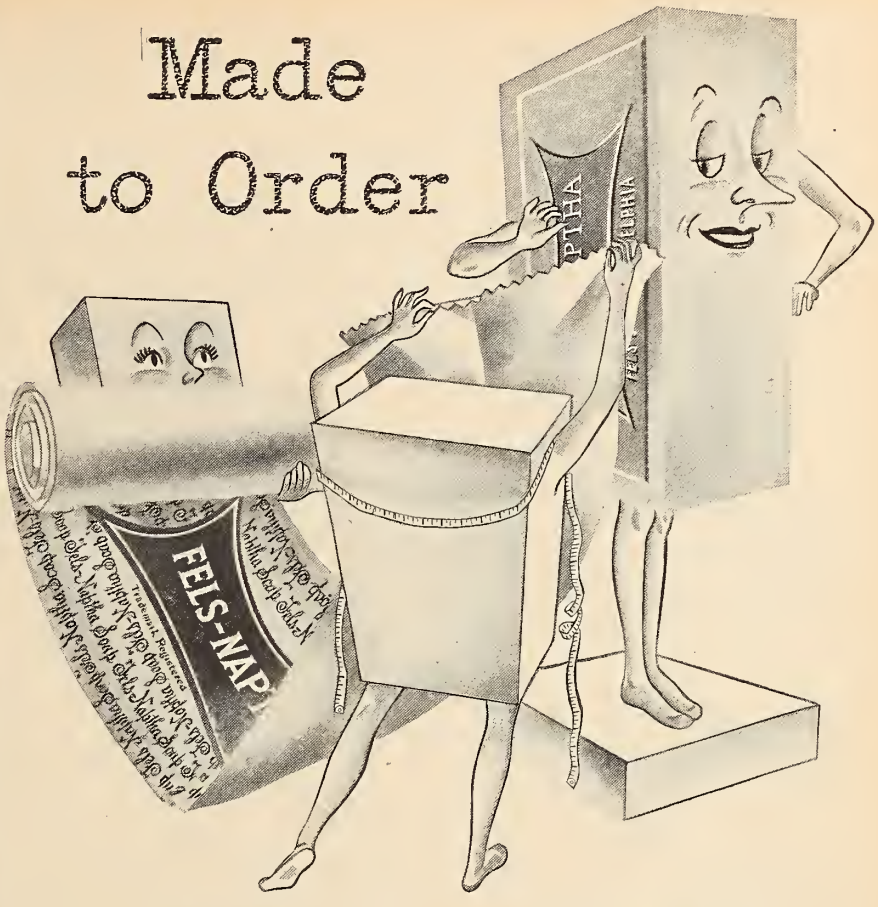
But to return to the important fact that no one outgrows the need for milk. "Why?" you may ask. Well, nationwide surveys have shown that calcium is one of the elements most often lacking in average American diets. This is because there is a sadly small per capita consumption of milk in the United States today—yet milk and its products are known to be *the most practical sources of calcium!*

In fact, in order to get as much calcium as would be furnished by a single pint of milk you would have to eat 19 eggs, 14 oranges, 3½ pounds of carrots or cabbage, or 13½ pounds of potatoes. (Imagine trying to get away with any such amounts as these, daily, to make up for a calcium deficiency!) We must remember, however, that other foods listed on the Nutrition Chart are indispensable sources for the other food elements which we also need.

To sum it up: Milk, according to Government Nutritionists, does more for the body than any other single food and does it more cheaply! The *less* money there is for food the more important it is to give the family *plenty* of milk and milk products because milk is our chief protective food—safeguarding the health of our children and contributing greatly to our general well being. Such considerations are not only of the greatest importance right now, but also mean much to the future of our country.

So decide today to establish the habit of drinking more milk, of including more milk and other dairy products in your meals.

Made to Order



It's a fact. The washing and cleaning job in most homes today is 'made to order' for Fels-Naptha Soap. Take your own home for example. You have less time to give to housekeeping. It's hard to get help. And you can't just let things slide.

So you use Fels-Naptha for the family wash. To get grimy work clothes cleaner. To wash linens and dainty garments (especially baby clothes) whiter. To get the whole week's wash done quicker.

You use Fels-Naptha Soap to make windows and glassware sparkle. To keep paints and porcelains bright. To take the backbreak out of heavy cleaning. And always—*to save time.*

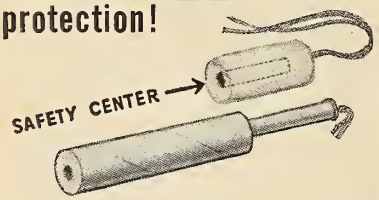
We hope you use Fels-Naptha Soap like this. We *know* it's what many other women do in these strenuous times.

IMPORTANT! Today's Fels-Naptha Soap is better than ever. Making richer suds. Making them quicker. More helpful in reducing wash-day wear and tear.

This tampon was really your idea!

Women have *always* longed for the kind of freedom. internal protection makes possible today. That's why tampons were first made. But it was because modern-minded women like you wanted a *better* tampon—that Meds were made. Yes, *this* tampon was *your* idea because . . .

You wanted real protection!



That means *quick, sure* absorption! So Meds designed an exclusive "safety center" feature—to make absorption *fast* and *sure!* Meds—made of finest, pure cotton—hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

. . . combined with comfort!

Meds were scientifically designed—by a woman's doctor. So comfortable, you hardly know you're wearing them. Meds eliminate bulges, pins, odor, chafing. Each Meds comes in an individual applicator—so sanitary, so easy to use!

. . . at no extra cost!

Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators! So, try Meds—the tampon designed for *you!*

BOX OF 10 — 25¢ • BOX OF 50 — 98¢

The Modess Tampon

"I, CARY, TAKE THEE, BARBARA . . . "

(*Continued from page 37*)

A few moments later Cary Grant handed Mr. Romeis a check big enough to buy real organ music for Mr. Romeis' church. Mr. Romeis stood perfectly still for several moments. His face was a study in delight, surprise and gratitude. "There isn't anything I can say," he managed at last, "except that I know you will always be two of the happiest people in the world. May God richly bless you."

And he strode down the terrace toward the boat landing, flicking a sudden moisture from his eyes.

swooning junior . . .

In addition to Mr. Romeis there was another unexpected participant in the nuptials—a sun-tanned sixteen-year-old girl wearing a faded sweater, sneakers and a pair of blue jeans. She was lounging around the south shore in her motor boat when the photographers, press representatives from the studio, caterers and innumerable others began to arrive. The situation was acute. It looked as if it would take all day to transport wedding party, etc., to its destination. (Frank Vincent's home is on the north shore of Lake Arrowhead, and can be reached by one of the world's worst mountain roads or by crossing in a boat.)

The girl on the dock looked things over for a few minutes then boy-scouted to the rescue. "I'll help you transport some of your equipment, if you like," she said.

One of the more vocal photographers said, "Lady, you're saving me from a life of sunburn. When you grow up, remind me to kiss you."

"Are you on location here?" the girl asked.

As their mission was the darkest secret since the disappearance of Charlie Ross, the boys said, "Well, sort of," and skipped it.

"I'll bet you know my dad," said the extemporaneous ferry boat captain. "His name is Gene Lockhart. I'm June."

"Like father, like daughter," said the photographer. "I should have known that a swell scout like Gene would have a girl like you. In that case, I'll tell you a secret—all this to-do is caused by the Cary Grant-Barbara Hutton marriage, scheduled for high noon today."

"I'm swooning," quoth Miss Lockhart. "I mean I really am."

After all the people and provisions were transported, June hung around the Vincent boat landing, awaiting developments. One of the publicity men in her group of passengers had promised her a bite of wedding cake. He outdid himself by bringing her the groom instead. He had said to Cary, after the ceremony, "June Lockhart has been a little brick. If it hadn't been for her, it would have taken twice as long to get set up here. She's patrolling the boat landing right now."

Cary began to step briskly in that direction. "I want to thank her," he said.

So June, in her jeans and peeling sunburn, met her idol on his wedding day. The occasion was almost too crucial. She couldn't think of anything to say. She stood on one foot and then the other. Finally she burst out, "I sure hope you'll be *awfully* happy, Mr. Grant. I certainly do."

Cary patted her shoulder. "You've helped to give us a good start in that direction," he said.

She told one of the men whom she ferried back across the lake in the afternoon, "I'm going to remember this as long as I live. What a sen-sa-shun! Tell me all about the wedding."

It was a simple, unpretentious ceremony.

The Frank Vincent house (Mr. Vincent has long been Cary's business agent, adviser and intimate friend) is one of the most beautiful of mountain lodges. Its ceilings are high, its fireplaces huge, its rugs deep and brilliant. The entire south side opens upon a flagstone terrace. Spreading away from the terrace is a grassy slope that rolls gently down to a series of wide flagstone stairs. These descend to the boat landing.

On the grassy knoll there is a massive oak tree, and it was under this that the marriage rites were performed. There was no wedding march, no "Promise Me," no music of any kind. Barbara and Cary came out of the house together and joined Perry Lieber, head of RKO's publicity department and one of Cary's best friends. Mr. Vincent and Mrs. Hazeltine (wife of the sculptor) joined the group to talk about the weather and Cary's picture "Once Upon A Honeymoon"—the conversation was one of those helter-skelter things that suddenly died on the vine while someone took a quick look at his watch.

Both Cary and Barbara were so thrilled and excited that they couldn't see straight. Something was said about the tree under which they were going to stand. "It's a begonia," Cary said absently. No one bothered to kid him.

Barbara was wearing a navy blue silk moire suit, a shell pink blouse and a tiny hat that looked like a bowl spilling over with pink roses. Cary wore a dark grey suit with a tiny pin stripe. Someone said to him, "Cary, that's a terrific suit to wear to a wedding—it's really zoot."

Barbara tipped her head up to smile at him. "I'm so glad he wore this suit," she said. "It's my favorite."

And so they were married. The ceremony marked the end of some bitter experiences for both of them. They met, originally, in Europe—two people who would seem, at a glance, to have everything on earth that heart could wish, yet two people who were rather desperately unhappy.

Barbara had separated from her Danish husband, when she met Cary, and it was plain that there was going to be serious trouble over her divorce. Cary had never quite recovered from the shock of his divorce from Virginia Cherrill.

no bed of roses . . .

Life had never been particularly simple for either of them. Barbara's mother died when Barbara was five, and a tragedy of that kind alters the entire life of a child. Luckily, Barbara had a devoted governess, Mlle. Touquet (who was a wedding guest), who gave the little girl a foster mother's love.

Barbara was born to the limelight, and if you don't think that isn't the worst thing that can happen to a person, just imagine buying a paper some evening, only to find the worst picture ever taken of you plastered all over the front page, above a story that made you out a moron, if not a beast.

When Barbara was 15, her attorneys put ten million dollars worth of Woolworth stock on the market. It sent shares down seven points and cost the shirt of many a small investor, but—the attorneys announced—it saved the estate about two million. Naturally, Barbara didn't know, or understand, any more about the transaction than your kid cousin, Imogene, who is hep to the jive but a hooligan with jellybeans—the silver ones that make banks go jingle, jangle, jingle.

Whether she knew anything about it or not, she got the blame in newsprint. She was a chubby little girl in those days, and no camera flattered her. Her plump picture, accompanying the million dollar story, somehow gave the impression that she was waxing fat at the expense of others.

When she was 21, Barbara was swept off her feet by Alexis M'Divani, one of the Marry Mentors. That made her a Princess, but it didn't bring her happiness. She had "everything"—time and money for travel, an excellent cultural education, an altitudinous place in the world and a title. There were plenty of girls in dime stores all over the land who would have changed places with Barbara in an instant.

It was during the depths of the depression in this country, and pallid girls picketed the Woolworth stores with signs reading, "Could Babs Live On $8 per week?"

One of the girls said to the other, "My feet are frozen and my back is like ice. Boy, wouldn't I love a fur coat and a pair of fleece-lined boots! I'll bet Babs has never been this cold."

husband de luxe . . .

And the other answered, "Gosh, I'd sure like to be a Princess—some fun, huh?" Neither of the girls realized that Barbara Hutton had absolutely nothing to do with the running of the dime stores. Or that being a Princess wasn't so much fun after all. No one has ever doubted that the M'Divanis were superb suitors. They paid the prettiest compliments heard in four languages. But they were frightfully expensive husbands.

Alexis had just one aim in life: to be a ten-goal polo player. Getting this rating is almost as hard and dangerous as making ten touchdowns in every football game. Barbara sat in the stands one day and saw Alexis, who rode like a demon and was afraid of nothing on earth, thrown from his horse. He landed in a cramped, twisted position, and for a moment the spectators rose as one spine and gasped "Oh!" in horror.

That time he was only knocked out. Fate was reserving death on the polo field for his brother.

Alexis drove a car the same way he played polo—as if it were the last trip of his life. He would scare Barbara to death as he charged over the narrow French roads or leaped from promontory to peak as he scorched Italian highways on which might appear, at any instant, a leisurely peasant wagon occupying the entire middle of the road. "Alexis . . . please . . ." she would say against the gale.

Alexis told her not to be a drip—he knew what he was doing. So she huddled, small and terrified, in one corner of the big seat and prayed to be killed outright, not just maimed. Years later, it was another woman whose tongue was severed when the car Alexis was driving hurtled into a canyon wall in the Pyrenees. He was killed instantly.

Long before that happened, Barbara had divorced him. Cost: $350,000 per

SAYS PAULETTE GODDARD
(IVORY SKIN TYPE)

PAULETTE GODDARD, STARRING IN "THE FOREST RANGERS," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"I call it my Glamour Dust"

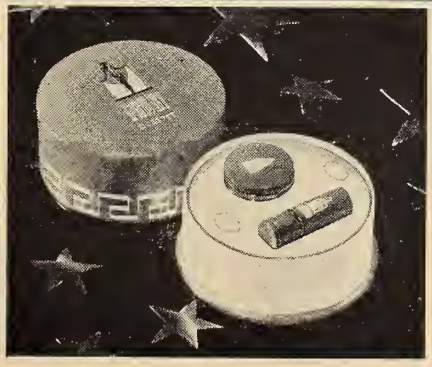
"WHEN YOU at Woodbury created the right powder shade for each skin type, you conferred a blessing on girls like me. Your adorable new Rachel shade brings out all the cream in my ivory skin. I call it my 'Glamour Dust'!"

Right, Paulette Goddard! First, Hollywood directors divided all beauty into 5 basic skin types. Then we developed an exclusive new process—Color Control—to "homogenize" color into powder with new evenness and new precision.

Result? The perfect shade, the glamour shade for each type!

Try this thrillingly sheer, fragrant, longer-clinging Woodbury Powder! In every box, a chart tells you your type, your shade. Generous boxes, $1.00 and 50¢; introductory sizes, 25¢ and 10¢.

Spread on the "glamour dust" especially made to dramatize *you!*



New Beauty Bonus! Now in the $1.00 box, you get Woodbury Powder, Rouge and Lipstick, a complete Matched Make-up all for $1.00!

WOODBURY
Color Controlled powder

FREE . . 7 NEW GLAMOUR SHADES & CHART

Paste this on penny postcard. We'll send you, fast, all 7 shades of Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. *And* a helpful little color chart so you can find your type. Address, John H. Woodbury, Inc., 8127 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)

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*City*_____ *State*_____

"A DUET WITH MY CANARY IS A THRILL WE BOTH ADORE!"

CAROL BRUCE Starring in "OFF THE BEATEN TRACK" A Universal Picture

Do you long for a bit of extra sunshine when days are dark and troubled?

Then buy a Canary! Learn to talk to him, and have him answer you in song! You'll thrill to his prompt, cheery response that drives away care and makes you feel like singing, too.

There is no finer pet than a Canary...a pet *you* can keep with little cost or care . . . and the *only pet that sings!* Get a Canary —now!

Send for FREE 76-page illustrated book on Canaries. Just mail your name and address, on a penny post card, to the R. T. French Company, 2508 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

IN HOLLYWOOD

4 out of 5 Canary Owners demand FRENCH'S BIRD SEED

Keep your canary happy, healthy and singing! FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Feed *your* Canary FRENCH'S — today and *every* day!

LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.

year. That was the settlement she made him, and—although she is entirely too gallant a woman to say such a thing—the price must have seemed cheap when she was free . . . and unharmed.

Still seeking love, protection, comradeship, Barbara married Count Haugwitz-Reventlow, a wealthy Danish nobleman. Money was of no interest to him, but prestige, power and Family were.

When little Lance was born February 24, 1936, he was jubilant. He said to the nurse, "A son, a son! The line is assured!" The nurse asked what he planned to name the baby. A shadow passed over his face. "That, we will not be able to decide until the mother's life is out of danger," he said.

The birth of her boy almost cost Barbara Hutton her life. Money and fame mean very little to Mother Nature—she makes her own arrangements, and for a time she seemed to have lost all interest in the slim, fragile, blue-eyed girl who was fighting for every breath. But the firm line of Barbara's chin is the key to her courage, and she had no intention of quitting. She wanted to live for that baby. Each time she drifted out of the haze of sedatives, she turned her head weakly to say, "Please let me look at my baby."

Two years later her marriage with the Danish Count was a thing of the past, but she wasn't free until late in 1941.

She must have made great sacrifices in an attempt to make this second marital venture a success, according to those who should know. For one thing, she renounced her American citizenship. No woman as deeply devoted to her native land as Barbara is, would do such a thing unless subjected to extreme pressure.

A friend said to her, "Every paper in the States has carried a story about your running out on your country. There's talk of dropping your name from the Blue Book. Fine thing."

Barbara, as usual, said nothing to defend herself. She's a quiet little body, according to her friends. And it didn't seem to occur to anyone that the fragile Hutton girl "who inherited the dime store millions" was also a flesh-and-blood woman who wanted to please her husband, to take care of her son's future, and to live the life of any happy wife.

But nothing she did seemed to work out just right—until she met Cary.

If a script writer had been writing a picture about a girl like Barbara, he would have had to invent a guy like Cary.

A blade of grass spending its life under a rock wants sun. And Hutton who'd spent a fortune in her day buying grief in titled packages, wanted Grant. They met in Biarritz. When you say it, put the accent on the last syllable. Cary's hep to the Ritz himself. He sports a topper as nimbly as you slip into a nightie. The average guy in his place, meeting the richest girl in the world, would have handed her a line.

Not Cary! Those dark glasses he wears filter out the glamour. Maybe she was an heiress to the rest of the world. To him she was just a pretty girl by the name of Barbara. "I've met your son Lance," he said. "You've got a great kid!" That's the way human beings talk to each other. It must have been a shock to Barbara. No polo. No Dali. Just "you've got a great kid."

She came to Hollywood to live then—to hug the sun, to thaw out. And Cary took charge of the job. He taught her how to be a kid. He, the British expatriate, showed Barbara what it's like to be an American. He had her cramming up on Yank specialties like July 4th, jitterbugging, hot foots. He and little Lance rough-housed plenty, and home wasn't just a place for the period furniture.

at long last . . .

Barbara and Cary thought they had found the real thing, but they wanted to be sure. So they let their romance age—mellowed it under many moons—tempered it with quarrels. Each day together became more precious, each moment more magical.

Above all, between them they rediscovered a theory that's as old as this country. Marriage isn't just a contract on a piece of paper. Marriage isn't for money and it isn't for titles or position. It's for love. It's for raiding the ice-box together. It's for laughs and kids and sharing heartaches.

It's finding something bigger and finer than yourself and your possessions. It's like the Cary Grants!

YANKEE DOODLE DOTTIE

(*Continued from page 35*)

or a cigarette. She couldn't do anything but sit, feeling trapped and helpless. Like the boys at Hickam, she thought suddenly—caught trapped and helpless and unprepared.

That was when the idea hit. Sitting up abruptly, she grabbed at Peanuts to keep him from tumbling off her lap. "That's what they need," she told him excitedly. "Guns and bombs and planes. Much worse than songs, they need 'em. Why don't I go out and ask people to buy 'em?"

She put her plan to Y. Frank Freeman, boss of Paramount. He reminded her that she'd have to face crowds, make speeches—a special art.

"Worst that can happen, I'll make a fool of myself. So what?"

"Good girl," said Freeman. "I'll get in touch with Washington."

my country 'tis of thee . . .

A representative came out to talk things over. Dottie sketched her ideas, and ultimately they formed the basis for her tours. Only one radical change was made. She'd been all for raking in the big dough, descending on Wall Street, prying the tycoons loose from their moola. Fine, said the Washington man. If she could get a pledge for a million, take it. But more important than bankers were thousands of plain Americans, more important than Wall Street were shops and factories, far more important than the occasional heavy sugar was the payroll savings plan. Hammer at the payroll savings plan, he told her, because it's like this. If you'd undertaken to buy a house, you'd have to know there was so much coming in every month to cover the costs. The government must buy materials of war or perish. They've got to know there'll be so much coming in every month to cover the bills. Only the payroll savings plan could give them that assurance.

The details were ironed out and submitted to Secretary Morgenthau, who

said go ahead. Soon after, Dottie was on her way, with the little speech whipped up by herself and the treasury man which she planned to read. Her maiden appearance on the first trip was at City College in New York. A sea of grinning young faces lifted expectantly to hers. She thought she'd die. Her legs wobbled, her hands shook, her voice stuck in her throat. Whose idea had this been anyway?, she wondered wildly, forced her mouth open and started reading.

"I'm doing all right," she decided and found courage to raise her eyes as she reached the stirring line: "We've got to fight together. I mean you and me."

Came a concerted "WOW!" from her audience. "Where's your sarong, Dottie?" they yelled.

For one moment she contemplated flight, then she got mad. Picking up her speech, she turned it face down and waited for the uproar to subside. When she spoke, her voice was clear and steady. "Okay, kids, you asked for it. Here it is."

She told them about two boys she'd met in Honolulu—what they'd looked like, who their folks were, how they'd rumbaed with her and hoped they'd be going home for Christmas. "They liked to kid, too—who doesn't?—but they're dead now, and they're the reason I'm here, so I don't feel funny. Nobody knows how long this war will last, but it won't have to last very long to catch up with you. If it doesn't, all the more reason for you to stand behind the guys who are catching it now. You've all got lunch money on you. Well, lunch on a glass of milk today—that'll give you your vitamins—and spend the rest for war stamps." She pulled out a bill. "Here's my lunch money."

The roar that went up that time made the first one a murmur. Uncle Sam collected eleven thousand bucks at the college that week, and Dottie never read another speech.

She's seasoned to all emergencies now, having finished a second tour—seven packed weeks of one-night stands. A typical day was the one spent at Gary, Indiana, population 100,000. Yet 60,000 marched in the parade, and 125,000 lined the streets, so you figure it out.

Declaring a war-bond holiday, Gary had closed its schools and banks. Dottie arrived at nine-thirty, rode in the back of an open car with a soldier, a sailor and a marine, marines flanking the car, the navy marching ahead, the army behind. People yelled her name, and she waved and yelled back with such fervor that, but for the rescuing clutch of her companions, she'd have fallen on her face a couple of times. "Hi, Dottie!" they'd shout, or "Hi, Babe!" Never Miss Lamour, or even Dorothy. That, she says, was the nicest compliment they paid her.

Luncheon with the town officials. Then to the steps of City Hall, where she stood for hours while people filed by and bought bonds. Autographs were out. She couldn't give one without giving all, which would have interfered with business. This she always explained at the end of her three-or-four-minute speech. "Okay, Dottie," they'd yell, and the few who tried to slip something over were slapped down by their neighbors.

An evening rally, addressed by the Governor, by army and navy men, by Dottie. The president of the United States Steel Corporation, having gathered all the pledges made by his men, produced a check for $2,280,000. Dottie's squeal of joy carried over the loudspeakers. So did the kiss she planted on the president's cheek. "I didn't know

Can twins be divorced?

The Davis Twins, United Air Lines Stewardesses, tell how Pepsodent Tooth Powder came between them.

"We're typical twins, Athalie and I. Look alike, dress alike, share the same problems of mistaken identity. We've always been together on everything...except once. That was the time I 'divorced' my twin . . . for test purposes only. I switched to Pepsodent Tooth Powder. Athalie went right on using another well-known brand."

"Even when we dressed alike, people began to know us apart. My teeth became *twice as bright* as my twin's . . . thanks to Pepsodent! It was easy to tell who was who . . . but not for long. Athalie had enough of our trial separation. So she switched to Pepsodent, too. And is she glad! Nothing but Pepsodent for us from now on."

Davis twins confirm laboratory proof that

Pepsodent Powder makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT

INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE ON TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

For the safety of your smile...
use Pepsodent twice a day...
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now Pour yourself a lovelier complexion

Be guided by the experience of over 2,000,000 girls who found MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the hosiery shades "tops" for sleek, bare legs. Now these same girls are fast learning the priceless beauty secret wiser glamour girls have known for years . . . that MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the flattering facial tones gives them that soft, glowing "knock 'em dead" look all men go for.

A perfectly blended powder-and-powder-base in one, MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP is non-greasy, goes on easily . . . camouflages blemishes . . . and gives your face a velvety smooth, gloriously fresh-looking finish which lasts all day long. Apply it, blend it . . . add loose powder or not, as you prefer . . . then forget repowdering, for hours and hours.

Dazzle the stag-line, too! Use it on back, shoulders and arms for evening wear.

Choose from six beau-catching complexion shades . . Peach — Rachelle — Brunette—Suntan—Hawaiian—Nut Brown.

More women use MINER'S *than any other* LIQUID MAKE-UP! *Buy it!..Try it!..You'll love it!*

50¢ . . 25¢ Everywhere

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

If you prefer a Cake Make-Up . . . try MINER'S Patti-pac CAKE MAKE-UP Economy Size—39¢

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checks could be *written* that big."

It was her only kiss of the tour, popping as it did from the fullness of her feelings. "It's for all the men," she explained. On principle, she's opposed to exchanging kisses for bonds, feels it puts emphasis where emphasis doesn't belong. "Ten thousand for a kiss," someone would offer.

"Ten thousand for your country," she'd amend with her sweetest smile, and the sheepish bidder would come up and sign.

spellbound . . .

Among the speakers that night was a young ensign named Jennings Walker. Beginning by saying, "I'm a nobody representing everybody in the armed forces," he used the kind of language that opens men's hearts. Faith shone in his eyes, rang in the force and simplicity of his words and stirred a response in kind. Dottie was one of the sixty thousand he held spellbound, and the first to start cheering when he'd finished.

She left for Cleveland at eleven-thirty that night and, by her request, Ensign Jennings made the rest of the tour with her. "He's in uniform," she said, "besides being a better speaker. He can do lots more than I can." When it was suggested that he might steal her thunder, she didn't even get mad. "That's the kind of crack you just don't bother to answer. We're out to sell bonds. If an organ grinder's monkey can sell 'em better, Jennings and I'll both take a back seat."

She grew expert at gauging the mood of an audience. There was the group of factory workers who eyed her with critical aloofness. She knew what that meant. "Movie star!" it meant. "She can talk about giving ten per cent!" it meant. "She can give ten per cent and still buy a fur coat."

"I know what you're thinking," said Dotty. "Okay, I'm a movie star. Okay, I can give ten per cent and still buy a fur coat. Only I'm not buying coats, I'm buying bonds. Because I'd rather buy the arm or the leg or the life of an American boy than anything else on the market today. What's more, I wasn't always a movie star. I used to run an elevator. I used to work in a factory. I used to go without lunch because I needed the twenty cents to have my heels straightened. I'm telling you this, so you'll understand I'm not talking through my hat. I know what a dollar means to you, because it once meant as much to me, and maybe more. But if I were still running an elevator, I hope I'd take anyway half of that twenty cents and buy me a stamp and walk on my crooked heels for a while longer."

There was more, but that gives you an idea. The factory pledged itself 100 per cent to the payroll saving plan.

mighty melody . . .

She offered them no entertainment. But often a voice would cry, "Give us a song, Dottie."

"Come on up," she'd say, "and we'll sing together." Up he'd go, abashed but loving it. Linking arms with him, she'd start "God Bless America." His tentative tenor would come in on the second line but by the time they reached "from the mountains to the prairies," he and the crowd were both in full voice. It made a fine send-off.

One of the biggest thrills came in New Orleans, when Mr. Higgins of the famous shipbuilding company, attired like his men in shirtsleeves and overalls, said, "No need for any pep talk, Dottie. As a tribute to the home town gal, we've signed up a hundred per cent. That's our way of thanking you for coming back to see us."

The government paid twenty millions to build the California Shipyards in Wilmington. "Here's a wire," the president told the men, "which, with your permission, I'd like to send to the President of the United States. 'We're going to buy this plant back for you in war bonds.' Is that all right with you guys?" The roar that went up from twenty thousand throats left no room for doubt, and left Dottie limp with emotion. "Men putting ten per cent of the first money they've earned in years and all their overtime into war bonds!"

The trip had its humors, too. There was the Italian who held up his four-year-old and beamed, "I'm raising her to take your place in pictures."

"I'll cut down one of my sarongs," she promised, "to start her off right."

There was the little girl in Longview, Texas, who handed her a bag. "I think it's eighteen seventy-five, but you'll have to count it." It was eighteen seventy-five all right—in pennies. There was the woman who poked her nose into the car and went, "Whew! Look at those fingernails."

"Oh, well," sniffed her friend, "she doesn't have to wash dishes."

Dottie grinned. That same afternoon she'd washed her girdle and stockings in the bathroom, since her packed program left no time for sending laundry out. She was also tickled by another feminine critic who took a look and remarked, "She's not so hot." Annoy her? Why should it? "She was right," says Dottie. "Only I did want to tell her that I look better clean."

She'd turned down the suggestion of a uniform, feeling they should be worn only by those in the service. Part of her wardrobe consisted of a blue suit and three blouses—white, blue and red—with turbans to match. She worked eighteen hours a day and, if she was lucky, got six hours sleep. There are cleaner spots than factories and street corners, where most of her time was spent. Even at hotels you can't get a suit pressed in less than half an hour, and her free half hours were rare and unpredictable. When they came, she'd dash home, bathe, change her blouse, get out her traveling iron and press her suit on the floor. When her hair got too grimy, she'd wash it at night. "And grab more sleep," says she, "than the boys on Bataan."

For every heckler, there were thousands of the other kind. The little old lady of seventy-five, an invalid so she couldn't come to the rally, but she'd crocheted a gadget of red, white and blue bells on a gold pin, and would Dorothy wear it? She wore it throughout the trip. The colored folk on Chicago's South Side who responded with such a surge of warmth as she'd never felt from any other crowd, and subscribed a million dollars within thirty days. The German-born American who came up with a fistful of bills and hoped that one of them by some lucky chance might buy the bullet that would finish Hitler. Kids sent home from Pearl Harbor with a couple of bullet wounds, rarin' to get back. The woman in Gary who brought her a package tied up in ribbons, "because of what you're doing for America."

"I'm just doing a job like the rest of you. I don't want any presents." But the woman smiled and went on, and business was good, and Dottie couldn't stop to argue. Opening the package that night, she found two doilies edged with

tatting and a linen pillowslip. "I made the doilies when I was thirteen," said the note, "and the pillowslip's been in our family for fifty years. They're the nicest things I had to give you."

That moved her most. What broke her heart were the people who'd lost their boys. The woman whose one son had died in action. Another was reported missing. Her clothes were shabby, her hands work-roughened, you knew she could ill spare the money she'd saved for a twenty-five dollar bond. The man whose only son, a twenty-one-year-old instructor in the air corps, had been killed in a crash. "What can you say? You can't say you're sorry. You couldn't even blame them if they felt, 'Well, my kid's gone, so just count me out.' But no, they stand there and smile and look brave and buy bonds for somebody else's kid. Then you think of people screaming about tires! Let 'em walk—let 'em *crawl*," says Dottie fiercely.

What impressed her most was the feeling of America. She left, a good American, and through contact with her countrymen, returned a better one. "If I hadn't loved my country before, they'd have made me love it. They'd come up to you—a butcher in his apron, with his sleeves rolled up—a guy in trousers and shirt and a workcap, with dirty hands—they'd never say much—but there was something in their eyes and the way they shook hands—a kind of steadiness and purpose and self-respect—as if they were saying, 'I'm part of this, count on me.' Well, you roll that up to a hundred and thirty million, Mr. Hitler, and see where it lands you.

"At first, going into those plants and shipyards, seeing girls like myself at the machines, seeing men dirty and tired and dripping with sweat, I'd think, 'Gee, how lucky I am.' After a while I began thinking, maybe I'm not so lucky, maybe they've got more than I have—solid ground under their feet, kids growing up, wives and husbands loving 'em all their lives—" She shook her head free of whatever clouds had gathered. "I don't know—anyway, I'm holding hands with them—and prouder of that than of being a movie star."

In Washington she met her other boss—Henry J. Morgenthau, Jr. When he thanked her, she said: "For what?"

"For a good job."

How good it was she doesn't know exactly, nor does she want the figures publicized. Because there are plenty of others, she says, who can do as well.

She worked hard for seven weeks, came back to work hard again in Paramount's "Star Spangled Rhythm" and Goldwyn's "They Got Me Covered." She can't wait to get through. Because she's impatient—not for the holiday she'd have earned in a warless world—but for the eighteen-hour grind of her third bond tour. Right now movies are just an interlude to Dottie. America's her job.

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If you don't we'd advise a session with our magical beauty chart! No matter what shape face you have, we'll whip you up into something gorgeous!

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Romance can be divine

"Be sure your Hands are delightful"— says SONJA HENIE (Glamorous Hollywood Star)

Sonja Henie and John Payne, 20th Century-Fox Stars, in "Iceland". You can have love-inviting hands, use Jergens Lotion.

FOR lovely *protection* of your hands' youth-like smoothness—for help in *preventing* degrading rough, chapped hands—use Jergens Lotion regularly. It's easy! Jergens Lotion leaves no sticky feeling.

You give your hands practically professional care with Jergens! Two of its secret ingredients are the very ones many doctors use for helping harsh skin become heavenly soft. Take Hollywood's way to darling hands—use Jergens Lotion!

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7 times as many of the Stars in Hollywood use Jergens as any other lotion! Smooth Jergens on your elbows, too!

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I want to try the favorite hand care of the Stars. Please send me a free bottle of Jergens Lotion.

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WIPE AWAY DRIED-OUT CUTICLE GENTLY WITH CUTEX OILY CUTICLE REMOVER

Don't make your cuticle sore by gnawing it...don't encourage hangnails by cutting it. Use Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover and *wipe* away dead, dried-out cuticle—gently! Get a bottle—begin today!

Saturday is "Manicure Day"—look for the special display of Cutex accessories on your favorite cosmetic counter—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil, Brittle Nail Cream, Orangewood Sticks, Emery Boards.

Northam Warren, New York

Used by more women than all other Cuticle Removers combined

SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"

LANA WEDS!

(*Continued from page 27*)

up every second to look for the promised taxi, moaning, "Why don't they hurry?" Linda chewed what was left of her nail polish. Steve didn't know which end was up. Even Alan, the composed, caught the contagion and paced till the taxi arrived.

Wedding chapels—with signs that read, CEREMONIES PERFORMED IN 45—or 30—or 25 MINUTES—dot the road to Las Vegas. You walk in and they do the rest—arrange for the license, arrange for the minister or judge. It was before such a chapel that our travelers dismissed their cab. The woman in charge—small, thin and fluttery—recognized her clients and all but fell on her face. Her husband, the minister, was in town. She'd go phone him—

"Thank you very much," said Lana, "but I'd like Judge Marshall to marry me." Judge Marshall had married her to Artie Shaw.

lady in waiting . . .

Well, her husband could do it as well as not. Well, all right, if they wanted Judge Marshall, she'd phone Judge Marshall. Followed a rambling conversation with the operator. Judge Marshall was tracked down. He'd meet them at the courthouse. The lady would drive them. No, thanks, they'd get a taxi. Oh, you couldn't get taxis, they'd much better wait for her, she wouldn't be a minute. With their earlier experience in mind, they thought maybe they'd better. Then she couldn't find her little girl's sun suit. Then she couldn't find her lipstick, and she *did* feel so undressed without lipstick.

At last they got under way. Alan had gone on ahead with the photographer. Sticky with heat, the girls had said nuts to swank and dumped their fur coats into his coupé. The flowers were there, too, to be picked up at the courthouse. Meantime they went jouncing along in a vintage De Soto. As between the road and the bride, their chauffeur preferred the latter, and kept looking back to tell Lana she knew exactly how she felt, and wasn't Henry Fonda a wonderful actor, and did he look anything like his pictures, and my! how she'd like to have his autograph and now, don't you worry a mite, she could drive this road blindfold.

They arrived intact at the courthouse. Judge Marshall was waiting. So was an AP man, who'd smelled out the proceedings. It was he who dreamed up the romantic note for Linda.

"How about making it double?" asked Lana, looking up from the license she was filling out. Lana's a great kidder. Both Linda and Alan gave out with a loud "no." But reporters don't like negatives, so the AP man rendered a free translation. "Not yet," he had Linda cooing, "but soon maybe." He should have heard Linda's comment on his performance, which wasn't cooed.

The preliminaries over, Judge Marshall shooed everyone out. After all the turmoil, it seemed heavenly quiet, with just the five of them and the secretary and bailiff. Lana slipped her engagement ring from the left hand to the right. It was a beautiful diamond in a heavy silver setting—Steve's ring which he'd had cut down to fit her finger.

This was to be a double-ring ceremony. Alan held Lana's, Linda held Steve's. They were exactly alike—wide, octagon-cut gold bands with thin bevelled edges inscribed "From Lana to Steve"—"From Steve to Lana"—followed by the initials of a phrase whose meaning they alone knew.

Lana's finger buckled when Steve tried to get her ring on. And her hands shook so that she couldn't get his on at all. "Oh, baby, help me," she cried.

The judge pronounced them man and wife. "Oh, Stevie!" she whispered. He just grabbed her.

Then the judge was handing over the marriage certificate, and they were all shaking hands, and then they were out on the steps and Alan was saying: "Don't stand here in the hot sun, Mrs. Crane," and Lana was squealing in ecstasy, "You're the *first* one to call me that!"

Not till they were sitting in a nice little place called The Apache having breakfast at last, did anyone think of the orchids, wasting their sweetness on the back seat of the coupé. "My wedding flowers!" gasped Lana.

"Never mind," Steve consoled her. "We're just as married." Eyes devouring his bride, he couldn't be bothered with the menu. "I'll have what you have."

She ordered orange juice, poached eggs on toast, little pig sausages and coffee. "And my husband," she added, tasting the words as if they were good to eat, "will have the same." The quietly starving Linda ordered strawberries, basted eggs, little pig sausages and coffee. Alan had French toast.

Their next stop was The Pioneer, owned by a friend of Steve's named Curland. Mr. Curland had ordered champagne. Alan proposed the first toast "to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Crane." Then Steve pledged Lana, and Lana "my husband." A juke box had been grinding out something corny about not waiting up for me, I might not get home till three, so hang up the front door key. It broke off abruptly and after a moment's pause—*Dum, dum,* de-*dum*-dum, *dum*-dum—Mendelssohn's wedding march. Though it was only a juke box, Lana must have heard organ tones swelling, and her heart swelled with them and she wept on Steve's shoulder. Not till Mendelssohn made way for "I Love You Truly" did she lift her head and smile.

They drove out to Rancho Vegas. Steve started humming, his eyes teasing her—

"I got spurs that jingle, jangle jingle,
As I go riding merrily along,
And they sing, oh ain't you glad you're single?
And that song ain't so very far from wrong.
Oh Lanabelle—"

She clapped her hand over his mouth. "You mustn't sing it any more, we're married—" and promptly began singing it herself. He stopped her mouth, too, but not with his hand.

journey's end . . .

For old time's sake, Garwood Van, Rancho Vegas bandleader, claimed the privilege of kissing the bride. He was leading the Troc orchestra 'way back, when Billy Wilkerson, owner of the Troc, discovered Lana perched on the now famous stool in the drugstore. Perched on another stool at El Rancho, she phoned her mother. "Hello, baby. This is your married daughter. Say hello to your son-in-law." Then they wired Mrs.

Crane. Then there was barely time to make the three o'clock plane. And as Mr. Curland had provided Lana with her wedding march, Rancho Vegas provided rice, pattering on their shoulders, speckling Lana's golden hair.

Alan reclaimed the fur coats and the flowers—four white, purple-hearted orchids for Lana, two purple ones for Linda—a little tired by the time the girls got them pinned on. So was Linda, who fell promptly asleep, to waken just before they landed. In the mob of press and studio people and plain gapers, Lana saw only her mother. Mrs. Turner's second kiss went to the tall, hatless, blue-suited young man at whom more necks were craned than at Lana herself. After all, they knew who she was.

A celebration, planned by the Mocambo that evening, had to be called off. The newlyweds were much too worn out to celebrate. Dropping Linda at her apartment, Lana kissed her. "I'll do the same for you some day." Linda couldn't help feeling kind of empty as she fitted her key into the lock, dropped the silly fox coat, pulled off her hat and flopped into a chair. Reaction, she guessed, from too much excitement. She rose wearily and went to draw her bath.

domestic eye-view . . .

Lana had the party at her home the following night. Linda went with Alan. Judy Garland and Dave Rose were there. None of Lana's other friends are in the movies. The bride looked radiant in white, her hair caught up at either side by a little cluster of valley lilies. She wore a matching set of pin, ring and bracelet in rubies and diamonds. The pin spelled out her name—L in jewels, ANA in gold. There was dancing and a buffet supper and a wedding cake, which Lana cut, with Stephen's hand over hers.

She spent a good part of the evening showing them all the house—the dream house that she's lived in for just a few months. "The only two things I'm proud of," Lana would say, "are my record collection and my house." She designed the furniture herself, chose the colors, had everything made to order. The lime-green rug in the livingroom, the oversize coral couches in front of the white marble fireplace, the chairs big enough for two to sit in, the drapes with their tropical design threaded in coral and lime, the cockatoos and flamingoes on the wall.

And her own room. "I think I've got the loveliest room in the world," she exclaims worshipfully. The deep-piled rug like white fur. The white wallpaper striped to look like grosgrain and satin. The dressing table ten feet long, its scalloped mirror—which had to be made twice because it broke the first time—finished with organdy ruffles edged in yellow. The froufrou lamps at either end of turquoise and rose. The huge chest covered in quilted chintz, with a radio to match. The bed with its scalloped headboard and nubbly spread of pale yellow tufted in white. A restless sleeper, she didn't want lamps on nightstands because she knocks them off. So there's indirect lighting over each pillow, artfully concealed by mirrors, and the bed extends itself into dainty nightstands, mirrored and skirted.

Her favorite spot's always been the pillow in front of the fireplace—a huge sponge affair like the kind used in swimming-pools, big enough to sprawl on and covered with the same material as the bedspread. There, on a wide low table, Miss Lana Turner would eat her breakfast of orange juice, toast and coffee, read the funnies and warm her toes.

Mrs. Stephen Crane won't. Mrs.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee

"Satin-Finish, has all you've longed for in a lipstick," says Constance Luft Huhn

"A lipstick that won't melt and run during the summer?... Yes! Each of Tangee's new SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks will keep your lips perfectly and exquisitely groomed through the hottest weather.

"Tangee's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks are perfectly balanced...*not too moist,* yet *not too dry.* Once applied, your favorite Tangee shade clings to your lips for hours and hours—gives your lips the softer, glossier loveliness you've always longed for. I recommend that you settle your summer make-up problem with one of Tangee's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks, its matching rouge and your correct shade of Tangee's unpowdery Face Powder."

New **TANGEE MEDIUM-RED**... o worm, cleor shode. Not too dork, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED..."Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," hormonizes perfectly with all foshion colors.

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SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 TO 3 DAYS

AND THIS IS WHY...

* WON'T IRRITATE SKIN
* WON'T ROT CLOTHES
* NON-GREASY—VANISHES
* NON-GRITTY—VELVET SOFT
* NO WAITING TO DRY
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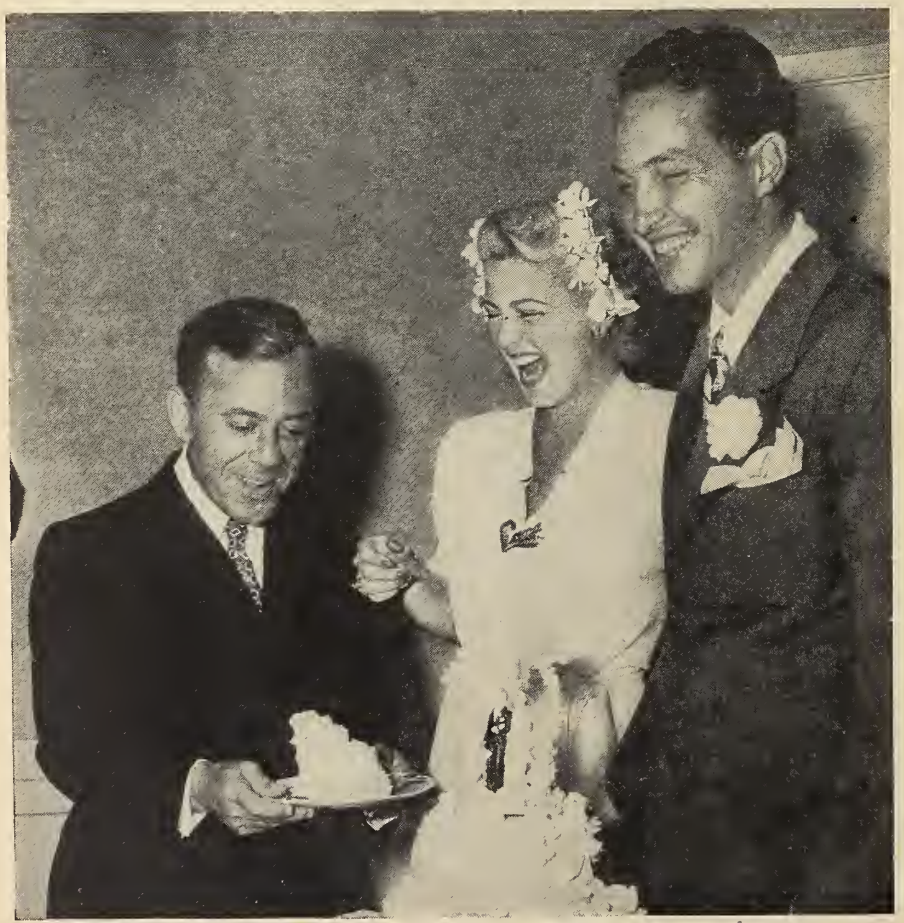

Johnny Hyde cuts himself a hunk of wedding cake while Lana and Steve look on! Mrs. Mildred Turner, Lana's mother, gave the reception at her Westwood home.

Stephen Crane seems quite happy to leave these lately acquired treasures for her husband's modest apartment on Olympic Boulevard. That's love and no kidding, as you'd realize if you'd ever seen Lana adoring her house. Whatever the wise guys say, and they're saying plenty, she's dead sure today that this is her guy.

Dead sure today is right, say the wise guys. Tomorrow's another day. Well, that's futile speculation. It's true that Lana's impetuous, that she acts first and thinks second. But then it works the other way 'round, too. So many marriages you'd have sworn would stick. Where are they now? Maybe twenty years hence Lana Crane will be sweetly thumbing her nose at the doubters.

Part of that doubt is rooted in a certain mystery surrounding young Mr. Crane. The papers—maybe in a laudable desire to glamorize a glamour girl's bridegroom, maybe to mask their own lack of information—came out with large tales unsubstantiated at this writing. The twenty-seven-year-old Crane was the son of a tobacco czar; he'd been a member of the New York and Chicago Stock Exchanges; he'd been married to an Indianapolis society girl; he was now associated with an important mercantile concern. One columnist, on the other hand, dished up the tidbit that he'd come to Hollywood to crash the movies. Guesses as to how long Lana knew him before she married him range from four months to nine days.

Out of the welter, only these facts are confirmed to date. That he comes from Crawfordsville, Indiana—went to a midwestern prep school called Crosley—was graduated from Wabash in '36, emerging as a crack swimmer and dancer (on his more scholastic activities the source is silent)—married and was divorced from Carole Kurtz, an Indiana girl—works for the David O. Bernstone Enterprises, an outfit owning food and beverage concessions at ballparks. A junior executive they call him, which sounds swanky and is vague enough to cover lots of territory.

Why the phony buildup, for which neither Lana nor Crane was responsible, nobody knows. It should be matter for rejoicing that a plain American kid's good enough for a movie star. The future lies in their hands to make what they can of it. Why curdle present joy with sour prophecies? In "The Mikado," when Nanki Poo marries his girl, though under sentence of imminent death, the chorus tactfully sings: "Long life to you till then." In the same spirit of good will, we sing long life to the wedded bliss of Lana and her Stevie. How long that will be is strictly their business.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Ice-skating one afternoon, on a crowded Los Angeles rink, my companion and I heard that Joan Crawford was present. We were naturally anxious to catch a glimpse of her, but after scouting around for a while without result, we decided she had left. Suddenly I met her—very emphatically and head on! Might I add that I saw stars? Although I was happy that she was unhurt and that the accident gave me an opportunity to speak to her, I was very, very embarrassed.

Corp. Charles A. Mitchell,
415th. School Squadron,
Keesler Field, Miss.

YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT GUY WRONG

(*Continued from page 41*)

read about the Hollywood stars (I had to inform my friend) aren't necessarily so. For instance, it's high time someone exposed Victor Mature as one of the nicest, soft-hearted guys in Hollywood.

Vic, himself, wouldn't want you to know this. He tells the world he's as selfish as a shark. He cracks, "I'm all out for Mature!" He pretends to be several varieties of timber wolf crossed with an All American heel.

high-flyin' heel . . .

There's a method behind this madness, of course. Vic believes he's the type to hike to movie Heaven on his heels. And who am I to say he isn't right? It has certainly paid off in publicity, and he's hotter than a three-dollar pistol right now. But he can't fool me.

There's a little restaurant right near the Pasadena Community Playhouse, which supplies the movies with so many young stars. Vic spent his starvation years at the Playhouse sleeping in a piano box and living from handout to mouth. He got 42 cents a day salary and sometimes not that. He got down to 160 pounds which is almost Gandhi-weight for the great big guy, and he'd have dropped lower if it wasn't for a waitress in this certain hash house.

I don't know her name, but we used to call her "Garbo" because she wore a long page-boy bob. Anyway, in Vic Mature's hunger years, Garbo made out checks for dime double-cokes and slipped Vic a full meal instead.

It must have been two or three years ago that I dropped in that resturant. About the time Vic Mature got his first break with Hal Roach. Garbo brought over the menu, and she was walking on air. "Look," she bubbled, and yanked a money-order out of her bosom. "Sixty dollars! Vic Mature sent it," she said, "with a swell note of thanks I've already got pasted in my memory book. He's got a break in Hollywood—seventy-five bucks a week! So out of his first check he sends *me* sixty!"

Frankly, I *like* a guy like that—particularly in Hollywood where "I knew you when" to most phonies is a terrifying phrase. But Vic—despite all he does to scatter the impression—is absolutely no phony. He's not only loyal to every pal who has pitched for him in the past, but now that he's in the box himself, he's unhappy if he isn't straightening out somebody else's headaches—usually the headaches of a little guy.

There was the little radio actor I talked to the other day and this was the story he told: A while back he got his first chance at a picture part at Twentieth Century-Fox. Naturally he was flustered and, to make things worse, the day of his Big Moment the stars were fluffing their lines. Vic Mature was one of them. The blow-ups continued through five camera takes until the stars were getting hysterical about it and the director sore as a boiled owl. On the sixth try, everybody was perfect except the bit player. This time he muffed it higher than the Himalayas. The director exploded with a tongue lashing that he'd never dare direct at a star. "I give up!" he cried, "break up the set! We'll try again after lunch!"

Yes... she was born with a lovely skin

...So were you

Hers is lovely today

.....Is yours?

You can't explain a beautiful skin by saying, "Oh, she was born with it." That isn't all of the story. You may be very sure a beautiful skin is the object of *special* care.

If your skin is not quite what it ought to be today, try giving it the *special* care that thousands of women depend on. With two *special* creams which are *different*—because they contain the famous Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM

Used at night this remarkable cream does two things: (1) softens and neutralizes any external acid accumulations in the pore openings; (2) retains moisture in the skin and so helps to keep it soft, supple, free from dryness.

A smooth lasting foundation, too. Phillips' Skin Cream seems to have a special affinity for make-up. It *prepares* the skin—removes excess oiliness or relieves harsh dryness so that powder and rouge go on evenly and *last.*

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM

This cleansing cream is *different!* It not only absorbs surface dirt but cleanses away accumulations which may lodge in the outer pore openings. See how clean and refreshed your skin looks and feels! *Give these creams a chance to help your skin.*

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia
CREAMS

Skin Cream 10c, 30c, 60c
Cleansing Cream 10c, 30c, 60c *and* $1.00

The actor felt like crawling into a coffin right there. But Vic stepped in.

"Not me!" he said. "I won't do it after lunch. I'll do it right now. Why don't you pick on somebody your size?" he asked the set boss. "You know its *our* fault, not *his*. But he can't answer back and we can! He'll get it right this next time. Let's go!"

But the director was raging. "After lunch," he repeated.

"Okay," said Vic, "without me. And I won't be back till you treat this guy right!" He walked off the set and never showed up either until the director had had a change of heart!

good samaritan . . .

The truth is: Vic Mature, whether he realizes it or not, is a genuine humanitarian. The reason behind it probably is selfish. He's lost without someone to help along. He's unhappy without an altruistic cause. He surrounds himself always with mixed-up people and tries to straighten them out. The other day when a close friend of his, a Hollywood writer, busted up with his wife, Vic ran right over and grabbed him by the lapel. "Now don't go to some dam' lonely hotel," he urged. "Move in with me. You're gonna be a little confused for a while and besides," said Vic, just for an argument, "hotels are expensive." To make his friend feel okay, he set the amount of money for board, although he didn't want the money. But he's pretty anxious about other people's feelings.

In this connection, I'm thinking particularly about a little Hollywood actress I know who has never quite made the grade here. Last season she got a chance at a Broadway show. It was the grandest event of her life, by far. Vic knows her, too, and he heard the news. Now, Hollywood is a little far from Broadway, and it isn't easy, with all the movie whooptedoo, to keep abreast of Manhattan first night schedules. But on Vic's mind was the picture of this girl, friendless in New York, having her first opening night with all the Broadway stars about her getting flocks of flowers and bushels of wires and gushing tributes, and she, like Cinderella, getting nothing and a lot of it.

I didn't see the flowers he sent her, but she said they were gorgeous. I did see the wire. It showed Vic had put some thought on it, and the girl told me she *was* lonely, she *did* feel neglected and she was plenty thrilled when the posies came with this telegram:

"If I were only near enough to Saks-Fifth Avenue I'd pick out a dozen Madeira lace hankies and send them to you this opening night with this card: Good Luck, Darling—and—DON'T BLOW!"

friends in need . . .

Betty Grable showed me another Mature memo, also on the thoughtful side. When Betty was laid up in the hospital a while back with a bum side and an operation to fix it, her flowers arrived from Vic with this message—using titles of Betty's pictures.

"Dear Betty: I hope by now you're singing "The Song of the Islands" (because you were "Strictly Dynamite" doing that) and that your days of "Waking Up Screaming" are all over now. Love."

Vic builds himself up florist bills of $150 a month keeping people thought of. But it isn't the money he spends that spells good guy to me. It's the thought behind them and the pains he takes to put some personal tribute into the gesture. That makes him the McCoy.

But about these philanthropic causes of Vic: You'd gather if you didn't know the guy that the only interest Mature has in life is Mature. It's true that he is the one star in Hollywood who regards the whole glitter carnival as a business, and one of the rare ones who figures unashamed publicity is only good bookkeeping. But the real Vic is always wrapped up in somebody else.

There was this amateur Edison. Everyone thought the fellow was strictly from the hickory tree. He was the friend of a friend of Vic's, and he had some kind of an idea he was hipped on. Everyone shied away from him—except Vic. Like most wool-gatherers, Edison, Jr., was a bit eccentric. But Vic saw in him a chap who needed slapping on the back. He not only welcomed the opportunity of telling the inventor he was terrific seven days a week—he had him move in with him and scatter his apparatus around the apartment until the place was a shambles. And so—one day the inventor up and sells his Great Idea for $50,000! He gives Vic the credit.

There are cases and cases. Since Vic Mature takes out more different Hollywood stars than any six other guys, there's no way to trace the identity of this one. So I'll tell you about her. She was in a pretty bad way. A certain producer had the Indian sign on her, and he was making life miserable. He was beauing her around but at the same time beating her down. Everything she did was wrong. Everything she said was silly. She didn't know anything; every idea she had smelled. And so on. That kind of a guy. The girl, a swell one with talent galore, began to think maybe she was a moron, a double dope, and shouldn't be without a nurse.

Her self-confidence was being destroyed, and psychically she was mixed up like a chef's salad. To make matters worse, she'd married her kibitzer, and that was a fine pickle indeed! She was heading straight for the padded cell when something prompted her to confide in Vic one day on a set. I can't tell you much more without giving the answer away. But she's divorced now, and her career is something that's being written in big, blazing lights. Mature talked her back to confidence and courage to shake herself loose, and from then on she was a cinch.

I don't want to paint Vic as a Mr. Fixit or some kind of a Father Confessor in slacks. But that helpfulness is a trait you never hear about (he won't let you if he can help it). And another thing that may surprise you about Mature is this: Although you've read time and time again what a cagey operator he is, how shrewd and smart where the greenbacks are involved (and it's all true), still Vic himself has absolutely no private regard for the stuff.

Right now Vic is spending far more supporting his separated wife, Martha, and her baby girl, Helen, than he spends maintaining himself. All Martha's bills come to him, and sometimes they total around $900 a month. Vic doesn't resent this although there is no legal divorce settlement or anything to compel him to stand it. Helen, of course, isn't Vic's child, but the late Hal Kemp's. He's none the less crazy about her. He gives her parties, takes her on shopping sprees and has her over to his place as many times a week as Martha will let her come, to romp around the place and play with Vic's dog, "Genius." Once Vic bought Helen four new coats in one day. He's taught her all the songs in his pictures and calls her several times a day to hear her pipe them over the 'phone. Vic would spend his last cent on "Mrs. Townsend" as he calls the little angel. She was the baby girl he was taking to church, of course, when my columnist friend almost swooned.

financially speaking . . .

On himself, spending is a different story. Vic still buys old cast-off studio clothes at half price for his personal use. He lives in a far cheaper place than he supplies for his estranged wife. A while back when his father died and left more money than Vic will ever stack up, Vic insisted that all of it be placed at his mother's disposal. Before he died, Mature Senior wanted to will it to Vic. His wife, he felt, wouldn't know how to handle it and might lose it.

"No," vetoed Vic. "Then she'd feel dependent on me, and that wouldn't make her happy. Mother should have it outright. What if she does lose it? I'll make my own, anyway. All that dough might make me lazy."

Vic has a money adage he quotes today: "You'll never get rich on the money you spend." He contradicts it constantly by letting his dollars roll away from him. But—he doesn't actually spend them. He gives most of them away in some form or other. And when you get into the subject of wealth, Vic will very likely tell one of his favorite stories—about the miser who died thinking he could take his wealth with him to Heaven. The day of his funeral, his best friend noticed he had his fists clenched in the coffin. "By Gosh!" he exclaimed. "The old boy *is* taking it with him! He's got it right in his hands." Slowly he pried open the fists. Inside were a few pennies. All he could take was the money he had given away!

In spite of his what-the-hell press pose, there is a definite religious streak in Victor Mature. He's a devout Catholic, and he's always had a do-unto-others complex that is far from a pose. In Vic's early Hollywood days, when he was just getting by, he lived with three other fellows in a house. They shared expenses, of course, but Vic had a further idea. He called it "Group Insurance." All four agreed if any one of them lost his job, the others would kick in enough to give him $50 a week salary. Why? So he could keep his self-respect, self-confidence and go after another spot in the right frame of mind. It only happened once, by the way—but that was for nine months. All that time the unlucky brother got his $50 from the others, kept in fine fettle instead of slinking around, and ended up with a swell job, to prove Vic's theory of money morale.

Today anything that Vic has belongs to any of his friends for the asking. Often he's imposed on. Recently, a writer friend of his, out from New York, mentioned he was without a car that day. "Take mine," said Vic, tossing him the keys. The chap not only took it but kept it three days without saying a word to Vic. Vic never protested; he just took cabs.

At the Mature household, Vic never leaves the house of an evening without leaving money for his maid and cook to take in a show or buy some ice cream.

Maybe the oddest thing of all is Victor Mature's will, which he's just recently filed. In it he takes care of people he figures took care of him. He leaves money to his "Gestaffel" as he calls the little cabal of writers and press agents who are his chums—Lieutenant Walter Ramsey, USN, former Fox publicist, Yeoman Jules Seltzer, USN, former Hal Roach publicist, and an editor, Carl Schroeder. Vic also leaves dough to the Press Relief Fund and—for a sly gag—one-tenth of his "good-will" to Hedda

Hopper (who doesn't like Vic).

Vic doesn't mind taking cracks at people in his league. He's no plaster saint oozing sweetness and light. But I've scouted around quite a bit without finding any instances where he's lorded it over lesser lights. On the contrary, I've heard him crack, "No guy is so big that he can afford to be small to little people"—quite a neat line in itself.

I think one of the nicest episodes I remember about Vic Mature occurred one noon at the Brown Derby. I was at the next booth and I saw it all. I'd always heard Vic was arrogant with women and had no more manners than a mule. I changed my mind right there when a lady about forty years old came up, pen and autograph pad shaking.

"Never done this before," she smiled shyly at Vic, who grinned back. She stuck out the pad and knocked a glass of water all over Vic, the table and his guests. "Oh!" she cried dismally.

"It just ain't homelike," chuckled Vic, "unless I spill a glass of water!" The waiter came scurrying up then just in time to see the lady's pen leak all over the table cloth and Vic's suit.

"An accident?" asked the waiter, ominously. The lady by this time was ready to end it all.

"Yep," said Vic blandly, taking the blame. "This damned pen of mine! I'm always spillin' ink. Just a big, clumsy clown, 'at's me!"

Now that, I think, was pretty nice and I know the lady will always have Vic down in her list of good guys. I could go on for pages like this telling you why he's already down on mine—all of which will make Vic pretty upset, because, like I say, he thinks he's more intriguing limned as as a louse. To the world, he'll be vain, dopey, self-centered and puffed up like a pouter pigeon, as long, I suppose, as he lowers those heavy lidded eyes before the cameras and pops off about himself to the press. But don't let him fool you.

I think of a certain director at Twentieth Century-Fox, Walter Lang. When Victor Mature came there right after the leopard skin and body beautiful stuff of "One Million B.C." he brought with him the reputation of being Joe the jerk from Albuquerque, sure enough.

Lang drew the assignment for Vic's first picture, and he wasn't a bit happy about it from what he'd been hearing. He went to the front office. "Look," he decreed, "I'll take that cream puff and treat him right. But the minute he starts acting up on my set, he leaves or I leave —in two minutes flat!"

Well, a week went by and one day Lang burst into the front office again. "Say!" he cried. "How in hell do these screwy Hollywood rumors start, anyway? Everybody tells me this Vic Mature is a wrong customer from all angles —and I never worked with a sweeter guy! Tell me—am I the one who's crazy?"

Take it from me—it's the rest of the world. But don't ever tell Vic Mature I told you he was a right guy. He wouldn't like it. He's phony that way!

Editor's Note—On Thursday, July 2, Vic enlisted in the Coast Guard a coxswain at $78 a month. He chose this particular branch because of his love for boats and a better chance for getting along with the other men. In his crew of six, it won't take the fellows long to find out he's really a sweetheart; whereas in the Army or Navy, he'd be associated with hundreds, and it would take the duration to make them like him.

An executive at RKO where Vic had been working in "Sweet or Hot," said he hoped the actor would be granted a furlough to complete the picture. However, Coast Guard officials said no such plans had been made as yet.

As far as Vic was concerned he wouldn't give out one word of information about his association with the Coast Guard. All facts came from official headquarters and Mature's personal friends.

First job after induction was posing for publicity pictures. He had no uniform so the studio lent him one.

Mature was given rating of coxswain, which is first rating of a petty officer, by successfully passing certification examinations, and a test to determine previous knowledge of boats and duties connected with them. He was always crazy about the water. Studied celestial navigation in military school and was on list of potential appointees to Annapolis. He hopes to be eligible for Officers Training.

He possibly will be assigned to a converted 50 ft. yacht "Barbill" (named after its former owners, Barbara and Bill). He reports to the Captain of the Port in Long Beach, and will be assigned to patrol duty.

Modern Screen and your many, many fans wish you the best of luck, Vic Mature!

SURE YOU INHALE
—SO PLAY SAFE
with your throat!

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you *can avoid worry about throat irritation,* even when you *do* inhale. Doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes report that:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED *MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING*—AND THEIR IRRITATION *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG*—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

When you smoke PHILIP MORRIS, you enjoy finer tobaccos—*plus this exclusive proved* protection!

FINER PLEASURE PLUS REAL PROTECTION!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Benny's from Heaven

But Jack's no angel! He's a Hellzapoppin' zany with the biggest line of gags this side of Allen!

Jack Benny (portered by Rochester) shells out 10,000 buttons in overhead for each week's airing. Manages to salvage 15 grand for personal services.

One day, not long ago, Jack Benny met a slight acquaintance in the halls of NBC's Hollywood studios and stopped for a chat. The man mentioned the wife of a mutual friend who was very ill. "Zat so?" murmured Jack vaguely, puffing his cigar. "H-m-m-m-m—too bad." Then he changed the subject and strolled on with an absent-minded "So-long."

The acquaintance stared after him and shook his head. "That guy Benny!" he muttered angrily. "What a selfish dope! All he cares about is himself and his show. He must have a cake of dry-ice for a heart!"

A week or so later the same man ran into the ailing woman, now up and about and bustling along the Boulevard. He said she looked swell and what was the hurry? "Got a date to meet Jack Benny," she smiled. "I want to thank him for being so nice!"

"Benny!" sputtered the gent, recalling the disinterested episode. "Good Lord, why Benny?"

Jane Wymon tagged along with the Benny party to San Francisco, for an eager squint at her handsome lieutenant husband, Ronald Reagan. Jack, Mary Livingstone and Don Wilson come to sprinkle with levity the dedication of the new NBC Radio City.

Jack and Ann Sheridan (on set of W.B.'s "Geo. Washington Slept Here") find Allen's gag book tough going. Benny's share of pie for each pic is 10,000 berries.

"It was the funniest thing," bubbled the lady. "I hardly knew Jack, you know. But one day when I was so sick, he showed up loaded with flowers and presents. He sat around all afternoon telling stories and making me laugh so hard I couldn't help get well. It was the day before his show, too. I know he was busy, and—well, I think he is swell."

Because he is modest, most people think Jack's stand-offish. Because he's shy, they call him cold. Because he plays tightwaddery for a radio gag, they'll tell you he's a penny pincher. Because he's gone absent-minded, wool-gathering on how to make folks laugh, they're sure Jack's distant, indifferent and selfish. Some call him stuck-up because he's been the number one chuckle champ for years; others paint him grass green with envy of Fred Allen, Bob Hope, Red Skelton or every other Joe Comic.

All of which is a lot of scuttlebut, as they say in the navy. If you don't believe me, you might ask Ann Sheridan.

Jack has just finished "George Washington Slept Here," with Oomphy Annie out at Warner Brothers'. Jack always makes buddies out of his movie leading ladies, and always before the picture is over they turn up on his radio show. Jack thought Ann would be particularly swell on a Sunday laugh spot, but when he suggested it, she shivered and shook.

"I'm allergic to radio mikes," protested Ann. "I'm likely to faint or draw a bamboozled blank and ruin your program. Sorry, Jack, but it's impossible."

Jack tried to soft-talk her out of it, but he saw Ann wasn't kidding. Mikes do convert her nifty knees to jelly and turn moths loose in her tummy. But Jack was convinced Ann would be terrific, and he had an idea. "Okay," he told her, "I'll write two complete shows—one with you and one without you—and rehearse 'em both. Then if you just can't go through with it at the last minute—well—you won't have to." And that's what he did—although it cost Jack a pretty penny and some horse-sized headaches, too, to double the order just to soothe Annie's nerves.

The first year that Jack's black Man Friday, Rochester, clicked on his program, he got a $10,000 check for Christmas. Every member of Jack's big staff, his writers, Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin, his entertainers, Phil Harris, Dennis Day, Don Wilson, and all the rest get regular raises on already fat salaries well above what their options call for. Nobody who has ever worked for Jack is happy with anyone else. His secretary, Harry Baldwin, has been with him 11 years. Two actors he brought out from Broadway several years ago haven't worked on Jack's show for months, yet every Saturday night their check is in the mail. On his army camp shows Jack personally foots all transportation and technical expenses, which run into four figures about every week. If I mentioned his private charities, I'd only embarrass a sensitive guy. But I *can* tell an incident on the "George Washington" set that happened just the other day.

passing the "buck" . . .

They were collecting for a certain war fund around the Warner lot, signing up the various stars for various amounts. It was all on the cuff and in advance, but when Jack was approached he said—"Oh, sure," and reached in his pants pocket, extracted a roll of century notes big enough to choke a cow and said, "I don't know how much is in it, but take it. Wait," he added, peeling off a lone dollar bill. "I need gas to get home."

Most of this abundant generosity in Benny comes from the fact that he has little use for the green stuff except to pass it around. He has been so up in the chips for so long that he knows it isn't mere bank notes that count.

You wouldn't think a hardened entertainer would be sensitive about his comic stock in trade. But the penurious, misery air Jack assumes for gags on the air waves touches him to the quick.

A Brown Derby waitress told me, "Jack Benny doesn't over tip. He over-over-over tips." He's afraid somebody will think him a nickel-nurser. A couple of years ago when his wife, Mary, was in Honolulu, Jack cabled her one night. "Jack Benny cabling Mary Livingstone in Honolulu," said Jack. "Oh," replied the operator, "then you'll want the message sent on the *deferred* rate, won't you, Mr. Benny?" Deferred trans-ocean messages are lots cheaper, and in this case it made only an hour or so's difference, and the message wasn't rush at all. But Jack flushed—"No—no," he said hastily. "Send it straight—send it straight!" He was afraid even an operator would think him stingy.

Actually, the luxury requirements of Jackson Benny are pretty meager. He has never felt exactly comfortable in the plush life, remembering too well the hard times he waded through to success. He lives in a Beverly Hills colonial mansion of movie star proportions, all right, but that's mostly a gesture to Mary and his family. Jack himself holes out in his bedroom, which is his workroom, library, studio and about everything else. He has a complete radio transcription outfit there, recording machine and playback equipment. The walls are lined with bound scripts of his shows. He has dope and data scattered

RAY BOLGER, CONSTANCE MOORE, BENAY VENUTA and RONALD GRAHAM—four bright stars in "By Jupiter" playing at the Shubert Theatre in New York City.

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TOOTH PASTE
POWDER
FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

around on a couple of big desks and seals himself in amid dense cigar smoke for inspiration on this or that.

Like most Beverly Hills citizens the Bennys sport a fancy swimming pool in the back yard. Jack never uses it. Instead he goes down to State Beach, the public strand at Santa Monica, and mingles with the mob. He's a guy of the people, really, and is happiest when he's doing just the things they do. His biggest daily recreation is a walk downtown in Beverly to hang around the drug store. He used to get his biggest recreational kick driving his open roadster around town slowly, often with Joan, and buying her all the things she shouldn't have. He likes to go to the fights and movies and the Play Pier at Ocean Park.

slightly stupendous . . .

When the Jack Bennys first got settled in Beverly Hills, they used to entertain a lot, and like all Hollywood entertainers, they found that their parties soon became events. A guest list starting at ten zoomed to two hundred in no time. People they slightly knew came and kibitzed on the food and entertainment. One New Year's Jack and Mary threw a lavish party—with gay canopies all around the place, an orchestra, fancy catering and almost a stage set around the swimming pool. Everybody came—and stayed, and it was such a chilly night that the Hollywood night clubs actually beefed about Benny taking away their customers.

In the midst of the gala event, a good friend of Jack's came up to him and noticed that Jack wasn't having such a hell of a good time. He pointed to the mob. "It's colossal, Jack," he cracked. "Why don't you photograph it?" Since then the Benny's don't entertain like that. When they go in for good times it's with their close pals, and what they do are the little ordinary American fireside diversions—cards, conversation and home movies, as a rule.

The intimate Benny set includes Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, Ronnie Reagan and Jane Wyman, the Ray Millands, the Mervyn LeRoys, Loretta Young and her husband, Tom Lewis, George Burns and Gracie Allen and Jack's in-laws, the Myrt Blums.

For a long time the clique maintained a Sunday night "Turnabout Club," the turnabout part being that each member took turns footing the check for an evening of dancing at Ciro's or some Hollywood glitter gallery. Jack loves to dance, and he's good, too, especially at a rousing rumba. Since the war and his army camp shows, his one night of stepping out has been stepped on. Sunday evening is Jack's high spot of the week in more ways than one. It's the only time he can relax—after the radio show is over—and as anyone will tell you, Jack's weekly radio stint is the essence of his life.

He worries about it from Tuesday until it goes on the air Sunday. Sunday night is the only night he lets down, when the "So-long, folks" signs him off the air waves. Monday he sleeps late and that is what his colleagues call "the wolves' day." Every Monday people who want Jack to attend to this or that, people with axes to grind, solicitors, business agents, tailors with fittings, salesmen and all extra-show business characters swoop down on Jack. He holds court far into the night. Tuesday morning he starts worrying again—about Sunday's show.

Jack is a great worrier—maybe that's why he's so good. His nails are chronically bitten down. He's a perfectionist, and he's always sure everything he does is terrible. The people who brand him disinterested and self-centered don't know that from Tuesday morning at 7:30 on (Jack is an early riser every day except Monday), Benny is deep in mental agonies about his next Sunday program. He puts in hectic work on it surrounded by his staff who tag after him to his several offices, scattered around Hollywood at NBC, his home, Paramount, Warner Brothers and Twentieth Century-Fox. During that time he is likely to stare old friends in the eye and not know them. Sometimes Mary Livingstone, after repeating the same thing to him five times and getting "H-m-m-m's" for answers, will cry, "Remember me? I'm your wife!"

benny's self-torture . . .

Jack himself bemoans this concentration because it takes plenty out of him, but he's convinced that his stuff depends on timing and finesse. That's one reason he feels so chagrined about his value as an army camp entertainer. He feels that the continuity type of program he puts out is not zippy and fast enough to make good watching entertainment for the doughboys. And while he doesn't beef about it, it's no secret that for him to stage a program where every faculty isn't just right is a torture his audience never knows about. When things aren't smooth as silk, Jack Benny dies a slow death.

Jack envies Bob Hope and Red Skelton and the oily gag ad libbers who can toss off a show at the drop of a hat, tear themselves to pieces and love it. "If I was only about ten years younger like those guys" he wails. Jack always gives out with a 45-minute warm-up to compensate for the less slam-bang character of his program. And he's already made plans for a 13-week road tour of the camps this summer, devoted exclusively to entertaining soldiers with a show prepared especially for them. He'll pay the expenses, by the way, and it will cost plenty. But that's the only way Jack figures he can really do a good job and keep out of a coffin.

Health is a great concern of Jack's. Some people call him a hypochondriac. He's a great pill swallower, dieter and general health faddist. "Benny," Phil Harris once cracked, "eats an 11 course meal—five courses of food and six courses of pills!" The other day a waitress at Warner Brothers brought Jack his lunch; it was Jack's tomato day. As she set the plate down the waitress gasped, "Oh, Mr. Benny, I'm so sorry!"

"What's the matter?" gulped Jack.

"Why, your tomatoes—they're sliced, and I forgot you like them *quartered!*"

Jack doesn't drink. When he does he falls asleep. If he goes for a cocktail before dinner it's always a pink lady. He's always furrowing his brow about the cigars he devours but can't stop them. His dietary weakness is rich food and late night stuffing. "Restaurants will be the death of me," he wails after stocking up on a choice morsel.

Oddly enough, Jack's not one bit touchy about the signs of Old Man Time. In fact, he's always joking about his thinning, gray hair. A few days ago on the "George Washington" set he had a scene in which he was drenched in a rainstorm. After the prop storm deluged him a few times, Jack cracked, "For gosh sakes—get me out of here—my hair's slipping."

don't tell allen, but . . .

Probably the highest glee of Jack's week is listening to the caustic com-

ments of Fred Allen which rip his own show to pieces every Sunday. He carries a couple of portable radios with him to be sure not to miss them, smoking a stogie furiously and chuckling when Fred—who pulls no punches—hits a particularly tender spot. The Allen-Benny feud, by the way, is entirely impromptu. It was never a studied gag, like the Walter Winchell-Ben Bernie battles. Jack and Fred, who have known each other from vaudeville days, never correspond or arrange pots at each other. Each Sunday it's a complete surprise to Jack, and he's never yet got really mad.

Jack is always telling his friends that he'd give anything, including a small fortune, for a year's rest. Sometimes he probably means it. "I'm tired," he sighs. "The pace is killing me," but there's always some reason why he can't stop. Right now, of course, the reason is that Jack thinks he'd be unpatriotic to loaf when the government can use the cartwheels he collects each week and when the public can use a few belly laughs.

What Jack Benny will probably do if he ever ends up on the retired list is to sit and reminisce—his favorite recreation today—about the fun he's had making other people laugh. About the kick of giving breaks to radio stars like Rochester, Kenny Baker, Rudy Vallee, Phil Harris, Dennis Day and a dozen more. And the headaches he's enjoyed stewing on picture sets, taking it on the chin from sassy birds like Fred Allen and generally worrying himself sick—and happy. Probably Jack Benny will be most remembered in Hollywood's archives by his last picture, "To Be or Not To Be"—because it undoubtedly is his best to date. It would be a funny thing if some future Hollywood historian links him with the one he's doing now—"The Meanest Man in Town."

Because, take it from me, that's one thing Jack Benny is not and never has been—and the people who get that impression just don't know their Benny.

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(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

KILLER DILLER

(*Continued from page 47*)

Right now, as this is written, the big shots are ripping up Alan's old contract and writing a juicy new ticket on his own terms. With no studio tough guy competition to heckle him, Alan Ladd is sitting as pretty at Paramount as a Petty peach. The guy will make a million dollars as sure as cats have kittens. unless he breaks both arms and legs or is suddenly struck deaf, dumb and blind.

What a break! What colossal luck! It's practically unbelievable. Too good to be true.

Well, it *isn't* true! Not a bit of it. On the contrary:

Alan Ladd doesn't believe in magic wands. Fairy god mothers are fakes in his book. Nobody ever handed him anything. He went out and got it. He gambled strictly from guts and he risked plenty—his friends, his reputation, his good health—yep, even his life once or twice. Sound like a Cinderella Chappie? Not exactly.

courageous laddie . . .

Take the time, only a few weeks ago, right smack in the middle of "Gun For Hire." The climax of the whole movie was coming up. Alan had been working in rainy scenes, sopping wet for days. One day he felt hot. He was. Fever: 104. They had to wrestle him to get him to the hospital "I'm all right," Alan scrapped back. He wasn't though. They called a doctor. Pneumonia in both lungs!

Five days later, after tossing with fever all day and night, he practically sandbagged his doctor into letting him loose. Right from the hospital bed, the guy hurried to the studio and went through all the toughest scenes he had to do—the chases, action and drama around the end—the stuff that made him famous—and is going to make him rich.

Now, of course, getting this information out of "Laddie" (that's what his wife, Sue Carol, calls him) is like pulling teeth from an elephant. He's modest, not shy, but modest. When you talk to Al you don't think of a Horatio Alger hero, like I might have hinted here. But you certainly don't get the idea you're up against any killer who, as one critic shouted, "makes George Raft and Humphrey Bogart look like a couple of song and dance men."

In person, Alan Ladd looks, not like a slug, but a fellow you'd like to know better. He's neat and trim, around five feet ten, I'd judge, light and wiry, maybe 150 pounds. He has the build of a quarterback, or a sprinter. He was both, too, just to make me honest, and a champion high diver as well. His hair is soft, wavy and rebellious, a burnt gold color (it was dyed black for *The Raven*) and his skin matches. He has dark eyebrows over very gray eyes, and his teeth flash when he talks. He's easy mannered, level and straight talking. His address is careless and off-hand, but you sense underneath a racehorse mettle and the tenseness of a coiled spring. Nerves—but under control. Well—mostly.

There was the night of the preview of "Gun For Hire." It was the break Al and his wife, Sue, had been pounding for too many long months, so he was pretty interested.

"Sitting there in that show," he grinned, "I had hold of Sue's hand and you ought to have seen it afterward—black and blue! I heard every cough in the house. I saw every head turn, I watched every kid fidget. When anybody got up to go out my heart flopped to my socks. My mind raced like a

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P-38's engine. I never even saw the show. I didn't know what the picture was about!"

And then, in New York, just a couple of months ago, where Alan and Sue went to give Manhattan's Ladd-happy press and critics a personal peek, they ventured on to Broadway one night to see "This Gun For Hire." It was Alan's first trip to the Big City. In fact, he'd been out of Los Angeles County only three times in his life since he arrived as a kid. The jostling crowds dazed him enough, but that name—ALAN LADD—up there in flaming letters hypnotized him. He couldn't believe it. He stood staring at it and then it happened. A wise Broadway kid recognized him. "Alan Ladd!" he screamed. "He's right here. That's him!" The curiosity kibitizers gathered like a lynch mob. Alan got the Broadway celebrity treatment—people snatching at him, mauling him. Terrified, he bolted for the theater door. It looked like half New York would rush in free past the doorman. So Alan turned for the curb and yanked Sue into a cab, breathless. "Where to, Mac?" asked the cabbie.

"Anywhere," gasped Alan, "out of here."

So—he's not as calm as he pretends. And it's a very good thing. Actors who burn with a bright flame are artists. And I've got a hunch Alan is one of those. Directors around Hollywood have sensed the pressure underneath Alan long before he made "This Gun For Hire." They knew he was good long before Bill Stevenson and Henry Tuttle decided to gamble on him in "Joan of Paris" and "This Gun For Hire." Producers used to stop him halfway through tests, and say, "Kid, you've got it all right. But," they'd add, sadly, "I've just got to have a name!" Whoever heard of Alan Ladd?

double dynamite . . .

Sue Carol, his wife, business manager, career guide, twenty-four-hour sweetheart and best pal, hadn't. But she heard a radio show one night a couple of years ago. Two men were in it and both were terrific, though the parts were entirely different. She was new in the agency business then and she was hunting clients. She called a Columbia Broadcasting producer. "Say," she enthused. "Who were those two men on such-and-such a show that just went off the air? They're terrific! I'm looking for real talent and they've got it. Who were those actors?"

"Actors?" said the mike producer. "Names? Why, that was just *one* guy, Sue. His name's Alan Ladd. But you've got him right. He's double dynamite."

So she wrote him a note and he brought it around and now they're living happily ever after as man and w— But wait a minute. This needs a start:

Alan Ladd has been a double load of TNT ever since he was a kid. But he had to wait twenty-eight years for somebody to touch it off with a big bang. There have been little explosions all along the route, since Alan decided to make faces for a living, but they always fizzled out. B. H.—Before Hollywood—he was popping busily about like a firecracker and getting nowhere too.

Alan is a Hot Springs, Arkansas, boy, who traveled to California via Oklahoma and Colorado. His father died when Alan was five, and his mother remarried. There was never very much money after that, but that didn't bother a kid as full of beans as Alan.

He was never without an after-hours job all through grade school. He mowed lawns, peddled papers, swept out stores and delivered groceries. He found time to work his way up to an Eagle Scout and pass his studies too. In North Hollywood High the mighty atom kept up his business career selling ads on a local paper, life guarding and doing everything that cropped up. Meanwhile, he became about the hottest athlete in San Fernando Valley—football, basketball, track and swimming. He turned into the champion 100- and 220-dash man and capped off his athletic career fancy diving his way to the Olympic tryouts. I mean Alan was good. He was Southern California interscholastic swim champ a couple of those years. He shows the results in his physique today—smooth, firm muscles and an easy style of getting about.

Alan thinks it was the exhibition diving that got him used to public life and made him hanker for audiences. As a kid, he remembers, he used to roll away gravestones from the cemetery behind the very Paramount that pays him plenty today and sneak through the fence onto the sets. He never dreamed he'd be looking into lenses himself later on those same sets. He might never have been, if a couple of things hadn't happened.

slapped like a Jap . . .

For one, he took a two-and-a-half gainer off a high board in a diving exhibition one day and landed with a belly slap like a Jap plane off Midway. He tried again and did the same thing and hurt himself bad. That steered Alan off ideas of becoming a professional merman, although he can still sail through the air like a swan and knife the water. The next tack was business. But a job with a Babbitt pep outfit, the required sales slogans, blue serge suits and stiff collars were more than Al could take. He tried newspapering, too, briefly and finally opened up his own hamburger stand, figuring on expanding into a chain when the customers swamped him. But they didn't swamp.

I first saw Alan about eight or nine years ago. That's his real name, too, Alan Ladd. I remember. He wasn't even 21 then, and somehow—after all the above—he had wandered onto the Universal lot, right near home, and into a dramatic stock training school the studio ran then. The ambitious young Barrymores all wore blue linen coats and gray pants. Alan looked like a high school kid in his. He was only five feet four (he did most of his growing after twenty-one) and that's what finally eased him out of that start. "You're too short," they told him. "Come back when you grow up." He was to hear that refrain plenty from then on. Al can't remember how many times producers have looked at his young face and slight build, and the college cut sports clothes he loves, and grunted, "Too collegiate!" And now the guy wins his fame—can you beat it?—as a merciless killer?

Alan never went to college. The Universal stock school and the drama institutes he went to later on were the only higher education he ever had. He had college chances, too. His athletic record won him scholarship offers at Southern California and Dartmouth and he had an inside edge on a West Point appointment, too. But he thought it wasn't fair to his folks to duck out then. Family finances weren't going very good. He thought he'd stick around a year and make some dough to help out. Alan got himself a job as a grip at Warner Brothers. He collected $65 a week. All day long he looked down from forty or fifty feet up in the catwalks at people—people acting. He wasn't a very good

grip. Not after he spied an old chum from the Universal school in there with a bit part and dragging down 50 bucks a day.

It wasn't the money, though. It was something else. Alan doesn't know yet what it was that made him forget everything when he saw actors doing their stuff. He kibitzed silently and sometimes the boss gaffer would get a little nasty. "Okay, Mr. DeMille," he'd crack. "If you think the scene's okay then how how about a little work! Or do you feel an inspiration?"

You can see he was a gone goose, right then. He quit after a year or so of gripping with a little money he'd socked away in the bank. And that's when the trouble began. Alan resolved that this time he would be an actor or he'd bust.

You read a lot of stories about young unknowns who starve in a garret for fame. Kids who tackle Hollywood the hard way. Usually, investigation reveals they skipped a meal once, got behind a month in the rent, or couldn't buy a convertible coupe the first year. That isn't hardship. But what Alan Ladd endured when his money ran out was.

bumpy road . . .

He went hungry. He slept where he could. He ran desperately in debt. Everything broke wrong for him. He lost his stepfather in those tough years and right after that, his mother, who had always been an understanding pal, passed on. Alan thought a lot of his mother. She always hoped he'd make something important out of himself and he always assured her he would. His most poignant regret today is that she isn't alive to witness his success.

What ate into him most of all during the hunger stretch was what his friends thought of him. He got a lot of criticism from his friends. He had a lot of friends. They all remembered his high school triumphs and they thought he was tossing himself right down the drain with this actor yen. "Gone Hollywood," he heard plenty say, and it was said with a sneer. When he spent his savings to enter Ben Bard's dramatic school, it looked like the height of folly.

That was hard to take. But it wasn't weakness as so many people supposed. What Alan Ladd did in those hard-up days took plenty of the stuff they string racquets with. It isn't easy to turn down steady pay checks when your stomach is growling and your socks feel the sidewalk. But he shook his head firmly at respectable jobs. Instead, Alan sang (he's got a swell baritone) in beer joints and on Saturdays he dug ditches and laid pipe. He stayed at a friend's, with the room rent on the cuff. To outward appearances, he stacked up as a bum.

"But I knew," Alan told me, "what a lot of people didn't. I knew I couldn't work and learn to be an actor at the same time. This is an all out job—this acting—and I wasn't going to be just a ham. I was going to be good!

"And I knew something else. The minute I got a salary check, I'd start depending on it. I'd buy the clothes I needed, and I'd get a jalopy and then I'd be afraid to quit and face being broke again. So I just stayed broke!" Alan stayed broke three years.

And when he got good enough he went on the radio in bit parts for free. "Then I got a real break," chuckled Alan. "I did a show and the pay was five dollars—split between ten actors. I got fifty cents for the job!" But bigger ones came along and then—enter Miss Sue Carol.

THERE'S MORE
TO BEAUTY
THAN A
PRETTY FACE
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I don't know a Hollywood wife who deserves more credit for a husband's break than Sue Carol. I don't know a couple that is happier either than Sue and Alan. They're a perfect team. They're crazy about each other. They're together every minute they aren't forced apart by business. Alan, to both Sue and himself, is "He"—"He did this, he did that" impersonally, as if he were a project of some sort. Alan's as wrapped up in her agency as she is in his career.

double-hitched . . .

This ideal match was cemented for the second time, by the way, just a few days ago, and Alan's wearing a brand new gold wedding ring. They were married first last spring in Mexico, because there was some delay about Alan's divorce from a former domestic hitchup that didn't pan out and which he doesn't like to talk about now.

But most people in Hollywood hand Sue Carol too much credit for the astounding break of Alan Ladd. She doesn't want it. It's true she took him when he was nobody and peddled him around like a cranberry merchant for the past three years. "What about Alan Ladd?" is a crack that will get you a smile in any casting office in town even today. Sue was always saying it. You may be surprised to learn that Alan Ladd played in over sixty movies before "This Gun For Hire." She got him the jobs. Independents, westerns, commercial advertising movies, bits here and there. She kept him busy and with money in his pockets. And she never stopped plugging for that break that would count. But Sue will tell you today, as she told me the other day, "Sure I worked hard for Laddie. I knew he had it and that some day a lot of people would thank me for telling them so. But don't say *I* put him across. You don't put anybody across in Hollywood—unless *they've* got it!"

The other day Sue Carol was offered $25,000 for one-half of Alan Ladd's agency contract. No—she didn't take it. She wouldn't take $100,000—not for a half interest in her husband.

What kept a guy like Ladd, a thousand volt personality, a kid who'd tear himself apart in any chance, a boy that professional people, radio and movies knew had what it takes—what kept him off the big time—until "Joan of Paris," and "Gun For Hire"? And Hollywood, you heard, was begging for new male names.

That's exactly what kept him in the dark—no name. It happened so often it was funny. Alan came up for parts. "The Devil to Pay." Sure—his test was swell, but we dunno, who *is* Alan Ladd on a marquee? Bob Cummings got the lead. "Kitty Foyle"—Dennis Morgan. "Meet John Doe"—Regis Toomey. "I Wanted Wings"—Ray Milland. Always like that.

Alan had some minor breaks. He played a part in "Hitler, Beast of Berlin," a sensational quickie but timely, which broke big in New York. He had some chances for bread-and-butter contracts. Steady jobs but hack acting. "No!" said Alan. And his agent, Sue, backed him up. Maybe I'd better tell you about Sue, right now. How this team began, I mean.

It began, as I said, when Sue heard Alan on the air and wrote him a note. He called around, and right before he did, Columbia Broadcasting decided to handle him. They offered a managerial contract. So did Sue. Sue Carol wasn't much shakes in the agency field then. Columbia was, for radio, and that was all

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the work Alan was getting. But after a look at Sue, Alan asked for ten days to think it over. On the tenth he walked into Sue's office. What Alan meant to say was that he had decided. "I'm going to sign with Columbia." He started to say it, took a look into Sue's brown eyes and said something different. He said, "Where's your contract?" Maybe it wasn't love at first sight—but it was something like that.

From that minute Alan Ladd's luck really changed. The climax came one day at two studios. Alan was at RKO; Sue at Paramount. They had a date to meet for lunch and a rendezvous in RKO quadrangle. Sue was angling for "This Gun For Hire"; Alan had tested for "Joan of Paris." Halfway through Director Bill Stevenson made a circle of his thumb and finger, snapped off the camera. "Okay, Alan," he said, "that's plenty. You've got it!"

Alan hopped around the quad as nervous as a bride. What news to tell Sue! When she showed up her face was down to her knees and she looked ready to cry. "Honey," she said, "Sorry. They turned you down at Paramount. It's all off."

"I don't give a damn," laughed Alan. "Listen to my news." And he spilled it.

Halfway through Sue started squealing. Her surprise gag was flat, and she knew it. Alan *had* got the Paramount part, of course—"This Gun For Hire—within a half hour of cinching the "Joan of Paris" test. That, again, is this Hollywood town.

up and up . . .

So—is there any use of going all over what happened? How the *Baby* part in "Joan of Paris" was prestige film for Alan around Hollywood at last. How theatre owners reversed the billing in "Gun" and starred Alan Ladd over Veronica Lake on their own account. How the guy is the toast of Hollywood this minute? Nope—you know it all.

Then what has success done to Alan Ladd, the hard way hero? How's he taking his sudden fame?

Very steadily, thanks. I've told you how happy Sue and Alan are, how inseparable, how they double-hitched their marriage just for good measure. Alan hasn't any folks or relatives to share his good fortune with. That's his biggest regret. On the splurge side: He's bought some mighty good clothes, because he likes clothes and for a long time he had to look at them in windows. But he's buying most suits second hand from his Paramount parts. There's just the one car, a Packard convertible. No night life to speak of, Mocambo once, never a peek inside Ciro's or the new Troc. The Ladd's live in Sue's house she bought years ago, up in the Los Feliz section of Los Angeles, which most of Hollywood has deserted now. They aren't figuring on moving or digging a pool. The dough Alan makes goes mostly into War Bonds.

The lights are burning late in the Ladd kitchen right now, for Alan is in the middle of "Prelude to Glory" and where he likes to study his script best is perched on a stool over the breadboard with buckets of coffee handy on the sink.

a man in a million . . .

While he studies, Sue broods over the only real problem of their married life so far—Food. Alan's so intense he won't eat when he works. He lost twenty good pounds during the hunger days and he could stand to get more of them back than he has. It strikes Al as some sort of a joke—this lack of appetite, now. He used to stroll up in front of Hollywood's fancy restaurants, his mouth watering and his tummy playing pat-a-cake. If he ever made some dough, he swore—boy, would he wade into those New York steaks!

"And now," he chuckles, "I go in a place with the choice of the menu—and I'm not hungry!"

Maybe it's some sort of a reverse psychosis from those starvation days. It may be years before Alan Ladd can appreciate the pleasures of success without hangover pangs from his past.

At the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, where the Ladds recently stayed in style, Alan woke up one night about three A.M. "Sue," he said, "I want a hamburger, just like you get out home!" Sue was tickled because Al hadn't touched food all day. She jingled for Room Service and two hamburgers and two bottles of beer came up, wafted in under silver covers by an immaculate waiter—all very elegant.

Alan started to bite the sandwich. Then he noticed the check. It was five dollars. He gagged. It wasn't even his money, understand. Paramount was paying all expenses. But right then Laddie lost his appetite. "I thought about those other days," said Alan, "and five bucks for two burgers and beers made me sick." He told the waiter to carry it away, untouched.

That's the kind of sensitive, high-strung, impressionable, sentimental guy Alan Ladd is—beneath his menacing, icy mask. Personally, I hope he stays that way. He'll be a great star as long as he does. Of course, I'd like to see him take a little nourishment every now and then, too. He's going to need it.

WIN $5.00 in WAR STAMPS

Are you giving up an extra ice cream soda for a War Stamp? Saving up the shekels from mowing lawns for War Bonds? USO-ing? Victory Bond vending? WE WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT. Write us, and the best letter will win $5.00 in War Stamps. Address your letter to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. The brightest idea this month came from a Kentucky reader whose letter, printed below, will give you one excellent idea for raising stamp money to help America win this war. We're proud to send her $5.00 in War Stamps. Maybe it will be your turn next month. Let's get busy right away!

"I have a Victory Garden with many vegetables. When these vegetables are large enough, I sell them to families who live in cities and are not fortunate enough to raise gardens themselves. With the money I purchase stamps each week. Therefore I feel that I am serving the government in two ways, namely by buying stamps and producing more vegetables. If everyone who could would grow a Victory Garden and use the returns in the same way, I am sure the plan would help "Axe the Axis."

Marjorie Rankin,
R.R. No. 4,
Cynthiana, Kentucky

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 58)

certainly heaven could wait! Dr. Lindstrom's in from Rochester where he and Ingrid have settled with their daughter, Pia. Interesting that Ingrid won't allow her house in Beverly Hills to be photographed because "it's only a stopping off place, not my real home."

Lunched at Universal with Deanna Durbin. Watched Maria Montez go through her notorious "letter routine." Seems Maria loves to be looked at. In order to attract attention she brings the same letter to lunch daily, and as she reads, registers every emotion in the catalogue. After devouring the first passage, she throws back her head and roars with laughter. Then she reads on, and her shoulders quiver and tears fill her eyes. Another page and she's sobbing, softly. But not too softly. There isn't an eye in the room that can rip itself off Maria when she goes into her act! It's her way of attracting attention, and it's the same way every day. Yet the crowd is always fascinated. She's a smart girl, that Montez. She'll be famous some day!

Tierney Meets Chaplin!

Tierney and Chaplin ablaze! Surprised? Well, you needn't be, 'cause the Tierney we're talking about is Gene's sister Pat, and Chaplin is Charlie's son Charles, Jr.

Pat, who's lush and lovely and sixteen, and Charles, who's dark and handsome and seventeen, were introduced at the West Side Tennis Club. Chaplin, Sr., never one to stifle romance, saw the sparks shooting and invited the kids to be his dinner guests at the Mocambo. That glamorous beginning has been followed by almost-nightly movie-and-sundae dates, with a heavy sprinkling of phone calls in between.

Incidentally, Pat's getting a big rush from local producers. Three studios are pursuing her with fat contracts. She'd like to sign 'em, but sister Gene says no, she can't 'til she gets her high school diploma.

Out of the Frying Pan

The sudden spurt of patriotism that sent Hollywood's leading glamour boy scurrying into the nearest recruiting station is still mystifying his friends. They don't know that the guy had a very personal reason for getting under the sheltering arm of Uncle Sam's armed forces . . . and getting there fast!

A year ago, the glamour boy and his wife parted. Instead of rushing to Reno and ridding herself of her undesirable mate in six weeks, the wife elected to remain in Hollywood and file for divorce under California law. California demands legal residence of one year but, as compensation for the long wait, offers a divorcing wife a substantial chunk of her husband's property.

Last week the year was up. But three days earlier—rather than waiting another month as he had planned—the glamour boy enlisted! The reason? He doesn't want all the goodies he's worked so hard to earn to fall into his wife's hands. And, under the Soldiers and Sailors Act of 1940, no wife whose husband is in the service may sue for divorce and gain a default judgment without written permission of the husband—which you may be sure this little lady will never get!

Nothing Sacred!

Can you imagine Katharine Hepburn standing before the cameras and advising a movie audience to "see a Bette Davis picture for really good acting!" Of course you can't. One actress would never plug another, even for the sake of the script. Yet, something similar occurred when Glenn Miller made "Orchestra Wife."

A line of dialogue called for a list of bandleaders' names. It is customary, in such cases, to rattle off a string of phonies. But Glenn Miller refused. Instead, he inserted the names of his own favorites, Benny Goodman, Harry James, Sammy Kaye, Paul Whiteman and Andre Kostelanetz.

"Why shouldn't I mention the boys? Deadly rivals? I should say not! I admire every one of them. They're fine musicians. They have taste in music, which I respect above all else. Take Kostelanetz. One of the blights of our time is the practice of swinging classical music. Kostelanetz does it among others. But he knows *what* to swing. Not like another genius, who shall go nameless, who had the nerve to lead his men in a swing arrangement of "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

Short Shots

Greer Garson doesn't know whether to become a sailor's wife or remain a sailor's sweetheart, now that Richard Ney belongs to the Navy. . . . Tarzan (Johnny Weissmuller) is looking for a new jungle mate, and Ann Corio, Queen of the Strip Tease, is up for the role! . . . Cradle Talk: The Brian Donlevy's and James Ellison's anticipate autumn heirs. Ditto the Franchot Tones. . . . It's almost two years, yet Bette Davis and Arthur Farnsworth continue to swap monthly anniversary gifts. . . . One third of Shirley Temple's earnings are placed in trust, which will make her a very rich young lady at twenty-one. . . . After twenty-two years, the Groucho Marxes are talking to the judge. . . . Mrs. Stirling Hayden (Madeleine Carroll) and Mrs. John Hertz, Jr., (Myrna Loy) have had their fill of careers. They'll quit films to devote themselves to their new husbands. . . . The Jack Bennys are expecting another dotter—via the adoption trail. . . . Harry James and Helen Forrest are humming the wedding march!

Labor of Love

Hollywood can learn a thing or two about popularity from Bandleader Harry James. Without ballyhoo or build-up, Harry's earned himself a fan following that tops any movie star's. Each week the postman dumps 6,000 letters on his desk, and in the past fourteen weeks the maestro has filled requests for over 50,000 photos of himself.

"T'aint an accident that puts James up in front. It's his appreciation of his fans and his willingness to devote long hours to them. Harry personally keeps an index file of every person who's ever written him. And, believe it or not, he maintains a fan mail department that's bigger than any movie studio's!

"And do you know where most of the letters come from?" he asks. "Dallas, Texas—and Brooklyn, New York!"

ALL THE BOYS
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28 Colors.
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Solution to Puzzle on Page 12

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

This is the Army!

Brenda Marshall, back from the East where she enjoyed a brief reunion with hubby Bill Holden, tells this story.

Bill was walking across the camp grounds, on his way to mess, when he saw a familiar face coming toward him. A few steps more revealed it belonged to Jerry Hopper, Marsha Hunt's husband, and one of his closest Hollywood friends. Bill was delighted. He hadn't seen Jerry in months, and here was his old pal, togged in an officer's uniform, 3,000 miles from home.

Bill steamed up to him. "Jerry, you old so-and-so," he shouted. "How've you been? When did you pull in?"

Hopper was equally delighted. "Bill," he cried, grasping Holden's arm. "This is wonderful! Think of it, running into you here!"

Then, suddenly, both men stiffened. Simultaneously, they remembered they were in Uncle Sam's Army, under Uncle Sam's regulations. Stepping back, they saluted briskly.

"Sir," said Private Holden. "Sir," said Lieut. Hopper. And, with a quick wink, they hurried on their separate ways!

Musical Jackpot

"Jingle, Jangle, Jingle," the hit of the Hit Parade, has the heavy coin jingle-jangling into Kay Kyser's cash box.

The old Professor's waxing of the tune is reportedly smashing all sales records the country over. According to its publishers, it sold 250,000 copies the first four weeks it was available, which ain't hay when you realize a record is considered a roaring success if it unloads 350,000 in an entire year!

By the way, it is now revealed that "Jingle, Jangle" was conceived and composed in only 25 minutes! During the making of "Forest Rangers" Director George Marshall ran into a spot where he thought Fred MacMurray ought to sing a song. Summoning tunesmiths Joseph Lilley and Frank Loesser, Marshall instructed them to drop what they were doing and rap out a little ditty for Fred. Within a half hour the boys were back with "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle"—never dreaming they had the song sensation of the season!

Peace in Our Time

Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine have finally achieved the ideal sisterly relationship. They chatter on the phone, they visit each other's homes, they shop together and they share confidences. Now if no one makes any dirty cracks, they'll do okay.

Livvy and Joan admit all has not always been well between them. But they blame their differences on newspaper columnists and local gossips. In the past, whenever they've bordered on complete understanding, someone invariably set the ball of trouble rolling by whispering, "Did you hear what Olivia said about Joan?" or "Have you heard what Joan said about Olivia?" Word would get back to the girls who, being only human, would climb onto their high horses and be enemies again.

At this writing, all is peace and harmony between the sisters. Joan has even asked Olivia to come and live with her. However, Olivia has no intention of breaking in on the still-honeymooning Ahernes. She's content to dwell within halloo-ing distance and see them almost every day.

Disa and Data

Bill Holden can't persuade the boys in camp to call him by his real name, William Beedle. They insist on using his movie monicker! . . . There's a plan in Washington to print the likeness of Carole Lombard on war savings stamps . . . Sheila Ryan boasts the most finely-contoured hands in Hollywood. No wonder Johnny Payne likes to hold 'em! . . . George Montgomery's nose is buried in volumes on celestial navigation. Hopes to enter the Air Corps as a pilot . . . Jimmy Stewart won a promotion from second lieutenant to first lieutenant. But his sidekick, Burgess Meredith, leaped all the way from buck private to second louie!

Signe Hasso's 8-year-old son was a passenger aboard the exchange ship Drottningholm when it slid into New York Harbor . . . Ann Rutherford isn't ashamed to wear mended hose. She jauntily sews stocking runs with colored thread as her answer to Hirohito!

Home on the Range

If Johnny Payne gets puffy around the waistline and heavy about the jowls, don't accuse him of dissipation. Just blame his mother!

Mrs. Ida Payne, a charming Southern woman, is currently in Hollywood visiting her movie star son. Like all doting parents, she thinks he's too thin. True, his splendid body is the pride of 20th Century-Fox. But, reasons Mrs. Payne, they're only the studio —they can't be expected to understand Johnny's needs the same as his own mother!

And what does Johnny think? Well, he wants his mom to be happy. And besides, she's such a good cook!

"She loves to fuss with foods," says John. "She's the only woman I know who has a "play" kitchen. Yup, instead of a game room or an extra parlor. The cook uses the main kitchen, and only Mother's allowed in the "play" room. It has three stoves, gas, electric and coal. I guess it doesn't say much for progress, but Mother likes the coal stove best!"

The Parting Hour

It won't be long now till Bob Sterling joins the Brotherhood of Guys Who Left Their Gals Behind. And boy, it's going to be tough! Not every man has a sweetie-pie as gallumptious-looking and devoted as Ann Sothern!

Four nights a week Bob has to barrel into his books and study for Army Air Corps entrance examinations. Yet, not a thought of two-timing enters Annie's pretty head. She just sits at home or calls on her chum Hedy Lamarr, and waits until Bob is free.

And talk about thoughtfulness! When Bob was bedded with a strep throat a few weeks back, Ann and her secretary (Bob's kid sis) made a daily trek to his apartment with food specially and tenderly prepared by their own loving hands.

Modern Times

Nothing phony about Mrs. Garfield's determination to go to work in a defense plant. Soon as John enters the service, she'll put their daughter Kathryn in the care of a nurse and become the first Hollywood wife to don overalls in an airplane factory.

The Garfields can see no reason for the surprise expressed in some quarters over Robbie's chosen war effort. Some women, they declare, are best suited for fund-raising and others for knitting sweaters. Mrs. Garfield is convinced she can do her best job building planes. What's more, she believes that many another Movietown wife who has never done manual labor and who is shy about starting, will follow her once she takes the first step.

Enter Phillip Terry

Joan Crawford's marriage to Phillip Terry

was a complete surprise to Hollywoodians already made dizzy by the news of Lana Turner's elopement with Stephen Crane, and Cary Grant's union with Barbara Hutton. As Joan tells it, their romance began when a mutual friend brought Phil to her home in Brentwood. She was immediately taken with him, and their wedding, two months later, was anything but "sudden."

Joan probably doesn't realize it, but her marriage was even less sudden than she thinks. Her first meeting with Terry, a 33-year-old Stanford University grad, occurred seven years ago! It was at a party given by the Jack Oakies at their Beverly Hills home —a costume affair at which guests were asked to attend dressed as their favorite advertisements. Joan was married to Franchot Tone at the time. Neither felt like bothering about costumes. Since they lived only a few blocks away, they strolled over in street clothes.

Stepping into the Oakie drawing room they found themselves surrounded by men and women rigged out as toothpaste tubes, bird seed and gin bottles. Joan and Franchot were embarrassed. They were out of place in their street clothes. They'd better leave immediately, they decided. But as they turned to go, Venita Oakie hurried up. She had a friend who wanted to meet them. A young actor, just breaking into pictures. Would it be all right if she brought him over? Joan said it would be. And two minutes later she was introduced to her future husband, Mr. Phillip Terry—dressed as a package of cigarettes!

Wanted: New Faces

After years of keeping studio gates securely locked and guarded, Hollywood has done an abrupt about-face and spread its doorsteps with large Welcome mats. Talent scouts are all over the country haunting highways and by-ways looking for likely leading men. Never has the town been so wide open for new male talent.

Calls to service have depleted the current list of leading men so fast that executives are issuing orders to find new faces, and find 'em quick! The catch is in the restricting requirements. According to the Hollywood Reporter, a man can't be considered a prospect unless he is "married and preferably a father, or a single man pretty heavily weighed with dependents. Or he must have a 4-F draft classification based on physical disabilities of such a nature that they will not interfere with reasonably regular appearances before the camera." In addition, he must have "the type of immunity that will enable studios to publicize him without apologizing because he is not in uniform."

The sudden rush-rush began in earnest when unalarmed studio heads casually gave orders to round up all the Broadway stage neophytes who've been pointing for Hollywood for years. By wire and teletype came the sad news. All such aspirants were gone from the White Way. And not only that—the situation was so desperate musical comedy producers were seriously considering costuming the bigger gals in male clothes, to take the place of chorus boys in dancing routines!

Hollywood "Gadabouts"

Paging Walter Winchell! There's a brand new "addition" at the Cary Grant-Barbara Hutton domicile! Only two months old, and it's the sensation of the neighborhood! It's name is Crosley, and it's the perky, midget auto Cary gave to Babs as a wedding present. Barely five feet long, the tiny go-cart was especially designed for the duration. It can whip up a speed of fifty miles an hour without batting a headlight. Its tires are good for 70,000 miles, and it scoops up plenty of distance without a refill —at least fifty miles to a gallon! The little buggy, which sells for $500.85, is a two-cylinder job and comes in only one color—bright yellow!

Since the Grants started the Crosley fad, Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith, Brian Aherne and Preston Foster have all adopted it. They've had to settle for second-hand editions, but Maggie Sullavan and her husband, Leland Hayward, zoop by in a shiny right-off-the-assembly-line model. Seems Hayward owns five aerial training centers, and the importance of his work merits him a precious priority number.

Autry of the Air Corps

Gene Autry, the boots and saddle man, won't do any more cowboying till it's over Over There. As a technical sergeant in the Army Air Corps, he'll stow away his 60 western costumes and his gaudy cuban-heeled shoes and serve his country in the uniform of the service. His horse, Champ, will be turned out to pasture at Melody Ranch where Ina, his wife, will also remain for the duration.

Gene, an experienced pilot, is 35 and too old for combat flying. His duties haven't been defined, but it's expected that no matter where he's assigned, his mere presence in the Air Corps will be a great spur to youngsters who are thinking of enlisting.

Surprisingly, Gene's fans aren't all wet-behind-the-ears kids. Many are 18 and 19 years old, well beyond the all-day-sucker age. They may flock to the colors just to be near him. After all, they've never yet gone wrong, emulating Autry!

One Man's Family

Lots of rumors chasing around about the Bing Crosbys. One is that Bing and Dixie are expecting another tax exemption, and sending up daily prayers that this time it will be a girl.

Another is that Bing's got the enlistment bug and will join up with the Air Force soon as he can wind his personal affairs. If he does go, his family will be well provided for. With his movie earnings cut off (they totalled $300,000 last year), he'll still have a sizable income from his Decca recordings, a casual sideline which in 1941 earned him a mere $100,640!

Bing's also arranged for physical protection for his brood. Whenever they go out, they're accompanied by a chauffeur, dressed in a uniform like a State Trooper's and equipped with a nasty-looking revolver. At home they're surrounded by an electrically-charged gate and balconies that will fry an intruder on contact.

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Didja Know

That Freddy Martin and his boys are planning a mass enlistment in the Coast Guard where they will form a band . . . That the Cary Grant-Barbara Hutton marriage ceremony was recorded on 16 mm. film by Cary's secretary . . . That far from hurting her career, Rita Hayworth's divorce led to a doubling of her fan mail—which in turn led to a doubling of her salary? She's now pulling in $2,000 weekly . . . That a dispute over money is the reason given for Ray

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Eberle's walkout on the Glenn Miller orchestra? And that Glenn has one foot in the Navy . . . That Mrs. Ruth Cummings, Bob's ma, is a minister . . . That Edward Norris, Ann Sheridan's "Ex" is a bridegroom for the fourth time . . . That Laraine Day is the happiest girl in town since her husband, Ray Hendricks, completed his assignment as civilian flying instructor in Arizona and returned to Hollywood . . That Jimmy Cagney has turned over his 500-acre Martha's Vineyard estate to the U. S. Army? It's the first gesture of its kind to be made by a Hollywood citizen!

Drive For The Love Of America

Come September and the Motion Picture Industry's efforts to sell war bonds and stamps will have twins, triplets and quintuplets. Up to now, movies have donated stars and facilities to every other organization trying to promote such sales, without much credit to themselves. But September marks a kind of total responsibility for the celluloid industry, so come September, every movie house in the land will ask you and you and you to buy more war bonds and stamps. It's going to be quite a drive, you know, with every theater in the whole U. S. cooperating. Now don't expect Dottie Lamour in every lap or a five thousand dollar war bond as a Bingo prize, you greedy things! Still, consider what has already been done via mo'om pitchers.—How about those Kansas street dances with war stamps as admission and a stamp the price of every dance? And the place with a 250-pound bomb you can autograph for 50c or more? And the booths where pretty gals sell kisses (candy, but good fun) with each war stamp? These things may come to your town. You may hear "Any Bonds Today" instead of "The Star Spangled Banner." So tell 'em "sure, bonds today, and bonds tomorrow and the day after"—you'll be showing your appreciation for the swell tireless work the movies have done, but that's not really very important. You'll be showing your appreciation for what a helluva lot of kids in khaki are doing and have died doing. Because, my friends, those grand old stars and stripes up there mean just precisely what you want them to!

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BIG BROTHER BING

(*Continued from page 29*)

Bing's hand closed on the young arm briefly. "You've got the stuff," he said. "You'll always win."

Nowadays, Bob and Bing shoot quite a lot of golf together, or in a foursome. Bing shoots a hard, swift game—"I've never been able to take him," Bob admitted to Bob Hope one day when they were teeing off, "but I'll keep at it until I cost him at least one point."

Not so with tennis. Several months ago, Bob and Bing were playing one of their weekly tournaments when Bob beat his big brother in straight love sets. That threw Bing for such a flock of exclamation points that he has managed to talk himself out of all succeeding matches.

Bob was reporting this fact with relish to Larry Crosby, and Larry said, "Remember the time you won the Pacific Northwest Amateur Tennis Tournament!"

"I'll say I do . . . that guy, Bing . . ."

gold hearts and medals . . .

It happened this way: Bob had been practicing like crazy. He was out on the courts at daybreak to take advantage of the cool hours, and he batted balls off the Crosby garage in Spokane until it was so dark he was likely to get pushed in the face with a fast return. At the time, Bing was in New York, but Mother Crosby was keeping him informed of the family gossip. She wrote: "I think it will break Bob's heart if he doesn't win this tournament. You've never seen such constant practice as he puts in. Mary Rose" (the sister just older than Bob) "says he has a terrific forehand drive, and his backhand is accurate. She thinks he'll win, barring trouble with his racket. It was a fine one when it was new, you remember, but it's been in use a long time. We really should have it restrung, but it seems there are so many other places for the money. . . ."

Bob was worried about that racket. He knew there were going to be some very fine shootin' irons in the tournament, but he just polished his technique that much harder—planning to make up in strategy what he lacked in equipment

The morning of the tournament, an insured package arrived for Bob from New York. There was no note, no card, nothing. But the package contained the finest racket on the market. Bob stared at it a long time, then he went to look for a handkerchief because it seemed he was getting a summer cold—or something.

That afternoon he marched out on the court and won the tournament. Then he had his picture taken, wearing his medal, and mailed the photograph to Bing. On the back he wrote, "Any time you want to sell YOUR medal for scrap gold—just say the word."

Larry asked, "Still got that medal kicking around somewhere?"

"Sure," Bob said. "I'll give it to Christopher some day." (Christopher is his baby son, and Kathleen is his four-year-old daughter.) "I still have that racket, too. I wouldn't part with it."

YOUR GOVERNMENT SAYS

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Some people have to learn to like vegetables—particularly the green and yellow ones—either because they never had them as children or have never tasted them properly prepared. It is well worth while developing a taste for these vegetables because they supply large amounts of what it takes to make Vitamin A in our bodies. They also give us minerals for blood and bone building.

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Helen S. Mitchell

Principal Nutritionist,
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. . . potatoes, other vegetables or fruits in season.

BREAD and CEREAL

. . . whole grain products or enriched white bread and flour.

MEAT, POULTRY or FISH

. . . dried beans, peas or nuts occasionally.

EGGS

. . . at least 3 or 4 a week, cooked any way you choose—or in "made" dishes.

BUTTER and OTHER SPREADS

. . . vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads.

Then eat other foods you also like

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Whenever the Crosby clan gets together during these hot fall days, they all go swimming. Bing taught his own sons their aquatic lessons almost before they could go in without wearing rubber panties. But his methods have mellowed with time.

Bob was six and Bing sixteen, when Bing decided that his kid brother should join the Fin Club. Bob was a little afraid of water, seeing how painful it was behind the ears, and he had no desire to endure Saturday night more often than once a week.

"Okay," Bing said, when they reached the creek bank, "you sit here like a siss if you want to—I'm going in." This ruse put Bob completely at his ease. He relaxed on the bank, whereupon Bing grabbed him and tossed him into the middle of the pool.

To the nearby school of minnows, he must have looked like a six-year-old octopus with dozens of arms and legs. Also a good healthy pair of lungs which emitted bursts of rage. Using a frog stroke, a dog paddle and a Crosby crawl, Bob reached the bank.

"Nice form," grinned Bing. Then—rather sheepishly—"were you scared, kid?"

Bob shook the water out of his hair, feeling very much a man. "Aw—I knew if anything went wrong, you'd be in there to get me in a hurry," he said.

That faith in Bing's ability to get him out of deep water—of any kind—persisted in Bob's psychology for a good many years. Only once did Bing refuse to dive in, and that instance involved discipline. Bob was playing with an orchestra and living up his weekly pay check in two days. Came the sad night when a session of Ethiopian Ping Pong rallied him right of that old stuff that jingle, jangle, jingles.

It looked to Bob as if cookies were going to be frozen, and he was going to be out of a priority on dream sacks. No board or bed for Bobby. Soooo . . . he borrowed the price of a wire from a fellow musician and asked—in ten words—for dough, and he didn't mean a note of the scale.

Back came the answer: "Too bad you can not reach me. Love. Bing."

This laconic answer was typical of Bing. He's a boy of few—BUT VERY—few words. In the Crosby family everyone has a fancy name. Dad Crosby, who is noted for his blithe disposition, is called "Good Time Harry." Everett, who is described by Bob as "the guy who—before the war—had more pleats in his pants than any other two men in Hollywood" is known as "New York Charlie." Bob, who used to think, talk and write nothing but a Chamber of Commerce description of his adopted state, is labelled "California Elmer." But Bing has always been dubbed "No Talkin' Joe."

no tellin' Joe . . .

While Bing was going to Gonzaga, he started to lunge out of the house one Saturday morning. "Where are you going?" his mother wanted to know.

"Swimming," replied her son.

Bob, who had come to know that Bing's ONE word was sometimes to be heeded as carefully as one hundred from anyone else, tagged his big brother. Not in plain view, you understand, but bush to bush, tree to tree, in the best guerilla fashion. He followed Bing all the way to the Mission Swimming Pool.

Once there, Mr. Bing (Silent) Crosby entered a diving meet and walked away with four first prizes. Bob watched the whole show, softly spreading the news

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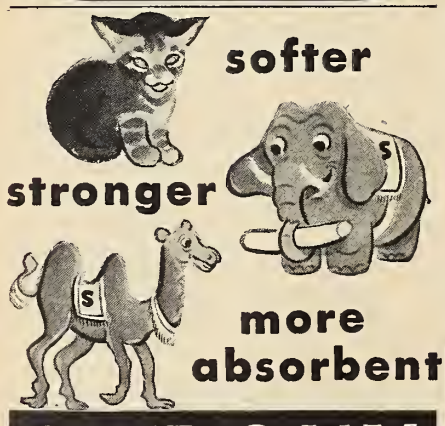

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that the Human Porpoise on the springboard was his big brother. He got plenty of attention.

However, he was careful to keep out of Bing's sight.

That night at dinner, Bing consumed his calories as usual—without conversation. So Bob decided that kid brothers should be seen. Period.

The morning paper, with a page of pictures, broke the news. "Do you mean to tell me you won all these events yesterday and didn't say anything about it?" demanded his mother. For answer, Bing proceeded silently to his bedroom and returned with his medals.

Like all mothers everywhere, she was heartsick not to have shared his triumph. "I wish you had told me your plans," she said wistfully. "Some of the family should have been there—we ought to stick together, son."

Bing patted her shoulder and eased out of the room. That dood it. Bob confided excitedly, "*I* was there, Mom. *I* saw the whole show." Whereupon he gave his shining-eyed mother a splash by splash description of Bing's victory.

Looking back on it, Bob doesn't think those medals alone account for his pint's-eye view of his big brother as a hero. There was another incident that crystallized the notion. Bing, as nimble a man on his feet as you'll find east of Astaire, developed his adagio by walking logs in a mill pond in Spokane. And, as usual, a small shadow followed him. Bob, thinking that Paul Bunyan must have been a boy once, decided to walk a few logs himself.

life-saver Bing . . .

A mis-step meant almost certain drowning because the logs slid apart to let an out-of-balance victim slide through, then closed exactly like Scylla and Charybdis (if you remember your grade school mythology). The faller-inner drowned with his head bumping against the indifferent logs.

Bing was deftly leaping from ex-tree to ex-tree when he heard a small, terrified cry behind him as Bob slipped between logs and disappeared. Luckily there was no current in the pond, or Bob would have been carried downstream beyond even Bing's quick-witted help. As it was, Bing wedged his body between two logs, grabbed the soaked kid and brought him up for air.

Did Bing go into a long harangue about the nuisance of kid brothers? About their getting into jams? About their being copy-cats who might kill themselves? Not Bing. Nonchalance now—nonchalance then. "Watch your step a little better next time," he advised.

No wonder today Papa Bing is such a success with his own sons. He has a knack for understanding the psychology of sprouts, complete with athletic ambitions. He played baseball for Gonzaga, Bob played baseball for Gonzaga, and Bing wants his four and Bob's one son to ditto for ditto. (Bing said, when Bob's baby boy was born in June, "Nice start. Keep it up and we'll be able to provide a complete Crosby baseball team.")

He has theories about what makes a player valuable. He's teaching Gary—just as he taught Bob years ago—to bat left-handed, and to pitch right-handed. Theory is that a south paw batter develops terrific swing to smack out a three-bagger when necessary, but that a right paw pitcher develops precision and accuracy in that department.

Part of Bing's devotion to baseball and other group sports is due to his belief in team work, such as that which holds the Crosby family unit together. Bing is all in favor of clannishness. When something good comes along, he likes to share it with kin. For instance, Bob's orchestra did all the musical sound track for Bing's latest Paramount picture "Holiday Inn," and Bob is also set for the same job in Bing's next picture—still untitled.

Bob's assuming the Crosby spot on the Kraft Music Hall is another example of the same thing. Everett and Dad Crosby are managers of the family interests, and no decision is made without their okay. Larry, Bing and Bob own the Major Aircraft Foundry in Pasadena—a thriving manufactory established 3 years ago. At that time there were 4 employees and now there are 60. This company probably sees more of Bing than any other spot except his golf course.

The foundry is working for the government, making items which are slightly secret. And, incidentally, making no profits at all for the Crosbys. California Institute of Technology, when it invents a brainstorm, takes it over to the Crosby firm to be tested. And standing around watching without a word—is likely to be No Talkin' Joe.

When a family as closely knit as the Crosbys are, get together, there is always a lot of ribbing and reminiscing. "As long as I live, I'll never forget the first time I started to sing," Bob says. "I was with the Dorsey Brothers, and when we hit Elizabeth, New Jersey, I was elected to do a song. I walked out to the mike and opened my mouth . . . and nothing came out except silence. I didn't have a note in my system. Gosh—what a sensation! It took three trips to the mike, on three different nights, before I finally gave with the vocal chords."

Larry breaks in with, "I don't think that's as funny as the time five years ago when you were doing six shows a day at the Strand in New York and your suspenders broke right in the midst of a swing arrangement of 'When The Leaves All Come Tumbling Down.' I can just see you clutching your pants with one hand and directing the orchestra with the other."

Everett gets kidded because he can't carry a tune in a box car. "You're the only man on earth," Bob tells him, "who can sing 'Rosalie' and make it sound like 'Gypsy Love Song.'"

And Everett comes back, "I may not be able to sing, but—boy!—my sox always match. No Talkin' Joe came walking in here the other day wearing one bright burgundy sock and one emerald green."

Bing is color blind. No matter how hard he tries to match up his outfits, he always manages to scare a rainbow.

"Remember," Everett recalls, "how Ted used to padlock his closet so the rest of us couldn't borrow his clothes?"

"I could use one of those padlocks right now," opines Bing, without looking in Bob's direction. Significance of this crack is that whenever Bob gets bored with his own wardrobe, he oozes over to Bing's and takes a squint. Bing's plaids, giddy slacks and other fancy haberdashery appeal to him so he "borrows" an occasional item. "I never had a chance to wear anybody else's clothes when I was growing up," Bob complains, "so I have to catch up on this community thing now."

double talk . . .

Larry says, "Speaking of communities and how they grow, I still think the funniest crack Bing ever made was that wire to Ted." Ted and his wife added

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a pair of twin girls to the very young Crosby generation just three months before Bing's twin boys were born. Ted wired, to announce the event, "I hold a pair of queens."

When Bing became a dual-role papa, he wired back, "My pair of kings beat your queens."

As for babies, when Bob learned that he was to become a father, he went to Bing—a genius at the game—and asked for advice. Bing, putting aside his pipe and his reticence for a bit, gave him a long talk. Bing is sentimental enough to idealize women. For that reason he has a lot of ideas about how they should be treated all the time, but especially what should be said, and what thoughtful things should be done for them when blessed events are on the way.

"Just remember," he told Bob, "when you talk over things with your wife, that ALL babies are girls. Don't let her think for a moment that you want anything but a daughter. Plan in advance on be-ribboned clothes and a girl's school. Think up girls' names. Then, if the baby *is* a girl, your wife will be happy, and if the baby is a boy—well, that will be swell, too."

Bob absorbed this information. "Thanks," he said. Then—not passing up an opportunity to have some fun no matter how solemn the occasion—he added, "Remember when I was six and you were sixteen? I found a five dollar bill one day and told you about it. You made me divide fifty-fifty with you, but somehow *you* got three bucks and *I* got two. Well, we're square now. I'm going to charge off that extra fifty cents in payment for advice."

When Bob's progeny arrived, it was a girl which had already been named Kathleen.

Bing hastened over to look at his new niece. "She's all reet," he murmured in awe. "She's reet sweet." Then he turned to Kathleen's beaming dad. "If I give you back that three bucks," he asked, "will *you* give *me* some good advice?"

"Not on your life," quoth Bob. "Having a daughter is my one accomplishment that no one can compare to your previous performance!"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 13*)

starts to dance occasionally, on his afternoons off, but inevitably he ends up taking a hand with the band and showing them how they do it in Glenn Miller style. Connie, meanwhile, goes back to her table and nurses her coke. Then, too, there's the matter of the quick trips the band makes when Connie can't go.

As it happens there's one very pretty girl, Jaynie Stevens (Lynn Bari) who sings right with the band wherever it goes. And Jaynie, bless her, is carrying a torch for Bill. On tour the band makes a quick jump to Iowa City one night, leaving the wives behind. The first trombone's wife takes that opportunity to tell Connie about Jaynie and Bill.

Quicker than a station break, Connie is on her way to Iowa City, and sure enough she finds Jaynie and Bill with their heads together. What she doesn't know is that Bill's been tricked into it. Before she finds that out, she manages to break up the band, break up her marriage and break her heart. It all comes out, of course; Glenn Miller's still piping the tunes hot or sweet. Connie learns

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what it means to be an orchestra wife.

Besides those mentioned above, you'll find Cesar Romero, Carole Landis, Virginia Gilmore and Mary Beth Hughes in the cast. The man with the baton up in front, is Glenn Miller, naturally. In between the movie love affairs, he plays plenty of music; sounds good, too—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Four Gordon-Warren tunes are expected to leap from the picture to the Hit Parade as soon as possible after the film's release date. Mack and Harry have turned out "Serenade in Blue," "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo," "People Like You and Me" and "That's Sabotage." . . . Glenn Miller vocalist, Marion Hutton, gets together with sister Betty, over at Paramount, for "career conferences." Marion may leave the band and concentrate on the dramatic side of fillums . . . Top trumpeter, Steve Lipkin, had to coach George Montgomery in the finer points of handling the tootin' instrument. Cesar Romero drew the part of a piano player, so took his instruction from Glenn's ace key-board man, "Chummy" MacGregor . . . One of the routines the Nicholas Brothers do includes a fast walk up a 12-foot wall, ending with a "split" as they land on the other side. The camera was set for slow-motion for a novel effect . . . Miller and the boys gave up three weeks' vacation so the studio would have ample time to finish the musical sequences . . . Ann Rutherford suffered a severe case of measles at the beginning of the picture, so the script was re-written allowing her to wear dark glasses in most of the scenes. A special black-out dressing room was rigged up so she could rest her eyes between scenes . . . Ann, Carole Landis, Virginia Gilmore and Mary Beth Hughes were rather polite during rehearsals of

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our October issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Lana Weds! (Lana Turner) ..... ☐

Big Brother Bing (the Crosbys) .... ☐

Modern Screen Spends a Day with Johnny Payne ..... ☐

Yankee Doodle Dottie (Dorothy Lamour) ..... ☐

I, Cary, Take Thee, Barbara (Grant-Hutton) ..... ☐

You've Got a Right Guy Wrong (Vic Mature) ..... ☐

Killer Diller (Alan Ladd) ..... ☐

Somewhere I'll Find You ..... ☐

Good News ..... ☐

Benny's from Heaven (Jack Benny) . ☐

Which one of the above stories did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

.....

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their big four-way fight scene, but when the order rung out, "Okay, girls, this one is for the public!" they waded in like veteran sluggers . . . Director Archie Mayo grades his pictures according to the amount of discomfort they cause him. This one he enjoyed making and dubbed it his "one ulcer picture."

THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR

Remember when Mama used to insist to the trolley car motorman that you were under twelve and entitled to half fare even though you were beginning to look like a football halfback and there definitely was a bristle on your chin? Well, in "The Major and the Minor," Susan Applegate (Ginger Rogers) is down to her last twenty-seven-fifty which is supposed to get her back home from big, bad New York. But railroad fare back home turned out to be thirty-two fifty. What to do?

All the better railroad terminals come equipped with Ladies' Rooms, and Susan pops into one aged twenty-two and comes out again aged twelve. It's all a matter of pig tails and dimples. Susan had the dimples all along. Susan, at that, thinks she's pretty smart and in the clear; but the conductor, like all officials, is just a mite suspicious and when he catches her sneaking a smoke out on the observation car, little Susan is in a pretty fix. Like the little girl discovered with her hand in the cookie jar, Susan just runs. She runs plump into an empty compartment, slams the door and collapses into the seat.

Enter the Major.

The Major is the real thing with all the military trimmings and pretty young for his title. Major Philip Kirby (Ray Milland) is on his way to the Coast, back to Wallace Military Institute where he is an instructor. The Major is quite taken with little "Susu," soothes her crying and tucks her paternally in the lower berth while he climbs into the upper.

Comes a complication when the Major's fiancée, Pamela (Rita Johnson) discovers some decidedly feminine things in the Major's compartment and immediately springs to the right conclusion. Pardon, the wrong one, because Susu, of course, is only twelve years old. Susan, who meant to confess her little fraud to the Major in the morning when all was safe, obviously no longer can. Matter of fact she has to go along to the Institute to clear his name.

Everyone there is immediately taken with the pleasant little child, and before Sue knows what's what, she finds herself invited to stay at Pamela's sharing a room with Pam's real twelve-year-old sister, Lucy. Lucy isn't a bad sort at all; the little devil has a pack of cigarettes hidden under her mattress and is

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only too glad to share a puff with Sue.

All is not well at the Wallace Military Institute. The Major is disgruntled because he can't seem to get assigned to active duty. And Pamela, it turns out, is definitely not the girl for a man like Philip Kirby. Still masquerading as a twelve-year-old, Sue decides to turn things right; and you'd be surprised the things a twelve-year-old girl can accomplish especially if she's 21 or so.

You can't be young forever, and just when Sue thinks she has everything under control, Pamela discovers the fraud. It's fireworks for fair then. No longer hampered by her braids, Sue goes on the warpath and the result, not very surprising but very satisfying, is that the Major gets his assignment to duty and the Minor gets her man. Pamela settles for a banker from Chicago.—*Par.*

P. S.

Ginger Rogers brought her lunch to the studio every day, ate it in her dressing room so she'd have time for a quick nap afterwards . . . Director Billy Wilder thought it was a swell idea, showed up each day with his lunch, then nibbled at it all morning. Came noon time, he had to join the commissary crowd anyway . . . Young Broadway actor, Richard Roe, came to Hollywood for a visit and heard from his pal Jimmy Lydon that Paramount was looking for a guy like him. Richard was interviewed at noon, given the part at 5 o'clock, filled out his application for a work permit at 5:10, spent part of the evening at a tailor's getting his uniform fitted and was on the set ready to work at nine the next morning. First thing he had to do was rush into a scene and kiss Ginger violently! . . . Lela Rogers turned actress for this one and posed for lots of publicity stills with her daughter, showing how much alike they look . . . After her scenes were finished, Lela went back to the 4R ranch (1100 acres) to see how the Guernsey cows were getting along. Each week she sends Ginger fresh eggs, fruit, vegetables . . . Robert Benchley received a wire during production, telling him he is now officially Mayor of Marineland, Florida—population: 25 people, 400,000 fish. Has received so much kidding since, he is threatening to resign. . . Paramount bought 75 $12.50 evening dresses for the young girls in the school scenes. Studio figured their own would be too elaborate, since they were probably purchased B. P. (Before Priorities) . . . Edith Head used a 12-inch doll to experiment with grown-up costumes that could be changed to a plausible kiddie version in 3 minutes . . . Director Wilder always signifies a perfect take by shouting "Champagne for everyone!"

THUNDER BIRDS

Here comes the monthly grouch review, and if it sounds petulant, don't blame it on the weather; the snarl is strictly premeditated. The point of all this ill temper is an item called "Thunder Birds." "Thunder Birds" is an important production. Filmed in technicolor, expensively mounted and produced, it uses as background the air training program of the United Nations.

Spotted through America are flying fields where British, Chinese and American pilots are learning their loops and turns. We're building not only an arsenal of democracy, but an arsenal of trained men. Here, worked out in actual practice, are the United Nations in action. On those fields is what we are actually fighting for: the dream that varied nations can work together toward a common destiny.

A tremendous theme you might say, yes? A theme worthy of all the truth, dignity and power that Hollywood can lavish on it. Here are the Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter in reality. Here's a story so important and so close to us that just the bare statement of it is enough to set the pulses pounding and hearts beating higher.

And what is "Thunder Birds" about actually?

It's the old chestnut of two men and a girl, handled as it has been handled in dozens of pictures before—trite, ordinary and, in face of the theme, cheap and tawdry. We're asked to thrill again to the horny-handed old-timer (Preston Foster) and the clean-cut Britisher (John Sutton) as they vie for the hand of a girl (Gene Tierney). "Thunder Birds" comes replete with wisecracks and kisses in the moonlight, romantic misunderstanding and cute little touches and fancies. "Thunder Birds" reduces the air training program to a feud between two lovesick swains.

There are, of course, shots of airplanes in action, and these can scarcely fail to be thrilling, filmed as they are in natural color. There's an occasional reference to the need to fight the Axis. There's a hint that these boys are bound a bit further than the nearest altar. But scarcely enough to make a dent in the story, and the theme noted above is just lost in the shuffle.

As we've been repeating for months, this department has nothing against love. Some of the best pictures we ever saw have been love stories. But this relegating of the war to a background for a conventional triangle is shameful; basically pictures like these have nothing at all to do with the war. Hollywood is just making capital of the headlines. Surely no one is asking that all pictures be grim and realistic; there's a place and a need even for pictures which have nothing at all to do with the war. Entertainment and release are at a premium in these tense days. But when Hollywood does turn to the war, it's not asking too much that they do so in the same mood that it is being fought.

The only complication "Thunder Birds" can evolve, beside who gets the girl and when, is the problem of the young Britisher. Seems he gets airsick every time he goes up in a plane; just can't control his stomach. That's the only thing they could think of for an air-training program that's supplying pilots, bombardiers and navigators for every far-flung battle line on this globe.

Well, my stomach seems to be turning, too; and both my feet are on the ground. —*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

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flesh-colored bathing suit, to keep the Hays office happy . . . Most of the location shots were taken at Falcon, Thunderbird and Luke Flying Fields, near Phoenix, Arizona, where American instructors are teaching the art of fighting-flying to Chinese, British and home-grown youths . . . Preston Foster took a terrific physical beating throughout the picture, topped by a parachute descent in a studio-manufactured dust-storm. Everything was o.k. on the first take 'til the sound man reported the microphones had picked up Mr. F.'s muttered comments. "We'll have to do it over," demanded director William Wellman, "and this time, Pres, keep your thoughts to yourself!" . . . Writer-Producer Lamar Trotti went along with the troupe on location and rewrote the script to take advantage of the fresh twist in story material presented by local conditions . . . The spectacular Technicolor footage of ships in flights is the work of cinematographer Ernie Palmer, who spent days working out the technical problems involved . . . Most popular man, the troupe discovered, was Jack Holt, whose pictures are better known to Arizona habitants than any other star's . . . After one particularly long clinch with John Sutton, Gene Tierney backed away, gasped, "That's not the way an Englishman kisses!" Mr. Sutton, embarrassed, confessed he'd picked up the American technique since working in Hollywood, and banished himself to the projection room to study some of his earlier love scenes. Now when you see the close-up of the Sutton-Tierney kiss (in Technicolor, too) it'll have the stamp of authenticity on it.

TALES OF MANHATTAN

There are enough stars in "Tales of Manhattan" to staff five or six double features and a handful of shorts; no less than ten writers pooled their awesome talents on the script, and it took a pair of producers to share the worries and the headaches. For the record, though, only one director is credited with the job; probably he once ran a three ring circus.

Let's take a quick fling at the cast just to show you what you'll be getting for your money. Top rating goes to Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton, Edward G. Robinson and Paul Robeson. Only one peg below you'll find Ethel Waters, Rochester, Thomas Mitchell, Eugene Pallette, Cesar Romero, Gail Patrick, Roland Young, George Sanders, Victor Francen and Elsa Lanchester. The cast goes on for several pegs more, but that ought to give you the idea.

It's top notch entertainment, of course. It could scarcely be otherwise with a list of credits like that. It's not a great picture, nor even a particularly good one. But no movie fan in his right mind will miss it. They'll be talking about it and comparing notes about it for months to come, so unless you want to sit in a corner and brood, better see it soon.

The picture is told in episodes with each star taking his turn before the camera for his sequence and then disappearing for the rest of the film. It all hinges on a tailcoat, black, beautiful and fateful. Before it's finished, that tailcoat has been draped around more shoulders than a playboy's baited mink coat.

It appears first on the shoulders of matinee idol, Charles Boyer, gets mixed up in a love affair with Rita Hayworth and is finally bored through with a neat hole from the gun of Thomas Mitchell. Charles Boyer, of course, is wearing it at the time.

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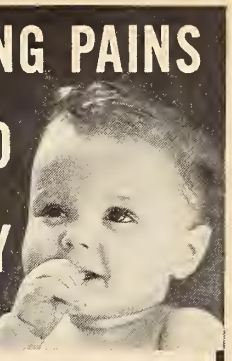

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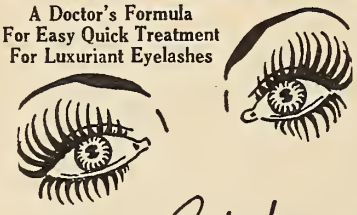

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It flips along, via a conniving butler, to the apartment of playboy Cesar Romero and promptly causes more trouble. Because of the tailcoat, Ginger Rogers dumps Cesar and marries Henry Fonda. Henry, knowing what's good for him, doesn't bother to take the tailcoat with him.

Dumped into a second-hand shop it's picked up by Charles Laughton to decorate his big night—the first performance of his symphony in Carnegie Hall. It's witness there to the near tragedy of that night. And witness, too, to the final success.

From there it goes to Edward G. Robinson, a Bowery bum who's seen better days. What's he want with a tailcoat? His college class is having a reunion at the Waldorf Astoria, and the invitation, delivered to him in a garbage-littered alley in Chinatown, expressly states: Attire—Formal.

Back to the pawn shop again. And there it's highjacked by a couple of gangsters who need a tailcoat to engineer a high class stick-up. They net fifty thousand dollars and are fleeing south by airplane when the motor conks and the tailcoat, fifty thousand dollars richer, comes floating down on the breeze into the cotton patch of Paul Robeson. The fifty thousand is duly appreciated by the whole community who consider the tailcoat strictly a miracle and manna from heaven.

The tailcoat?

It ends up on a scarecrow in the field of a poor negro.

It is, as you can easily see, a wild, colorful, fantastic picture. It runs the gamut from stark tragedy to outrageous farce. It tries to be everything to all people. You're likely to be bored stiff by one sequence and sitting on the edge of your chair for others. At any rate there are at least ten major stars to keep you entertained.

Now for opinions: This department didn't like the Boyer sequence, thought Ginger Rogers was shamefully wasted. The Charles Laughton episode was the best conceived and the best acted with a special nod to Victor Francen in his role of a Toscanini-like maestro. Robinson's specialty began strong and then fizzled. The Robeson-Waters tailpiece almost stole the picture, vivid, alive and beautifully acted. The director, Julien Duvivier, who juggled all these stars, their temperaments and varied techniques, ought, at least, to get a medal for bravery.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Every part in the film was tailored-by-typewriter to fit the person who played it . . . Producers Boris Morros and S. P. Eagle reversed the usual order of a Hollywood deal and got all their actors and necessary story rights lined up before they arranged their financial backing . . . Everyone in Hollywood wanted to have something to do with the picture . . . The originality of the idea appealed to actors, writers, composers, directors . . . When production finally started, the headaches tripled. How could so many important stars get away from other studio contracts long enough to work together? Morros and Eagle worked out the details, aided by Darryl F. Zanuck, who had made a verbal deal with the men to produce the film . . . Every department had an expert at its head. The original music for the film was written mostly by Sol Kaplan, with one hymn, "Glory Day," written by Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin . . . 83 separate, elaborate sets were turned out by Richard Day and Boris Leven . . . Gwen Wakeling, Bernard Newman, Irene and Dolly Tree shared credit for the costumes . . . Director Julien Duvivier had charge of the entire group of separate sequences and burned the midnight oil, but late, working out the characterizations after discussions with the actors . . . S. P. Eagle changed his name shortly before production began. It used to be Sam Spiegel, and when the studio wags heard about the switch, they began laying bets as to how soon he would shorten it further to E. A. Gull!

THE HARD WAY

Warner Brothers may once have had the idea of building Ida Lupino into a sort of second string Bette Davis. But Miss Lupino long ago proved that she's nobody's second string. Now in "The Hard Way," she's achieved the dignity of a vehicle. Obviously the story was tailored to her measure, and it's almost impossible to imagine anyone else in the role of Helen Chernen but the vivid Ida herself.

"The Hard Way" is the tale of a female Svengali, and while Miss Lupino has not quite the piercing eye of the late John Barrymore, she's no slouch with the eyes herself; or on the eyes either. For proof, you may remember the strangling scene from Miss Lupino's "Ladies In Retirement"; if you saw the picture at all, you haven't forgotten that bit. Miss Lupino strangles no one in "The Hard Way," but if looks could kill, the cast might have been shy a member or two before the final reel.

Beginning in a grimy factory town, the story focuses on Helen Chernen. Married to a lump of a man, hating the town and it's ugliness, the only joy she finds is in the youth and beauty of her younger sister, Katherine. Katherine, she is determined, will not be trapped as she was; and to save her, Helen, is willing to lie, steal or kill.

Grabbing at a passing opportunity, she engineers a marriage between Katherine and a vaudevillian, Albert Runkel, who, playing a one night stand in the town, is attracted to her pretty sister. Albert Runkel and Paul Collins had a two-man act playing the rounds of the vaudeville circuit, and Helen has it in back of her mind that Katherine could make a success on the stage.

Leaving her husband, she travels with them, guiding Katherine, tolerating Runkel only because she still has use for him. She forces Collins out of the act when he begins to suspect that Helen wants to break them up. And in New

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I saw Hal Kemp, the great orchestra leader, choose his gal singer at a dance over a garage and filling station! Here in town the biggest dance hall was over a super-garage and Kemp played there some years ago. A little girl, on the dare of a friend, sang a number during his band's playing and then probably wondered how badly she'd be bawled out for it. Hal listened closely, but you know the rest of the story—He hired that little girl whose idea of being a singer for a famous name band was as far out of her mind as the moon. The girl? Judy Starr.

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York she forces Runkel out when an offer is made for Katherine alone.

From there on Helen plays her cards shrewdly. She maneuvers Katherine into a spot in the show of Zagrue, Ziegfeld of his day; at the expense of another

actress, of course. She drives Katherine hard forcing her higher and higher into the Broadway world, from success to success. She makes her, finally, into a musical comedy star, toast of New York.

But the shadow of Runkel and Collins always somewhat mars the sun of her success. For Katherine and Runkel were really in love. Fearing that Runkel may yet talk Katherine into returning to him, Helen cheats, lies and fights like a cornered tiger. And wins. For she drives Runkel to suicide.

Then only the shadow of Collins remains. He is too wise and shrewd for Helen to beat. With Runkel dead, Collins feels free to tell Katherine that he loves her. He pleads with her to escape from Helen; Helen, he tells her, is a parasite living on her body. But Katherine, overwhelmed by Helen's force and drive, cannot quite make the break. The story builds to a climax with Collins and Helen pitted one against the other. Who wins in this battle for a soul is the secret of the Brothers Warner, and it would be taking the edge off the story to divulge it.

Dennis Morgan as Collins and Jack Carson as Runkel, handle the male leads. Joan Leslie is the bewildered and beautiful Katherine. Gladys George, Roman Bohnen and Faye Emerson are all in the supporting cast.

"The Hard Way" is thoroughly artificial, but it has an intensity and novelty quite its own. It's not regular movie fare, but that, perhaps, is its attraction. It's another portrait in Miss Lupino's gallery of poisonous females.—*War.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It happened at the Fontenelle Hotel in Omaha, Nebraska, during the Golden Spike days of 1939. George Burns and Gracie Allen were walking down the hall of the banquet room when I first saw them. Gracie wore an evening dress and carried a bouquet of beautiful flowers. George was dressed in an old-timer's outfit. They both looked so nice that before I realized what I was doing, I found myself standing before George, trying to speak tho I was speechless. I gathered courage to ask him for a souvenir and he said, "O.K., I'll give you a very good one." Breathless, I waited. He opened his mouth. "You can have Gracie," he offered.

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SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU

(Continued from page 51)

14. Kirk went to his death blotting out a nest of machine gunners. For his medal, he left just Jonny Davis, telling the story of that tremendous stand on Bataan. Heroes stiffly holding on for ninety-four days that changed the world. Jonny grimly told the story, name after name inscribed in golden prose. And there came to him Paula Lane, who hadn't been killed because she'd been helping some wounded in the field. Together they began to tell the radiant story of a glory far too great and fine for tears. For Jonny was fighting his own way, with the printed page, and his story closed with the words "MORE TO COME."

PRODUCTION NOTES

Quietly, Clark Gable returned to Metro to finish a job he'd begun.

He didn't have to come back. A big studio like Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer could easily have struck the production off the books and absorbed the cost of a few weeks' research and two days of actual filming. Players signed for roles in the picture could have secured their release with no trouble at all.

Gable looked at it a little differently, though, and one day, not too many weeks after Carole's tragic death, he strode onto the lot and went to work. The set was closed, of course. Metro's publicity department threw its gears into reverse and kept as quiet about the picture as possible.

Things leaked out, though. Stories of Gable's perfect dignity, the way he set the mood—not too somber, not too gay. Between scenes, he stayed around and talked to his pals. Sometimes he'd go in his dressing room and shut the door. Then production would halt until he chose to come out again, whether it was minutes or hours later. When the picture was finished, Gable left immediately to offer his services to Uncle Sam.

Part of the quietness of the set was due to Director Wesley Ruggles, who never wastes words. His secretary confided that during the fourteen years she's worked for him, he'd said not more than twenty-five words to her.

Lana got the idea for a Victory Hairdo during the picture's filming, and had Sydney Guilaroff cut off her long tresses. News of the bob reached England, and Lana was asked by officials to send instructions for the coiffure to the women of the British Isles as quickly as possible. Ideal for war work, they said, the short hair-do would be ultra-practical and safe—wouldn't get caught in defense plant machinery.

There were no elaborate wardrobes. Lana and Pat Dane have only two changes apiece. Turner wanders through a greater part of the film in a white shantung suit and a dirty face.

The research department had tough going, too. No longer could they send a wire to Java or Manila to verify facts. One mistake was deliberately left in. Gable scratches a match on a wall, and in the flare, sees a calendar. It's December 7th, but he's in Manila, where the 7th would be the 8th. The studio okayed the shot, said it came under the heading of dramatic license, and hoped not too many folks realized an error had been made.

The few laughs on the set were contributed by the Chinese kiddies who spent their time between scenes in Lana's dressing room. Every time they emerged, they had mascara daubed on their cheeks, lipstick streaked on their foreheads and greasepaint over the entire mess.

The Cast

Jonny Davis.....*Clark Gable*
Paula Lane.....*Lana Turner*
Kirk Davis.....*Robert Sterling*
Eve.....*Lee Patrick*
Willie.....*Reginald Owen*
Crystal McReagan.....*Patricia Dane*
George L. Stafford.....*Charles Dingle*

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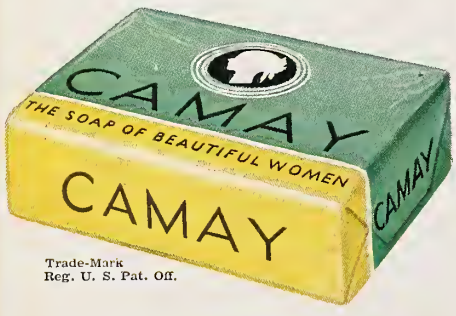

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It seems that more handkerchiefs were left in the seats than in the case of any previous duct-draining cinema.

★ ★ ★ ★

A more solid statistic about this M-G-M masterpiece is that from all indications "Mrs. Miniver" will play to more people than any other single film ever released.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Mrs. Miniver" is more than a movie. It's a message of moment!

★ ★ ★ ★

For a waggish lion we are sounding too terribly in earnest. If you'll promise to go and see "The War Against Mrs. Hadley"—another "Mrs."—and another motion picture that's timely, topical and top-notch, we'll get on to lighter aspects of shadow life!

★ ★ ★ ★

As for instance "Seven Sweethearts" the charmer which brings out so many talented new faces, led by Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Red Skelton's new comic confection called "Whistling in Dixie", the ultimate in gaiety since "Whistling in the Dark".

★ ★ ★ ★

Red's maternal parent might be called The Whistler's Mother.

★ ★ ★ ★

Perhaps the best music since such things began will be Judy Garland in "For Me and My Gal". Watch as well Gene Kelly of "Pal Joey" fame.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the most effective looking morsel ever to be shot by a photographer is Hedy Lamarr as Tondelayo in "White Cargo".

We're pretty effective too—*Tonde-Leo*

MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

THAT VAN IS HERE AGAIN
And at the rate Heflin's going, he'll be around for a long and profitable stay 14

THE STORY GABLE WOULDN'T TELL
Clark is off to the war, battered but unbowed. And his hurt goes with him, his own dark secret 32

WHAT EVERY BRIDE SHOULD KNOW
A "red-headed woman" can tell you any time—and Ann Sheridan Brent tells you, but good, how to make marriage an idyl 36

"SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES"
Johnny Payne and Betty Grable find it's "Springtime" anywhere when they're together 38

LAUGHING CAVALIER
Absolutely the queerest guy in Hollywood—and one of the nicest—Ray Milland 40

THE SECRET LIFE OF MRS. MINIVER
Meet some of the charming skeletons in Greer Garson's closet 42

SERGEANT AUTRY
At last—the whole truth about Gene's puzzling enlistment 50

LITTLE BUG
Stag-line bait is Shirley—but she's saving love for an "older man" 52

TEN DAY DREAM
Can you cram a lifetime of laughter and tenderness into ten days? Well, Bill and Brenda could try 56

GUTBUCKET GABRIEL
He's the trumpeteer of a jive-hungry generation, is Harry James—not bad for a has-been at the age of six! 59

WHAT MOVIE STAR DO YOU RESEMBLE?
Could you be a dead-ringer for Bergman? Lamarr? Let the Westmores tell you, as they did Jane Withers 84

COLOR PORTRAITS

John Payne, *Appearing in 20th-Fox's "Springtime in the Rockies"* 54
Veronica Lake, *Appearing in Paramount's "The Glass Key"* 55
Gene Tierney, *Appearing in 20th-Fox's "China Girl"* 58
Sonja Henie, *Appearing in 20th-Fox's "Iceland"* 66

FEATURES

Candidly Yours 44

BEAUTY

Hollywood Hands 46
Modern Screen's Eye-Lure Chart 47
Eyes Like the Stars 48

FASHION

For the Modern Miss—Triple Treat 68
Message From Mars: "Look Bright—Keep Warm" 86

DEPARTMENTS

Movie Reviews 6
Movie Scoreboard 8
Our Puzzle Page 10
Modern Hostess 20
Co-Ed 24
Portrait Gallery 27
Good News 60

Cover: Clark Goble, oppearing in M-G-M's "Somewhere I'll Find You."

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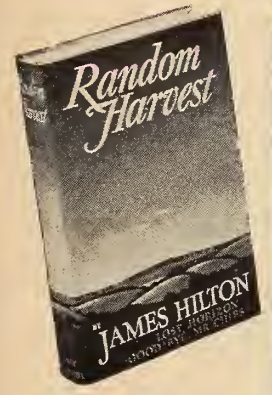
Another triumph from M-G-M—the producers of Mrs. Miniver



● From the vivid pages of James Hilton's love story comes a splendid motion picture.

Greer Garson as the girl who found love, lost it and found it again . . .

Ronald Colman as the shell-shocked hero who drifted into a romantic adventure of infinite beauty and tenderness

RONALD
COLMAN
GREER
GARSON

JAMES HILTON'S
Random Harvest

Directed by MERVYN LEROY · Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

with

PHILIP DORN · SUSAN PETERS
HENRY TRAVERS · REGINALD OWEN
BRAMWELL FLETCHER

Screen Play by Claudine West, George Froeschel and Arthur Wimperis · Based Upon the Novel by James Hilton
A Mervyn LeRoy Production · An M-G-M Picture

Driven almast mad by a tyrannical mather, Charlatte Vale (Bette Davis) takes a cruise, falls in lave with unhappily-wed Jerry Durance (Paul Henreid).

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Zachary Gold

When Jerry and Charlatte miss the baat during a shore leave, they have 5 days af paradise tagether.

NOW, VOYAGER

The past few pictures that Bette Davis made led to the unhappy but pretty firm conclusion that the girl ought to see a good psychiatrist before she became known as Balmy Betty. The Brothers Warner evidently had the same idea and, having a spare psychiatrist or two left over from an old set of "Kings Row," they straightened Bette out in two hours of absorbing screen fare. "Now, Voyager" is a tender and moving love story told in the grand manner, and Miss Davis makes the most of her return to sanity.

To be sure, the picture opens with Miss Davis still holding the fort in her previous manner. Her first appearance is enough to scare the kiddies who might still remember the witch of Disney's "Snow White"; the resemblance is uncanny. Miss Davis sports thick eyebrows, glittering eyeglasses, a hair-do inspired by wet seaweed and a manner strangely similar to a cornered and terrified rabbit. Obviously she hasn't got all her buttons, and we're not referring to the dowdy dress she wears at the time.

The reason Miss Davis looks and acts like the Before section of a Before-and-After ad is a tyrannical mother who could use a few mental tests herself. Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis) was the last child of Mrs. Henry Windle Vale, of the Boston Vales, who went the Cabots one better and didn't speak even to God. Child of middle age, unwanted, Charlotte has been repressed, to put it mildly, by her mother's mid-Victorian ideas. At the time the story opens, Charlotte is twenty-eight, looks forty, feels eighty and is on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Enter the psychiatrist, Dr. Jaquith (Claude Rains), who whisks Charlotte off to his sanitarium in the mountains from under Mrs. Henry Windle Vale's startled nose. She reaches a point, finally, where no one can help any longer except herself. Dr. Jaquith suggests a sea voyage alone and on her own, quoting a bit of Walt Whitman at her: "Now, voyager, sail thou forth to see and find."

Charlotte sees an enchanted world, the islands of the Caribbean, a moon-filled sea, a beauty-struck old church, a road winding along a palm-lined shore. And she finds underneath the horror mask she used to wear as a face, a startling and soul-satisfying beauty. Wearing, for once, clothes that fit and flatter her, she finds men eyeing her admiringly. Learning to laugh a little, she finds a bit of happiness to store against the (*Continued on page 11*)

In psychiatrist Dr. Jaquith's (Claude Rains) sanitarium she meets Jerry's ill-adjusted child and adapts her.

Charlotte returns to Boston a totally different girl, proclaims her independence to her mother (Gladys Cooper).

During a particularly bad set-to, Mrs. Vale drops dead. Charlotte thinks she has killed her.

Which Tampon Can I Trust?

FIBS—THE KOTEX TAMPON—merits your confidence! Enables you to wear shorts or slacks any day you wish! Worn internally, Fibs provide *invisible* sanitary protection. Easy to use . . . no pins, pad or belt . . . no chafing, no disposal problem.

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FIBS*—the Kotex* Tampon

Not 8—Not 10—but **12 for 20¢**

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating
Adventures of Martin Eden (Columbia)	2½★
A-Hounting We Will Go (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Almost Married (Universal)	2½★
Always in My Heart (Warners)	C 3★
Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount)	2½★
Atlantic Convoy (Columbia)	2½★
Bahama Passage (Paramount)	3★
Ball of Fire (RKO)	3½★
Bambi (RKO)	C 4★
Beyond the Blue Horizon (Paramount)	3★
Big Shot, The (Warners)	3★
Big Street, The (RKO)	3★
Blondie Goes to College (Columbia)	2½★
Blue, White and Perfect (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Bombay Clipper (Universal)	2½★
Born to Sing (M-G-M)	3★
Broadway (Universal)	3★
Cadets on Parade (Columbia)	2★
Call Out the Marines (RKO)	2★
Calling Dr. Gillespie (M-G-M)	2½★
Canal Zone (RKO)	2½★
Captains of the Clouds (Warners)	3★
Close Call for Ellery Queen (Columbia)	2½★
Code of the Outlaws (Republic)	2★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia)	2½★
Corpse Vanishes, The (Monogram)	2★
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The (M-G-M)	3★
Crossroads (M-G-M)	3★
Danger in the Pacific (Universal)	2★
Dangerously They Live (Worners)	3★
Down Rio Grande Way (Columbia)	2★
Dr. Broadway (Paramount)	3★
Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M)	2½★
Drums of the Congo (Universal)	2★
Dumbo (RKO)	C 3½★
Eagle Squadron (Universal)	3★
Enemy Agents Meet Ellery Queen (Columbia)	2½★
Escape from Hong Kong (Universal)	2½★
Falcon Takes Over, The (RKO)	2½★
Fighting Bill Fargo (Universal)	2★
Fingers at the Window (M-G-M)	2½★
Fleet's In, The (Poramount)	3★
Flight Lieutenants (Columbia)	2½★
Friendly Enemies (United Artists)	2½★
Frisco Lil (Universal)	2½★
Gay Sisters, The (Warners)	3★
Ghost of Frankenstein, The (Universal)	2½★
Ghost Town Low (Monogram)	2½★
Girl From Alaska (Republic)	2★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists)	4★
Grand Central Murder (M-G-M)	3★
Great Man's Lady (Paramount)	3★
Her Cardboard Lover (M-G-M)	2★
H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M)	3★
Holiday Inn (Paramount)	4★
I Married An Angel (M-G-M)	2½★
In Old California (Republic)	2½★
In This Our Life (Warners)	3½★
Invaders, The (Columbia)	3½★
Invisible Agent (Universal)	2½★
It Happened in Flatbush (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Jackass Mail (M-G-M)	2½★
Jesse James, Jr. (Republic)	2½★
Juke Box Jenny (Universal)	2½★
Juke Girl (Warners)	3★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists)	C 4★
Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M)	3★
Kings Row (Warners)	3★
Kipps (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Klondike Fury (Monogram)	2½★
Lady Has Plans, The (Paramount)	3★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners)	2½★
Let's Get Tough (Monogram)	2½★
Little Annie Rooney (United Artists)	C 2½★
Little Tokio, U. S. A. (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mad Martindales, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Magnificent Ambersons, The (RKO)	3★
Magnificent Dope, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Maisie Gets Her Man (M-G-M)	2½★
Mole Animal, The (Warners)	3★
Man Who Returned to Life (Columbia)	2★
Man Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Mayor of 44th Street (RKO)	2½★
Meet the Mob (Monogrom)	2★
Meet the Stewarts (Columbia)	2½★
Men of Texas (Universal)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire at Sea (RKO)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost (RKO)	2★
Mississippi Gambler (Universal)	2½★
Moontide (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mr. Bug Goes to Town (Poramount)	C 3★
Mister V (United Artists)	4★
Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M)	4★
My Favorite Spy (RKO)	2½★
My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mystery of Marie Roget, The (Universal)	2½★
Native Land (Frontier Films)	3½★
Nazi Agent (M-G-M)	3★
Night Before the Divorce (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Night in New Orleans (Paramount)	2★
No Hands on the Clock (Paramount)	2½★
Pacific Blackout (Paramount)	2★
Pacific Rendezvous (M-G-M)	2★
Parachute Nurse (Columbia)	2½★
Pardon My Sarong (Universal)	2½★
Pied Piper, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Pierre of the Plains (M-G-M)	3★
Powder Town (RKO)	2½★
Pride of the Yonkees (RKO)	4★
Priorities on Parode (Poramount)	3★
Private Buckeroo (Universal)	2½★
Raiders of the Range (Republic)	2★
Reop the Wild Wind (Paramount)	3★
Remarkable Andrew, The (Paramount)	3★
Remember Pearl Horbor (Republic)	2½★
Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal)	3★
Riders of the Timberline (Poromount)	2★
Rings on Her Fingers (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Rio Rita (M-G-M)	3★
Romance on the Range (Republic)	2★
Rubber Rocketeers (Monogram)	2★
Sabotage Squad (Columbia)	2½★
Saboteur (Universal)	3½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists)	3½★
She's In The Army (Monogram)	2½★
Ship Ahoy (M-G-M)	3★
Ships with Wings (United Artists)	2½★
Silver Bullet, The (Universal)	2★
Sing Your Worries Away (RKO)	2★
Sleepytime Gal (Republic)	2★
Song of the Islands (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Sons of the Pioneers (Republic)	2½★
Sons of the Sea (Warners)	2½★
South of Santa Fe (Republic)	2★
Spoilers, The (Universal)	3½★
Spy Ship (Warners)	2½★
Stage Coach Express (Republic)	2½★
Stagecoach Buckaroo (Universal)	2½★
Stick to Your Guns (Monogram)	2★
Submarine Raider (Columbia)	3★
Suicide Squadron (Republic)	3½★
Sullivan's Travels (Paramount)	4★
Sunday Punch (M-G-M)	2½★
Sweater Girl (Paramount)	2½★
Sweetheart of the Fleet (Columbia)	2½★
Syncopation (RKO)	3★
Take A Letter, Darling (Paramount)	3½★
Tarzan's New York Adventure (M-G-M)	2½★
Ten Gentlemen From West Point (Twentieth Century-Fox)	3★
They All Kissed the Bride (Columbia)	2½★
This Above All (20th Century-Fox)	4★
This Gun For Hire (Paramount)	3½★
To Be or Not to Be (United Artists)	3★
Tombstone (Paramount)	3★
Tortilla Flat (M-G-M)	3½★
Tragedy of Midnight (Republic)	2½★
True to the Army (Paramount)	2½★
Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO)	3★
Twilight on the Trail (Paramount)	2½★
Two Yanks In Trinidad (Columbia)	2½★
Valley of the Sun (RKO)	3★
Vanishing Virginian, The (M-G-M)	3★
We Were Dancing (M-G-M)	2½★
What's Cookin' (Universal)	3★
Who is Hope Schuyler? (RKO)	2★
Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia)	2½★
Wings For the Eagle (Warners)	3★
Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M)	4★
Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners)	4★
Yokel Boy (Republic)	2★
You're in The Army Now (Warners)	2★

It happens in the best of families

But you'd never think it could happen to her!

WARNER BROS.
present their new dramatic triumph

BETTE DAVIS

more exciting, more radiant than ever—with her new co-star

PAUL HENREID

in

Now, Voyager

A story that surpasses 'Stella Dallas', by its author, Olive Higgins Prouty

A HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION

with CLAUDE RAINS

GLADYS COOPER · BONITA GRANVILLE · ILKA CHASE · Directed by IRVING RAPPER · Music by Max Steiner · Screen Play by Casey Robinson

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stop chewing your pen
and let a Golden Bell GREETING CARD speak for you
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AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD FIVE AND DIME STORES
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OUR PUZZLE PAGE

Puzzle Solution on Page 99

ACROSS

1. Mrs. Phil Harris
5. Veteran in "Desperate Journey"
9. Scrutinize
13. Curate
17. Genus of maple
18. Beauty in "Grand Central Murder"
19. Actor of "Eskimo" fame
20. Small bird
21. Star of "They All Kissed the Bride" (pictured)
23. Singer in "Yankee Doodle Dandy"
25. Feeling mystery films give
26. Fall in drops
30. Banishes
31. By birth
33. He's in "Eagle Squadron"
34. Producer of "Hayfoot"
35. B - - - Lugosi
38. Gary Cooper's speech
40. Watson in "Sherlock Holmes" series
42. To soak
45. Heroine of "Saboteur"
47. Singer in "The Chocolate Soldier"
48. Fem. in "Kathleen"
49. Rise
50. Comic in "Whistling in Dixie"
52. "The Shanghai - - - - - - -"
54. Irish poet's pen name
55. Slippery fish
56. She's a flyer in "They Flew Alone"
57. Film enthusiast
58. Exist
59. Makes amends for
62. Juvenile: William T. - - -
63. Exclamation of pleasure
65. Star of "Beyond the Blue Horizon"
67. Italian province
69. Substance for bacteria culture
70. Eras
73. Dapper actor: - - - - Rhodes
75. Lead in "Swamp Water"
76. Human being
77. "My Sister Eileen"
78. Her last name's Wrixon
80. Home state of our star: abbr.
81. Distress signal
82. What Bob Hope is
84. Consume
86. Mrs. Buddy Adler
89. Youthful film player
91. Lease over again
95. Fem. in "This Gun for Hire"
97. Slender towers of mosques
99. - - - - O'Brien Moore
100. "Alfalfa" Sweitzer
102. Fem. in "Son of Fury"
103. Glamour girl in "Tales of Manhattan"
104. Color
105. Gaelic
106. Employed
107. Belgian river

DOWN

1. "A Woman's - - - -" starred 21 Across
2. Measure of land
3. Period of time
4. Joe in "Adventures of Martin Eden"
5. Fuss
6. Grease
7. Sisters in "What's Cooking"
8. Compass point
9. "- - ilin' Through"
10. Screen villain
11. Wings
12. Radio and film songstress
13. "The - - - - - Truth" starred Irene Dunne
14. Brothers: abbr.
15. Comedian Lahr
16. "So - - - - Our Night"
22. Serve
24. Objective
27. Unoccupied
28. Star of "Now Voyager": Init.
29. Singer in "Holiday Inn"
32. Comic in "Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost"
34. Miss Parrish
35. Wife of Charles Laughton
36. Dagwood in "Blondie for Victory"
37. Scotch for "one"
39. Fay B - - - ter
41. Newcomer in "The Gay Sisters"
42. Cheek make-up
43. English actress: Elizabeth - - - -
44. M-G-M gown designer
j. Star of "Ship Ahoy"
49. Played a film's principal role
51. Doctrine
53. "Small Town Deb's" brother
57. Universal leading man
59. "- - - - Had Four Sons"
60. Roman garment
61. Large tropical African trees
62. Rotund comic in 96 Down
63. Fem. in "The Pied Piper"
64. Deception
66. Yonder: poet.
67. Cedric Hardwicke's title
68. Rodent
71. Delicious drinks
72. Sheltered portico
73. First male Academy Award winner
74. Flower clusters
77. First name of 21 Across
79. Miss Haden
81. Famed as Judge Hardy
83. Title of respect: abbr.
85. Recently married our star
86. Declare
87. Roman emperor
88. - - - - Adrian
89. Cicatrix
90. Prong
92. Hawaiian wreaths
93. Jean - - - - MacDonald
94. Russian ruler
96. "- - - land"
98. Man's nickname
101. Our star's real name: Lucille - - Seuer
102. Sigrid - - rie

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 7*)

rank bitterness that had been her lot.

And aboard ship, she finds Jerry Durrance (Paul Henreid).

It's a curiously moving and touching love story, for Jerry Durrance is already married, and they find each other at first only as a refuge against the loneliness that had been their share in life. Jerry is married to a shrew of a woman who has nearly ruined his life and is ruining the life of his child, Tina, whom Charlotte immediately recognizes as a younger counterpart of herself. Driven by their loneliness, the two fall in love, knowing that nothing can come of it, that they will each return to their separate worlds once the trip is over.

It doesn't work out quite that way for them, however. Charlotte returns to Boston and to her triumph over her mother, who, she discovers, can no longer harm her. Her new-found beauty and poise bring her new suitors; but always in the background of her mind is the memory of Jerry. And through Tina, who is being treated by Dr. Jaquith on Charlotte's recommendation, she and Jerry meet again—a bittersweet ending.

Miss Davis is radiantly lovely in the sympathetic role of Charlotte Vale. She has the happy faculty of portraying a woman in love with grace and maturity and without a single moonstruck simper. She acts the role with all the brittle intensity that has become her trademark, but, whether due to her own discretion or the direction of Irving Rapper, with none of the annoying mannerisms she sometimes employes. Miss Davis, in short, is superb.

Matching her performance in a role as difficult as her own, Paul Henreid gives depth and perception to his portrayal of Jerry Durrance. While Henreid is not new to Hollywood, "Now, Voyager" is likely to make him a sought-after leading man. He's handsome, charming, a fine actor and has the neat ability of lighting two cigarettes at a time.

The cast as a whole rates applause for their performances. Claude Rains, Gladys Cooper, Ilka Chase and Bonita Granville handle their roles effectively; and Janis Wilson, as the girl Tina, is a miniature Bette Davis.—*War.*

P. S.

Miss Davis did a bit of shuddering when she first glimpsed herself in make-up for the early sequences of the film. A wig, false eyebrows, cotton padding and glasses were used to make her up as an old maid. Bette, always frank, told pals, "I might look exactly like this right now if I didn't diet, didn't take exercise, just let myself go. What an object lesson I am!" . . . Letters written for the screen (called 'inserts') are seldom photographed using the star, but Bette wanted to do hers herself. The closeness of the camera, set over her right shoulder, gave her her first case of camera fright, so she's never going to do it again . . . The kissing scenes consumed 8 hours and 5 minutes, and three complete lipsticks. Bette's face was made up four times during the day, twice before and twice after lunch . . . Ilka Chase was hired to play Bette's sister-in-law because Director Irving Rapper thought she'd be good for the part and not because she'd written a book . . . Between scenes, Claude Rains worked out plans for his new cattle business, recently started on his Pennsylvania

"I may as well Work Overtime —I never Have a Date!"

Susie: "... so run along, Terry. Keep your date with dark and handsome! I'd just as soon stay and work as sit at home alone!"

Terry: "Susie! What a dull night life for a pretty girl! If I told you what dims your glamor—you'd have scads of dates!"

Susie: "An underarm odor girl—ME! Why, I bathe every day."

Terry: "But why expect your morning bath to last all day! I play safe, with Mum!"

"Pretty clothes and hair-dos don't mean much if underarm odor steals the show! Resolved: Each day it's a bath for past perspiration—Mum to guard the future!"

MUM HAS the advantages popular girls want in a deodorant! *Speed!* Takes only 30 seconds. *Safety!* No risks to sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving; won't harm clothes. *Certainty!* Mum clinches bath freshness, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor for a whole day or evening. Guard your charm —get Mum at your druggist's today!

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentleness, safety, dependability —make Mum ideal for this important purpose, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

Discovery
IN CHIC!
Perfume
IN A NEW FORM
Not a Liquid
• No Spilling or Glass Breakage
• No Alcohol Evaporation
The world's most precious fragrances captured in a SOLID PERFUME! So chic! So daring! So convenient! Ric fits into your handbag, a dab or two merges the glamorous odour with your own personality. Ric costs little, and lasts long! 12 exquisite fragrances . . . at drug and cosmetic counters.
$1.00 plus tax
RIC
Perfume Stick

farm . . . Olive Higgins Prouty, author of the book, got the name from two lines by Walt Whitman: "Untold want, by life and land ne'er granted, Now, Voyager, sail thou forth to seek and find."

CAIRO

When boy meets girl in the movies these days, one of them is sure to be a spy or at least is suspected of being one. Love exists by sanction of the FBI in our troubled times; you're never sure, watching some moonstruck couple wander along a secluded path, whether the next move is going to be a kiss or a quick grab for the secret plans. It would be no surprise at all to find Dan Cupid himself decked out in a false mustache in some future film epic.

In "Cairo," for instance, such personable Hollywood people as Robert Young and Jeanette MacDonald play this confusing game of spy-spy-who's-the-spy. Robert suspects Jeanette; and Jeanette keeps a wary eye on Robert. It may please you to know, however, that despite suspicions, they manage to fall in love.

"Cairo" begins in Cavity Rock, California, where Homer Smith (Robert Young) is about to leave for the Egyptian front for the Cavity Rock Leader, billed as "America's foremost small town newspaper." Somewhere in the Mediterranean, Homer's ship runs into a torpedo, and Homer runs into a full blown spy plot.

Following his thread of clues, Homer reaches Cairo, and whom do you think he suspects of being the leader of the local Nazi agents? It's one Marcia Warren, a beautiful American movie star (Jeanette MacDonald). Homer has his own methods of operation, and in order to get the goods on the gal, it seems that he has to take a job as her butler. It seems, too, that he falls in love with her, though that wasn't strictly necessary.

As an extra incentive, there's a secret weapon added to all the spy chasing in "Cairo." And before Homer knows it, he finds himself in a radio controlled bomber off to sink a transport ship; there's nothing much he can do about it except sit tight and hope for the best. But Marcia has been hot on his trail, and through a clever device, manages to trap the real spies just in time. Homer's radio controlled plane is shifted to another wavelength, and he wings back to Cairo and Marcia's loving arms.

Starring Jeanette MacDonald, "Cairo" naturally has its share of songs. Miss MacDonald's high C's are as polished as of yore, and while you may or may not regret the absence of Nelson Eddy, she has an effective, if non-singing partner in Robert Young. Ethel Waters has a role in this one, too. And flitting in and out of the story, you'll find Reginald Owen, Grant Mitchell, Lionel Atwill, Mona Barrie and Eduardo Cianelli.

Just a few added notes about the film. Miss MacDonald plays a movie star in the film and rewards her new husband at the end of the picture with a contract to co-star with her. Neat. And item two: Lionel Atwill is listed in the cast as a Teutonic Gentleman. Is there really any such thing?—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Jeanette MacDonald spent her spare time between "takes" planning programs for her army camp tours . . . She balances her selections between sweet and hot, says the most requested song is "Indian Love Call" . . . Ethel Waters says jive talk is just 25 years too late. In 1917 she was billed on theater marquees as "Sweet Momma Stringbeans" . . Bob Young did his traveling to and from studio via motorcycle—25 miles twice a day . . . White mice used for one of the scenes caused every femme present to make for the chairs. Except Mona Barrie, who thinks they're "cute" and fed 'em out of her hand! . . . Lena Horne, sepia-skinned songstress, spends her evenings singing at Hollywood's favorite night club, Mocambo . . . Pyramids were specially built before the new $5000 ceiling on set costs was put into effect. More than an acre of ground on the back lot was roped off so there'd be plenty of room for their construction . . . 1890 candles were needed for one sequence. They were found right in the studio's own prop department; part of a consignment shipped from Egypt after the head prop buyer's last trip there to purchase authentic furniture and objets d'art.

BELLS OF CAPISTRANO

"Bells of Capistrano," Mr. Autry's latest, is as good an example as any of what's doing in the western world these days. Like everything else, the Western has changed with the times. Trucks and automobiles share the screen with the horses; and guns, while worn, aren't

handled with quite the freedom they were in the days of William S. Hart. Then, too, as you may know, Gene Autry sings. "Bells of Capistrano" is something in the way of a musical.

The story is concerned with the World-Wide Wild West Show and Rodeo, on the verge of bankruptcy due to the competition of a rival outfit. What's more, Jennifer Benton, the young and pretty owner of World-Wide has half made up her mind to marry Stag Johnson, who runs the competing rodeo. That's the point at which Gene ambles in on his horse with a guitar tucked across the saddle. Gene sings World-Wide into solvency and Jennifer into a state of bliss.

But before either of these two things is accomplished, there's a bit of fighting and riding. This is done in a lusty, free-handed style which is the trademark of the Western. The two competing rodeos tangle in a gusty free-for-all, a fire rages through the World-Wide tents, and Gene is all over the place, as handy with his fists as with his voice. There's no lack of action to fill the spaces between the songs.

In the best tradition of Western heroes, Gene is modest, unassuming, tough and hard-riding. He doesn't talk too much, praise hannah, and when action will do the trick, he's all for action. He knows what's right, he's loyal to his friends and courteous to the ladies. There's nothing about Gene Autry to shame the long line of western stars who preceded him.

You'll find Smiley Burnette, Lucien Littlefield, Morgan Conway and Charles Cane parading their wares in "Bells of Capistrano." Virginia Grey is the beauteous Miss Jennifer. Modest and unas-

suming as its hero, "Bells of Capistrano" is apt to prove as entertaining as many a more publicized movie, if you like Westerns. And who doesn't?—*Rep.*

P. S.

Cast and crew worked night and day to finish production before Gene Autry's Army induction date . . . Most illustrious set-visitor was Sister Kenny, who was brought on the lot by Claire Du Brey, working in the film. Autry is the Sister's favorite screen personality . . . An entire town, built on Republic's back lot and condemned to be torn down, was burned down instead for the film's spectacular fire sequence. The scenes had to be shot before the dim-out law went into effect. Near-casualty was Joe Strauch, Jr., who plays the part of Smiley Burnette's brother. He was saved from serious injury when Smiley fell on him, pushing him out of the way of some falling, burning timber . . . Joe was grateful, of course, but told Smiley later the tumbling wood couldn't have bruised him much more than the 230 Burnette pounds . . . Virginia Grey got half a course in rope twirling from Gene between scenes. Will have to get the final half via correspondence from Santa Ana, where Sergeant Autry is temporarily stationed . . . "Champ" will be retired at Gene's ranch for the duration. Likewise all those fancy cowboy outfits . . . The team of Autry-Burnette chalked up a total of 53 pictures together . . . Burnette's little girl, Linda Dallas, came home after seeing an Abbott and Costello picture and burst into tears. They had to wait 'til Smiley came home from work to find out why she was crying. Confided to him she had the weeps because she had discovered a fatter comedian in pictures than her daddy!

A YANK AT ETON

M-G-M is probably the only studio in Hollywood which has the neat habit of making two pictures sprout where only one bloomed before. There's no doubt at all that the gentleman who makes all this possible for M-G-M is Mr. Mickey Rooney. Let Spencer Tracy do a stint before the cameras as Thomas Alva Edison, and almost immediately Mickey is doing himself proud as young Tom; a little while ago Robert Taylor was cavorting around local screens as a "Yank at Oxford," and now up pops Mickey as a Yank at Eton. For M-G-M, it's a little like playing poker with two aces in the hole. I suspect that M-G-M makes all costumes with one pair of long trousers and one pair of short pants, just in case.

"A Yank at Eton" has all the staples of a good Rooney show. Mickey plays Timothy Dennis, a brash, tough little Yank whose widowed mother marries an Englishman. Before you can say Berkley Square, he finds himself neatly installed at Eton, a smaller edition of Oxford, chiefly famous for Eton collars and playing fields where, Wellington once remarked, the battle of Waterloo was won. This fails to impress young Timmy, particularly since he's had his heart set on going to Notre Dame on whose playing field, if you remember Knute Rockne, the forward pass was discovered.

As a matter of fact, young Timmy doesn't take at all kindly to Eton ways. He objects to "fagging" which seems to be a minor form of slavery; he pops an "upper former" in the teeth for bullying, which seems to be bad taste. He applies a little Yankee ingenuity to a purchasing problem and is accused of racketeering by the headmaster. To make matters worse, his love life is blighted by a flashing flirt aptly known as Flossie. Flossie plays the field with gala abandon while Timmy grits his teeth and groans. All in all Timmy and England mix just about as well as oil and water.

Things come to a head when Timmy, egged on by Flossie and wanting to show off a bit, takes out Bonnie Warrior, his step-father's prize jumper. The horse breaks away from him, runs riderless across the field, stumbles and falls; the horse has to be shot. And Timmy, convinced that he's made a mess of everything, is prepared to run away to America. He's stopped by his step-father who pleads with him to stay and try again.

Timmy returns to Eton, determined to make good. And in the manner of these things, he does. He stays in the good graces of his teachers, he wins his colors at the English sports, and he slowly begins to like and understand his English friends. There's one more big crisis when Timmy, to shield another lad, accepts the blame for an automobile acci-

(*Continued on page 16*)

Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Mrs. H. G. Remington of Chicago, Ill., says: "I can't praise the Camay Mild-Soap Diet enough."

A Bride's Way to New Loveliness!

go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

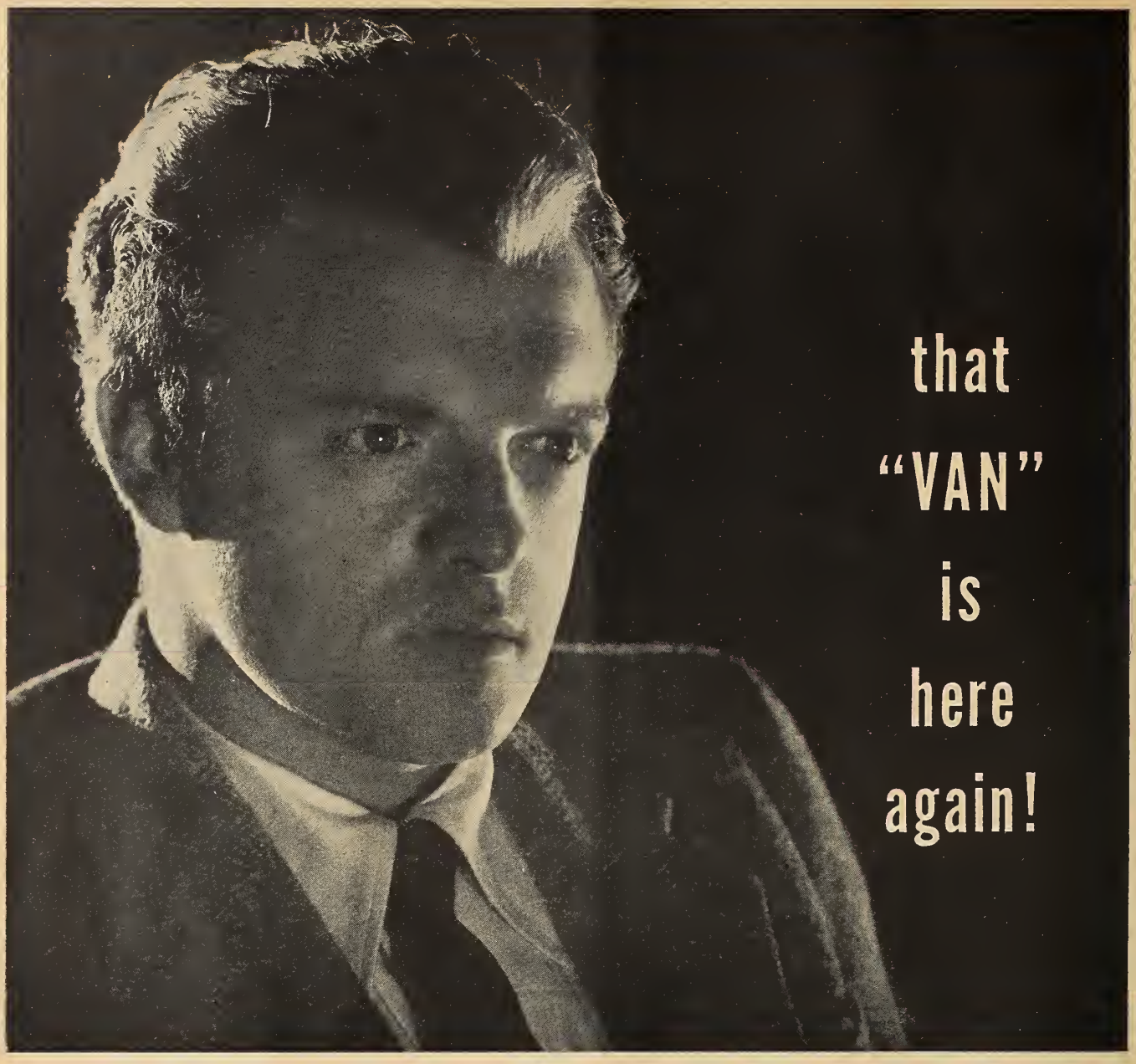
"THE Camay Mild-Soap Diet has done thrilling things for my skin," says lovely Mrs. Remington. "I recommend Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet to my friends."

Without knowing it, improper cleansing may now be dulling your skin—or you may be using a soap not mild enough. Skin specialists, themselves, advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps! Change *today* to this Mild-Soap Diet—for 30 days! And radiant new loveliness may soon be yours.

Tonight—Go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water, then cold.

Then pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with Camay.



that "VAN" is here again!

BY SYLVIA KATZ

Van Heflin, starring in "7 Sweethearts," is here to stay!

There they were, sipping their Martinis and telling each other the New York stage was shot to hell, when a lanky kid popped in, duffle bag in hand, to ask his cousin's hospitality. It seems his freighter had just docked in New York. He liked the tall shafts that shot into the New York skyline . . . wanted to see something of the city. If he liked it, perhaps he'd stay.

"And do what?" his cousin wanted to know.

"I don't know . . . be an actor, maybe."

People dropped their Martinis and raised their eyebrows. O.K. . . . so they'd go along with the gag.

"What about starting bright and early tomorrow morning?" they asked, with innocent smiles stretched across their actors' pans. He'd find out it wasn't as simple as all that . . .

"And why not?" Van answered.

"Bright and early tomorrow morning" . . . ship time . . . means six o'clock. Van waited in Producer Channing Pollock's office till noon.

"I don't know why he took the time to see me. It must have been my persistence . . . or naiveté." Anyhow, he gave me a letter of introduction to Richard Boleslawski, whom I tagged in a theater during a rehearsal. I gave him my letter and waited. What magic that letter contained I never knew. But the final result was a part in "Mr. Moneypenny."

All right . . . so that made him an actor. But there are two kinds of actors . . . those who can take it straight and those who can't. Emmett Evan Heflin, at that point,

wasn't quite ready to take his acting straight. He was still too much the daring young man. He liked freighters . . . and there was South America to see . . . and the Orient . . . and Alaska. There was that year at Yale Dramatic School he'd promised himself . . . and the preliminary undergraduate work it required. So it wasn't until five years later that Van was back on Broadway.

During his second play, reviewers deluged him with attention. As one of them tenderly put it, "He's an unreasonably bad actor" . . . and little wonder. With that slouchy, loose-jointed stride of his, he looked as though he might do better in a cotton field. But still worse, his Oklahoman accent poured out like rich syrup, though he tried madly to lose it.

In those days, when he wasn't supporting his weight by a stage prop, he was draping himself gracefully over a microphone. All told, here were 2,000 radio performances. As to the amount of coffee consumed in that strenuous time, he tells you, "I used to fortify myself with a swig every time I came to the line that read, "Betty, you didn't . . . you couldn't have . . . not *that!*"

Where all this was getting him, he couldn't have guessed. But no longer does he need to. Van Heflin has arrived. He is *in*, with an M-G-M contract that's as good as Social Security.

Fate, or whatever it is that sends us spinning in particular directions, has consistently shunted Van in the direction of Kate Hepburn. His very first movie role was opposite her in an RKO thing that's practically a collector's piece, by now. Then there was a two-year stint as the reporter in the stage version of "The Philadelphia Story," in which Hepburn had the lead. They tagged each other from Hollywood to New York and back again while people began to wonder.

People were wrong. . . . Van *was* thinking along matrimonial lines . . . only the gal wasn't Katharine Hepburn . . . it was Frances Neal, whom he married in Santa Barbara last May.

Hepburn, however, was one of the few people who were not at all surprised when word filtered through about the sneak preview of "H. M. Pulham, Esq." That preview was prophetic of (*Continued on page 79*)

I bring you Four Aids to Beauty in One Single Jar!

My one 4-Purpose Face Cream, by itself, helps end all these 6 Skin Troubles

IMAGINE a face cream—one remarkable, scientific face cream — that does all these important things for your skin!

As though by the touch of a magic wand, it seems to cream away the cobwebs of tiny, tired lines around your eyes and mouth—little lines due to dryness. And it seems to help end the very condition that causes big pores—blackheads —oily skin—dry, flaky skin.

WHICH OF THESE 6 SKIN TROUBLES IS YOURS?

1. *Dry Skin*
2. *Tiny Lines*
3. *Big Pores*
4. *Oily Skin*
5. *Blackheads*
6. *Flaky Skin*

And here's the reason Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream can do all this! *It works with nature and helps nature.* This one cream, by itself, takes care of four essential needs of your skin! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream, it thoroughly but gently cleanses your skin — it softens your skin and relieves dryness—it helps nature refine the pores—it leaves a perfect base for powder and make-up, smooth but never sticky.

Send for Generous Tube

Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more busy, lovely women every day are changing to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Be sure to mail the coupon *now*, before you forget!

Lady Esther **4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM**

LADY ESTHER, (81)
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

NAME_____

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(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)

now Pour yourself a lovelier complexion

Be guided by the experience of over 2,000,000 girls who found MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the hosiery shades "tops" for sleek, bare legs. Now these same girls are fast learning the priceless beauty secret wiser glamour girls have known for years . . . that MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the flattering facial tones gives them that soft, glowing "knock 'em dead" look all men go for.

A perfectly blended powder-and-powder-base in one, MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP is non-greasy, goes on easily . . . camouflages blemishes . . . and gives your face a velvety smooth, gloriously fresh-looking finish which lasts all day long. Apply it, blend it . . . add loose powder or not, as you prefer . . . then forget repowdering, for hours and hours.

Dazzle the stag-line, too! Use it on back, shoulders and arms for evening wear.

Choose from six beau-catching complexion shades . . . Peach — Rachelle — Brunette—Suntan—Hawaiian—Nut Brown.

More women use **MINER'S** *than any other* **LIQUID MAKE-UP!** *Buy it!..Try it!..You'll love it!*

50¢ . . 25¢ Everywhere

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

If you prefer a Cream Base . . . try MINER'S Foundation Cream with LANOLIN

A tinted cream make-up base. Softens, glamorizes and protects the skin . . . .

39¢ & 10¢

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

dent and as a result is threatened with expulsion from Eton. But things are cleared up in the nick of time, and Timmy turns out to be not only the pride of the school, but also the winner of the big steeple-chase race.

Freddie Bartholomew, Edmund Gwenn, Juanita Quigley, Ian Hunter and Peter Lawford share the screen with the irrepressible Mickey. But as in all Rooney films, he carries the story. And as M-G-M has discovered to its endless delight, Mickey Rooney, like an industrious ant, can carry several times his own weight.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Tina Thayer, Mick's cute new leading lady, tied the nuptial knot with Writer Lester Koenig two weeks after the picture was finished . . . Backgrounds used for majority of scenes were Midwick Country Club and Irvine Park. Next best thing to shooting the film in Britain . . . Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew hadn't worked together since "Lord Jeff," made at the same studio a couple of years ago . . . Freddie celebrated his birthday, which rolled around during production, by feasting his pals at a Drive-in, a custom he's observed since he arrived in this country eight years ago . . . Technical adviser on the picture was Cecil Howard, Etonian of 1922-1927 . . . Raymond Chesterton Shaw Severn had his illustrious middle names pinned on him by his father, manager of a theatrical troupe in South Africa. Papa Severn wrote each man, asking his permission. G. K. Chesterton wrote back: "I think it's safe. At least he's 20,000 miles away." From Shaw came a copy of his play, "Man and Superman," with a note scribbled on the flyleaf: "You may borrow the name but not the genius. That would be a miracle!" . . . Juanita Quigley asked her folks to invest her entire salary in U. S. War Bonds . . . Tina (just 5 feet tall) is the shortest leading lady Rooney has ever worked with. Previous film work includes a role as Barbara Stanwyck's sister in "Meet John Doe" . . . One of the most beautiful children in Hollywood, John W. Considine III, got himself a part in the picture without his father's knowledge. Papa is a producer on the Metro lot . . . Between scenes, Bartholomew put together a small car that averages 70 miles to a gallon of gas. Invested $35 in it, has been offered $500.

FOREST RANGERS

To a city slicker who sees perhaps five or six trees a year, and those usually in decorative boxes around a sidewalk cafe, a forest ranger is a strange and awesome creature. Like a lighthouse keeper, he's supposed to live in lonely splendor on some inaccessible mountain top, keeping a benevolent eye on the birds and bees and occasionally brushing the dust off the leaves to keep the forest tidy. In the estimation of the city slicker, it's an occupation for hermits, misanthropes and butterfly chasers.

It may come as something of a surprise, therefore, for them to discover Forest Ranger Fred MacMurray prancing around in the company of two such undeniable nifties as Susan Hayward and Paulette Goddard. It may come as a further surprise that a forest ranger's job is hectic, dangerous, important. Out where the sidewalks end, you do not break the glass in case of fire; you ring for the forest ranger. He is a combination hook and ladder company, bucket brigade and fireman without red suspenders.

"The Forest Rangers" undertake to let you in on the secrets of the trade. It begins with a forest fire, ends with a forest fire and in between features a series of minor blazes of the kind a couple of beauties can light in a man. Out in the big tree country, District Ranger Don Stuart (Fred MacMurray) is hot on the trail of an arsonist who's been setting fires throughout his area. And hot on Don's trail is Tana Mason (Susan Hayward), an outdoor gal who runs a nearby mill and still manages to look pretty. Don's all wrapped up in arson while Tana dreams idly of a parson.

Tana's plans hit a pretty big snag, one fine day, when Don returns from Hallis, a town nearby, sporting a new bride, Celia Huston (Paulette Goddard), a debutante, socialite easterner. It was one of those wirlwind romances, and it blew all of Tana's hopes into a cocked hat. But Tana doesn't quite give up; she's determined to show up Celia as the dude she undoubtedly is. As a result, Celia finds herself dragged through forest undergrowth in silk stockings and high heels, dunked in a millpond, bewildered by the jargon of the forest rangers and generally about as comfortable as a Dodger fan at the Polo Grounds. But she stays in there fighting anyway; Celia may be cuddly, but she isn't soft.

Meanwhile the mysterious forest fires are still popping up around Don, and one of his prime suspects is found with a bullet hole through his head. It all winds up in one whopper of a forest fire with the two girls trapped in the inferno below and Don hustling to the rescue via airplane. Celia proves her courage, Don gets his arsonist, and Tana returns gracefully to her sawmill.

"The Forest Rangers," filmed with the cooperation of the U. S. Forest Service, is full of eyefilling landscapes and breathtaking panoramas. It's a sturdy account of the work the Forest Rangers do. Besides the stars, you'll find Lynne Overman, Eugene Pallette and Albert Dekker going through their paces. All of it, blazes and kisses, is filmed in furious Technicolor.—*Par.*

P. S.

Location work was cut short by rain and hail. The film had to be photographed early in the season, so the fire fighting equipment loaned to the studio would be returned in time for the dry months . . . Men with cameras covered an actual 1250-acre fire, both from the air and the ground. The cameramen grinding away

(Continued on page 18)

Can You IMAGINE...

EDGAR BERGEN

with Charlie in his hair, and butterflies on the brain

CHARLIE McCARTHY

as a screwloose papoose on a girl scout reservation

FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY

up in the air with some high finance

on her second honeymoon in a haunted house!

ALL TOGETHER AGAIN
IN THEIR 2nd BIG SCREEN HIT

"Here We Go Again"

RKO RADIO PICTURES

plus

'THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE' ← Harold Peary →
GINNY SIMMS · Bill Thompson · Gale Gordon
Isabel Randolph as 'Uppy' · 'Mortimer Snerd'
RAY NOBLE and BAND Produced and Directed by ALLAN DWAN

Screen Play by Paul Gerard Smith and Joe Bigelow—Story by Paul Gerard Smith

behind asbestos shields retreated only when the paint on their instruments began cracking, a warning that they were too close . . . The plane Regis Toomey flies in the picture was a Ryan B5 that had to be crated in Hollywood and taken to location via truck. The Air Traffic Control had to be notified each time the plane was ready to take off, so the Fourth Interceptor Command could give orders to prevent its being fired upon as "unidentified aircraft." Even then, the moment the plane's motors began warming up, jeeps full of soldiers appeared to investigate . . . The State Redwood Park at Big Basin was transformed into "Bolderoc National Forest" by means of studio-manufactured signs. Extra men had to be hired to assure tourists who came through that they were actually on the right road. The park's main administration building was tagged "Indian River Ranger Station," and a duplicate of it was built at the studio in Hollywood for further scenes . . . Close-ups of the fire scenes were made at the studio, where the flames could be controlled. Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard and Susan Hayward were sprinkled with hot ashes from specially constructed containers of blazing excelsior and paper bits, swung over their heads out of camera range. Firemen with hose stood by in case one of them caught fire.

PANAMA HATTIE

"Panama Hattie" was a raucous, good-natured musical when it played the boards in New York not so long ago. While the screen version is not quite so brassy as the original, it's still a romping frolic of love and life around Panama's big ditch. Ann Sothern escaped from the Maisie role long enough to climb into Hattie's fabulous wardrobe, and Red Skelton makes with the gags while keeping an ever-watchful eye on the Canal.

The story is concerned with Hattie Maloney (Ann Sothern) who sings a sweet song and shakes a mean hip in a Panama City night club. Hattie's the love of the Army, the light of the Navy and the girl the Marines chased from

the halls of Montezuma to he shores of Tripoli. It's a sad day for the Services when Hattie falls for a soldier boy named Dick Bullitt (Dan Dailey, Jr.). Dick's not a garden variety army sergeant, by any means; he's Philadelphia, Main line and Society with a capital S. To do things up in the proper manner, he brings his seven-year-old daughter, by a former marriage, down to Panama to meet the future Mrs. B.

The kid comes down, complete with an old family retainer (Alan Mowbray), a command of English as spoken in Philadelphia and a marked distaste for dresses overwhelmed with doo-dads and fussy furbelows. This incipient Quiz Kid takes one good look at Hattie and promptly remarks that she hasn't seen anything so funny since she last saw the monkeys at the zoo. That's what a Philadelphia education did for her.

Hattie's first impulse is to drop the kid in the nearest canal (and there just happens to be one handy) and be done with it. But after taking a good look in the mirror, she decides that maybe the kid has something there, after all. So with everyone chipping in to smooth the way, she and the kid declare a truce, and Hattie starts taking lessons in how a lady should look and act. To her vast surprise Hattie discovers, for instance, that jewelry, when worn, should not imitate a battery of searchlights picking out an enemy bomber. This is, of course, a sad shock.

Meanwhile Hattie's Navy friends, Red and his gang, have nothing better to do with their time than hunt out a spy or two. In the usual Skelton manner they uncover the spies by stumbling backwards into them. Red mixes with a haunted house in this one, gets involved with a bevy of ghosts and ducks assorted bullets and knives. He's assisted in his shenanigans by Ben Blue and Rags Ragland. Among the three of them they make a complete circle of the Hollywood zany circuit, and you get slightly dizzy watching.

There are a few other minor plots threading through the story of "Panama Hattie," and Hattie herself has a bit more trouble before she lands her man. At the final curtain, however, the Canal is still in one piece, and Hattie's love life is once more smooth as the water in Gatun Lock. Spotted throughout the picture are tunes from Cole Porter's original score, and a C.P. score is nothing to sneeze at. It's all staked in M-G-M's best Central American style with everybody going one-two-three-bump all over the place.—*M-G-M.*

Her Fitch Shampoo and hairstyle by Charmode Beauty Salon, Palmer House, Chicago

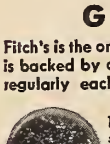
I Bought His Love

"Not for love or money!" I heard him say. No—Joe would never take a girl with dandruff to the party, and I had the worst case of dandruff in town. Yet, the very next day, he actually begged me to go with him! My white-flecked hair was transformed into a silken glory overnight. Joe saw me as a new and radiantly lovely person, all because I purchased a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at my favorite toilet goods counter.

I discovered that Fitch's Shampoo removes dandruff with the very first application. Its rich lather rinses out completely, leaving my hair shining clean. Actually, it penetrates tiny hair openings, helping to keep my scalp in normal, trouble-free condition. At the beauty shop or at home, I now insist on *my weekly Fitch shampoo* to keep my hair lovely and free of dandruff, the way Joe likes it. When I bought Fitch Shampoo, I bought his love!

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

Fitch's is the only shampoo whose money-back guarantee to remove dandruff is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. Use Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. It reconditions as it cleanses — economical, too!

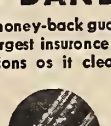


Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.

Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

FRANK BAIRD, internationally famous hairstylist of New York and Hollywood says, "*Any product that will not remove dandruff in one application won't remove it at all. To remove dandruff in a single application, and for best results in hair styling, I insist on Fitch Shampoo.*"

Fitch's TRADE MARK DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles, Calif.

Copr. 1942 F. W. Fitch Co.

P. S.

Annie Sothern received a brand new title while working in "Panama . . ." A football team in the east dubbed her their "Inspiration Girl" . . . Carmen Amaya and her family got along all right in Hollywood knowing only one word in English:—"Terrific" . . . Red Skelton showed up on the set one morning and announced he had had a dream about Hedy Lamarr the night before. "I couldn't catch her—as fast as I ran, she ran faster!" The company waited for the tag-line. "Tonight," finished Red, "I'm putting my scooter bike next to my bed!" . . . Ann Sothern spent time with Ethel Merman, star of the stage version, talking over the role and getting ideas for her characterization . . . Director Norman McLeod spent what spare time he had working on illustrations for a children's book of nursery rhymes . . . Unofficial dialogue coach was little Jackie Horner, who knew everyone's lines including her own. She's a whiz on the piano and has been offered several guest spots with well known symphony orchestras . . . Dan Dailey, Jr., trains and rides his own horses at the local county fairs . . . Rags Ragland says he got his nickname when he was a little boy. His clothes were always patched in the appropriate spots so his school pals used to call him "Raggedy" Ragland. The nickname wore down to its present length . . . For a film involving so much music and so many rowdy funmakers, the set was always rather quiet. Director McLeod abhors noise, and it isn't unusual to find even the "grips" talking in whispers.

SEVEN SWEETHEARTS

Joe Pasternak, who guided Deanna Durbin to such soaring heights, is now trying to do the same with Kathryn Grayson. Mr. Pasternak is the producer of "Seven Sweethearts" which looks, sounds and feels like a Deanna Durbin production, except that it isn't. Now, this is no reflection on Miss Grayson who is a personality and quite a charming one in her own right. It means merely that "Seven Sweethearts" uses the same formula of a joyous and light-hearted film with that streak of whimsical fantasy that seems to tickle any American audiance to death.

"Seven Sweethearts" is a fable that pretends it is real. Henry Taggart (Van Heflin) stumbles on the town of Little Delft, Michigan in the midst of the tulip festival. It's a quaint and happy place, and during the festival it is a miniature of a happier Holland. There, Henry comes to an inn run by eccentric old Dutchman, Van Maaster (S. Z. Sakall) and his seven daughters. Perversely, most of the girls bear boys' names, though in every other way they are quite en-

(*Continued on page 22*)

THE GREAT BROADWAY HIT PLAY
COMES UPROARIOUSLY TO THE SCREEN!
ROSALIND RUSSELL
BRIAN AHERNE · JANET BLAIR
MY SISTER EILEEN
with
GEORGE TOBIAS · ALLYN JOSLYN
Screen play by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov
Directed by ALEXANDER HALL · Produced by MAX GORDON
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

"Sweet Talk"

Time out for o Dutch Treat! Proudly provided by Kathryn Groyson ond thoroughly enjoyed by Marsho Hunt, Cecilio Porker ond others in cast.

Kathryn Groyson, of the lovely voice, one of M-G-M's stors of 1943, demonstrotes her cookie-making skill.

Here you hove Marsha Hunt's sugor-soving fovorites—Brownies, mode with honey ond semi-sweet chocolate.

SEVEN SUGGESTIONS for SUGAR SAVING SWEETS from the SEVEN SWEETHEARTS SET!

By Marjorie Deen

Something pretty special in the line of recipe swapping, we heard, was taking place over on the "Seven Sweethearts" set! So we rushed over to find out what it was all about. It all started, we learned, when Kathryn Grayson turned up one day with a box of her favorite sweets—something half way between a cookie and a candy, retaining the best features of each, but making no inroads whatsoever upon her precious and limited sugar supply. Doubtless Kathryn's example was all that was needed to inspire so predominantly feminine a cast; or perhaps some of her "Sisters" remembered the sound Dutch principle that girls who know their way around the kitchen are the ones most likely to walk down a church aisle to the strains of that familiar Mendelssohn march. At any rate, it was soon *seven-up* on sugar-saving suggestions with each of the promising starlets vying with one another for recipe honors. And with Van Heflin Carl Esmond and the crew serving as willing jurors.

Are you wondering how one could possibly save sugar in seven different ways? Well, it can be done, as you will soon realize if you stop to think that you can use: Honey, molasses, semi-sweet chocolate, corn syrup, sweetened condensed milk and maple syrup; also, as Kathryn Grayson suggests, packaged specialties that supply their own sweetening, such as flavored puddings and gelatins, cake mixes and marshmallows.

Not all the other girls in the cast were able to find recipes that called for not one bit of sugar, but they did come through with some fine ideas for cutting down materially on sugar demands, and they're "Sweethearts," every one of them!

Kathryn Krisps
(Sweetened with marshmallows)

Turn out 1 package crisp rice breakfast cereal into large pan and heat in hot oven until very crisp, but do not brown. Transfer to a large buttered bowl. Meanwhile melt ½ pound marshmallows with ½ cup butter or margarine over boiling water. Add 1 tablespoon peanut butter; stir until blended. Stir into cereal, with a fork, until thoroughly mixed. Flatten out mixture in buttered pan with slightly moistened hands. Chill. Cut in squares.

Brownies
(Sweetened with honey and semi-sweet chocolate)

1 (7 oz.) package semi-sweet chocolate
⅓ cup shortening
2 eggs
6 tablespoons strained honey
½ cup sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped walnut meats

Combine semi-sweet chocolate and shortening in top of double boiler. Melt over hot water, cool. Beat eggs until thick, gradually add honey. Mix flour, baking powder and salt, sift together twice; add to egg mixture and beat until smooth. Stir in chocolate; add vanilla and nut meats. Turn into 8-inch square pan which has been greased and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 35 minutes. Cool slightly, cut in 2-inch squares, remove to cake rack to cool.

Old-Fashioned Favorites
(Sweetened with molasses)

¾ cup melted shortening
1 cup molasses
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup buttermilk
6 cups cake flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons ginger
4 teaspoons baking soda
1 tablespoon lemon extract

Mix melted shortening, molasses and sugar. When smooth, add buttermilk then flour sifted with salt, ginger and soda. Add lemon extract. Mix to smooth, stiff dough; chill until firm. Roll on floured board to ⅓ inch thickness; cut into desired shapes. Bake on greased cookie sheet in moderate oven (350° F.) 8-10 minutes. For crisp cookies roll very thin.

Lemon Oatmeal Cookies
(Sweetened with corn syrup)

2 cups uncooked oatmeal (quick-cooking or regular)
½ cup brown sugar
1 cup seedless raisins
1 tablespoon grated lemon peel
2¼ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, well beaten
⅔ cup dark corn syrup
⅓ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup melted shortening

Mix oatmeal, brown sugar, raisins and lemon peel. Add sifted dry ingredients. Beat eggs thoroughly, add combined corn syrup, milk and vanilla, then the melted shortening. Combine with oatmeal mixture; mix together thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) approximately 15 minutes or until done and golden brown.

Coconut Fingers
(Sweetened with condensed milk)

Cut day-old white bread into ¾-inch-thick slices. After removing crusts, cut these into strips, ¾ inch wide by 2 inches long. Spread strips on all sides with sweetened condensed milk, covering well. Roll in dry, shredded coconut, broken fine. Brown under broiler at low heat.

And as the final, the "lucky seven" sugar saving suggestions, follow Cecilia Parker's lead. Serve as dessert—instead of cakes, puddings and pies—hot cakes, French pancakes, waffles or fritters which, with their traditional maple syrup accompaniment, will satisfy the most exacting sweet tooth.

I'm a Busy Woman

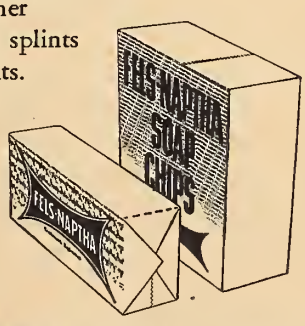
I have a family to raise and a home to keep ship-shape. I'm learning First Aid and training for Ambulance Duty. And I've got a part-time job that makes our budget a better fit.

It's exciting and completely satisfying . . . but it takes a bit of doing. I've had to learn new ways—and quicker ways—to get through the endless household tasks that use up so much time and energy.

For instance, I've just installed the Fels-Naptha Soap System. I use this wonder soap to clean bric-a-brac, to brighten silver and flatware—and for all sorts of time-killing cleaning chores that keep a conscientious wife 'tied down.'

My precious silk and Nylon stockings last longer under the Fels-Naptha Soap System—and they're easier to do. I wouldn't trust my baby's things with any other soap. As for the family wash—I've just whisked through that and I'm off to another round of traction splints and pressure points.

Yes, I'm a busy woman and thanks to Fels-Naptha Soap—I love it!

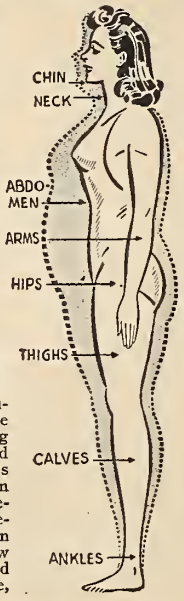


Golden bar or Golden chips—**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

REDUCE FAT

Pounds Off Hips, Etc. No Danger

Science now shows that most fat people don't have to remain overweight any longer. Except a comparatively few cases, every one of these thousands of persons can now reduce quickly and safely — without unwarranted exercise, discomfort or diets.



Something New Safe, Easy, Quick

Are you one of these thousands, most of whom have tried to reduce by following food fads, menus, etc. — and failed? If you are, here's something new, what modern science has discovered on reducing foods, drugs and devices. Here's how you can reduce scientifically, with new health and attractiveness—and without unnecessary exercise, dieting, massage, etc.

Endorsed In Medical Journals

Illinois Medical Journal says: "Can be used quickly and easily." Michigan State Medical Journal says: "Gives positive advice and instructions." Medical World says: "Should be read from cover to cover before starting any treatment." Journal of American Osteopathic Assn. says: "Of value to physicians and laymen alike."

Also praised by many editors and columnists all over U.S.A.

Simple Directions Guaranteed Harmless

The "Complete Weight Reducer," a wonderful new book, has just published these marvelous reducing revelations. No matter how overweight you may be from non-glandular dysfunctions, these measures will help slim you considerably in a few short weeks. Just follow the simple directions on general reducing and spot reducing on abdomen, double chin, hips, neck, thighs, arms, legs, etc., at once and your reducible pounds and inches of excess fat will go down, down, down . . . until you soon feel like a different person, with new pep and popularity.

Send No Money Examine It FREE

You need send no money — just mail coupon now. We will send you the COMPLETE WEIGHT REDUCER for 5 days' free examination. When it arrives, deposit $1.98 (plus a few cents for postage and handling) with the postman. Follow its simple instructions immediately and start reducing. If within 5 days you are not convinced that this shows you the way to considerable weight loss, pounds and inches, you may return it and we will instantly refund your deposit of $1.98 in full. Remember you risk nothing in mailing the coupon. This is your great opportunity of becoming slimmer and slimmer. So act NOW!

HARVEST HOUSE
70 Fifth Ave., Dept. N-675, New York

Please send me at once in plain package, for 5 days' free examination, the COMPLETE WEIGHT REDUCER. When it arrives, I will deposit $1.98 (plus a few cents for postage and handling) with the postman. If within 5 days of following its simple reducing instructions, I am not completely satisfied, I may return it and you will refund my full deposit of $1.98. Otherwise, I will keep it and the deposit will be considered payment in full.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

☐ Check here if you want to save postage. Enclose $1.98 with coupon and we ship prepaid. Same return privilege with refund guaranteed.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page* 19)

dearingly feminine. And *very* flirtatious.

There is, for instance, Regina (Marsha Hunt) who is the eldest and fancies herself a great actress, indeed. There is Billie (Kathryn Grayson) who looks and sings like an angel. Then in rapid order there are Victor, Albert, Cornelius, Peter and George. Surrounded by such a bevy of beauties, it's no wonder Henry has a bit of trouble with his heart.

The girls, as a unit and singly, are intent upon one thing—marriage; and they are particularly intent upon the marriage of Regina, since she, as the eldest, must marry first before they can make tracks to the altar themselves. So very cunningly they set out to match our slightly bewildered Henry with Regina.

But they hadn't counted on Billie's charms or her voice. Billie sings her way into his heart quite unaware of what she has done. Very promptly and quite properly Henry makes his overtures to the head of the Van Maaster clan for permission to marry his daughter. He's in seventh heaven when the permission is gracefully forthcoming, but to his horror, he discovers that the old man has okayed his marriage to Regina, not Billie.

Well, in a situation like that, there's only one thing to do: duck and run. Henry beats it back to New York. But while he's trying to forget Little Delft, the seven sisters keep him sharply in mind. Regina turns up to announce she wants his help in getting on the stage. Billie turns up to say that she loves him, and no matter what, she wants to marry him. Old Van Maaster turns up, and he's not bringing tulips to market.

Shake well for a reel or so and then separate. The upshot of the whole matter is that Regina gets her chance for glory,

FREE OFFER!

Again this month we're offering magnificent COLOR PORTRAITS! To the first 500 readers who fill out the questionnaire below and mail it in to us by October second, we'll send all four portraits in this issue, reproduced for framing! We anticipate a tremendous rush of requests. So hurry!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our November issue? Write 1, 2, 3, at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

The Story Gable Wouldn't Tell ..... ☐
What Every Bride Should Know (Sheridan) ..... ☐
"Springtime in the Rockies" ..... ☐
Laughing Cavalier (Milland) ..... ☐
The Secret Life of Mrs. Miniver (Garson) ..... ☐
Sergeant Autry ..... ☐
Little Bug (Temple) ..... ☐
Gutbucket Gabriel (Harry James) ..... ☐
Ten Day Dream (Holden-Marshall) ..... ☐
Good News ..... ☐
That Van Is Here Again (Heflin) ..... ☐
What Movie Star Do You Resemble? (Westmore) ..... ☐

Which one of the above did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

.....

.....

My name is .....

My address ..... City ..... State .....

I am ..... years of age.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

and Billie gets her man. As a matter of fact, everybody gets a man, including Regina. And at the fadeout there are seven little sisters, complete with bridegrooms, waiting patiently in line before the Little Delft altar.

It is, as you can see, a dressed-up fairy tale. It's a fairy tale set to music for Kathryn Grayson, of course, and has several numbers throughout the film. Whether or not it will make you forget Deanna Durbin is a tulip of another color.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Van Heflin's full name is Emmett Evan Heflin, Jr. And please, he asks, don't come up to him and say, "But Mr. Van Heflin, what's your first name?" (Happens twice a day) . . . Frances Raeburn, one of the S. S., is Kathryn Grayson's sister . . . Peggy Moran, daughter of artist Earl Moran, wields a nifty set of crayons herself . . . Dorothy Morris, stumped for a new costume for publicity pictures, borrowed her bedroom curtains for draping. Dubbed the outfit a "curtong" after receiving hundreds of inquiries asking what it was . . . Kathryn Grayson was stricken with appendicitis half-way through production. Spent her time in the hospital organizing a choral group among the nurses. Their singing debut is scheduled for Christmas Eve . . . Marsha Hunt does all her war work chores under her married name of Mrs. Hopper . . . Bald Donald Meek always carries a comb, will give no explanation for it . . . Sydney Guilaroff, hair stylist, worked out a new coiffure that can be combed and worn seven different ways without having it re-set each time . . . Fashion hint: Of the eight beautiful women dressed in evening gowns for a dance scene, Marsha Hunt's creation was the only one that received unanimous masculine approval. Soft pink material, decorated with rhinestones. Gets 'em every time . . . With so many gorgeous gals working, Producer Jot Pasternak had to give orders to keep the set closed to visitors. Husbands and boy friends were holding up production.

THE WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY

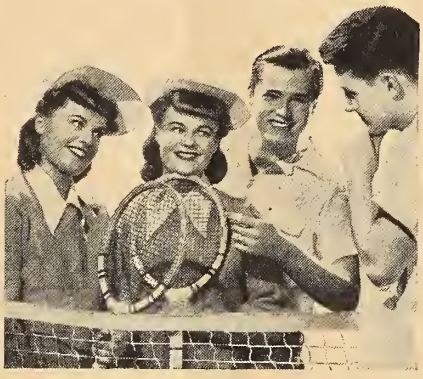
'Twould seem that the attack on Pearl Harbor annoys Fay Bainter (Mrs. H.). Her maid has a brother at P. H. and nervously drops teacups. Her daughter works in one of those vulgar canteens, and marries a sergeant. And Richard

Ney, Mrs. H.'s nasty son (the dissipated wretch), gets shipped off to the army, to both his and her regret. (Darned if he doesn't get a citation for heroism.) Then Mrs. H. is real proud, and her daughter has a baby, and she (Mrs. H.) marries her old beau, etc. We forgot to say that the butler upset her terribly by becoming an air-raid warden.—*M-G-M.*

Pretty Margaret and Marilyn Rick of Palatine, Illinois.

They captured the gleam of an electric eye

Rick Twins discover Pepsodent Powder can make teeth far brighter to the naked eye, too!



Photoelectric eye proof of Pepsodent's superior polishing ability convinced scientists. But not the Rick Twins. They wanted to see just how good Pepsodent was without scientific gadgets—when it was used in the practical way—the way anyone would brush teeth. So they tossed a coin to see who would use Pepsodent, and Margaret won. Marilyn chose to test another leading tooth powder.

People always had a hard time telling them apart . . . they were that alike. But that was before the test started. Then, admitted Marilyn, "Did I learn about tooth powders! Our dentist was skeptical at first . . . then amazed that Pepsodent made Peg's teeth twice as bright as mine! He said he never saw anything like it. Neither did we! Pepsodent showed us how really bright teeth can be!"

. . . and the Rick Twins' dentist says:

"Of course, I was skeptical. Pepsodent's claims sounded just too good to be true. However, this Rick Twins' test convinced me that the statement of The Pepsodent Company is accurate and truthful."

Independent laboratory tests found *no other dentifrice* that could match the lustre produced by Pepsodent. By actual test, Pepsodent produces a lustre on teeth *Twice as Bright* as the average of all other leading brands!

Pepsodent Powder can make your teeth far brighter, too!

Co-ed

By Jean Kinkead

Nope, we gals can't do much with a gun. But we *can* do a bang-up job of keeping morale on the up-and-up!

Comes October, and every year you whip out the old calendar to mark off Columbus Day. Whee—holiday! Sleep and fun and everything rosy for twenty-four schoolless hours! Until now, however, there's been nary a thought to the guy who's responsible for all this bliss. This year, somehow, you've been thinking about Chris himself. You feel kind of a bond with the old boy, 'cause you too have been discovering America. It's suddenly hit you how mad for the place you really are, and how little you've known about it. Lately, you've been getting acquainted.

You've been looking at maps to see just where Fort Sill, Okla., is, or Fort Dix, N. J. You've been delving into how many hours by bus it is to Camp Edwards, Mass. Kentucky has been, heretofore, a kind of celestial state in your mind's eye—overrun with blue grass, colonels and mint juleps, and located in the heart of the Deep South. Yesterday you discovered it's right near Ohio, and part of it's as far north as Delaware. Boy, have you been learning things and getting a terrific thrill out of it. The lads at the USO dances alone have been a liberal education in geography. The soft-spoken ones with the lines from here to there have told you about the wonderful palm trees in Savannah. About the beautiful white beaches and the out-of-this-world women. The rangy, shy ones have told about hayrides in Vermont's Indian Summer and about skiing in their own backyards from November on. There've been sophisticated ones from Los Angeles who've seen Rita Hayworth and Gary Cooper and think nothing of it. And freckle-faced kids who speak haltingly and lovingly of something called Tomahawk, Wisconsin, where the fields are so green and the corn grows as tall as the Empire State. You've opened your eyes and your heart to all this new America that you've never even thought about before, and you've fallen in love with it sight unseen.

To sort of even things up with the boys who've given you these lovely broad horizons, why not toss 'em a party? If the boys you've actually met are no longer around, even the score by proxy. Call up the defense headquarters nearest you and ask how to get in touch with some of the boys stationed nearby. Even if you're miles from a camp, there are invariably soldiers guarding bridges and tunnels, doing searchlight duty, etc., right in your neighborhood. Invite about six or seven of them at a time, and have them over on a Sunday afternoon.

The thing to remember is this. They're fed to the teeth with organized fun; with red, white and blue crepe paper decorations, with canteen coffee. They've been to a hundred movies on the house, had a pass (*Continued on page 89*)

For that well-groomed look men admire
SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO MANAGE!

Darling of the Campus! *New, well-groomed version of the college casual hair-do with only a slight wave breaking its gleaming smoothness. That smart scarf tucked inside her sweater says "Bundles for America".*

This film illustrates how all soaps and soap shampoos dull lustre of hair!

All soaps—and liquid soap shampoos—always combine with the minerals in water, to form a sticky scum. (Bath-tub ring.) This scum leaves a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre—and clings stubbornly, no matter how thoroughly you rinse with clear water.

But Drene is different! It is made by an exclusive, patented process. Its action in water is different. Drene does *not* combine with minerals to form a scum—so it never leaves any dulling film on hair. Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

Thrilling results with wonderful improved Special Drene Shampoo containing hair conditioner! Leaves hair lovelier . . . far easier to arrange!

No matter how you wear your hair, if you want it to look its loveliest, you really ought to use the new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! For Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it to leave hair silkier and smoother and far easier to arrange neatly—right after shampooing! If you haven't used Drene lately, you'll be amazed at the thrilling difference that added hair conditioner now makes.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene. For Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, use Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop!

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Procter & Gamble

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

"I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT ONE OF THE MOST ENTERTAINING AND EXCITING MOTION PICTURES I HAVE EVER SEEN"

— *Walter Winchell*

"20th Century-Fox has really reached into the heavens for this one. They scooped up all the stars and put them on the same screen . . . Yes, the greatest collection of stars ever assembled in the same motion picture: CHARLES BOYER, RITA HAYWORTH, GINGER ROGERS, HENRY FONDA, CHARLES LAUGHTON, EDWARD G. ROBINSON, PAUL ROBESON, ETHEL WATERS, 'ROCHESTER', THOMAS MITCHELL, EUGENE PALLETTE, CESAR ROMERO, GAIL PATRICK, ROLAND YOUNG, ELSA LANCHESTER, GEORGE SANDERS, JAMES GLEASON, J. CARROL NAISH, THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR and a score of other film favorites.

"To match the brilliance of these stars, the finest writers in Hollywood fashioned the story. It takes you from a tenement to a penthouse . . . from Park Avenue to Hell's Kitchen . . . a story blending drama, comedy, music, romance and stirring action into a big-time show.

"Orchids to these great stars for their brilliant performances and orchids to 20th Century-Fox for bringing to the screen . . .

TALES OF MANHATTAN

"Your reporter tells you now over his by-line . . .

"It's as thrilling as New York's skyline"

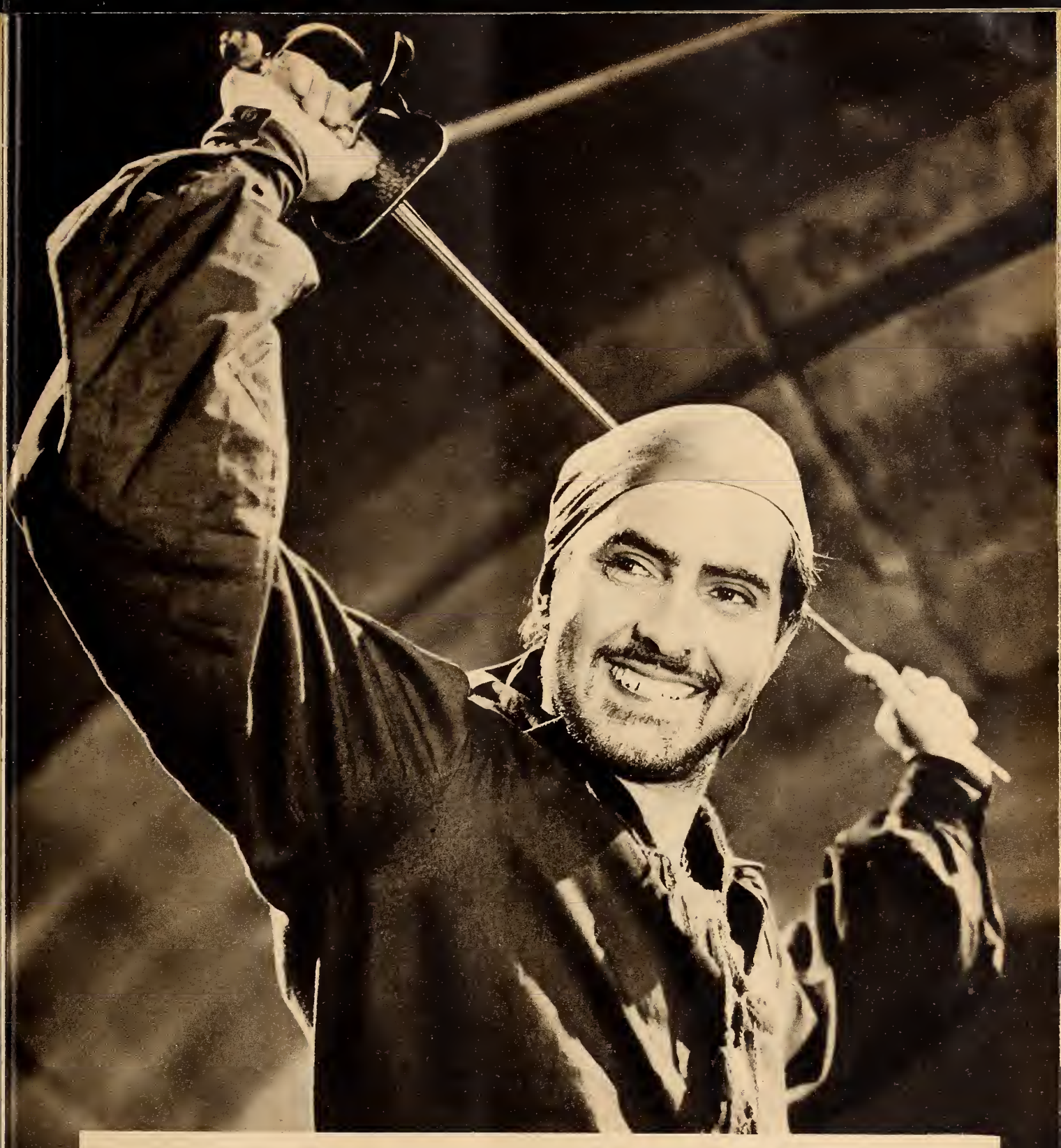
Produced by
BORIS MORROS *and* S. P. EAGLE

Directed by
JULIEN DUVIVIER

Written and Adapted for the Screen by: Ben Hecht, Ferenc Molnar, Donald Ogden Stewart, Samuel Hoffenstein, Alan Campbell, Ladislas Fodor, L. Vadnai, L. Gorog, Lamar Trotti, Henry Blankfort.

BUY A WAR BOND AS A SALUTE TO YOUR HEROES!

20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



Ty Power looked like a pirate with the d.t.'s at "Black Swan" rehearsals. (He nearly bled to death years ago, in a knife-throwing scene like one in the picture.) "B. S." was to be his last before he left for the navy, but seems he'll do a film about our New London, Conn., sub base, now. And his recording of "Ballad of the Leatherneck Corps" for the Treasury Dep't sold 525,000 records! Handsome Ty's 2nd highest paid star at 20th-Fox, has a goat which makes up in good looks what it lacks in fragrance, a dog which does not, and a beautiful wife. Who says you can't have everything?

A. L. Whitey Schafer

Roz Russell's heart belongs to the army. First, husband Freddie Brisson joined up and left her. She then lost 12 pounds in 10 days doing shows for soldiers. And sold $15,000 worth of war bonds to a town of 30,000! Plus requesting, a while back, that she be sent to Alaskan camps, where the boys have so few entertainers. Somehow managed to make Col.'s "My Sister Eileen," and incidentally to try and make Janet (Eileen) Blair, her real *sister, by cookin' up a romance between Jan and brother George Russell. No results as yet, but when that Russell gal makes up her mind—*

Ginger is great at kidding around...

but watch her when she acts her age!

When Ginger decides to travel half-fare, she just isn't half fair to Major Ray, who thinks she's a kid, when she's really kidding. It's Ginger's funniest hit — and we're not kidding!

GINGER ROGERS
AND
RAY MILLAND
in

"The Major and The Minor"

UNDER 12

RAY MILLAND GINGER ROGERS

A Paramount Picture with

Rita Johnson · Robert Benchley · Diana Lynn

Directed by BILLY WILDER · Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Glenn Ford grins, "The only people who thought I was comely were my folks when I was a baby." Right now he's sitting pretty enough in a spacious 8-room nest with a study jam-packed with stamps, playbills, coins, pipes and sweet-swing platters (preferably by T. Dorsey). Yips for joy when Mom serves steaks and cheesecake, and settles for ice cream by Schrafft. Runs up sky-high bills long-distance phoning. lives in casual togs and dates Eleanor Powell 5 p.m.'s a week. Thinks nighteries are too smoky for comfort, spends evenings lounging around the house reading, poring over scripts or romping with best chum, Irish setter Skippy. Is currently hitting headlines in Col.'s "The Desperadoes."

A. L. Whitey Schafer

Rita Hayworth's latest is "You Were Never Lovelier," and she wasn't. It's a Col. pic, and Columbia recently doubled her salary and added a 7-year contract. Not bad for a refugee from a Spanish rumba! Wanta know how to get that way? Well, you've gotta love milk, dolls, confession stories and sleep 9 hrs. nightly in an 8' square bed. You've gotta have 6 closets full of clothes, be one of the best dancers Astaire ever partnered and own Mature-gifted jools. You've gotta plan an army tour, always wear white evening gowns and nibble at your food. Try it, g'wan, just try!

CBS

BY IDA ZEITLIN

the story GABLE wouldn't tell!

GABLE, THE SWASHBUCKLER, DIED WITH CAROLE. THE REST OF HIM GOES OUT TO DO BATTLE AGAINST NEEDLESS HEARTBREAK IN A WORLD TO COME!

On August 11th two men presented themselves to recruiting officers in the Federal Building in Los Angeles, and said they'd like to enlist as buck privates. They were Andrew McIntyre, cameraman, and his friend Clark Gable, movie star. Within a space of thirty-six hours they had taken their physicals, the oath of allegiance and a train headed for the Air Forces Officer Candidate School at Miami, Florida.

Knowing its women, the army kept secret the whereabouts of Gable's induction. But Clark can't hide himself under a butterfly's wing. A girl spotted him entering the Federal Building and spread the evangel. Thereafter it took a bunch of determined m.p.'s to hold down the mob that collected outside the recruiting offices where Colonel Malcolm Andruss was administering the oath.

Gable, blue-suited, emerged mopping his forehead. By now reporters were on the scene. Pressed to say something, he asked: "What is there to say?" But someone had unearthed a human interest item. Giving them their traveling orders. Colonel Andruss had put Private McIntyre into Private Gable's charge.

For the first time in seven months, Clark's face broke into a grin that showed no sign of tension. "Fine thing. Here I'm in the service half an hour and bossing a two- (*Continued on following page*)

Clark took a fancy to these two Chinese kids in "Somewhere I'll Find You." Left for army at pic's end, saying he might come back to Hollywood after the war.

Sometime ago, Spence Tracy, Bob Taylor and Clark made a Three Musketeers Pledge to stick together, promising that if one joined, the others would go along in some service! Above, with Bette Davis.

Clark was jittery and shaky-handed when he was sworn in army by Col. Andruss. In Miami he lives in hotel barracks, gets up at 5:15 and works till dusk. Took salary slice from $3500 weekly at M-G-M to $66 a month in U.S.A.F.

After his 8-yeor-old mustoche wos shorn, his hoir wos cut in ormy soup-bowl style. He wos told trousers of his much-too-big uniform would shrink—ond so would he (weighed in ot 195 lbs.)!

man army already. Pretty rapid work if you ask me!"

Five days later, having been accepted for enrollment in the AFOCS, known as the streamlined West Point because of its rigorous schedule, he became Corporal Gable, since there are no privates in that man's army. They gave him his outfit, including size 11 shoes, instructions in how to make his bed and orders to remove his mustache. Till he's a first lieutenant, he won't be allowed to grow it again.

By the time this appears, he will have completed half of his twelve weeks' training course. Then it will be "whatever the army orders." He voiced his own preference plainly. "I want to be a machine gunner on an airplane and be sent where the going's tough."

It's not because Carole died that Clark went to war. Forty-one though he is, he might have gone anyway. He and Carole were always staunch supporters of President Roosevelt and his policies. They were at Johns Hopkins last year, consulting physicians about an injury to Clark's shoulder, when the President invited them to a broadcast of one of his addresses to the nation. Later they had a long talk with him, which left them deeply stirred.

When war broke out, they both wrote him, offering their services in any capacity he might name. He assured them that their most useful contribution at the moment was movie-making, that if they were needed elsewhere they would be called. The first call came for Carole. Would she go back to Indianapolis, her home town, for a war bond rally? She did her job, sold millions of dollars worth of bonds before boarding the plane that would get her back to her husband faster than a plodding train. And so his heart and life were sliced in two, and he goes to war with a difference. Nothing pulls him back, everything pulls him in.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher once wrote a story about a girl whose parents' love and dependence on each other grew with every passing year. Then her mother died. In the shadow of her father's desolation, she cried out: "People shouldn't be happily married. It's too terrible when one of them goes."

Of course she was wrong, though in first anguish many might be inclined to agree with her. Cut those three years with Carole out of Clark's life, take his memories from him, and you'd leave him an infinitely poorer man.

They'd been everything to each other, their devotion more complete than even their closest friends could have foreseen, than they themselves could have foreseen perhaps. They'd both been around. It wasn't first love for either, but that rarer thing—a perfect blend of love and companionship, undoubtedly treasured the more because

First lessan was bed-making. His preference far aerial gunnery stepped up enlistment in that branch instantly. He's practically a champ at trap-shaating!

they hadn't found it earlier. Carole went into marriage with the single thought of making Clark happy. His way of life—animals, farming, hunting—hadn't been hers. She made it hers, knowing he'd be miserable any other way, not caring what way she went so long as it was with him. So they lived on a twenty-two acre ranch, and she hobnobbed with beef and poultry on the hoof and carried pitchers of milk like any farmwife to her lord and master sweating atop his tractor.

Before their marriage Clark had had plenty of friends. Carole had always been the hub of a crowd. Now they were sufficient unto themselves. Not that they turned into solitaries; both were too warm and genial for that. But as one friend put it: "They found something in each other that took care of everything." They'd spend weeks on the farm, content to see nobody. You couldn't even get them on the phone.

Clark never wrote letters. The only exception was the letter he wrote once a year on their anniversary to the girl who was living right there in the house with him. Carole wouldn't work when he was off. He might take it into his head any old time to say, "Let's go huntin', Ma." She wanted to be free to sling their stuff into the station wagon and go. First, second and third she was his wife. Being a movie star could take its chances.

Then came the Friday when (*Continued on page 93*)

When army offered him private compartment an train ta Fla., he refused because he didn't want special privileges. Later taak 'em up an offer, to escape fans. Abave, with Lana Turner in "Samewhere I'll Find You."

WHAT

Annie and George were wed during production of her picture with Dennis Morgan (above). "Wings far the Eagle." First day back an set, cast showered her with gifts, from coak boaks ta baby tomes!

Latest white star on studia's gigantic war service flag was personally stitched an by Annie. Star represents a Warner caworker wha's been made a majar in U. S. Army Air Corps!

Geo. tare his heart aut seeing Annie off an her Middle West camp taur. En raute, she last 9 lbs., which Warner Bras. won't let her regain!

First day an "Geo. Wash. Slept Here," Ann (above, with Flynn) gat basketful of archids fram Brent.

How "Red" Sheridan keeps her big Irishman on the love-leash without so much as a gentle yank!

While Mrs. George Brent was working in "Wings for the Eagle" last spring, her husband paid her a visit one morning. Ann was busy studying her script, so she merely looked up, winked, made a face denoting temporary amnesia at the script and went on memorizing lines.

George sat down on the lounge and tried to relax, but Ann noticed that he kept rubbing his chin with his left thumb—a habit he has when words are gathering on his tongue.

"Y'know," he said abruptly, "I think it would be a good idea if I joined the army."

Ann, glancing at him quickly, decided that this was an opening sentence in some elaborate rib. "Oh, sure, sure," she agreed.

"No fooling, Red. I'm serious." About his mouth was the half-smiling, half-sheepish expression that he assumes when he is going to do something that he thinks may not rate First in the Hit Parade of Ann's opinions.

"According to things I've read," Annie teased, "you did your share of fighting as a beardless youth of sixteen. History has it that you had to run for your life—you don't want to go back to doing road work, do you, honey?"

George reached over to take his wife's hand. "I'm trying to tell you, honey, that I (*Continued on page 90*)

EVERY BRIDE SHOULD KNOW

By Jeanne Karr

In the "Goy Sisters" wedding scene, Brent was all set to marry Stonwyck; wos flobbergosted when wife Annie wolked in! She'd been called over from o neighboring set as o gag. George's next will be "You Con't Escope Forever."

"Springtime in the Rockies"

Johnny Poyne gozes coldly ot deb, Trudy Morsholl. Y'see, she's why his own true love ond doncing portner (B. Groble) broke off with him.

Motter-of-foct, Betty chorms Cesor so successfully thot she very soon is floshing o very hondsome hunk of engogement ring. It's o dirty trick, but it certoinly comes in hondy.

Well dorned if life oin't chock-full of engogement rings. Here's John's contribution. Does Betty odd it to her collection like o bright girl? Now, she hurls it out the window!

STORY The five-minute buzzer sounded. Backstage at the Broadway Theater the chorus girls moved swiftly into places, the orchestra music filtered through the drawn curtains, the backstage crew hurriedly shifted a prop into place, the stage was filled with the swift patter of hurrying feet. Vicky Lane (Betty Grable), the blonde half of Christy and Lane, stared nervously down the alley leading to the stage door.

Dan Christy (John Payne) was late again.

He came just as their music cue blared out from the orchestra pit, dodged a few props, grinned at the stage manager (Chick Chandler) and took his place beside Vicky just as the curtains parted. He squeezed her hand just once before they started their number.

But Vicky didn't hear the roll of applause that greeted their appearance. Vicky was smelling. There was something in the air tonight and it wasn't music. It was perfume, and unless Vicky's nose was way off, it was coming right off the lapel of Dan's handsome jacket.

Perfume!

Going through the number, she looked sharply at Dan. He smiled at her, that innocent grin of his that always covered something. No mistake about it now. She knew Dan too well. Well, which one was it this time, she thought grimly, that fake Movie Queen who turned up in Boston, the little number who modeled Samson's Sumptuous Scanties, the deb with the Vassar accent . . .

The number ended with a gay trill on the trumpets. Again the applause rolled through the house, applause for Christy and Lane, the Sweethearts of Broadway. In the wings the feminine half of the Sweethearts of Broadway was saying: "Which?"

"Which what?" Dan said innocently.

He seeks consolation in, alas, the battle. And at a bar where barkeep Edward Everett Horton dispenses culture with his cordials! An intellectual one, that Horton.

Johnny tries to make Betty jealaus via Carmen Miranda. But Betty pramptly charms Cesar Rameo. Chum, Charlatte Greenwaod, not to be autdone, picks newly-rich Horton.

Night falls. And 2 dim figures creep around the garden. Mystery? It's anly Betty and Johnny looking for the ring she got so free with. And omigoodness, he kisses her!

Sa the happy couples—Johnny gets his Betty, Cesar settles for Miss Miranda, and Charlotte manages to hoak poor Edward Everett. And of course, they all live happily ever after.

"Which girl?"

"Vicky!" Dan said. "You don't think——"

"Don't I though!"

"Don't you trust me?"

"No."

"I was getting our engagement ring, honey. That's why I was late."

"Where is it?"

"Where's what? The ring?" Dan lifted a handkerchief out of his breastpocket and wiped his forehead. "It's being inscribed. Right this minute."

Vicky's hand was swift as a snake thrust. It picked the handkerchief from between Dan's fingers. It spread the soft white linen open. Neatly embroidered in one corner was a delicately feminine initial. Just under the initial was a smear of red, (*Continued on page 87*)

By Maris McCullers

Ray and Mal step aut, then keep the wires hat calling back ta find out whether 2-year-ald san David Daniel's been a'mischiefing. They've been planning S. A. trip.

Ray's in "The Majar and the Minar" with Ginger Ragers. Big time naw, he ance used his marksmanship ta get a job aff-scene, shoating a mirrar aut af the star's hand.

By James Carson

Laughing Cavalier

"Nothing-But-The-Truth" Milland, they call him. He'd give you a quart of blood, but fall asleep while you thanked him!

His single superstition—if he bumps one elbow, must bump the other. Favorite books are "Alice in Wonderland," "Treasure Island." Above with Pat Morison in "Are Husbands Necessary?"

One night, several years ago, Ray Milland and his young bride sat at the Cocoanut Grove and watched Hollywood's social circus prance and preen on the dance floor. Ray was immaculate in white tie and tails, and his wife had a new evening gown. They surveyed the glamour boys and girls of the Joan Crawford-Marlene Dietrich-Norma Shearer era with amused smiles. "Good Heavens!" sighed Ray. "Wouldn't it be awful to be a part of all this?"

At that moment Ray Milland was practically unknown. He was living on pennies. For weeks he had saved to take in the Grove in proper style. But he wasn't impressed.

Since that night things have changed considerably for Ray Milland—about everything, in fact, except Ray himself. He's a star himself now, one of the hottest in Hollywood. But he's still no part of the fuss and fine feathers. He still regards Hollywood's glitter with a detached, disinterested, even disdainful air. He can't be bothered with glamour.

This has brewed the legend in some Hollywood circles that Ray is snooty, a snob, selfish, rude and even dull as dishwater. But the truth is: he's a rather special sort of guy. He rejects the Hollywood fantasy; but his own private world is every bit as fabulous. Underneath Ray's bored exterior chafes a restless, impulsive romancer, perpetually chasing adventure and as impatient about it as a terrier on a leash.

No town as small as Hollywood could ever hold a fellow like that. No profession as cut and dried as making pictures could ever satisfy him—if Ray didn't gild everything that goes on in his private life with a make-believe glint of romance.

Maybe you wouldn't call a house an adventure. But even the Milland menage is a case in point. Ray and Mal, his wife, dwell in a dream house in Beverly Hills—a model of architectural beauty without, and inside an interior decorator's vision. Seeds for the flower garden, bluebells, hollyhocks and such were imported from England. Ray got a shipment of valuable English antiques on the last boat to make the passage with such luxurious cargo. *(Continued on page 80)*

Greer Garson's a red-heod who's sick of playing motrons. Has hod 7 bobies in about os mony films, ond would swap sweet Mrs. Miniver for o chance to show her legs!

By Cynthia Miller

Whee! A porty! And Miss Gorson hostessing it, in honor of Ben Webster ond Dome Moy Whitty, obove. It wos their Golden Wedding Anniversory! Thot's Reggie Gordiner ot the left, who's just announced *his* engagement to Nadio Petrovo.

THE SECRET LIFE OF MRS. MINIVER

She has Irish wit, a sherry taste—and *legs*, but H'wood hides Greer's light under a bustle!

Greer Garson didn't want to play Mrs. Miniver. Which has so humbled her esteem of her own judgment that she'll probably never voice another opinion. Till this humility passes. Miss Garson has the tongue of the Irish. You think you've got it pinned down, and lo! it mocks you from the other side of the fence.

The fact remains that she didn't want to play Mrs. Miniver. Having read the book, she thought the lady delightful. And real. She has aunts like Mrs. Miniver. Twenty years hence she might be Mrs. Miniver herself. Right now she's too young and gay. Anyway, we take it back. Twenty years hence she'll still be Greer Garson, whatever name she may have added in the interval. She's got the Miniver brand of grace and breeding, but her own lilt. Miniver's a still pool. Garson's a stream, with the sun dancing on it.

In the course of events she received a script, and there discovered that one of Mrs. M.'s vague, small children had grown into manhood and was coming down from Oxford to acquire a wife. This took her aback. Sidney Franklin, the producer, came over to give her a sales talk.

"No, I've just played a matron. I don't think I should play another at once."

"But this thing was bought for you, written for you."

She shook her head. "It was bought and written for Mrs. Chips. I'm not Mrs. Chips."

She did suggest a possible way out. If they'd let her use character make-up—interesting horn-rims, say—she liked horn-rims. No, they wanted her to play it straight. "Like this?" (*Continued on page 76*)

Her 1st Hollywood visit was awful. The one paper to bother with her at all, noted, "Greer Garson, an English actor, arrives today." Above, with Mom at home.

Insiders say she'll wed Richard Ney (her son in "Mrs. Miniver"), but Greer won't tell. Confides she's off cigars for life! They made her light one in a wifely way for *Mr.* Miniver, and on the 3rd take, she turned so green, they got scared!

Now that hubby Louis Hayward's a first lieutenant in active service at Quantico, Va., Ida Lupino solos it at Hollywood parties. Above, at Mocambo next to a handsome lieutenant.

During Lt. James Stewart's furlough, he and Dinah Shore harmonized (in a completely un-vocal sort of way). Heard her warbling on CBS Command Performance short-waved to boys in service abroad.

Lana and Steve Crane strictly twosoming it at Mocambo. Her shortwave broadcast to Australia was briefest on record—at soldier's request, she sighed once and went off the air!

Blonded Ginger Rogers is staying that way—at request of soldiers from nearby comp to whom she's turned over her tennis court and pool. Above, with Randy Scott on double date with Astoires.

Despite a raging feud over Bun Gronville, Jockie Cooper tossed o sleek party for his marine-bound rival, Jackie Briggs. Now he ond Bun hove been blissfully dueting. (Above, at Charlie Foy's.)

CANDIDLY YOURS

West Coast dimouts can't shadow Hollywood night life! There's glitter galore of gold braid and stardom in every club . . . from furloughing Jimmy Stewart to honeymooning Lana Turner.

Upon Ann Sothern's recoup from the hospital, she and Bob Ster-. ling spreed at Mocambo. He's reported to Army Air Corps at Sonto Monica, where his instructor may be Rog Pryor, Ann's ex!

Heed those rumors of o cooling—it's forever off with Grable and Raft! Last gold cigorette holder he gove her wos attached to a chain because she'd just lost three such puffers in a row!

By CAROL CARTER

hollywood hands

Hedy Lamarr's lovely hands are a sight to behold. They and Hedy do some superb acting in "White Cargo."

WATCH Gene Tierney turn a doorknob. Study Ann Sheridan holding a cigarette or Marlene Dietrich spooning her consomme . . . and keep your eye on Lana Turner as her lively gestures punctuate the dialogue. Nice hand work, you'll admit, and probably heave a sigh for your own slightly battered mitts!

Hollywood hands are just as busy as yours. When they're not active at the studio, they're sewing, knitting, rolling emergency bandages or digging Victory gardens. Film fingers are found in every defense pie, but it's part of an actress' job to be fit to the fingertips, and her hands are always well groomed, smooth-skinned and shiny tipped.

Regular care does the trick in Hollywood or Hoboken. A thorough, bang-up manicure is a weekly must. In addition, cuticle should be creamed or oiled every night, especially in chilly weather. A rich lotion or cream must be smoothed on your paws at bedtime, massaged with the motions you use to pull on tight gloves, working from fingers to wrist. At the same time, rub a bit of the cream or lotion on your elbows, to help keep those neglected patches soft and sleek.

If your polish chips in cold weather, that may be because your nails are peeling off in layers . . . a pesky condition often caused by dry air, steam heat, careless diet and lack of sunshine. Make up for the hardships of fall and winter with oil finger-baths and extra cuticle creaming. Eat plenty of calcium producing foods—cauliflower, cabbage, lettuce, brussel sprouts and milk. And don't go around with fringed nail polish on your fingertips. When it chips, remove it completely or artfully patch it. If you dent a nail tip, stick Scotch tape or tissue paper over it and cover with polish. If a nail breaks badly, keep the secret to yourself because friends aren't interested in hearing you moan. Buy a replacement at the local variety store and fixed up your nail good as new.

Do your hands tell that the temperature is dropping, by a mottled red effect? Select gloves large enough (tight ones are poor vanity; they cut off circulation and make hands colder). Apply hand lotion after every washing, before every stepping-out. Stand a giant bottle over your kitchen sink, another in the bathroom cabinet. Carry a miniature size in your purse . . . and keep one at office or factory if you're a working gal. Quantity produces quality here. The more hand lotion you use, the prettier and whiter your hands will be. Don't let yourself forget it.

While you're saving tin, rubber, newspapers and so forth, give some thought to conserving (*Continued on page 96*)

"Tish" is the name of Virginia Grey's next.

See La Hepburn in "The Keeper of the Flame."

Kay Aldridge keeps her hands petal-soft.

modern screen's eye-lure chart

	FOR	WHAT TO USE	WHAT TO DO
	Clear-cut brow lines	Tweezers	Soften skin with creom or woshcloth dipped in hot woter. Pluck stroy hoirs.
		Eyebrow pencil	Extend brow line or fill in open spoces. Sketch eoch hoir individually.
		Pencil, moscaro ar dye	Dorken pole, insignificont brows. Motch them to the calar of your hoir.
		Brow brush	Align brows neotly with brush.
	Sparkling eyes	Sleep	Open-oir exercise.
		Healthy diet	Milk, eggs, vegetables.
		Eye rinse	Use with drapper or eye cup.
		Spectocles	Weor them if you need them. Stroined eyes look tired, dull.
	Larger looking eyes	Moscoro	Hove cleon brush. Use twa caots on upper lashes and one on lower.
		Extro loshes	If yours ore skimpy, paste on extros. Trim to desired length. Then moscoro.
		Eyelosh curler	"Opens" eyes for "bright-eyed" loak.
		Eyebraw croyon	Thin, smudged line around lids.
	More colorful eyes	Eye shodow	Match shade ta eyes. Apply lightly, far shadowy effect, on upper lids only.
		Eye cream	Use every night, mossage gently oraund eyes, with deft light touches.
		Vaseline ar ail	Spread lightly aver lids ofter eye shadaw. Smoath thin caat over braws.
	Cavernous circles	Eye creom	Every night, to lubricote dryness ond wrinkles. Keeps under-eye skin firm.
		Moke-up bose	Apply heavily under eyelids.
		Rouge	Rouge shoded underneoth eyes helps comoufloge circles. Use dry ar creom.
		Doctor's odvice	Extreme cases need medicol exominotian. Glosses moy be required.

Eyes like the Stars

By CAROL CARTER

Hedy Lamarr, M-G-M

Joan Fontaine, Warners'

Rosalind Russell, Columbia

Paulette Goddard, Paramount

THE next time you sit in a darkened movie palace, watch the leading lady's eyes. See how she uses them to flirt, tease and smile—show sympathy, sorrow, excitement or woe. Then look at the eye-views above of Hedy, Rosalind, Brenda and the rest. Their shining orbs are no different from yours, except that they've learned to give them a sparkle of glamour. A little time—a few simple rules—and you'll know how, too!

How Do You Wear Your Brows?

The brow-beating days are over, praise Allah, and no girl has to yank her eyebrows into queer looking arches or dagger-straight lines. Brenda Marshall does no tweezing at all, but most gals look better if they dispense with the stray hairs that grow over the nose and under the arches. To make the plucking easier, soften the skin first one of two ways. Either massage it with a little cream or hold a washcloth wrung out of hot water over the area a minute or two. With your tweezers, clutch the hairs close to the roots and pull in the direction in which they grow. Daylight is best for the operation, and a magnifying mirror helps a lot. When possible, do the tweezing the day before you go all-out for eye lure, because the pulling may redden or puff the skin.

If you don't have enough eyebrows to make a clear outline, sketch some in with a brow pencil. Draw each hair individually, not just one harsh line. Uplift the ends with a slight twirk, for a bright, bewitching effect. Use the shade of brow pencil that most nearly matches your hair.

The lassies who have enough brows and need only color, can use either mascara or dye. If you choose the mascara method, have the brush dripping wet before you color it—and stroke lightly, delicately, please. If you prefer to use dye, go to a good beauty parlor. 'Tain't safe for little girls to play with!

Sparkle Hints

Outside of falling in love, the easiest way to have sparkling eyes is to get eight hours sleep each night and eat vitamin foods like eggs, butter, cream, leafy vegetables and (the better to see with in blackouts) carrots.

Be kind to your eyes if you want them to shine and twinkle. Give them good working lights and restful interludes between hard jobs. Stare into space occasionally, or place a palm over each eye and look into absolute darkness. Exercise the muscles by blinking rapidly, like an owl. Above all, wear glasses if you need them. Specs of modern design can actually improve facial contour. Harlequin frames are cute and whimsical—a too-square face can be made more interesting with glasses wider at top than at bottom—and a round face appears less pie-

Brenda Marshall, Warners'

Ginger Rogers, RKO

Joan Crawford, M-G-M

Stars use eye make-up as regularly as lipstick. Apply it artfully . . . to have eyes that sparkle and shine.

shaped with glasses that have a straight, high bridge line and elongated lenses.

Sparkle also comes in eye lotion bottles. A refreshing rinse with an eye cup, or a couple of drops in each eye with a dropper, will brighten tired twinklers quick as a wink. When you're really all in and your eyes show it, lie down for a five-minute rest cure with eye pads on your lids. Cotton dipped in iced eye bath, witch hazel or cologne makes a reviving eye sparkler, and warm tea leaves wrapped in a pad are very soothing and quite restful.

For Larger Looking, Limpider Orbs

The size of your eyes can be exaggerated by long, heavy lashes. Those tiny eye curtains (there are usually 100 to 115 on each upper lid) grow lighter at the tips and thinner on the sides, so they need mascara to show them up to best advantage. Painting it on is as simple as a nursery rhyme. Take your choice between cream or cake form, and see that your brush is clean and unclogged. Since warm water is a better solvent than cold, moisten the brush from the tap marked "Hot." Use brown mascara if your hair is light, black if it's dark. Movie stars say unanimously that two coats are better than one, so do your hair or your lipsticking while the first layer dries, and then put on a second.

If your lashes are too few and far between, paste on some false ones. They can look very natural if carefully done and can be trimmed to the same length as your real ones. A coat of mascara to finish, and no one need know that your smoky fringe of lashes actually came from the cosmetic counter!

An eyelash curler "opens" the eyes by turning the top lashes skyward and curving the lower demurely under. The "wide-eyed" look adds interest to your expression. It's a quick pick-up for a tired and harried face.

Another way to make eyes look larger is to rim them with a thin line of eyebrow crayon all around the lids.

Deanna Durbin, Universal star, will next be seen in "Forever Yours."

Put an extra dot at the outer corners if your eyes are set closely together, or at the inner corners if they're too far apart. Then blur the crayoning until it's hardly discernible except as a dark, mysterious background.

Add a Dash of Color

Eyeshadow intensifies the color of the iris and makes the whites look whiter. If your eyes are blue, they'll look more heavenly with blue eye shadow smoothed on after mascara-ing. If they are gray, decide whether you want to add blue or green highlights, and choose your shadow accordingly. Brown shadow is for brown eyes, and hazel eyes can wear either brown or violet.

Smooth the color on the upper (*Continued on page 96*)

By Jack Wade

Sergeant Autry

GENE'S IN THE AIR CORPS NOW—WHERE THE HORSES FLY, AND WHAT GETS ROPED ARE "LITTLE YELLER FELLERS"!

The telephone jingled at Melody Ranch. "Santa Ana calling Mrs. Gene Autry," said the operator. "One minute, please."

"Hello," said Ina Autry. "Is that you, Gene? How's the army?"

"Why," came a familiar Okie drawl, "This G I rig's right comfortable, and the grub's great. I guess," concluded Sergeant Gene Autry, "that the army is mucho okay! But Ina—look," said Gene, "can you send me down some pajamas?"

"I put some in your bag—some silk ones."

"I know, but—well—I'm right anxious to keep 'em buried there in the bag. Send me down some cotton ones, will you? The boys might—"

"I see," sighed Ina Autry. "But what did you sleep in last night?"

Something like a blush came over the wire. "I slept," confessed Gene, "in my shorts."

One day, a few weeks ago, a good-looking, open-faced guy wearing a powder-blue cowboy suit, a grey shirt with fancy piping, a wide, white sombrero, his best butterfly boots and a flashing smile rolled up in a big Cadillac to the Santa Ana Air Base, sixty miles south of Hollywood.

At the gates, the famous smile wavered for a second. "Say," the cowboy whispered to the pal who had driven him down. "Get rid of this fancy wagon, will you? I want to walk in like a soldier ought."

Gene started down the long barracks street, clomping along in his high-heeled Texas boots. Some doughboys passed and cracked friendly grins. "Hi, cowboy!" they greeted. Another group approached. "Hiyah Gene," sang out a Texas twang. A fair sized company of sun baked, friendly soldiers surrounded Gene by the time he'd progressed to headquarters. They were chattering away in Sooner drawls and Panhandle patter, talking horses and guns and cattle and ponies. The commanding (*Continued on page 105*)

At Marion Davies' garden party (opened to the public, with proceeds going to Miss Davies' war work hospital), Nancy Kelly and Gene entertained.

Gene's to da another pic, with salary going to Army Emergency Fund. Thot's Rita Hoyworth and Dot Lamaur he's happily guarding at the garden porty.

Above, being administered the oath. You'll be seeing him around in "Bells of Capistrano," his last before induction.

CBS PHOTO

"little bug"

Although "Junior Miss" is going off the oir (sponsors con't get materiols for their soop), two other rodio shows are ongling for Shirley. Above, Brown-Derbying with Pop and brother Jack's pretty wife.

Nope, 'tisn't the boudoir of Helen of Troy, but just port of Miss Temple's suite. As though thot weren't enough, lucky Shirley's been promised o complete Adrion-designed wordrobe purty soon.

Shirley's passion for dolls has given woy to o more moture sort of collecting. She hos hundreds of rore miniotures sent her by fons from oll over the world.

I think it was H. G. Wells who said once, "She totally disarms you. She lifts you off your feet." He was talking about a girl he'd met in Hollywood—Miss Shirley Temple. That was a few years ago.

It seems only yesterday that I dropped in at a party of Shirley's. She wore a pink dress, I remember, and she was a dish, as sweet a dish as the heap of strawberry ice cream before her. I disgraced myself promptly at a game called "Coffee Pot." I was too dumb to play. Shirley told me so. When I missed a coffee-pot, or whatever it was you missed, she said, sympathetically but quite distinctly, "My, but you're dumb!" I was, too. Because right after that, Shirley sensed easy game.

"How do you pronounce 't-o-o'?" she asked innocently.

"Too."

"And how do you pronounce 't-w-o'?" I pronounced it.

"Now," pressed Shirley, "how do you pronounce the name of the man who wrote 'Tom Sawyer'?" I obliged. "Say them all together," commanded Shirley.

"Too-two-Twain."

"When you get a little older," remarked Miss Temple, dipping demurely into her ice cream, "you'll probably say 'locomotive'."

I don't know why I bring all this up, exactly, except that—well—I am a little older and so is Shirley. I think she was six or seven then. Now she is fourteen, a sophomore at Westlake School for Girls, and, from what I'd heard, quite a grown-up young lady. I hadn't seen her myself for some time, and I thought I'd drop over for a heavy date to find out a few things. Frankly, I was frightened. Not about (*Continued on page 70*)

By Kirtley Baskette

S'what the kids at school call that rumba-loving, stag-slaying, tiniest Temple!

John Payne

Veronica Lake

The dreamy-eyed Haldens have no pet names for each other, but generously dot their conversations with "darling" and "honey." (Both detest "deorie.") Have the exact some sense of humor, tee-hee their heads off at Hope, Benny and Skelton!

By Jean Kinkead

When they're apart, Brenda weors a locket pin crommed with his photos. Their joint appearance on Philip Morris Playhouse lost summer wos first soldier-wife broadcast of '42. Above, Stork-clubbing during his 10-doy furlough.

After completing "Tne Constont Nymph," she roughed it on o Victorville ronch. She's an elegont cook ond pitcher right in ot chuck wogon on riding trip with cowhands

Ten Day Dream

Dream-walking up the Avenue, hand-holding at the Stork—the Bill Holdens crammed heaven into their 10 magic days together!

She snailed the grey Cadillac along Hollywood Boulevard. No hurry. He wouldn't be there when she got home. No big blond monster leaping at her behind the closet door. No long tweed legs to fall over every time she moved. No beautiful asphyxiating pipe smoke. (Oh, my darling, what am I going to do without you? Darling, what do people do?) Out of the corner of her eye, she saw two soldiers tearing along the street. She pulled over to the curb. "Want a lift, boys? I'm not going any place special."

"Oh gosh, thanks. We're practically A.W.O.L." She drove them down to the station, and it turned out that they were from Brooklyn and stationed at Ft. MacArthur. They liked the army fine—but "you get so damn lonesome." The blond one lit a cigarette for her. "Gee, you're Brenda Marshall," he said and was suddenly shy.

"Yes." And in the flickering light she could see how very young and good-looking he was.

"Bet half of female Dodgertown is pining for you," she grinned.

"Nope. Just one. My wife." And somehow, the way he said it with a funny catch in his voice made her heart all tight and queer.

"Oh," she said softly. "I'd like to swap places with her. You see, my guy's just left for Ft. Monmouth."

Driving home, she felt strangely comforted. A girl in Brooklyn was lonely for a kid at MacArthur. Someone else felt this way, (*Continued on page 102*)

Gene E. Tierney

GUTBUCKET GABRIEL

Washed up at 6! But Harry James jus' blew and blew till the world fell into his lap.

Gassips say Harry "Don't Wanta Walk Withaut" Helen Farrest, wha put that ditty over. Below, in "Private Buckaraa."

By KATE HOLLIDAY

THE first billing Harry James ever rated was as "The Youngest Contortionist In The Business." That was at the age of six.

Now, some twenty years and 9,693,015 trumpet notes later, he's famous as the guy who made "I Don't Want To Walk Without You" a national anthem, a 1942 epidemic. He's the gent for whose music a fabulous stream of nickels packs juke boxes every week. He's the character whose personal appearances cause police departments to dream up new ways of keeping order. He's the boy Twentieth Century-Fox just paid $50,000 for a stint in "Springtime In The Rockies," Universal anteed $32,000 for "Private Buckaroo," and RKO summoned for "Syncopation" after he had been voted top trumpetman in a Saturday Evening Post poll.

In other words, chums, James is a sensation of no mean order. But I don't have to tell you that. His band's rise in three years seems unbelievable and has been looked upon as the type of feat that went out with Horatio Alger. And his tender, torrid or triumphant trumpet has caused shivers to run down the spines of nine-tenths of America. (The other tenth doesn't count. They're ickies, anyway.) (*Continued on page 97*)

By SYLVIA KAHN

GOOD NEWS

Rooney, Taylor and Tracy may follow Gable into army! Carmen Miranda discovered to be ash blonde! Darnell nixes rumors of family feud!

"Yankee Doodle Dandy" premiere was last gala opening for duration. When Reagans walked in, spectators broke into loud applause.

Hollywood Diary—November

Sat., Aug. 1st: Let no one say Oleg Cassini hasn't the proper background for the perilous Coast Guard! Anybody with the courage to build a house on the precipice he selected, and the steel nerves to climb its terrifying heights, is more than ready to face the threats of the Pacific.

But, li'l black book, it's a beautiful home the Cassinis have on their mountain top! Just back from there with Rosemary Layng who interviewed Gene, her mother and her kid sister, Pat. Mrs. Tierney and Pat aren't living with Gene because the house is too small, and Seaman Cassini comes home week-ends. Brings his soiled laundry, too. And Gene, dutiful wife, has it spruced up and ready when he needs a fresh change.

Gene's proud as the rest of us of her man in the service. She still teases Oley, but gently, about his first day at sea. He'd put in long, exhausting hours on shore, and that night in the boat began to get drowsy. As he was about to slip into slumber a sailor nudged him. "In this navy they shoot you for falling asleep on duty," he whispered. Oleg jerked back to consciousness—and spent the rest of the night slapping his face to keep himself awake!

Pat Tierney's a good-looking girl. Still too young to be as curvaceous as Gene, but shows great promise! Gene is official sponsor of Pat's movie career. Not afraid of the competition, either. I liked the way she kept reminding Pat how to sit gracefully, how to walk and how to use her hands. Actressing is a fine art, and if Pat wants a career she'll have to work hard at it the way Gene did!

Tues., Aug. 4th: Darned decent of Clark Gable to give up one of his last evenings as a civilian to entertain the boys already in the service. Tonight I watched him m.c. "Command Performance, USA," the star-packed show that's short-waved to United Nations fighting men the world over. Poor Clark! He was scared stiff! First time he'd faced the terrifying "mike" in two years. He had a tough time holding his script steady, and once or twice lost control of his voice.

Backstage later to congratulate him on his Air Corps enlistment, and say good-by for the duration.

Mon., Aug. 10th: Set-called at Fox and found Ida Lupino and Monty Woolley making with the chit-chat between takes of "Life Begins At 8:30." Ida looks frailer than ever. The gal's pining away for Hubby Louis

(*Continued on following page*)

MARTHA AND FIANCÉ on campus of Clemson College, S. C., last spring before Niles became an Aviation Cadet, and she went into training for her mobile laboratory work. She's just as sweet and feminine looking now in her crisp lab uniform, so flattering to her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

GUARDING HEALTH OF BOYS AT ARMY CAMPS while her fiancé flies for Uncle Sam . . . Martha is at Fort McPherson now in the Field Laboratory of the Fourth Service Command.

MARTHA'S RING is unusually beautiful—a 2-carat diamond in a simple platinum band.

She's ENGAGED!

MARTHA GAFFNEY'S engagement to Henry Niles Nelson, Jr., unites two fine Southern families. She is great, great, great grand-daughter of the eminent statesman, John C. Calhoun.

MARTHA'S HEART is with her aviator fiancé—but her skilled hands and highly trained mind are given to her important war job with the Fourth Service Command's mobile laboratory.

"We work like mad," she told us. "We do blood and disease tests regularly, of course—and test just about everything in sight as well—water, milk, ice cream—anything that might contain harmful bacteria and cause illness among the boys at the camps."

Martha has a particularly lovely complexion—creamy smooth and white. She says: "My lab work makes me a stickler for cleanliness. That's why I'm so fond of Pond's Cold Cream. It *cleanses* so thoroughly—and leaves my skin feeling *soft* and *dewy*."

• • •

Use Pond's Martha's way, *you'll* love it, too. First—pat Pond's Cold Cream on your face and throat—gently, quickly. Tissue it off well. See how it softens and releases dirt and old make-up. "Rinse" now with a *second* lovely Pond's creaming. Tissue off.

Do this *every* night—for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., use Pond's—why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even *more* for your money. Popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

Due to strict wortime dimout regulotions in Los Angeles areo, "Toles of Manhattan" premiered at Graumon's Chinese Theoter without benefit of sirens or sky-sweeping searchlights. En route from car to lobby with A. C. Lyles, Jone Withers wos besieged by autograph hounds.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Hayward who's stationed at the Quantico Marine Base. Phones him several times weekly, but their conversations are small comfort. Seems Louis is always too busy rattling on about his work to give out the sweet talk she craves! Before he left, Louis turned back his membership card to the Screen Actors' Guild and swore he was through with greasepaint. After the war he'll come back to Hollywood, but as a director or cameraman. Doesn't mind if Ida continues her career since "acting is a woman's job anyway!" Woolley, when he heard that, snorted and walked away!

Over to the "Undying Monster" stage, and a talk with Heather Thatcher who's just come from London after a risky Atlantic crossing. She'll raise funds for British War Relief and make a few pictures before going home again.

Heather believes it's impossible to overestimate the morale of the English people. She told a wonderful story about a little Cockney girl who spent a hellish night seeing her home bombed to bits. The next morning the child appeared at school, her small face grimy and scratched, her dress ripped and her eyelids heavy with needed sleep. In her fist was clutched a letter from her mother to the teacher. "Dear Ma'am," it read. "Please excuse Maggie for coming tardy. She only got dug out at eight!"

Back to the office and drove by the house where George Montgomery lives with his family. A car parked at the curb looked suspiciously like Hedy Lamarr's, practically confirming the rumor that George and Hedy are seeing each other quietly. Of course, Hedy's very fond of George's parents. Could be she was merely making an afternoon call on Mom and Pop Montgomery.

Fri., Aug. 14th: Over to Warner Brothers' where we went in to see Bette Davis. Bette was in her "Watch on the Rhine" make-up and looking none too attractive! Throughout the picture she's padded to appear matronly—and her studio-made wrinkles are something no well-dressed woman would like to wear! Farny, her husband, left the other day for a tour of Army Air Corps bombardier bases. He's an exec in a firm which manufactures precision instruments for fighting planes. His trip is supposed to be on business, but Bette says he took one glance at her "Watch on the Rhine" get-up, and ran away!

Bette finishes "Watch" in the next few weeks and then takes off on a bond-selling junket through the East. She'll come before audiences in an Arch Oboler skit entitled "Adolf and Mrs. Runyon." Bette's "leading man" in the role of Adolf Hitler will be Martin Kosleck, a loyal American who simply can't escape Nazi roles!

Stopped by the Music Department. Found Dennis Morgan about to record a number for the "Desert Song." His wife called from the hospital just then, so Denny propped the phone on a table and let her listen to a rendition of "One Alone" that must have made her well immediately!

Thurs., Aug. 20th: Ran into Lois Andrews lunching alone at the Players. Lois wasn't very hungry. A morning session with her divorce lawyers and George Jessel hadn't done much for her appetite. Seems George objects to publicity notices which refer to his young ex-wife as Lois Jessel. He feels that since they've parted she ought to resume her own name—Andrews. Lois's reply that she's not responsible for what the columnists print and that if she wanted George's name she wouldn't be divorcing him, didn't help the situation any. She's also burned up at writers who want the "inside" story of why her marriage failed. "How can my

marriage be called a failure," she challenges, "when it gave me such a beautiful baby!" Well. . . .

Greer Garson and Cynthia Miller confabed this afternoon. Joined them at Greer's long enough to take a quick tour of the new Garson home. Greer's terribly proud of it and should be. It's an ideal backdrop for the lovely furnishings she's been amassing since she came to Hollywood. The redhead's an antique hound. Haunts the dustridden shops and loves it! Latest acquisition is a mirror framed in delicious, fat angels which hangs in her living room. She let us touch her set of solid silver plates engraved with the crest of Napoleon, but it was "hands off" her Toulouse-Lautrec poster! Think Cynthia got a specially good story. Greer is brilliant copy.

Sat., August 22nd: Mmmm. What a party! Gregory Ratoff tossed it at the Beverly Hills hotel to honor pianist-singer Hazel Scott who's in his new picture "Something To Shout About." Felt sorry for Hazel when she first sat down to play. She was faced with a sophisticated, entertainment-wise audience, with a "show me" chip on its shoulders. Well Hazel showed 'em! The dusky doll beat that piano till it jumped. Before she was through, she had Margaret Sullavan, Mary Astor, Zorina, Louis Bromfield and Don Ameche pleading for encores.

Wed., August 26th: Lunched at Warners' with Ann Sheridan and Jeanne Karr. Ingrid Bergman came striding in (and I do mean striding. The gal takes huge steps!) dressed in one of her famous cotton wash dresses. Wears them constantly, and they're always the same cut—tight in the waist and very full skirted.

Later, a strange creature stuck its head in the door and scared the devil out of the innocent diners. Turned out to be Alexis Smith made up as the elderly Mrs. Mark Twain. She was even more startling when the rest of her appeared. Sixty-five from the neck up, she looked about sixteen from the neck down, togged out in short-sleeved blouse, culottes, bobbie socks and tennis shoes.

Visited the "Princess O'Rourke" set to see Olivia de Havilland and Bob Cummings. Bob blushed, then growled when Olivia talked about his "happy glands." She insists he has 'em 'cause he keeps her spirits bubbling all the time—he's that funny.

Olivia's been furious with herself for days. Seems Jimmy Stewart phoned over the weekend and asked for a date. She couldn't accept because she was working the following day. She turned him down politely—then couldn't think of another thing to say! Just dried up! Recalls she kept repeating that she'd heard him on the air the night before, and that he was very good. But beyond that she was stuck. And so was Jimmy. They hadn't seen or talked to each other in two months and stutter as they would, just couldn't get on common conversational ground. Olivia was relieved when she hung up, and she's certain Jimmy was, too.

Short Shots

As the result of a pact, Clark Gable's enlistment may find Mickey Rooney, Robert Taylor and Spencer Tracy following suit by the time you read this. . . . They say they're still friends, but Margaret Hayes refuses to dinner-date Leif Erickson, the man she's in the process of divorcing. . . . Singer Helen Forrest underwent a nose trim before making a try at the fillums in the Grable-Payne pic, "Springtime in the Rockies." Incidentally, Harry James and his wife arrived at a no-divorce-but-no-reconciliation-either agreement. . . . W. C. Fields didn't witness his son's wedding to a Rhode Island debbie, but his wife was present.

(Continued on following page)

Xavier Cugat CATCHES THE SPIRIT OF MARY MARTIN
MARY MARTIN starring in "Happy-Go-Lucky" a Paramount Picture
Pambow
Raggie
Strana
Joléne CATCHES THE SPIRIT OF MOVIELAND STYLES
Let shoes by Joléne of Hollywood play the style lead in your wardrobe. Designed with the same gay flair that distinguishes Xavier Cugat's sparkling caricatures of the stars! Wear them, they're so inexpensive!
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Following "Toles of Manhottan" opening, co-producer S. P. Eagle tossed a privote porty for special chums ot Mocombo. Hedy Lamorr arrived with host Eagle, table-tolked with frequent escort Jeon Pierre Aumont (obove), French stor recently lured into Hollywood films.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Joan Crawford's Phil Terry is the most ardent Bible student in town. Knows his Good Book—and abides by it. . . . The Ol' Professor, Kay Kyser, gets high score in Linda Darnell's datebook. . . . Carmen Miranda is really an ash-blonde! Wears a dark bleach 'cause Americans like to think all South Americans are brunettes!

Face on the Cutting Room Floor

A guy doesn't have to be nasty to enjoy his revenge. He just has to be normal. And Phil Terry is exactly that. A sweet, ordinary gent who's been kicked around plenty and is finally having his inning.

Before Phil wed Joan Crawford he was under contract to Paramount. To the studio he was just another kid named Joe. They patted him on the head and told him he was a good boy. But when he pleaded for a break they only slung him another quickie role. His last assignment, before his option was dropped, was in Paramount's he-man epic "Wake Island." And in that one the studio topped its previous indignities by ordering Phil out to location—and then asking him to do extra work!

Now that he has acquired a famous wife, Paramount head men are looking at Phil with a new glint in their eyes. They're eagerly scraping the cutting room floor for discarded "Wake Island" clips, and discovering that young Terry isn't such a bad actor after all. They've even drawn up a new contract and are begging him to sign it. But Phil remembers the brush-off they gave him, and he's returning the compliment in kind. He won't go back to Paramount—and he won't check in at any studio until he's certain he's wanted as Mr. Phil Terry—and not Mr. Joan Crawford!

A Bundle for Blondie

Don't ignore the rumor from the East that the Stirling Haydens (Madeleine Carroll) are readying a baby buggy. Those who know Madeleine are certain there's a junior Hayden already on the way—and that if there isn't, there will be soon.

Madeleine's never been coy about her yearning to be a mother. Her intimates will tell you a baby is the one thing in life she's wanted for years. Before she met Stirling friends urged her to adopt a child. But Madeleine always refused. She knew some day she'd remarry—and wanted her family the old-fashioned way.

Well, now she is married. And if she and Stirling, two of the most beautiful people in the world, don't increase the citizenry, dog-gone—it'll be a crime against humanity!

Animal Kingdom

You can cancel all that gossip about Linda Darnell feuding with her family. Linda gave the lie to the rumor when she purchased a beautiful home in Brentwood and handed it to her parents as a gift. There are only two strings attached to the present: 1. The Darnells must not ask Linda to live with them. 2. They must get rid of all their pets, except the dogs.

The family has adjusted itself to the first proviso, but the second will cause some hardship. They've always kept a number of unexpected animals around the house, and you will remember that Linda herself had a favorite rooster called "Weedy." That was all right as long as the Darnells lived in less swanky neighborhoods. But Brentwood residents have a distinct aversion to goats, rabbits and snakes—all of whom dwell in the Darnell household!

Love Is News

This is the tale of a little actress who came to Hollywood full of bounce and beauty and a devouring ambition to be famous. Her first project was to get herself engaged to a handsome leading man, a poor fellow who was too trusting to realize he was just a means to her selfish end.

When the leading man was called to the service before she could get him to the altar, the actress's publicity promptly took a nose dive. But not for long. In a fresh bid for newspaper notice she embarked on another romance, and this time climaxed it with a runaway marriage.

Six weeks after her elopement she realized she'd made a mistake. She would seek a divorce, she confided to a few friends. But please, she begged, would they keep her plans a secret? She was faced with a great personal problem, and until it was settled she did not want the news of her domestic strife to leak to the outside world.

Her friends were flabbergasted. The girl was a publicity fiend. They knew that. Then why the plea for secrecy? And what was her great problem? Bluntly they put their questions, as they were devoured with curiosity.

"Well, dears" replied the actress. "You might as well know. Besides you may be able to help. I can't decide which columnist ought to get the scoop on my divorce! One appears in more newspapers. But the other has a radio program in addition to a column. She might mention me in both places! I don't know what to do. What do you think?"

What her friends thought was unprintable. As one person, they rose in disgust and left our sensitive heroine to settle her "problem" alone!

Good News About Peggy Moran

A wise old fortune teller once put his hands on her shoulders, and looking into her eyes, said, "You will be a very great actress." And it made such an impression on young Peggy Moran that she hasn't stopped acting since. . . . Still, she choked so terribly on her first professionally smoked cigarette, she darned near busted up the Junior College play (was supposed to represent a super-slinky character who lived on the weeds). . . . Once had a dramatic teacher who cried and cried when she was pleased by pupils' work, and used oh, such bad words, when she wasn't. . . . Then in Hollywood, Peg, hurt and bewildered because of an encounter with the rather frank coach who was to help her in a screen test, decided she couldn't act after all. Her mother came to her and said, "You don't have to be an actress. It is unimportant whether you read those lines to satisfy that coach, but it is *very* important whether you are brave enough to go back and face her." She went back. . . . Her idol for years and years was Fredric March, and she was thrilled to meet him. As a little kid, she used to dream of his marrying her mother, giving little thought to the desires of Mrs. Moran, Mrs. March or Freddie, himself, for that matter. Speaking of marriage, one of the fan mag's came out with a story called "I Want A Husband says Peggy Moran." And though she really wasn't in the slightest hurry about the whole thing, she got 50 letters of proposal, quick as anything. . . . She says, "I've only been in love about a half a dozen times, unless you count the time I had the measles." Her really truly forever and ever love is going to have to have the same sense of values as the lovely Miss Moran. She's a bit wary about spilling her philosophy of life, though, because sadly enough, so "many of the things a person believes in, he does not honestly live up to."

A kiss from Anne Shirley was one of more tantolizing gifts donoted by stors for War Work Haspitol fund. Auctioned off by Bob Hope ot Morian Davies' gorden porty, Army sergeont bought it for 15 smackers!

Although their romonce wos originolly cooked up os publicity stunt, Craig Stevens ond Alexis Smith odmit it boomeranged into the reol stuff. It's rumored Alex will wed him before his droft boord nobs him!

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

She does say that nobody's ever as good or as bad as you're apt to think them, so don't expect too much, and you'll have no disappointments. We've got an idea that someday she's going to meet someone she'll think is perfectly you-know-what, and no matter how much she expects, she won't be disappointed. . . . On the lighter side, she's simply crazy about breakfasts of eggs scrambled with tomatoes and cheese. . . . She says "You know," after every second (well anyway, third) word, which makes it extremely difficult, because even if you don't "know," you can't disagree with a pretty girl. . . . She loves Tschaikowsky, bread and milk, and (omigosh-so-she's-another) slacks! . . . She's 24 and luscious, with laughing blue eyes and frankly brown hair. Incidentally, are people *never* satisfied? She wishes she looked like Vivien Leigh!

Her Poppa Done Tole Me

As we go to press the Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell heatwave looks a cinch for an early altar-ation. The kids have that marriage look in their eyes, and no mistake! They've even made plans for Elly's post-war retirement from the screen. Toe-tapping may be important, Glenn tells us, but he and Elly agree it won't mix with being Mrs. G. Ford!

Now that he has the lovely Miss Powell on the way to the preacher, it's odd to contemplate that only a few short months ago Glenn was reportedly on the verge of tying the knot with Singer Dinah Shore.

"It was all a publicity gag," Glenn confides. "But it sure got us into some embarrassing scrapes! I'll never forget the day I got a long-distance call from Georgia. The man at the other end said he'd been reading all about Dinah and me in Walter Winchell's column, and he wanted to know what went on. When I asked him what concern it was of his, he told me he was Dinah's father!

"Mr. Shore was awfully nice. But can you blame me for feeling silly when I explained about Hollywood 'romance'!"

The Master's Voice

Tommy Dorsey's turning into a musical softie. And you can blame it all on a dynamic old gent called Arturo Toscanini.

A few weeks ago, when Tommy was tooting at the Palladium, Toscanini dropped in with a group of friends to watch the jive maestro do his fancy stuff on the trombone.

As the music blasted louder and louder, his friends noticed that Toscanini shuddered. Concerned for his sensitive eardrums, they inquired if he wished to leave. Perhaps the din was too great, they offered. Perhaps they shouldn't have come in the first place. If the conductor heard them, he gave no sign. He remained motionless in his chair.

Came the intermission, and Toscanini suddenly rose. Marching up to Dorsey, he casually introduced himself. "Your music, I love it," he said, "but if I may offer an opinion, your band is a trifle too loud."

Did Tommy toss him a you-tend-to-your-knitting-and-I'll-tend-to-mine answer? He did not! He was so bowled over by the Master's interest that the next day he rushed out and added ten new strings to his orchestra! And who said "never the twain shall meet?"

Bonds purchased by "Yankee patrons" in $25 to $25,000 denominations, totaled $5,800,000 which paid for 3 or 4 cargo ships! Arthur and Bette Farnsworth crept in unnoticed, but were coaxed outside to take a bow with Treas. Dept.'s Howard Mills.

After a brief honeymoon, Ruth Hussey and brand-new groom C. Robert Longenecker rushed back to the Coast—she to a new picture; he to wind up his radio business prior to taking on a new job as private in the army! Above, Ruth with Judy Garland and Cary Grant.

Over 5,000 fans lined up at entrance of Grouman's Chinese to cheer Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Anderson (Rochester) and other stars of "Tales." There was no speechmaking over public address system, but actors how-de-dooed from a specially built platform above the crowd.

Sonja Henie

Beautiful, Dutiful
Hands are Wearing
Young Red
You're leading a double life! All war activity and efficiency by day . . . all glamour and femininity after dark! And the new Cutex Young Red is just the nail polish shade to brighten your day and heighten *his* evening! A brave new red to match your brave new spirit. Get a bottle and double your zing and prettiness! Only 10¢ (plus tax).
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CUTEX
YOUNG RED
For that "Professional Look" and Longer Wear Use 2 Coats

For the

Paramount's Betty Hutton, soon appearing in "Happy Go Lucky," thinks this is the time to dress up if ever and shows you how to look lovely and keep warm, too, in a bottle green velveteen and striped taffeta dinner dress. Take velveteen to your heart because it's warm, comes in lusciaus colors.

Triple Treat

Take a tip from three dancing Hollywood stars who make personal appearances at Navy benefits, tour the country selling millions of war bonds. They've solved the clothes problem by bringing it down to the simplest ABC, by knowing just what they do and do not like. Betty Hutton settles for a simple black day dress, Ann Miller collects suits, and Marjorie Reynolds dotes on big-brimmed black hats.

Effervescent Betty Hutton entertains the swing shift in glamoraus black net with sequins. If you want one really super-sophisticated dress, look na further.

Marjorie Reynolds believes in dressing for the men as who doesn't? They like clothes dramatic but feminine, so we all agree on this day-or-night faille-yoked teddy bear.

Astaire-teamed Marjorie wouldn't put even her closest rival in a peg-top skirt, she hates them so. But a madified dirndl in green? She'll keep it for herself, thanks.

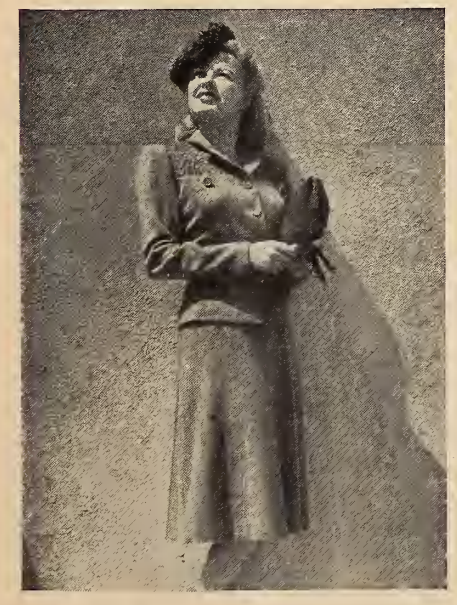
Modern Miss

by Elizabeth Willguss

Weather the winter in a challis-lined warm reefer, seen on Paramount's "Holiday Inn" star Marjorie Reynolds, the one in a million who nixes pearls with sweaters.

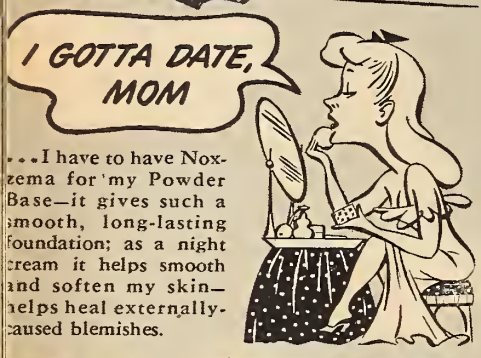
Dramatize your black drawstring dress with light cyclamen, as shown an Ann Miller, who loves slacks, fads like quilted skirts, and a few very, very good clothes.

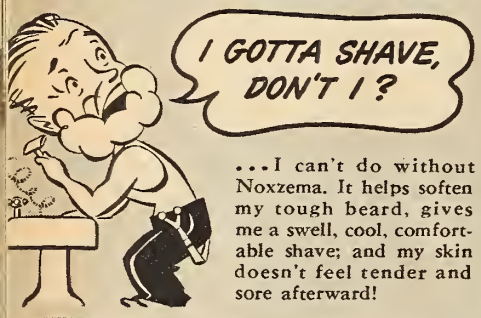
Now that she's blonde, Ann Miller, soon to appear in Columbia's "What's Buzzin' Cousin," finds herself wearing black instead of white at night; pastels, sports clothes, instead of brightly colored fussy dresses, thus giving her locks the lead. Whatever you are, try white lace on black velvet.



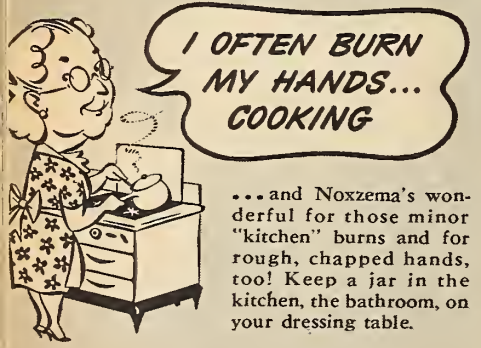
'Member we told you to watch for violet wools? Marjorie models one, a soft dressmaker suit with criss-cross yarn. How about embellishing your own suit?

SEE PAGE 83 FOR FURTHER FASHION INFORMATION


I GOTTA DATE, MOM
...I have to have Noxzema for my Powder Base—it gives such a smooth, long-lasting foundation; as a night cream it helps smooth and soften my skin—helps heal externally-caused blemishes.


I GOTTA SHAVE, DON'T I?
...I can't do without Noxzema. It helps soften my tough beard, gives me a swell, cool, comfortable shave; and my skin doesn't feel tender and sore afterward!

I GOTTA HAVE IT FOR BABY
...I wish all mothers knew how grand Noxzema is for baby's tender skin when it is chafed or irritated by "diaper rash." It cools and soothes so quickly and helps promote healing!


I OFTEN BURN MY HANDS... COOKING
...and Noxzema's wonderful for those minor "kitchen" burns and for rough, chapped hands, too! Keep a jar in the kitchen, the bathroom, on your dressing table.

Let this famous family favorite help you, too!

• Try Noxzema as above—and for the relief of many similar externally-caused skin troubles. Over 15 million jars are used every year!

IMPORTANT! While the supply lasts, you can get the big 75¢ jar of Noxzema for only 49¢ *(plus tax)!* Due to wartime limitations, this yearly offer *may never be made again!* Take advantage of it. Get Noxzema at any drug or cosmetic counter *today!*

LITTLE BUG

(*Continued from page 52*)

being ribbed again. I knew I was still pretty dumb, but that wasn't what worried me. I thought surely Shirley had changed, and I thought any change from the dimpled darling of yesterday couldn't help but be for the worse. Good Heavens, she might even be in "that awkward age"!

wee bit . . .

"Hello," smiled Shirley. I felt a wave of relief. She was wearing a pink dress. And she still looked as sweet and fresh as a dish of strawberry ice cream. H. G. Wells' observation still stands. She totally disarms you. She lifts you off your feet. That's still Shirley Temple—thank goodness!

Shirley is fourteen, but she's not all arms and legs. She is petite and dainty. She is 5 feet, 1 inch tall, and weighs 102. She takes a size 9 dress, and it has to be cut down. Her hands and feet are tiny, her features small and delicate. All this was something of a surprise to me, because as a baby star Shirley was solid and chubby. Right now Shirley shows no signs of being large like the rest of her family—brother George, for instance, the marine, who weighs over two hundred, or Jack who's six feet-three.

This dainty development preserves for the girl Shirley the same doll-like beauty Baby Shirley had. It's hard to realize when you catch her growing wit and intelligence, and at the same time see every sign of the beauty she had from the day she was discovered.

Her skin still has the rose-ivory look of an expensive bisque doll which even Technicolor has never caught. Shirley always looks as if she had just been rubbed with a wash-cloth. She takes a tan, but a light, golden one. Her brown eyes have the same baby brightness they had when she was five years old. The famous dimples are still deep, round and flush at the corners of her mouth, as if they had been drilled there with a pencil point. Her hair, thick and still naturally curly, has darkened to chestnut, but the gold shines through. Her cheeks are still appled, her eyebrows are delicately lined and dark. Everything about Shirley's face and figure spells neatness, naturalness, budding life, beauty.

By now, of course, Shirley uses some cosmetics and beauty aids. Not at school—they're strictly banned at Westlake—but the minute she leaves the campus Shirley lays on lipstick—like all her girl friends. How much is always good for an argument between Shirley and her mother. But compared to other charmers of her age bracket, Shirley is fairly conservative. She doesn't use rouge at all—doesn't need to. Her nails are polished with a pink polish. She spends hours on her hands and they show it. If Shirley had her way, the nails would be much longer than they are now, but Mrs. Temple has a thing or two to say about that still. Shirley seldom powders her nose. But she dabs a spot of perfume on her hair when she steps out at night. Not that it needs it!

Shirley still wears her curly tresses loose and girl style, a 'teen-age modification of the tumbling crown of her baby days. The curls now fall almost to her shoulders in thick waves. Evenings she tucks in an orchid or gardenia, and at school she sometimes nips it up with a ribbon. But she has never experimented with fancy coiffures or beauty shop creations. One day a while back she did get to work on it herself, parting it in the middle with a sophisticated arrangement which she flashed on the gang at her radio show. "They almost ran me out of the place," grinned Shirley. "Nobody liked it but me, so then I didn't like it!"

In most every beauty department Shirley shows the good taste that has been a part of her raising.

In spite of a theatrical childhood, she's not showy; on the contrary, she's conservative and ladylike in her tastes. She likes nice things. Shirley grew up in custom-made clothes as a tot, when studio designers whipped up special creations for every picture part. She still isn't satisfied with department store hand-me-downs, no matter how well made. She has shopped several times, by herself and with her mother at Bullocks-Wilshire, Magnin's and other Los Angeles style centers, but she's "picky" and hard to please. Most of her things are specially made for her today. She has Irene suits and Greer dresses in her closet—along with wash dresses the family dressmaker has sewed up.

Right now Shirley's clothes are mostly of two kinds—nice imported sports things and evening "formals." At exclusive Westlake, she wears uniforms—a white one in warm weather and a dark blue silk when it's colder. Off campus, Shirley changes to tailored sports dresses, jackets, sweaters and skirts and neat short-sleeved summer dresses with puffy little skirts. Shirley is a sucker for shoes of all sorts, especially wedgies for sport, and she adores French heels for evening—the higher the better. Her color tastes run to off-shades, mostly off-shades of red and blue. She likes plain jewelry and real. She doesn't own a piece of the costume stuff, if you can except all the cadet wings, victory "V's", service buttons and insignia which she's collected since America's military expansion began.

Naturally, by now Shirley owns some lovely bits of jewelry, pearls, diamonds and such. But her favorites are her gold wrist watch, a plain gold bracelet and a gold band ring with the raised letters "Shirley" around it.

Such a dream supreme as Shirley is something to make the boys swoon right away at this stage. And they do. She's extremely popular. Shirley would be a belle even if she had never had her picture on the screen or in the paper. On her freshness and budding beauty alone she'd crack the hearts of all males within sight. But, having additional glamour of years as America's girl goddess behind her, Shirley is practically a panic with young masculine America. And in some ways it's a problem.

Fortunately, Shirley Temple's Romeos fall in two groups: the boys she knows and goes out with and those who worship from afar. With the first squad, Shirley's movie glamour doesn't mean much; with the second it means plenty.

sweetheart of the yanks . . .

Oddly enough, Shirley at fourteen is one of the prime sweethearts of our fighting forces. We have a young army, and most of them, though several years Shirley's senior, remember her as their dream darling in her early pictures. Shirley is the Three Little Sisters rolled into

(*Continued on page 72*)

Rita Hayworth

CO-STARRING IN "YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER"

A Columbia Picture

Color Harmony Face Powder!

1...*it imparts a lovely color to the skin*

2...*it creates a satin-smooth make-up*

3...*it clings perfectly—really stays on*

Blondes, brunettes, brownettes, redheads.. you can add loveliness to your looks with your Color Harmony shade of this famous powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood.*

The very first time you make up with this remarkable face powder you'll note how the Color Harmony shade created for you accents all the beauty of your type. You'll note that your skin looks more youthful, more attractive. You'll marvel how satin-smooth your make-up appears... and how this powder clings perfectly and really stays on. Try your Color Harmony shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* face powder today...make a new beauty discovery. One dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

★ ***COMPLETE your make-up in Color Harmony with Max Factor Hollywood Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick.***

IF A SAILOR WHISTLES AT YOU . . .

You'll know you're looking *darling* in last year's dress made new with RIT

• All the boys like bright, cheery colors these days—and you can turn faded, dark or dreary frocks into *sensations* with RIT. Step out gaily tomorrow in sunny hues that make old dresses sparkle. Uncle Sam recommends saving clothes—so does your pocketbook—and everybody will think your wardrobe is brand new.

• Just be *sure* you get RIT. No boiling needed. Colors "take" beautifully. Perfect results.

28 Colors. Use White Rit to take color OUT!

NEVER SAY DYE . . . SAY **RIT** TINTS & DYES

(*Continued from page 70*)

one. The army, navy and marines all bombard her with ardent, wistfully romantic notes. On leave, they come right up to her gate and hang around, too.

A few have even climbed over the fence. The mailbox and bell plates in front of the big electric gate at the Temples' Brentwood estate are black with penciled messages to Shirley signed with names from every whistle-stop in the Union. The police have had to be called a time or two.

Shirley's favorite suitors are less impetuous. They're mostly boys she's grown up with in the Brentwood-Santa Monica district or met at dances around California prep schools, military academies and colleges. All applicants are pretty carefully looked over by the Temples before they can take Shirley out, and then they don't go out alone. There's either a group, well chaperoned, or if that's not the set-up, transportation is Shirley's car and chauffeur with a member of the family or staff along.

stag-line bait . . .

Except for chaperonage, Shirley's folks aren't prudish or persnickety about her social life. They don't treat her like a precious china doll. In fact, they're pretty broadminded. There's no particular time she has to be in of evenings; for instance. They leave that to Shirley's sense of the proper things to do, and Shirley hasn't failed them yet. She can go wherever she likes that nice kids go to dance and have fun. Shirley has taken in the Cocoanut Grove, a venerable Hollywood glamour room. She has been to most of the better hotels to dine and dance. She hasn't made the jitterbug palace, the Palladium, yet, but it's only because she's afraid she'd get trampled in the rush of rug cutters and prancing cats.

Friday and Saturday are Shirley's nights to howl. That's when everybody who is anybody goes places and see people. Friday, especially, is the high school and college scat night. During school season Shirley's social life revolves pretty much around the Westlake Cotillions, formalish affairs patronized by the local adolescent elite. She takes trips often to the better boys' schools scattered around California, which are always giving hops. At the Webb School in Ojai, thirty boys cut in on her during one dance number for some sort of a record. "I got a little dizzy," sighed Shirley, "but it was swell."

She has a ballroom of her own and all the music and makings for home dances, but Shirley seldom throws a hoe-down at home. Most of her home parties are strictly female. Like all young ladies, Shirley prefers to go out among 'em to dance. Right now the Del Mar Club, on the beach at Santa Monica, is her favorite. The Temples have belonged there for a long time, and that's where Shirley gets her daytime beaching in. She trips down during the week for luncheons with "the girls" and on Friday night dolls up in decolletage for the younger set dances.

Shirley is a good dancer. She does everything, including the jitterbug, but what she really goes for is the rumba. The conga was a favorite for a while but it was pretty tough on some of her evening gowns. "They get all split up bending down," said Shirley. Shirley knows a thing or two about swing music. Her favorite bands are Harry James, Tommy Dorsey and Glenn Miller in the order named. If she had her way, more boys would take dancing lessons with emphasis on the rumba. "Why is it," Shirley wanted to know, "that all girls can rumba, while most boys just two-step around? They ought to go to Arthur Murray in a hurry," cracked Shirley.

Shirley still has her bodyguard, Palmer (the kids call him "Palmtree"), who hovers in the background like a potted palm, at that. But he's popular with everyone, and because they know he's there, Shirley's folks allow her more running around than she'd get otherwise. Under Palmer's watchful eye she can stay out late enough for a feed at Simon's Dairy Lunch on Wilshire or Carl's Drive-In on the Coast Highway, two popular hamburger spots with Shirley's set. Bars, of course, are still out of bounds, even for soft drinks. Shirley doesn't go in yet for cocktails and cigarettes, although she's pretty grown up in most other ways, particularly in her tastes for escorts.

Shirley likes all men, but she prefers them older than herself. Older men like her, too. Shirley's face first beamed at me from the dresser top of a man slightly older than Shirley. She was five then, and the gent in question, Adolphe Menjou, was—well, he was older. Adolphe was a bachelor then and a crusty one. But he'd played in a picture with Miss Temple, and here was the evidence of true love—the only framed photo in the Great Fashion Plate's bedroom.

Of course, anybody would tumble for Shirley at any age, particularly this one, her loveliest. The day I called, I watched a mayor, chief of police and Rotary Club president call to thank her for a personal appearance at something or other. They all looked smitten and acted like bashful boys, although all were crowding the fifty mark. Shirley's preference for grown-ups is perhaps traceable to the years she spent with them on the set, the famous adults she's met in her travels and the fact that she's always been a step ahead mentally.

The Shirley Temple stag line today lists eligibles all the way from fifteen to twenty-two. Most of Shirley's boy friends work in defense factories, Douglas and North American, near Santa Monica, so they've some money to spend. A lot are in the services, too—the older boys, while the wet-eared set are starting college or finishing off prep school. Shirley tosses off suggestions of a particular prize sweetheart and Sunday man with, "Pooh! Of course not!" but when you suggest she's shopping around she grins. Mrs. Temple married when she was seventeen, and it wouldn't surprise me if Shirley waltzed off to the altar at a fairly early age. The Temples all have minds of their own and manage to use them.

the tempestuous temples . . .

Jack married very young. George hopped off right in his teens and enlisted in the Marine Corps without telling his folks a thing about it. He's a gunner on a bomber right now, and he was all through the Pearl Harbor fireworks. "Just about the most dangerous spot he could have, I guess," said Shirley proudly. They're all pretty proud of George now. All the things every Temple does independently and sometimes tempestuously, seem to turn out perfectly swell.

Of course, Shirley faces no rash decisions now. In fact, while she's budding into a belle more every day, boys are still mostly a feminine conversation topic and a curiosity more than anything else. Shirley's in the age now where girl friends loom large in her daily life. She's popular with the girls. They call her "Shirl" and, very grown up, sometimes "Temple." Like all kid stars, plopped into the realistic world of school, Shirley

(*Continued on page 74*)

"I was that close to JOAN BENNETT!"

STAR OF
20TH CENTURY-FOX'S
"GIRL TROUBLE"

"And, my dear, she has the love-li-est complexion! You never saw anything like it! All peaches and cream! And what do you think..."

"She takes an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL every single day. Uh-huh! With Lux Toilet Soap. Smooths the nice, gentle lather into her skin and...

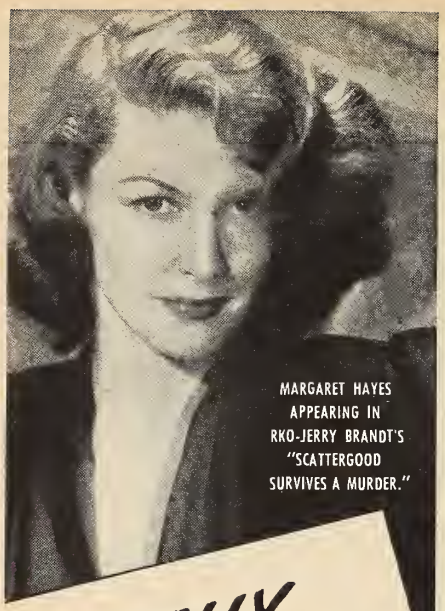
"Rinses with warm water—then with cool. My dear, it's simply marvelous! All dust and dirt and stale cosmetics are gone quick as a wink and your skin feels so wonderfully *fresh*—

"Pat to dry. That's all! It's the grandest way to help your skin stay soft and smooth. I guess that's why 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

"It lathers in any kind of water—hard, cold—or what have you. And one cake lasts so long—it saves money. You ought to try it!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—

It's PURE
It's MILD
It has ACTIVE lather



"I REALLY BABY MY SENSITIVE SKIN"

SAYS

MARGARET HAYES

"Like me, try LANDER'S COLD CREAM with OLIVE OIL accepted for advertising by AMERICAN MEDICAL ASS'N"

Don't feel sorry you have sensitive, dry skin. It's really the loveliest kind of skin to have if you *baby* it with special care.

Then your delicate type of beauty can bloom like a rose! For best results, be faithful in using Lander's Special Formula Creams. Awarded professional approval. Endorsed by famous movie stars.

For all-purpose use, you'll love Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil. Gentle and soothing—leaves dry skin smooth, soft, *satiny!*

Use Lander's Dry Skin Cleansing Cream to give your skin dewy freshness.

Or try Lander's Milk Emulsion Cleanser—a special, fluffy cream for sensitive skin. Caressing, yet thorough. Cleans exquisitely.

Get these superb Special Formula Creams at your 10c store. Big jars only 10c each.

★**THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION** accepts these creams for advertising in their Journal because they are fine and pure... and because our advertising tells the truth.

LANDER'S SPECIAL FORMULA CREAMS ONLY 10¢ EACH

FOR VICTORY · Buy War Stamps and Bonds

(*Continued from page 72*)

had to break down a natural standoffishness at first. Her first week at Westlake a few of the girls gave her the business. One caught her in a conspicuous place and cracked, "H-m-m-m—I see we have a movie star in our midst!" The crack, intended to be devastating, wilted against Shirley's frank friendliness.

junior g-man . . .

Shirley has always been able to step gracefully down from her pedestal position, because when she's with people she's more interested in them than she is in herself—a pattern for popularity and a sure cure for self-consciousness. She has always been gregarious, sociable, active and circulating like a lead quarter. All the time she was a baby star at Twentieth Century-Fox, Shirley was organizing clubs, conducting campaigns and prying into everything on the lot. She is still a great joiner. But the more fearsome endeavors, like the Shirley Temple Police Force, Junior G-Men, etc., have given way to ladylike projects.

Shirley's a member of things now like The Nightingales, The Silver Spoons, Bluegate Cottage and The Thrifties. They're all junior social aid clubs, objects: fun and sweet charity combined. They keep her buzzing around to luncheons and meetings of all sorts with her particular girl friends, Phoebe Hearst, Nancy Slessinger, Nancy Majors, the Lloyd girls and dozens of others.

But all is not frivolity in Shirley's existence. Not at all. For one thing, she has, while it lasts, her program, "Junior Miss," which means weekly work. As in pictures, Shirley takes it in stride; she has always loved any kind of acting and still does. "Everyone on the show gets nervous," chuckled Shirley, "except me!" Instead of being bored by now with making movies, Shirley, despite a series of none-too-good pictures, is just as hopped up about them as ever. After "Little Annie Rooney," which didn't turn out as the Temples had hoped, there was some family discussion, in which the suggestion was made that Shirley forget pictures for a while. "I don't know that I want Shirley to make pictures any more, anyway," said Mrs. Temple.

"Well, *I* want to make them!" objected Shirley. "I *like* to make 'em." She does, too—stinkers or not. She always has and probably always will. Shirley still takes tap dancing lessons every week. But it's the only professional program she keeps up. No singing lessons, no musical instruments, no dramatics. Shirley hasn't any plans about her adult career or ideas now whether or not she'll be an adult actress. She doesn't even know yet that she'll go on to college or where, although she kind of favors Stanford. What she is concentrating on is growing into a normal, well-rounded and all-around young lady—which in these times seems the best way to point.

Shirley is athletic but she's no muscle maiden. Badminton is the game she likes best. She's just fair at tennis, a pretty good swimmer and terrible at golf. The last big links match she had—with her old pal, J. Edgar Hoover, at Yosemite Valley—Shirley dug up the course disgracefully. "When I yelled 'fore,'" she admitted, "everybody ran!" The ponies Shirley used to own are gone now. She's not horsey, particularly, though she can ride. Shirley has no patience with an athletic pose. Nor does she care about running around smelling of the stables as so many upper class girls of her age love to do.

On the domestic side, Shirley is so-so. She takes care of her own quarters, her daintily decorated bedroom, sitting room and bath. She's neat and even a little fussy. She can cook a few things, but what really intrigue her are fancy dishes, fixing up a natty looking salad plate or arranging party fare.

Sunday evenings are Shirley's favorite times for turning kitchen conscious. She has been known to bake a cake (with questionable results), and several times she has managed to get together, all alone, refreshments for her girl friends' parties. But pots and pans and real businesslike cooking don't appeal to her as fun, and she's frank to admit it—although for daily diet she's still a meat eater—has been ever since the late Will Rogers saw her nibbling spinach grimly in the Fox commissary years ago. Said Will, "Ain't it about time Shirley tossed over that rabbit's food and started chawin' a steak like a big girl?"

Shirley can't sew worth beans, but she's careful about her clothes, supremely neat and clean. She picks tub baths over showers and still, as a hangover from her kiddie days, has a swimming doll floating around in the suds. A while back, Mrs. Temple thought the doll had seen its best days and that Shirley was too old for it, anyway. She suggested sending it off to the Good Will. "Certainly not!" vetoed Shirley, indignantly, "the doll still swims very well." It's still there.

The big and famous doll collection, however, is neglected pretty much now. Shirley collects silver miniatures, Dresden and Royal Doulton figurines for a more mature hobby. On the cultural side, she's symphony happy. "Fantasia" gave a boost to her big-time interest in music, although Brother Jack began it years ago when he started collecting symphony records at Stanford. Shirley has inherited these now for her big Capehart along with a stack of others. She's a Tschaikowsky fan.

Shirley paints and sketches a little, writes an interesting letter and sings well (although her voice has gone higher from the husky low one she had as a baby star). She belongs to the Book-of-the-Month Club, devours the adult best sellers, grim ones like "Darkness at Noon" and meaty, informative tomes like "Inside Latin America." Nobody supervises her reading or bans realistic adult books. Shirley is smart enough in school study subjects, but she's no A-scholar or whiz. In her baby star days some wise man was always coming up with an analysis of Shirley's great cerebrum, tagging her I.Q. in astronomical figures and making her a prodigy. It wasn't so. Shirley is talented and bright, she always has been, but she is no intellectual freak—thank God!

this changing world . . .

Her sense of balance extends to almost everything. With money, for instance, Shirley is not restricted to a fixed spending allowance. She can spend what she wants if she has a good reason. Her bank wealth, as such, never seems to interest her. Generally she dribbles away three or four dollars a week, but if she needs more she spends it. Shirley has never had an automobile; in fact, as far as her mother knows, she has never driven a car, although Shirley looked interestingly wise when I mentioned it. She has her ideas about what the car is to be though—a black convertible with a white top. "If," amended Shirley, "there *are* any cars by that time. Maybe they'll all be airplanes."

If so, Shirley will be out of luck. She has never been up in the air and doesn't want to. She was in Honolulu when Will Rogers made his last tragic flight in

Alaska, and the news of her studio pal's tragic death has stayed with her to this day. Last spring the boys at Princeton University invited Shirley to a round of house parties. The invitation was pretty cute, too. "We wish to assure you, Miss Temple," it read, "that our intentions are unimpeachable!" Shirley's radio job made it impossible unless she flew East and back. The temptation was pretty keen, because Princeton house parties—wow!—that was real glamour for Shirley. But the airplane ride tabooed it.

There may well be many changes to come in Shirley Temple's life because of that certain December Seventh at Pearl Harbor. When Shirley heard the news about her favorite island she was so stunned she didn't speak for an hour. Then she burst into uncontrollable sobs—mainly because she was horrified and worried about Brother George, who was there. J. Edgar Hoover made it a point to verify that George was all right and let the Temples know promptly.

Today she's a busy war worker, with frequent black and blue fingers from autographing war stamp books and bonds, and she has set some sales records, too. No army camp shows as yet. Shirley, Mrs. Temple feels, is at a bad age for that sort of strenuous campaign. Not young enough and not old enough.

Yes—there will doubtless be many more changes in the new world for Shirley Temple as there will for all in her budding generation. But I'd be willing to bet something important, like a defense stamp, that Shirley herself won't change—not very much. I first met her ten years ago and underneath, Miss Shirley Temple today has the same spritely spirit and irresistible charm.

Then, I remember there was a wise-crack gay Hollywood bachelors used to toss back when anybody inquired if they'd ever settle down. "I'm waiting for Shirley Temple to grow up!" they'd say.

It's a little dangerous to sound off like that today. Shirley Temple is almost grown up. But from the results so far, I'd say it's still a pretty wonderful idea.

WIN $5.00 in WAR STAMPS

Do you save pennies in your piggy-bank and turn 'em into defense stamps? Did you plant a victory garden? How are you getting the money to buy bonds for victory? Write us, and the best letter will receive $5 in War Stamps. Address letters to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. And don't forget that you're never too young to do something. Just look at this month's prize winner!

I am 12 years old, and I ran a Summer Camp for young children in the neighborhood. It started at nine each morning and ended at twelve. The children played games, made beads and modelled clay. My helper, named Susan, taught the children craft, and I taught them games. We used our own things and had from 12 to 17 children every day. This camp cost each child 10c a day. Their mothers thought it was a fine idea and were happy to let them come. Camp was under 6 big trees, and we always started with a flag salute and the children singing "America." We did our own bookkeeping, and each week Susan and I divided the money. Maybe this will give others an idea as to how they can raise money for War Stamps.

Patricia Ann Hower,
2618 East 17th Place,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

How do they do it?

YOUR first day on the job . . . and your confidence has done a blackout. You wonder if you can stick it out . . .

Those other girls—they work day after day—do their shopping during lunch hours—even give evenings to war work. *They* must have "difficult days," too!

But they're so *sure* of themselves—laughing and wise-cracking. Discussing dates (when you're thinking of breaking yours).

Then the girl nearest you strolls over to be helpful...and you begin to talk. Funny, isn't it, how you'll confide in a stranger?

"But you're *not* different," she says ..."it's just that you haven't learned about Kotex sanitary napkins." It was as simple as that . . .

What they can do, you can do!

Kotex is made for girls who *must* keep going in comfort *every* day! For girls who take their work—and their play—in stride!

Why? . . . Because Kotex is made in soft folds, so naturally it's less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

Your self-confidence need never miss a beat! For Kotex has a new moisture-resistant "safety shield" to give *added* protection, an *extra* margin of safety. And flat, pressed ends that keep a girl's secret safe!

Now, at last, you understand why more girls choose Kotex than all other brands of pads *put together!*

Keep Going in Comfort —with KOTEX*!

WHO'S A GIRL TO ASK about what to do and what not to do, on "difficult days"? Send for the new FREE booklet "As One Girl To Another". . . it gives the answers to your intimate questions! Just address P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-11, Chicago, and get copy FREE!

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Gotta Watch The Figure!

IT'S EASIER TO BALANCE MY BUDGET SINCE I USE *KLEENEX TISSUES* FOR HANKIES DURING COLDS! WHAT I SAVE ON ONE WEEK'S LAUNDRY BUYS ME A MONTH'S SUPPLY OF *KLEENEX!*

(from a letter by B. M. W., Atlanta, Ga.)

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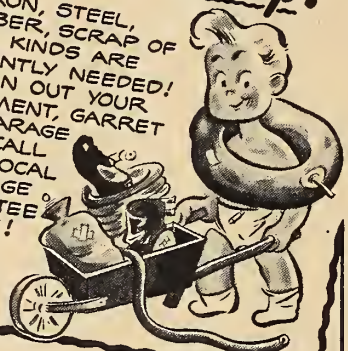

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MRS. MINIVER

(Continued from page 43)

She was wearing a slim green sports dress, and her hair floated in a coppery cloud to her shoulders. "Because I won't do it in a chignon, that I promise you."

He went away sad and left her in the same state. She'd been looking forward to working under him and Wyler.

Then the front office ganged up on her. Louis B. Mayer said: "We're so sure this will do for you what Mrs. Chips did and more, that we're willing to gamble on it. We'll give you a seven-year contract without options." Grateful but firm, she declined. It was Eddie Mannix who applied the back-breaking straw. To play the part was her patriotic duty. The picture would present the ordinary people of Britain in a sympathetic light, make for better understanding.

She knows when she's licked. "All right, I'll do it and do the best I can, but I warn you it will probably break my heart." With which pathetic sentiment she swam out, to enter upon four months of misery. True, now and then as they worked, her spirits lifted. "Could I be wrong? Could this be wonderful?" But most of the time she thought she was cutting her throat. It became a fixation with her, she couldn't sleep, she drove her mother—who takes her one chicken's troubles hard—to the brink of distraction.

Frazzle-nerved, Mrs. Garson went to a studio projection room to see the picture. Greer was working in "Random Harvest." Anyway, only a pistol could have driven her anywhere near that projection room. Later her mother came out to the set. She didn't say much, but the strain of weeks had given way to a kind of peaceful exultation. "Darling, I can't talk about it. You're my own daughter, but I never thought of that. One just loves that family and suffers with them. Nothing else matters. I've got to go home now and plant more beans and buy more bonds."

That was the first shaft of light to pierce the gloom. If she was Mrs. Miniver to her mother, the public shouldn't be so tough to persuade.

Came the Hollywood premiere. Fortified by a couple of anacins, Greer tottered to her seat. The combination of picture and audience reaction sent her forth shaken and humble. So humble that she sat herself down and wrote to Louis B. Mayer the kind of note it's not easy for her to write. "You were right, and I was wrong. I salute your judgment. Many, many thanks." His magnanimous answer was a case of champagne.

mutual adoration . . .

She and her sweet-faced mother live together on a basis of mutual adoration which their surface exchange of banter fails to conceal. "This is my mother," says Greer. "It's not really my mother. It's a prop I brought home from the wardrobe department to enhance the domestic scene." They've just acquired the house of their dreams. Mrs. Garson was always serenely confident that they would. Not Greer. Only recently has the ground of Hollywood ceased quaking under her apprehensive feet.

First, after a year's anguish-in-idleness, there was Mrs. Chips. That gentle dove, she was sure, would never be noticed. It was made, you remember, in England. She fought against returning except to a definite part, but they yanked her back by the scruff of her contract. Her mother approved. "Your home is here. You're going to be a success in Hollywood."

More months of waiting. In despair and exasperation, she thought maybe she must play the Hollywood game. She rented a big house. It did no good. She was taken ill. Before entering the hospital, she got herself an agent. If she died, there'd have to be someone to paste labels on her mother's trunks and send her home. Instead of dying, she went into "Remember"—touted as an enchanting light comedy—"so light," flipped Gloomy Greer, "as to be invisible." Everyone was kind—"the right part will come along," they said, but she remained the girl with a load of misery.

on the up grade . . .

More months. Then "Pride and Prejudice," after which the ground steadied a little. But it wasn't until "Blossoms in the Dust" started sprouting that she opened both eyes, drew a long breath and looked around. Maybe the time had come for her mother to reap the reward of faith. She loathed living in rented houses, bless her. As for Greer, she'd always known what she wanted—not jewels, not a fabulous wardrobe—a restful sweet house where you could put up a shelf, break down a door, plant a seed and still be around to sniff the flower.

They started hunting and drove agents mad. Houses, according to Greer, are like people. You can't make yourself like them if you don't. They'd drive in, take a look, she'd kick her mother's foot or vice versa, meaning, let's get out of here in five minutes. While she was working, Mrs. Garson made the rounds alone. There was a house in Bel-Air—she'd seen it on a cloudy day—"I don't know—it seems a little dark—I think you'd like it—" this with a downward inflection that defeated the words.

Still she kept harking back to it, though in mournful numbers, so after

"Miniver" Greer said, "Let's go see this house." The day was sunny and light abundant. They stepped through the doorway into a gracious room, timbered in bleached oak. A carved staircase of the same wood rose and turned a square corner. All the rooms opened into one another, giving an effect of endless space. There were French doors on a garden Greer couldn't believe.

"If I ever have a home of my own," she was wont to say, "I want a natural garden—big old trees, not too many flowers, up-and-down ground, a little brook. This one met every specification, even to the brook, in a country where running water takes on the radiance of a miracle. She kicked her mother's foot—meaning, darling, this is it. The deal was closed that day—not without trepidation. On stormy nights, she vows, you can hear the mortgage settling.

Two months later, taking advantage of a long week-end off from "Random Harvest," they moved in. The gossip columns had a field day. Nobody knew where Greer Garson was, they shrieked, and the freer spirits came right out with what they termed the inside dope—she'd gone off to marry Richard Ney. Actually, she was toting lamps and bric-a-brac from house to house, getting the piano where she wanted it, then deciding she wanted it somewhere else. She was glad to return to the picture for a well-earned rest.

noncommittal miss . . .

And talking of Richard Ney, you can speculate till you're blue. All you'll get from the fountainhead is a lovely, impenetrable smile and the information that he's a midshipman in the Naval Reserve, studying on U. S. S. *Prairie State* in New York, that he writes vastly entertaining letters and that she misses his gay company. To this she adds thoughtfully that the French poodles, Gogo and Cliquot miss him, too. If that leaves you thirsting for more, we're in the same boat.

Her zest for living is such that she deplores the fate which metes us out one niggardly life apiece. She could use at least five. She'd be an art connoisseur, a gypsy roaming free, a whiz with skate and ski for which she hadn't the strength as a child and now hasn't the time. One life she'd devote to field and flower, feather and fur. She also wants to be an actress—this above all.

So she throws herself into her work like any zealot—sees nobody, writes no letters, loses all her friends and every four months or so has to lure them back by stratagem, art and wile. She lays claim to a split personality. As the working-girl, she's brisk and efficient. As the duchess between pictures, she specializes in languor. Her idea of languor includes waking up early. Winters she sleeps in a nightgown, summers the nightgown hangs over a chair. Unless it were hanging there, she'd feel unrespectable. She scrambles into it and a dressing gown, as the maid approaches with grapefruit and tea. Only if there's a lot of phoning to be done, does she stay in bed. Otherwise she's off for a swim. Walking, riding and swimming are her favorite forms of exercise. Told she swam like a duck, she begged, "Make it a cormorant. Ducks waddle."

After showering, she skips round the place in a zip-up dressing gown—British for housecoat. There's still so much to be done to the house that she hates showing it, because she can't resist explaining how she's going to have this and that, and people look polite and say oh! and she wants to brain them. Before

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lunch she slips into a sports dress, uses only powder and lipstick unless she's going out, in which case she darkens her brows and lashes which are very fair.

bill of fare . . .

Lunch is generally a salad. She also favors cheese soufflé, nubbly brown bread and cold boiled chicken in jelly. Her Hungarian cook makes delicious mousse and upside-down cake. Greer ogles them fondly and turns them down. If necessary, she could live on mounds of whipped potatoes with a hole in the middle and roast goose gravy in the hole. When you dropped in at a cottage in Ireland, that's what they gave you. Indeed, she finds food of all kinds but too appealing. Her childhood was spent avoiding the caraway seeds in seed-cake. And crystallized ginger. You got that for being good. So little Greer was naughty.

She doesn't smoke nor drink strong waters—hard liquor to you—but considers a glass of wine with one's dinner a nice genial custom and, by her own reckoning, has a fine palate for wines. She ignores labels. If she likes it, it's a good wine.

Not much of a café girl, she loves dancing so dearly that once in a while she goes. She constantly meets people she'd like to be friends with, swears she's going to cultivate them and never finds the time. Partly because she prefers small groups to large, six at a dinner table is ideal—you can talk to each of them. More than eight is too many and hard on the household help.

Her idea of an agreeable session at home is one spent with three friends not long ago. They swam, dressed, had a glass of sherry, dined and, since they happened to have quite a lot to say to one another, sat around talking on general topics and particular. Greer plays the piano badly enough to exasperate herself, which exasperation fails to dampen her pleasure in playing. She feels guilty about the extravagance of owning two Steinways and explains that one was bought secondhand at a great bargain. "It's been played only by Hofman and Rubinstein," they told her.

"If Rubinstein played the 'Fire Dance' on it once, it's twenty-five years old already." But she couldn't resist it.

The bargain Steinway will eventually move to the little storybook house she bought at Del Monte. She and her mother have a passion for Del Monte. When a vacation impends, they say, "Let's go to such a place, but first to Del Monte for a rest," and never budge from Del Monte. This toy house was unearthed by an agent friend. Mrs. Garson looked at her daughter who was already looking at her mother.

"It will save hotel bills."

"If I ever have the misfortune to lose a limb, I could brood nicely here."

On learning who wanted it, the owner sat down abruptly. "My favorite screen star! She won't want to be bothered getting silver and linens. I'll sell her the place as is."

By movie standards she spends little on clothes, likes dramatic evening gowns but otherwise doesn't fuss except for pictures. Gabardine suits are her favorite wear, and her color sea-green-blue. She'll use slacks in the garden but nowhere else. Hats she can take or leave, and thinks she looks best in extremes—huge cartwheels or tiny lightheaded numbers, nothing in between. Lily Daché, whom she met in New York, decided to run up several little fantasies for her, but Greer seldom wears them.

Mostly she does her own manicures, and her nails are rosy, not gaudy. Flasks of perfume marching across a lady's dressing-table move her to wonder. First, they deteriorate in the light, and then she's a believer in ah! sweet mystery of scents, refuses to tell what kind she uses and is driven mad by people who ask. She'll relent sufficiently to say she likes them balanced—too heavy a perfume changes its nature and becomes disgusting—too light a perfume tends to be volatile. Hers are probably blended. One shouldn't be able to sniff, she contends, and say—oh, Shocking. The ideal is subtle, tantalizing and nameless.

You'd be hard put to it, however, to keep the secret of your own boudoir from Miss Garson. As others pride themselves on perfect pitch, she's proud of her nose—the organ, not the feature—which can spot violets at a hundred paces.

Tired at night, she takes a warm bath spiked with various lush herbs and oils—not-so-lush Epsom salts if she's been riding. Dosage is proportioned to mileage—a pound of salts to every five miles on the horse. In London she drove but doesn't here. Her mother must have someone to drive her—what's she going to do? Bicycle? Skate?—so he might as well drive Greer, too. Anyway, she's sleepy going to the studio and tired going home.

Having read far too much through her bookish girlhood, she's now what she calls happily illiterate. "Mother keeps up with the tide of modern print, strains it and feeds me the cream." Her cure for edginess is music. She likes sweet swing, winces at boogie-woogie but, being open-minded, listens occasionally and is beginning to appreciate a little the intricate cunning of its arrangements. By choice, though, she'll take the classics. When the Russian Ballet danced at the Bowl, she went every night. She can wax lyrical over the ballet—its thistledown dancers dedicated like anchorites to the last shrine of glamour and poetry, archaic already in this grim world of ours. She's had friends among them for years. They came over one day to swim in the pool of the tree-shaded garden. "One of those small dreams come true," says Greer happily.

the inner woman . . .

The click of handbags gives her goose-flesh. Mice and moths don't. Her uncle's influence maybe. She used to catch mice till severely bitten for her impertinence. As for moths—we love butterflies, why hate them because they fly at night by another name? While she doesn't make pets of spiders and centipedes, neither does she mind them. Her heart, however, is reserved for Gogo and Cliquot, who have but one flaw between them. They insist on saving her when she swims, let the nips fall where they may.

In a shop she's a pushover, so confines herself to notions, by secretarial advice. "You can't spend much there." She set out fascinated with the notion of buying notions, which to her were small ideas or trifling inspirations. She found them to be things with safety pins and spools, costing from five to fifteen cents, dispensed at a counter which in the old country they used to call haberdashery. Her secretary proved oversanguine. She managed to roll up a bill of forty-eight dollars.

The scarves she knits are well-meaning but ill-looking, and those who know best advise her to save her energy for selling bonds. She made one trip to Canada and spent September touring the east in Secretary Morgenthau's intensive Salute-to-our-Heroes campaign, three towns a day. Lots of us can

knit scarves. Few can talk with such compelling effect as Miss Garson, who not only feels deeply but gives words wings. Fewer can look like her. And don't tell me that doesn't pull its weight.

She has sundry bad habits. Steals pencils, for instance. Okay, she doesn't steal them—says, "This is a lovely pencil, may I have it?"—so where does that leave you? She loves timepieces of all periods and descriptions, but is never by any chance on time except at the studio. That, she explains, is because time's a measure of enjoyment. When you're doing something you like, a day is an hour and the other way round. She loves to collect things but finds them a nuisance when collected; so she meanly makes a virtue of her own weakness, gathers up glass cats, china pigs, old books on etiquette, and presents them to her mother who probably hates them but says, "How lovely, darling."

By and large she's a nice girl, though—makes it a point last thing at night to go out to the balcony of her bedroom, look at the stars and count her blessings.

Perhaps her outstanding accomplishment is one left over from childhood. She can bite her toe-nails and put her heel in her mouth. Asked when she indulges, she eyes you blandly. "Usually at symphony concerts or when entering a fashionable restaurant."

THAT VAN IS HERE AGAIN

(*Continued from page 15*)

beautiful things to come. Beautiful for both M-G-M and their red-haired lank from Oklahoma. There was something about the guy you couldn't ignore. Mostly it was the supreme nonchalance with which he lounged through the film, as though he'd been Bill King always, and couldn't be anything else. And his masterly way of underplaying a scene!

Actually, Van's an old hand at that kind of thing. He laughs when you mention it. He remembers the day his Dad brought home a brand new car. Van bounded out of the house like a gazelle, rounded up his pals, and brought them home to see . . . and to suffer. Swaggering like a lord, he threatened the guys with their lives if they dared lay a smudgy finger on the shiny thing. The car in itself was good enough . . . but as an ego-builder, it was strictly from heaven. The fellows regarded the car, and him, in fitting awe . . . which was all fine except that Van's pop decided, overnight, to return the car. The next morning it was gone . . . and don't think the guys didn't turn the worm. It was their chance to gloat now, and Van's to squirm. Only he didn't. Instead he shrugged through the day with that nonchalance of his . . . and got away with it.

Van remembers, too, the few times his Dad found it necessary to dust his bottom. On such occasions, Van would submit to the indignity without a word . . . then stalk off to the attic and sulk there for hours . . . quietly, but effectively.

Strangely enough, Van says, his years at sea were darn good training for his precious knack of understatement. It taught him things. There was the time, for example, his boat landed on the coast of Florida with a highly inflammable cargo. Lightning shot through the sky, perilously close. Waves rolled over the deck in great columns, splintering the boat. As the crew scrambled overboard, one of them yelled, "Here goes nothin'!" After that, Van says, there was no chance of his ever overplaying any scene.

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LAUGHING CAVALIER

(*Continued from page 41*)

Everything about the Milland's home is perfect. Building it was Ray's great adventure of the moment, that's why. Ray spent his spare time for weeks digging up this and that to make the place unique, and everything he did was swell.

He scoured the country for old heavy beams for his living room and finally carted them away himself from a tumbled-down bridge in the run-down part of East Los Angeles. He modelled his den after his favorite pub in London. He did this and that, all in the sharpest taste throughout. When his British furniture arrived, Ray met it in person at the harbor. He wanted it sent right out to he house—that minute. The local truckers said maybe next week. Ray chased around the harbor area and finally at two in the morning, he found a party he could bribe to send it up that night!

quick-change artist . . .

The Millands have lived in Ray's dream house three years.

In that time it has suffered three remodellings. Now Ray wants to sell it. He has full plans for another!

The guy is that way about everything. When Ray contracts a burning passion for something he tears himself to pieces making a private adventure out of it. Once he's succeeded—he's tired of it. Then something new comes along.

The last few years, boats have enchanted Ray. The first one he owned he had specially made. Every night after work Ray drove like Barney Oldfield down to the harbor personally to supervise every beam and davit. It was to be finished on a certain Sunday, and Ray, happy as a kid, arranged to have a christening party aboard. But a hitch developed the night before. Ray hustled down frantically with extra workmen and pitched in himself. He stayed up all night, without a wink of sleep—but the boat was ready for the party, and Ray was in Heaven. He can't stand being disappointed.

Ray received his last boat, "The Guardsman," the very day the navy ordered all private boats kept in harbor. He had already planned a private shakedown cruise for himself and his friends. The order cramped Ray's style, but he refused to be dismayed. On the appointed day he trooped his pals aboard and cruised around in circles, right off the dock. Everyone was having a swell time when a Coast Guard cutter rushed up and hailed them down. Ray was taking pictures, it seemed, and that was against navy orders. All was explained, the camera confiscated, and the party proceeded. What Ray especially liked about the whole event was the Coast Guard raid. That smacked of adventure, and that's the stuff Ray thrives on. Adventure to him is anything that looks different, and he obeys every impulse.

Once, in the days when Ray seldom had the faintest idea where his next month's rent was coming from, he spied an old Dusenberg on a Hollywood used car lot. He had to have it right then—even if the down payment he talked the dealer into was about enough to finance the spare tire. Mal almost fainted when he drove the thing home. Of course, after Ray got it he couldn't afford to keep it; he couldn't even afford to run it, as a matter of fact!

Another time Ray trotted home with a piano accordion he'd bought for the simple reason that the down payment was $2, and he had that amount in his pants! And once, Mal remembers, she almost passed out at a Milland inspiration.

It was in the early days of their marriage. They were living in a tiny bungalow, poor but blissful. Ray had a birthday, and Mal planned a surprise party. To get Ray out of the way (he wasn't working) she talked him into taking a horseback ride, which he's always easily talked into. She figured he'd be back by six o'clock or so. The guests assembled at the bungalow drinking and making merry, but no Ray. The guests got merrier, drank up all the refreshments, and some of them tottered off home—still no Ray. Finally, as the party was breaking up, Ray appeared, leading a horse. "Mal," he yodelled happily, "Look what I've just bought!" It was a good thing, Mrs. Milland recalls, that most of the guests had left anyway. The party was over right then. They barely had room enough for themselves in the bungalow—let alone a horse. As for feeding it!

Fortunately, the rise in Ray's fortunes has made his impulses less wild than they used to be. But they're no less trigger-quick, volatile and speedy to fizzle out.

Skiing had him Sun Valley-happy for a while. Ray made his own skis at home and lugged them to the mountains every day he had off. He eased off that one with a twisted ankle which prompted the studio to step in. Before that, aviation had Ray in the clouds half of his waking hours. On his first solo flight his motor died on him, and he made a forced landing the like of which has never been seen before or since in aviation circles.

Since then Ray has gone overboard on home shop work, laying out time and money for lathes, bandsaws and such and getting on the credit side a few Milland-built knick-knacks around the house like his dinette set—and the debit—almost losing a thumb. In turn, he has got himself hipped on athletics, archery, playing the piano, learning French and giving it up to learn Spanish, making records, shooting home movies, and so on ad infinitum. Right now Ray has just finished a night course in navigation at UCLA.

A while back he was nutty on the subject of *flamenco* music—a Spanish sort of rhythm he'd run across in Latin America. One night at Mocambo Ray heard a string trio give out with a very special bit of *flamenco*. He rushed right up and wanted them to record it for his collection. The next morning they did—and that one record set Ray back plenty.

But—also always—Ray switches his interest like a football coach changes quarterbacks. Before the war shortage he changed automobiles three and four times a year. He kept his new boat all of six months, then sold it. He has a horror of monotony in any shape or form.

close-ups . . .

Well—you ask—what's wrong with a guy like that? Why should Ray Milland be considered a queer duck in Hollywood? He sounds as full of bounce as a golf ball and stimulating to know.

Ray is—if you know him. But he takes a lot of knowing. One of his best friends insists: "Unless you know Ray well, you don't know him at all." The friends he has are close friends, but he hasn't many of them. He won't bother himself with people he doesn't like. He won't pose or put on an act. There's no more ham in the guy than you'd find in a kosher restaurant. He absolutely lacks subterfuge. As a result he often seems downright rude.

The other night some people dropped in unexpectedly. In the middle of the evening, Ray complained of a headache and trotted up to bed, making the briefest excuses. Rest of the evening his guests heard his radio playing away. When they left the light was still on in his room. Headache? Well—it's the guess of his intimates that Ray has "convenient" headaches when he just can't think of any other way to do what he wants to do when he wants to do it. They know Ray and understand. Someone else would feel like shooting him.

the awful truth . . .

He can irritate people maddeningly that way—no doubt about it. He's too frank. A friend of his wife's dropped by the house the other day wearing one of those hats you could fasten a motor to and fly over Tokyo with. Ray took one look. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Please—don't wear that hat any more. It looks awful! Listen—if you'll let me burn it up I'll buy you another one!"

The lady, happily, knew about Ray and just kidded the episode away. But she looked a little shaken when she left at that. She knew Ray meant exactly what he said.

The truth is—Ray is fastidious and he has perfect taste in clothes, food and all the refinements of living. He has insisted on them all his life, no matter the state of his pocketbook.

He thinks nothing of dropping in Lily Dache's when he's in New York alone and picking out a mess of bonnets for Mal. She's always crazy about them, too. He's acutely distressed with anything but the best. He has never been seen in a gaudy sports coat, neckerchief or a pair of suede shoes—the sure sign of a Hollywood sport. In clothes taste, as in everything else, Ray just is no actor. He has fine tailored suits, cut by Mitchell and Hague and is always a walking ad for the well-dressed young man, no matter where he is.

Fine things actually thrill Ray. He spent months designing a gorgeous diamond ring with platinum petals for his wife's Christmas present and another one or two taking it around to his friends for opinions. "Everybody knows about my present," cracked Mal, dryly, "except me!" But that's Ray. He's careful that everything is perfect. If not, he really suffers.

In his travels—he's round-tripped the Atlantic 17 times—Ray has picked up a million ideas about food and good living. He loves to reproduce them in his home. In fact, any reminiscing of the highspots of a trip is his idea of Heaven. He has made all the world's capitals in style, dined at every famous restaurant and lolled in the most gilded hotels. One of the most famous stories about Ray is what happened to the $17,000 inheritance he got as a very young man. He spent it—all but $50 in less than a year painting the Continent red. With the remaining fifty he dolled up in tails, beaned a famous

"Man and Wife—*no longer!*"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT RUINS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. Did he hate me . . . the husband I loved so much? I couldn't guess what had changed our happiness to . . . this. Harsh words . . . frozen silences . . . loneliness . . .

2. One day, I spied my doctor's car next door and hailed him . . . to ask for a sleeping powder. But, wise doctor! He went straight to the *cause* of my troubles. Then he explained. "Often a man can't forgive one *neglect* . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."

3. He recommended a gentle yet thorough method of feminine hygiene . . . Lysol disinfectant. "You see, Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions on the bottle," he explained. "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes, as well!"

4. I took my doctor's advice and found Lysol disinfectant so easy to use, so inexpensive. And now my husband and I are happier than ever before in all our days!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

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A Pompadour effect is achieved with soft, high waves. The Hair at the temples is swept up in a smooth, clean line. DeLong Bob Pins keep this line unbroken . . . *they never slip.*

All Bob Pins Are Not Alike

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DeLong

BOB PINS
WON'T SLIP OUT

London stage star to Ciro's for a champagne evening and the next day—went to work as a movie extra!

Even now the mere remembrance of an exciting foreign dish will send him off in a rhapsody and nothing can rest until the dish is presented on his table. "Mal," he'll exclaim when the conversation suggests it, "remember the *crepe suzettes* we had at the Crillon? Let's have them right now!" Then nothing will do but the bewildered cook, aided by Ray in an apron, attempt the creation.

A prodigal guy—when he wants to be. That's Ray. A pack of fun, a circus, a treat—if Ray Milland pleases himself to be. Otherwise, he can be as sullen and humorless as a wooden cigar Indian. He can be even moody and unpleasant. It all depends on whom he likes and who likes him. Ray, for instance, once feuded with Dottie Lamour. Why, I don't know; maybe Ray didn't himself. Around Dottie, and they've been in several pictures together, he was cold and austere and unpleasant. He's that way because he's frank. Obviously he disliked her *then.* On the other hand, although Claudette Colbert once blackballed Ray for her leading man in "Midnight" and thereby handed him a setback in his career, he's always liked her, and around Claudette is as much of a charm boy as you'd want to find. Eventually, too, his liking for Claudette paid off. She finally did pick him for "Arise My Love," much to Ray's surprise, and since then he's done his best pictures with her—the ones, in fact, which have made him a star at long last.

Mal, his wife, is more amiable than Ray. She's more of an extrovert, for one thing. Muriel Milland, née Webber, is a tall, pretty brunette with prematurely gray hair which she didn't get being Mrs. Milland. Sometimes when Ray gets a wild notion, he'll pop up from the dinner table and drive away in his car without saying where he's going or why. Once he wired Mal from some distant place like Montana or Mexico. The next day he was home again, no questions asked, no explanations given!

Ray met his wife in typical Milland fashion. He first saw her at a cocktail party. He had brought another girl, but Mal caught his eye, and it was one of those things at first sight. Without any hesitation or qualms, Ray made a "sick" excuse to his date, got another guy to take her home and whipped off—with Mal. They got married a year later.

Mal was the daughter of a prosperous Hollywood agent who didn't have much time for actors. Ray was an actor without a job when Mal married him. She gave up a house with servants and the easy life for love. She has never regretted it. And beneath Ray's unpredictable whims, they are probably as deeply devoted as any couple in Hollywood.

sentimental gentleman . . .

For one thing, Ray, young and adventurous as he is, is a nostalgic, sentimental fellow. He's deeply loyal to old friends; in fact, most of his close ones in Hollywood are people who befriended him when he was earning his cakes and coffee. In those days he slept on plenty of couches in more affluent friends' apartments. Now they can sleep on his—and freqently do—no matter how far their fortunes have sunk or Ray's risen. A drug store at Hollywood and Laurel used to stake him to credit when he needed it. Now Ray drives clear across town to patronize the place. He's that kind.

Ray is a tender sort of chap, too, around kids. He is a doting dad to his boy, Danny, now two years old and starting to raise a little Cain. And for several years Ray has been a real big brother to Mal's kid brother, Bobby.

Bobby was left pretty much without a family when his father died. Ray took over the big brother job at once and loved it. He makes plane models and things with the boy in his shop, they collect guns together and their recent launching was a more auspicious event to Ray than to Bobby.

Ray isn't really social nor sociable. He's too moody. He likes people, but he won't put himself out for them. He likes to be alone a lot. Sometimes he'll drop into a restaurant or dance place and sit for hours watching other people, sipping coffee and not making a move himself. The only thing that irritates him beyond measure is loud women. The other night Ray and Mal were in a Hollywood café with booths. Next booth down, a tipsy babe was getting loud and hilarious. Ray quickly got up. "Let's get out of here," he said. "I can't stand it!"

Probably what Ray enjoys as much as anything is an evening at home with some friends. Parties like these have to just happen, though. If anything is planned by Mal, even an hour in advance, it meets stubborn resistance. If Mal calls Ray on the set and tells him she's having people for dinner that night, she knows the complaints she'll get. "I'm tired—I don't want to come home to all those people! Make it some other night." On the other hand, if she goes ahead and says nothing to Ray about it, he's pleased as a kid at a birthday party—particularly if they'll encourage him to talk about his travels, and entertain him with their wit.

wanderluster . . .

Ray is addicted to the idea of travel like a toper to his booze. Train, plane or steamship travel folders are like narcotics. His one ambition in life is to go everywhere and see everything. Just a chat with someone about a remote place will send him scurrying there. Right now Ray is crazy about Mexico. He got to talking to Margo one day at the studio. Mexico is her home, of course. Within a month Ray was there, doing everything from Taxco to the bull fights. He and Mal had just got back from mañana land when I talked to him the other day. Ray was bursting with Mexico. He absorbs foreign color like a sponge and will squeeze it out at the slightest provocation.

Ray is a facts and figures guy, however. He's no great wit. In fact, unless he's in the right mood, he's pretty reserved. But he loves other funny people, especially those who can burlesque walks of real life. George Murphy, for instance, wows Ray with his take-offs on show business patter. Ray loves for other people to perform, but is bashful about it himself. Every time Ann Sothern (who calls Ray "Marlene Milland" because of his shapely calves) comes into the house she has to go through an hour's coaxing to play the piano and sing, whether Ann feels like it or not. Music is a reminder to Ray. He associates pleasant events with songs. That's why he's so nutty about music of all kinds. A tune brings him back to a night in Paris, or a sunny day on the Riviera in his

gay days. He's always begging people to sing or play, and his collection of records touches the ceiling.

Matter of fact, few actors in Hollywood are as well rounded and sophisticated as Ray. Besides his vast knowledge gathered from his trips, he reads everything. His mind is restless and retentive, too. He never studies a script, just reads it over once and goes into it. A while back, when Ray was up for his American citizenship exams (he's a native Welshman, you know), he miscalculated the exam date. Somehow it arrived a week early, and Ray realized it the morning he was due to buckle down, Winsocki.

He hopped in his car with a chauffeur at the wheel and a copy of the Constitution of the United States under his arm. By the time they arrived at the Federal Building in downtown Los Angeles, about a half hour's drive, Ray had everything under control.

It's this quick elastic mind that has enabled Ray Milland to go through the motions—and successfully too—of being an actor. He's really no actor at heart. Ray has never taken a dramatic lesson in his life. He's not too interested in the theater. He abhors the spotlight. Radio terrifies him. He has made a bunch of very bad pictures in his time, and he admits it. The scene that boosted him to the big time, the drunk scene with Loretta Young in "The Doctor Takes a Wife," was almost pried out of Ray. He was actually cornered on the set, after planning to flee it—and he gave the performance of his life.

But with Ray Milland the emphasis will always be on living rather than acting, no matter how great a star he becomes. He acts to live and shrewdly realizes that he's lucky to have such a lucrative racket. No Hollywood star pays more attention to business. Ray has never taken a suspension in his life for temperamental cut-ups. He has kept a business manager all the time, and his checks have been wisely salted away. He's a clean, healthy liver who takes care of himself—a one-cocktail-before-dinner drinker and an early-to-bed guy. He's good at athletics, tennis and swimming particularly, and if that isn't enough he takes body massages to keep in trim—although he's so impatient he can't stand more than fifteen minutes of rubbing. But Ray's that way about everything. When he gets a haircut, he has to get up and walk around five or six times during the operation!

Some day Ray may escape to the blue horizons which continually beckon, away from even the golden shackles of Hollywood. Until then, Ray will go on imagining himself on the royal road to romance in everything he does.

yankee doodling . . .

He may hear the call to a different sort of adventure. A call to the skies or the grey battleships. And a helluva fight. Not yet, because of his several dependents and his morale work and the fact that he's studying so he'll be ready to meet what's coming more than half way. Because it is coming—it's in the air and the terrible urgency of the times. And it's coming swiftly. But Ray has never disdained adventure.

Want to find out what he's doing *now?* Don't ask Milland. He won't tell you he's given his blood to the Red Cross. No one knows about the nights when he, as an air raid warden, patrols Hollywood Dam until the morning. He has to be on the set early and is plenty tired, too. But he won't admit that. It sounds too movie-actorish. He's asking lonely soldier boys to dinner, and incidentally asking Hedy Lamarr to drop in. He's visiting the camps and buying books to send them. Ray was in that picture where the entire cast donated their share of the proceeds to help England. "So what?" he'd probably say. Mal is teaching a Red Cross class at home with such pupils as Ann Sothern and the Mrs. Bob Hope, Wayne and MacMurray.

So the Millands aren't letting very much pass by them in this struggle. Ray is in it partly because it's a fight, but mostly because it's a fight for the stuff called freedom.

Meanwhile the Milland yen for freedom extends from the sublime to the ridiculous. Just the other day Ray had workmen in to remodel his bathroom. He had a shower stall with walls. The plumbers tore it out and fashioned, under Ray's personal supervision, a big steam shower room. vast enough to shampoo an elephant.

"What in the world prompted all this?" a baffled visitor asked Ray.

Replied Ray without batting an eye, "Those walls were closing me in!"

TRIPLE TREAT MERCHANDISE PAGES 68-69

Look for the clothes photographed on Ann Miller, Betty Hutton and Marjorie Reynolds at your local shop. Those or similar ones will be available and in New York you will find the dinner dresses at Saks, 34th St., coat and dirndl at R. H. Macy and the violet suit and teddy bear coat at McCreery.

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WHAT MOVIE STAR DO YOU Resemble?

Linda Darnell, 20th-Fox headliner, is Oblong Type (norrow foce, hollow cheeks). If thot's your ticket, wear hair and moke-up thot odd width.

Susanna Foster, Por. ployer, is Inverted Triangle Type (wide brow, narrow chin). Bud's sketch morks correct rouge oreos and lip outlines for you.

Jane Withers, Rep., is o definite Round Type (round hoir ond chin lines), as described in story. Rouge on outer cheeks costs shodow, reducing width

Jane Withers fancied herself a Lamarr till Bud Westmore took her in hand. See what he can do for you!

Jane Withers was going to have her portrait painted by Peter Fairchild just before her sixteenth birthday. It was a crucial occasion, and Jane was in a whingding. After all, stills and glamour shots and fashion poses are all in a day's work, but there is something terrifically special about an expanse of canvas and a palette covered with oil paints.

Jane spent two hours in front of her mirror, I have been told, getting her hair JUST RIGHT for the preliminary sketches. She finally tucked the last bobby pin into place behind a pompadour so regal that it would have made Du Barry look like a goon. She proudly marched downstairs and beamed upon Mrs. Withers and Mr. Fairchild. (*Continued on page 100*)

Jane Wyman, W. B. cutie, presents a Composite Triangle (narrow braw, wide jaw and chin line). Highlight forehead, add length by tapknatting hair.

Joan Leslie, W. B. actress, has square face (straight hair line, square jaw). If that's you, soften hair line, madify sharp jaw angle.

By Fredda Dudley

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ALL SMOKERS SOMETIMES INHALE—BUT YOUR THROAT NEEDN'T WORRY!

There's a cigarette that is *proved* better for you . . . even when you do inhale!

Read these facts reported by eminent doctors who compared the leading popular brands . . . that:

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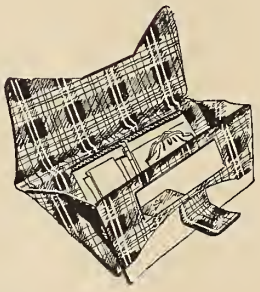
Put on o simple wool jersey dress like the red ane shawn on Poromount star Kotherine Baoth, now appeoring in "Holiday Inn," ond weor oll day. A Smort design, only $10.95.

Your plaid this year may be o monotone due to dye priorities. Attractive Arleen Whelon, Twentieth Century ployer, shows o plaid shirtmaker in two shades of green. For only $8.95.



For ploid or plain. Red telt on the outside of the envelope bog ond you-see-what inside. $2.95.

Take a tip from smart young Hollywood stars who add bond-selling and USO-ing to their studio work. They've solved the clothes problem by bringing it down to the simplest ABC. There just aren't any in-between dresses, and Arleen Whelan, who doesn't own an afternoon dress, claims it's because there isn't that kind of time. Doesn't that go for your home town as well as Hollywood?

Neither you nor I remember the famous Chanel chemise dress of World War I, but better get used to hearing about the 1942 version. It goes by different names, the favorite being drawstring. Lack of zippers and love of the princess line have brought it forth and you will surely want one if time means anything to you.

Fireside fashions, the gay dirndls and pretty playclothes that started as after-ski clothes, have moved into the casual, entertain-at-home front. For instance, a printed challis play suit just begs you to sit on the floor and talk to your friends!

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES

(*Continued from page 39*)

vivid lipstick. "How are you having the ring inscribed?" Vicky shouted, waving the handkerchief under his nose. "To Vicky—with daggers?" Then the handkerchief was on the floor and Vicky was gone. The dull sound of her dressing room door slamming echoed through the theater. Over it came the applause of an audience calling for the Sweethearts of Broadway—Christy and Lane.

The Commissioner (Jackie Gleason), agent for Christy and Lane, found Dan in the same bar where he had found him for every day of the past three months. Dan was staring soberly at a glass of water. But that didn't fool the Commissioner. Dan always stared at water and drank whiskey.

"Dan," the Commissioner said, "I've got something lined up for you."

"Good," Dan said. "I want to go to work."

"Bickel and Bickel (Frank Orth and Harry Hayden) are all set to back a new show."

"Bickel and Bickel," Dan chanted softly. "Two for a nickel."

"Cut the comedy," the Commissioner said. "It's all set. Except for one thing."

"They want a pound of my flesh?" Dan said. "They can have it."

"They want Vicky Lane with you," the Commissioner said bluntly.

"Don't they read the gossip columns?" Dan said. "We're all washed up."

"Without Vicky," the Commissioner said, "*you're* the one who's washed up, Dan. That's straight."

"Vicky isn't here anymore," Dan said. "She's out at Lake Louise. Dancing with somebody named Victor Prince. I hope he breaks a leg."

"You can go out there," the Commissioner said. "She still goes for you. You know that. Get out there. Get under the moon. Talk to her."

"No."

"You've got to, Dan."

"No."

The bartender (Edward Everett Horton) suddenly arrived with another bottle. "Anything else, sir?" he said to Dan.

a little direct action . . .

The Commissioner leaned across the bar and slid an envelope over the polished surface. "Look," he said to the bartender, "there are plane tickets to Lake Louise in that envelope. See that he gets on the plane. There's also some green stuff in there for you. Right?"

"Yes, sir," the bartender said.

"No, sir," Dan said.

"Why don't you cut it out, Dan?"

"Okay," Dan said. "For you. No more rye for Danny."

"What are you going to do, Dan?"

"I'm going to get drunk on scotch instead," Dan Christy said.

Dan Christy woke up with a trumpet blasting in his ear. What's more there was a mountain outside his window. On top of the mountain there was a glacier. At the foot of the mountain there was a lake. Any way you looked there was assorted scenery, stuff like trees and grass and rolling meadows. It was the neatest job of camouflage he'd ever seen. Why, the last time he'd looked, New York had been full of skyscrapers and sidewalks, cement and neon lights. You never could tell what that La Guardia was going to do next.

"Lake Louise," a voice said in his ear. "The beauty spot of the Canadian Rockies."

"Lake Louise!"

"We're here, sir," the voice said. "Beautiful Lake Louise."

"We? Who the devil are you?"

"McTavish, sir," the voice said. "Your valet."

Dan Christy cocked one eye upward cautiously. He saw a lank figure, a vaguely familiar face. That face . . . the bartender . . . New York . . . the Commissioner . . . plane tickets . . . Lake Louise . . . Dan Christy came out of bed in a bound.

"You're the bartender," he said accusingly. "I remember you."

"I was the bartender," McTavish said. "You hired me as your valet."

Dan groaned. "Look, it was all a mistake. I don't want to be here. I don't want to see Vicky. I just want to send a wire to the Commissioner right now telling him I'm on my way back."

"Your secretary will send the wire for you," McTavish said.

Dan whirled. "My secretary? I haven't got one."

McTavish shrugged and walked to the

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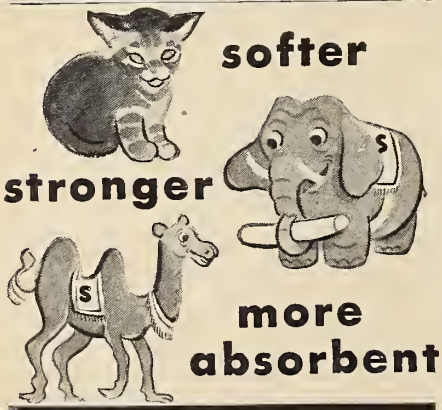

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door. He opened it and five feet of bouncing energy (Carmen Miranda) came through and grinned at Dan. "Hallo," it said.

"Who are you?" Dan said.

"Rosita Murphy."

Dan said carefully: "Look, the Rosita is fine. If ever I saw anyone who looked like a Rosita, you're it. But cut out the Murphy. You're kidding."

"Kidding? What's kidding who? I am Rosita because I came from Brazil, but my father, he came from Ireland."

"Where did I find her?" Dan said.

"Detroit," McTavish said. "We made a stopover."

"Well," Dan said, "that's where she's going back to right now. And you're going back to New York. And I'm going down to the desk to get the tickets." He grabbed Rosita. "Come on, baby. Get things packed, McTavish."

double trouble . . .

It was downstairs that he was able to place the trumpet that had been ringing in his ear earlier. It was coming from the Terrace, and it wasn't a trumpet alone; it was a full band. And there was no mistaking that clear full tone. Harry James. Dan walked closer to get a better view of the Terrace and the band. He was just in time to see Vicky and Victor Prince (Cesar Romero) finishing their number. He watched fascinated.

Vicky and Victor took their bows and then crossed to a small table at one side of the terrace. Victor was like a gallant Prince squiring his lady. They sat down. A napkin fluttered to the floor and Vicky bent for it, and Victor bent for it. And just as their heads passed, Victor stole a kiss. Vicky didn't seem to mind. Three months, he thought angrily, and she's kissing the guy. "Come on, Rosita," he said. "Let's take one quick dance." He twirled her around the floor to the soft, soothing music. He watched Vicky until he saw her stiffen with surprise when her eye caught his. He pretended he hadn't seen her. But he knew she was watching. Moving through the press of dancers, he swung Rosita around until they were dancing just in front of Vicky's table. Then as the song ended, he bent swiftly and kissed Rosita. Vicky must have seen. Only then did he look up, and he hoped he looked properly surprised. "Well, well," he said, "look who's here! How're you, Vicky?"

She was ice. "So nice to see you."

Dan grinned jauntily. "It's a small world, isn't it?" He turned to Rosita. "Rosita, this is Vicky Lane. You've heard of her, of course."

"No," Rosita said.

Dan shrugged: "Rosita's my secretary. She only reads shorthand."

"How nice," Vicky said icily.

Dan turned slightly. "You must be Victor Prince," he said. "I'm Dan Christy. Vicky forgets me sometimes."

"So sorry," Vicky said. "I should have introduced you, of course."

"I know all about you," Victor said. "Vicky told me. No secrets between engaged people, you know."

"So you're engaged," Dan said. "Congratulations."

"Thank you," Vicky said.

"Got to be running," Dan said. "See you again."

Back in the lobby of the hotel, Dan made straight for the elevators. Rosita plucked his sleeve. "Tickets," she said.

"We're not going back," Dan said.

"Going back. Not going back," Rosita said. "Why?"

"She's jealous," Dan said happily. "Didn't you see it? She's jealous."

Dan skipped down the hall and flung open the door to his room. "McTavish," he said. "Unpack. We're staying."

There were eight other people in the room besides McTavish. Dan eyed them warily. "Who are they?" he said.

"My brothers," Rosita said. "They play music."

"You hired them in St. Paul," McTavish said.

Dan played his cards carefully that night. He arrived in the ballroom with Rosita on his arm—a Rosita gowned to kill. There were eyes staring at them from every corner of the ballroom when they made their entrance. And with everyone else, Vicky was staring, too. Good, Dan thought. They crossed the room casually, and Dan, quite accidentally, stopped nonchalantly at Vicky's table. He stopped there until Victor was forced to invite them to sit with them at the table. And very promptly Dan pulled up a chair next to Vicky. Dan grinned at Vicky; Dan grinned at Rosita; Dan grinned at Victor. Then he just sat grinning at anyone who passed until Victor asked Rosita to dance with him. Then very promptly Dan stopped grinning, and without a word led Vicky out on the terrace . . . to the moon . . . to the soft breeze . . . to the breathtaking view of the mountains beyond. . . .

"Pretty, isn't it?" Dan said.

"Very," Vicky said.

Dan paused and lit a cigarette: "How do you like Rosita?" he said.

"Quite a girl," Vicky said. "How do you like Victor?"

"Seems to be a nice chap," Dan said.

"He's more than that," Vicky said. "He's fine and gentle. He's thoughtful and handsome, too. I feel about him—"

"The way I feel about Rosita—"

Vicky laughed suddenly. Dan looked at her suspiciously.

"What's the matter with you?"

"So you're in love with Rosita?"

"Maybe."

"Even though you only met her last night in Detroit?"

"How'd you know that?"

"Didn't you ever hear of a Powder Room, Dan? That's where girls go to fix their lipstick and tidy their hair . . . and talk."

"So you've talked to Rosita."

"A mouthful, Dan Christy."

"And you know the whole story?"

"Including her eight brothers."

Dan sucked on his cigarette thoughtfully: "Well, that makes both of us liars, I guess. We're even."

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"That lug you pretend to like. Victor."

"So you don't think I'm in love with Victor?"

proof's in the pudding . . .

"I know you aren't. I knew it the minute you laid eyes on me. If you'd give me half a chance, I could prove it to you."

"You want your chance, Dan? You want to try your line again? The sweet words and the sweet music? You think I'd fall for you all over?"

"Maybe," Dan said. "Stranger things have happened."

"All right," Vicky said tensely. "Go ahead. Do all the tricks. Roll out the moonlight and see what effect it has."

"It's a date," Dan said.

So Dan rolled out the moonlight. He rolled it out one beautiful night on Lake Louise, drifting idly in a canoe under the stars. It was all there, the backdrop

(*Continued on page 104*)

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 24*)

to see Brooklyn play the Yanks, congaed with a dozen gorgeous debs—and what the poor kids want more than anything in the world is a magic carpet to take them home for just a couple of hours. You can provide said carpet.

Give them a heavenly late Sunday dinner. Fried chicken or roast beef or whatever is your family's favorite. Have quantities of food—mountains of mashed potatoes and great dishes of vegetables. Have big glasses of milk and plenty of extra touches. Jelly and Worcestershire sauce and pickles; all the things they took for granted at home and long for now. For dessert, how about mammoth dishes of home-made ice cream and million-calorie chocolate layer cake.

You'd think with that kind of food, they'd just automatically have an elegant time, but there's another vital element. Atmosphere. See that mom's at her most momish. Sweet and sympathetic, and with her hair done that way you love it. Beg dad to carve, just this once. Don't ostracize your fiend of a little brother from this party. He's atmosphere.

music, mutts and models . . .

After dinner, some of your very nicest cronies can sort of casually drop in. But don't make the mistake of instantly pairing everyone off and then railroading them into a series of games. Have the funnies on the coffee table, loads of cigarettes handy and the newest B. Goodman in evidence around the victrola. Let the aforementioned fiendling show his model airplanes and have your nondescript pup come in and be patted. Keep things as completely home-like as you can, and watch the lonesome kids relax and all talk at once and tell your kid brother to "hey, shut up." Just like he was theirs or something. Then you'll know you've got a honey of a party.

Maybe you're discovering America the hard way. The boy you love very much is enlisting in the Army, and you've had some long serious discussions about it. He's made you realize for the first time what the world could be like if he and others like him simply didn't care. He's helped you discover the joy of an early morning walk through un-storm-troopered streets, the quiet happiness of church on Sunday, the fun of choosing your own pet newspaper from the dozens on the newsstand. He—your funny-faced, long-legged honey bear—has actually made your throat ache and your eyes sting when he's talked about things that you once considered simply routine. When he leaves for camp, how about giving him a heck of a send-off?

Get the whole gang together some night just before he leaves and dig yourselves the best party you ever had. Nothing farewell-ish, nothing soupy. Just a party, but good. If your crowd's idea of super fun is a hayride, make it a hayride, complete with portable radio, refreshments and harvest moon. If you've never gone on a hayride, this isn't the occasion for inaugurating them. The point is, make this the sort of party that has always seemed to fit your particular gang. Don't try anything tricky, any new people. Get into your own special groove, and there'll be no worrying about whether everyone's having fun.

Just a couple of fine points that will make or break the evening for him. 1) Don't embarrass him. No speeches or tin hat favors. Just let him be one of the mob. 2) Don't give him any presents. You never know what to give, and anyway they're just that much extra stuff to pack when he leaves. Instead, try this: When the party's about over, give him a set of penny post cards each of which is addressed to one of the kids. On the reverse side have typed: "Write me soon and often please at . . ." (Let him fill in his address.) And, "No hard-tack, please, but I could use . . ." (Let him fill in something he really wants, the ante for which isn't over $2.)

We're not going to give you any party ideas for this affair. No menus, no nothing. It's too intimate. Just have your kind of party and a wonderful time.

Let the memory of it be something Bill can warm his heart at in the lonely evenings coming up. You in your pigtails and his beloved two-summer-old dirndl. Red and Joe moving the piano to its traditional singing location in the middle of the room. Sue and Nick courting up a storm just as if this weren't a special party at all. And when it's time to say good-night, try to pretend you'll be seeing him again the next night. And pray like mad it won't be so very long.

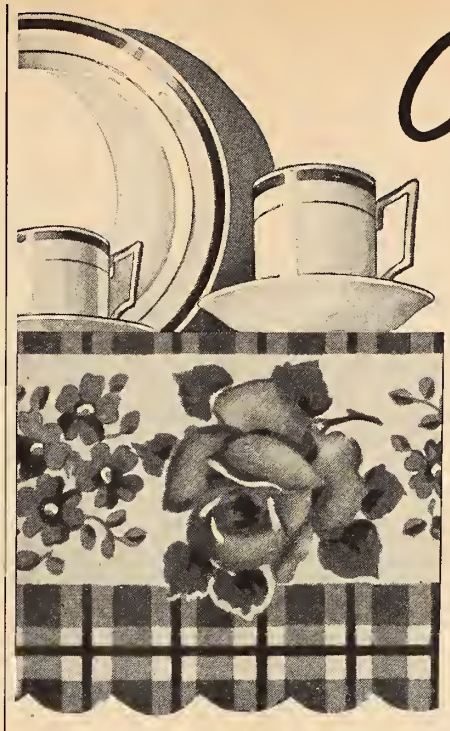
Maybe you've discovered America through the eyes of a bluejacket. A long and fascinating letter from Alaska; then one from the Pacific Coast, and a couple from Galveston and Newport. And maybe in the last one which gave you no clue at all as to where he was, he said, "I'll be home next month." Boy, does he rate a homecoming? And are you the gal who can give it? Well, okay.

fit for a king . . .

Don't have it the first couple of nights he's home. Let him get rested and pampered by his family first, then give it. And turn on the stuff. Make it a superb dinner party for eight or ten, not formal, but slightly on the elegant side. Mom's best china, the best silver and tablecloth, candle light and some really beautiful fresh flowers. Keep the whole dinner party-ish. Gay conversation, a wee bit unusual food. Remember this is the lad who's been eating beans and coarse bread and evaporated milk on a lurching destroyer. For weeks he's been dreaming of a really perfect meal with a couple of queens on either side of him. Don't let him down. A few new faces add a festive note, so why not ask some people you've met while he's been gone.

Let him be the center of attraction. He's tired of anonymity. Weary of being just one of a mob scene. Star him, and he'll love you for cooking the whole thing up.

We gals can't do much with a gun, but we can keep the old morale wa-ay up, and that helps. Keep your own guy happy and hopeful, and you're really doing a job. Oh, and say! This is the month to send Christmas cards and other Santa Clausishness to the A.E.F. the world over. Won't forget anyone, will you?



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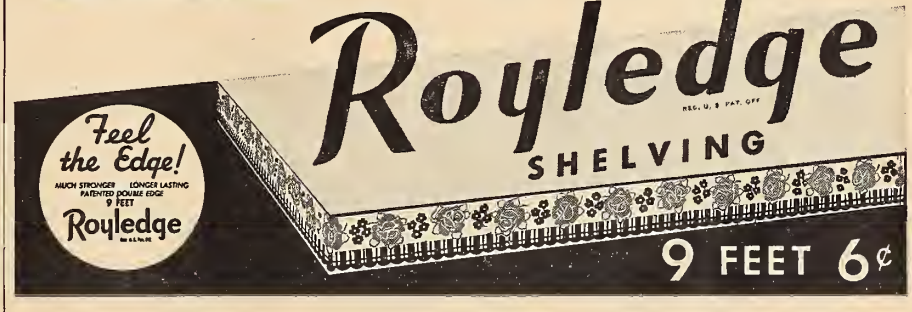

WHENEVER I REACHED for that laxative bottle, Betty would scream and run away. She hated the taste of the stuff and it upset her something awful! It was just *too strong!*

THEN I TRIED something else. But Betty raised a rumpus every time I gave her a dose. To make matters worse, the medicine didn't do her any good. It was just *too mild!*

ONE DAY MY NEIGHBOR suggested Ex-Lax! I gave some to Betty and she just loved its fine all-chocolate taste. Ex-Lax works so well, too...not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

WHAT EVERY BRIDE SHOULD KNOW

(Continued from page 36)

want to sign up with the army air corps. I've had a lot of flying hours. . . . I could be useful."

Ann's heart tightened as if it had been compressed by a giant fist. She stared into the solemn blue-grey eyes whose every mood she has come to understand prefectly during the 10 months of their married life. She had faced the fact, in her own mind, that he might want to enlist, but she wasn't too keen about the air force.

She had told Gwenn Woodford, her secretary and best friend, "George will have to do something before long, because he's a fighter at heart, but I hope his contribution will be on the sea or in the land forces. I guess I'm just not too air-minded."

vital moment . . .

She had said nothing of this to Brent though. Now, slap-bang up against the thing she had feared, she proved once again that she's the best wife in the world for the romantic, high-strung Irishman.

"If that's what you want to do, you'll have to do it," she agreed, hoping he wouldn't notice that her fingertips under their opalescent polish had gone cold.

George looked as relieved as a collie pup who has torn up an Oriental runner and only gets a juicy t-bone as punishment. "Red, darling — you're really swell."

Ann looked down at her script while the air was thick with the unspoken things each wanted to say to the other. This Brent marriage is not a talkative relationship. Both live mental lives far below the surface, and emotionalism is embarrassing for them to express.

Casually, she said at last, "What kind of a flier do you think *I'll* make?"

There is a medium-sized hole in the roof of the dressing room through which Mr. George Brent went with a loud and explosive series of words.

"Why, George," protested his astonished little woman, "what a thing to say! You know perfectly well that there are women acting as ferry pilots—not only in this country—but in England where it's really hazardous work."

"It's hazardous work in *this* country, too!" stormed George. "I wouldn't any more want you to fly than I would think of putting a baby in an eagle's cage."

"You mean you'd be worried about me?" queried Ann innocently.

"You're darned right I would."

Ann merely looked up at him for several moments, her eyebrows arched. She didn't say a word—she didn't have to ask, "What about *my* fear for you?" George is a very bright hombre and savvies with great speed.

He also knows when he is licked. He shrugged as a slow grin spread across his face. "I walked right into that one," he admitted. "Like a door in the dark!"

Someone called, "Miss Sheridan—wanted on the set."

Nothing more was said about the air force, but during the month that followed it was pretty plain that it was still on George's mind. During the evening, he avidly read air battle reports while Ann was listening to the record-player. (The Brents usually build a Dagwood sandwich of records, one Spanish, then one Hawaiian, one Spanish, one Hawaiian, etc.—so satisfying Ann's addiction to rumba, and George's love of rippling rhythm.) George would occasionally throw down the paper and stride over to the window.

"I'd sure like to be in it," he said once.

"Me, too," Ann chimed in—and that seemed to settle it. But Ann is a wise wife—and she loves that big Irishman to the point where she can't be happy unless he's happy, too. She thought it over.

One Sunday morning, George was deep in the task of preparing one of his special breakfasts. On week days, whether the Brents are working or not, they have breakfast prepared for them. If they are staying at George's house, his man tosses together some tasty trifles; if they are staying at Ann's house, her maid is handy with honey and hot biscuit. If they are down at the beach house—rented by George during the summer—George's maestro of meals again graces the griddle.

As you may have guessed, the Brents are maintaining both Ann's house in the valley (she owns this), and George's rented bungalow in Burbank. When either of them is working, they find that living in the Burbank house saves driving time and expense and good old tires. When they have a day or so off, they like the valley place. And on week-ends, they hie themselves to the dimmed-out beach, where swimming is still elegant by day, and a roaring fire is romantic by night.

(By the way, Ann still has only one secret from George. When she was planning to build her house, he looked over the plans and told her about how much it would cost. She first turned pale, then turned down his estimate. "You're wrong," she said with finality. "It won't cost nearly that much."

Well, the final check came so close to George's price that you couldn't have bought an aspirin tablet with the difference, but Ann has never admitted it. She just doesn't talk about how much the house cost. (After all, a girl has a right to elude her husband's merry ha-ha whenever possible.)

But to go back to that famous Sunday morning: George put on one of the maid's aprons, and he was working around the kitchen like Frank Sinkwitch around right end. When George builds a breakfast, it is *some* edifice. Liver and bacon, broiled tomatoes, stacks of rye toast and a mountain of sliced peaches represents one favorite menu. Another is waffles, scrambled eggs, orange juice; or broiled small steak, eggs sunny side up, pan-fried potatoes and toasted English muffins.

landlocked . . .

He was preparing the latter with gusto and giving Ann orders left and right. "Take the jackets off those baked potatoes so I can run them through this slicing machine and fry them," he directed, while he cracked eggs and trimmed the steaks.

"If this is the sort of breakfast you turned out of the galley on your boat every Sunday morning, I'm surprised you don't weigh a ton," Ann said.

"No cracks about my weight, Tex. Gosh, how I wish we could still run up canvas and steer for Catalina every week-end," he added nostalgically.

"Miss the sea, don't you, Mister?" Ann kidded. "You should have been a gob!"

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"You *know* it. I'm going to enter that race to Honolulu when the war is over or crack a mainmast trying."

"Think you will have forgotten much of your navigation by that time?" pursued the crafty Mrs. Brent.

George stirred the eggs, adding a cupful of diced mushrooms, some celery salt and a dash of Worcestershire sauce. "That's an idea. Guess I'd better keep in training."

"What about the coast guard? I should think that—with your experience in handling boats and in navigation, and with your knowledge of the coast line, you'd be really valuable. . . ." That is as far as she got.

George turned off the fire under the eggs and swung around slowly. "Zoot?" he asked.

This broke Annie up entirely. When anyone else hands her a French hornful of jive, she takes it in stride, but when George slides into the groove—dignified, intellectual George who can quote Shelley, Burns and other iambic pentameter hot shots—it always throws her.

"Well," said George, a little nonplussed, "zoot means on-the-level, doesn't it?"

solid sender . . .

"Darling," Ann said, "you're wonderful. Mr. Goodman Dorsey Brent—you're solid, mister. A genuine sender."

George continued eagerly, "But you meant what you were saying just now. It would be all right with you. . . ."

"I've been thinking it over, George, and no matter what branch of the service you want to join, it's all right with me. No matter where you're sent, I'll tag along if I can. And . . . I guess I won't take up flying."

"What a wife," sighed Mr. Brent with delight. "What a wife."

So, no matter what you hear about George's future in the armed forces, of one thing you may be quite certain: Annie's right there in the cheering section, aiding and abetting her man in khaki, in blue or in civvies.

"Zoot" is not the only jive that George uses regularly. He came home one night looking as smug as a tom cat in a creamery. "How about our breezing out to Bernie's for a steak?" he asked. "Bernie is a boy whose steaks are always on the reat beat. Do you dig me?"

Annie, looking as stunned as possible, said nothing. She just leaned like the Tower of Pisa and rolled here eyes.

Pleased with the sensation he had created, Brent added, "By the way, I didn't have a set call, so I spent the afternoon with the boys in the music department."

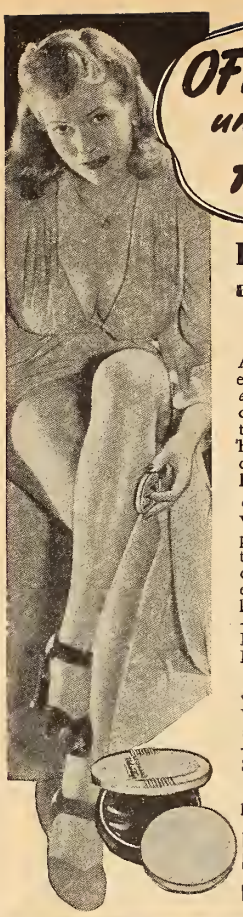
"Look—don't ever attend a mortician's convention by accident, will you?" begged Ann.

When either Ann or George is working, the Brents dine at home every night except Thursday—sacred to the cook. On that night they usually join Lloyd Bacon and his wife or the Ralph Bellamys and dine at the Beachcomber's (where the Chinese food is out of this world), or at some steak house upon which George has placed his official okay.

Occasionally Bruce Cabot drops in, after telephoning at great length from the set where he has been working in "The Desert Song."

"Tell Superman," he admonishes the servant who answers the telephone, "that one of his fans is on the wire. Tell him I've discovered a terrific new beverage that he should try at once. At least a minute sample."

Aside from kidding with Cabot about



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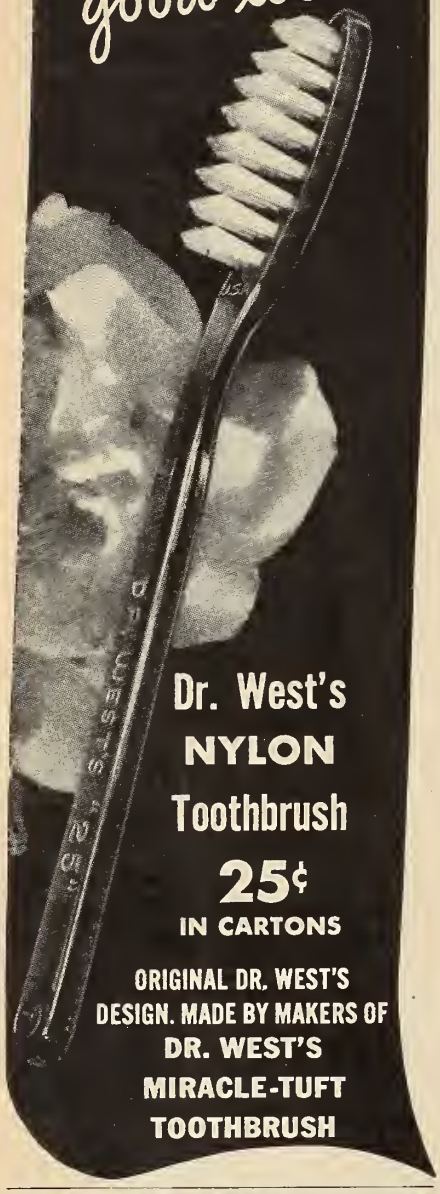

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his fruit-juice lethal mixtures, George sometimes gets into hot and heavy political arguments with him—or with Ann. The three of them, along with other Sunday night guests, take Washington to pieces for hours at a time. "This gang includes the finest bleacher generals on earth," Ann told the men one night when they were yelling at each other about how Rommel should be licked. "Let's fix up the Russian campaign while we're about it."

Just about the time when someone is ready to take off his coat and get into a personal blitz, Ann usually arrives to save the situation.

One Sunday she had gone to the kitchen to make coffee in the midst of a frantic group argument over whether a second front was feasible. This same controversy was being tongue-fought over the area of our broad land at that time, so the picture colony preoccupation with it was no novelty.

George is still the Irish revolutionary at heart, but the other side of the question was being taken by an English guest who gets just as excited about *his* side of the question as George does. The voices went higher and louder. The former world's record of noise, held by the Tower of Babel, went down like a whisper in a flight of B 19's.

Just as the roof began to jump up and down like coffee in a percolator, Ann did a Mrs. Miniver. She rushed into the debating forum and, in a terrified voice hissed, "Does anyone have a gun? There's a bearded man, carrying a rifle and toting a Sam Browne belt loaded with hand grenades, crawling up the back walk. Somebody *do* something!"

If you think that didn't create a sensation, you don't know California in these days of submarine and parachute horrors. The men started in several directions, looking for weapons. There wasn't a gun in the house. There wasn't a pitchfork within twenty miles. George, an original soul, burst out, "I'll get the handle of the beach umbrella . . . maybe I can sneak up behind him. . . ."

"Cut," said Ann. "The man on the back walk is just Bruce, bringing in more wood—but he makes a swell dress extra for a thriller."

Mr. Brent caught his wife before she could escape. She sat down gingerly for the rest of the evening. Footnote: everybody talked about picture-making after that and let the war run itself.

Ann had to work the next day, but George didn't, so he had time for a secret mission. When he picked Ann up at the studio that evening, he handed her a small pop gun. A tag attached read, "For parachutists."

ivory maulers . . .

George loves to surprise his Toots from Texas with presents. He never seems to forget her slightest wish. When she moved into her new house, she looked over the furnishings and said thoughtfully, "That corner over there looks lonesome. It needs something—maybe a spinet. I'll think it over."

Came Annie's birthday, and—need we go on? There it sits, a little beauty, and after a steak dinner Annie's guests gather around some ivory mauler and massacre a song or so.

(George couldn't carry a tune in a vacuum tank. Still, a few phrases from some popular thing like "My Mama Done Tole Me" will stick in his mind and unwind themselves for days. He goes around the house, uttering sounds on all sides of the melody—like a carton surrounding a shoe. Annie pauses in whatever she is doing and studies him with the concentration of Deems Taylor. Whereupon the unsinkable Brent says with a leer, "I'm just a young singer, ma'am! Never took a lesson in my life."

valentine with a kick . . .

In addition to birthdays, George is a great believer in gifts for Valentine's Day, for Easter, for 4th of July, for Columbus Day, Thanksgiving and Eat More Grapes week.

In an offhand manner, he asked what she wanted for Valentine's Day. "With or without paper lace?" he said.

Ann struck a pose. "Something romantic! Something that will give me a terrific kick."

On February 14th, up rolled a truck—a beaming Brent seated beside the driver. Together they let down the tailboard, and pulled out a ramp. Then George entered the truck and emerged, leading—all dressed up with a collar of paper lace and a white ribbon—a baby burro!

Ann has it on her "ranch" now. "It's wilder than a deer. If a person came too close, I think that Colorado Canary would kick his head off—but I love him."

George likes to be considered a sensible, non-sentimental character. Yet, the baby burro was still so young that it needed its mother, so George bought it and established it in the corral with the baby. Even when the baby began to thrive through its own efforts, George didn't have the heart to get rid of the mother—and there it still is.

For Easter, George appeared on Sunday morning with a basket over his arm. "During my theatrical career, doubtless I laid many an egg, but none of them turned out this well," he grinned, exhibiting 24 baby chicks.

Probably the life of the Brents is best summed up in an incident that took place in the Beachcomber's a few nights ago. Brent had broken his hand in a picture fight several days before. A doctor had bandaged it tightly—thinking the trouble was only a sprain—but the hand continued to swell.

Brent doesn't ever say much about the way he feels, but Ann knew from the beads of perspiration that he kept wiping from his forehead and upper lip that he was in excruciating pain.

Every time he lowered his arm, the hand felt as if it were going to burst, and poor George turned a medium green.

"Tomorrow morning," Ann declared, thoroughly frightened, "we're going down to a bone specialist and have x-rays made. You've been through too much torture today for that injury to be a simple sprain. But right now I'm going to order a bowl of chopped ice. We'll fold a napkin around some ice and wrap up your hand."

George tried to clown in spite of his misery. "Gosh, we'd better not. If some columnist notices my hand, he'll swear that I've been beating you."

Ann looked deep into his eyes. "If anybody on earth takes a good look at me and then decides that you've been beating me—all I have to say is that every girl would like to suffer the same way. Good old beating!"

She ordered the ice, and George obeyed her instructions. And the next day, Ann spent three hours at the hospital with her husband while his hand was x-rayed, the broken bone was set and placed in a cast.

This boys and girls is known as lerve in jive.

And lerve is that old stuff that makes the Sheridan-Brent marriage one of the happiest on the face of this earth.

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THE STORY GABLE WOULDN'T TELL

(Continued from page 35)

he left the studio at five to pick her up at the airport. He raised the top on the car, since she didn't like it down. With him was a friend whom we'll call Ed because that's not his name, and he shrinks from any publicity resulting from Clark's tragedy.

Ed went in to check while Clark waited in the car. The plane, they told him, would be an hour late, so they drove to a hamburger joint for sandwiches and coffee. Clark was in high spirits, because ma was coming home. When they got back forty-five minutes later, Ed was informed that the plane had come down at Las Vegas with motor trouble. Clark shook his head. "There must be something wrong." They returned to the office together.

"It's all right, Mr. Gable," the clerk said. "Just a little engine trouble. They're putting the passengers up at Las Vegas overnight."

"What hotel?"

"That information hasn't come through yet."

"Look, Clark," said Ed, "why don't you go home? Maybe Carole's trying to get you there. I'll call Las Vegas and find out what hotel they're stopping at."

"Come over to the house and do it."

"No, I'll do it here." Why he wanted to do it there he couldn't have said—call it premonition or natural uneasiness caused by the delay.

He was in a telephone booth, coins in hand, when three men entered the place. He looked at their faces, and knew the worst had happened. Heavily he hung up the receiver and walked out. "How bad is it?"

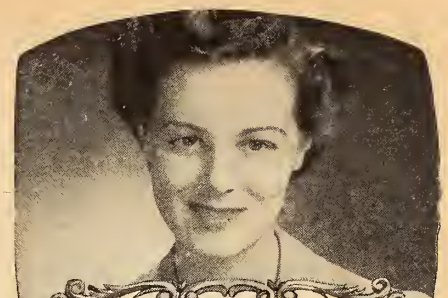
"Very bad—" They added the few essential details.

He went up to the skyroom where an M-G-M executive was dining. They phoned the studio. Eddie Mannix got the job of driving out to Clark's house. There had been an accident, he said, that was all they knew. He got back to the airport with Clark as Jill Winkler, wife of the publicity man who'd accompanied Carole, came stumbling out of her car. The radio had blared the news at her as she drove to meet her husband. Clark stiffened. His face went a shade whiter. But his mind refused to accept what his ears heard. His brain was blocked at one point. There had been an accident, that was all they knew, that was all they knew—

the last trip . . .

The people around him were shadows. All his will was concentrated on getting to wherever Carole was. There were planes on the field, he moved toward them. Someone led him back. Someone said they'd have to charter a plane. It wasn't easy. Planes were needed for soldiers. At last they managed to get an old crate. Its capacity was limited. There wasn't room for Ed. He stood on the field, watching it disappear into the sky out of which—short hours or an eternity earlier—they'd been waiting to welcome Carole.

On Sunday Ed went to Las Vegas to bring Jill Winkler home. Otto's body hadn't been brought down yet. The regulations were—army first, then women, then male passengers, then the crew. Carole and her mother had been found.



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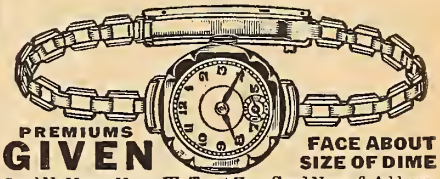

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OUTSELLS ALL FOUNDATIONS

Clark refused to leave till they could take Otto back with them. But Jill was prevailed upon to go.

One of the friends who'd accompanied Clark met Ed. "He hasn't eaten since we got here. Go see if you can get him to eat."

"If you can't, I can't—"

"Maybe a new face—"

He went in. "Hello, Clark."

Gable lifted his ravaged face. "Hello." His eyes returned to the window. But the sight of Ed seemed to have dragged him back to the incredibly beautiful time when there had been a Carole in the world—back and then forward. He looked up again. "We didn't meet the plane, did we, Ed?"

Ed's heart turned to water. "No, Clark," he said quietly, "we didn't meet the plane."

Then, a little later, "Want something to eat?"

"No."

"Mind if I eat something?"

"No."

He ordered a hamburger sent to him there. Maybe it was a lousy idea, but what could he lose? It worked. "Think you could get me some stewed fruit?" asked Clark. Ed was out of there like a bat out of hell. He wasn't leaving this to the telephone. With the fruit, he brought back a bottle of milk. Clark finished the bottle, by which time Ed had stealthily introduced another. Clark finished that, too. No general ever got more satisfaction from a well-planned maneuver than strategist Ed.

a crumbled world . . .

Clark kept himself going till everything was done that had to be done. Otto was buried the day after Carole and her mother. He insisted on going. He went with Jill. Then he relapsed into what seemed a kind of stupor. They couldn't get him to move, they could hardly get him to speak. He just sat.

Gable's been rated a tough guy, who could take what blows fate handed out and come back for more. Those who wondered over his collapse are those who confused toughness with lack of deep feeling. Sure, Gable's tough, none of which precludes the softer emotions. Tenderness is none the less tender when wrapped in a gag. One day there had been Carole, warm, alive, the dear companion of today and all the years to come. Next day there was Carole, a searing pain. She'd woven herself into every fibre of his being. Torn out, he was left bleeding. She'd been the heart of his world. When it stopped beating, the world crumbled. He was in no stupor. He'd crawled into the hole of himself, because every outside contact flayed his raw grief.

The few friends he did see were those who had loved Carole, who kept their hands off his grief. Instinctively, as a child does, he drew closer to his father. It was to his father that he first spoke of Carole, and the older man silently thanked the Lord. It was like the shadow of a crack in ice. Presently he seemed to find his only relief in talking about her—this was what Carole had said, this what she'd done. He seemed to be walking with her in the past. Between him and the future rose a night of horror. He wouldn't approach it.

They'd just started "Somewhere I'll Find You" when the tragedy struck. The studio brought no pressure to bear on him. Clark had said: "When I feel I can go back, I'll let them know." It was left in his hands. Rumor said he'd never make the picture, rumor said he was going into the army. Someone in Washington did wire, asking Clark to see him if he thought of entering the service. At the time he was interested in nothing. But the picture weighed on him. Not only the studio, but actors and writers and crew were being held in suspension till he moved. After weeks he called up one Thursday to say he'd start the following Monday.

Cast and crew were called together. Whether they or Clark dreaded that first day most was a question. They were told that anyone who so much as breathed Carole's name would be fired. The warning was hardly necessary, but they were all bending over backward in an agony of protectiveness.

Not mentioning Carole's name was easy. The hard thing was to keep from running to cover, to approach him naturally, to say "Hello, Clark" as if it had been any day. They managed. So did he. The only observable difference was that, instead of chinning around with the gang between scenes, he went to his dressing room and closed the door.

Lana had a late call. Clark was already there when she reached the set, heart quaking. She'd sent him a note, saying the things one does say on such occasions, with a wretched sense of their futility.

Now she said, "Hello, Clark, how are you?

"Fine, how are you?"

She scrabbled out words about the weather, tires, the war, searching in panic for something to talk about next. Then she caught a glimpse of the strained blue eyes above her. "You darn fool," she told herself savagely. "Best thing you can do for him is go away." So she said she'd be seeing him and went.

He'd always lunched in the commissary. Now he lunched in his dressing room. "We can't leave him alone in there day after day," said Howard Strickling, his friend and head of publicity. But you couldn't force yourself in on him either. Strickling had a bright idea. Clark had always been a newsreel fan, especially keen on anything to do with the war. Otto Winkler had been in the habit of running newsreels for him every week. "How about having a tray in the projection room," Strickling suggested, "and we'll run off some newsreels?" Clark thought that would be fine. They censored all planes out of the films at first, but after one had slipped in through an oversight, left them in.

He began doing a little work on the farm, tinkered with machines again. He bought a motorcycle and, when the picture was finished, he'd go off on solitary trips, park at a lonely spot on the beach and lie in the sand, with the sea in his ears. He'd drop in to see an old saddlemaker he knew or a man who runs a gas station out in the valley. With them he was less vulnerable. He didn't feel their thoughts probing, however sympathetically, into his feelings. They didn't regard him primarily as a movie star who had suffered the tragic loss of his wife. He was a fellow named Clark Gable who liked to gab about horses and hides and motors. That's what they talked to him about. One night a friend drove into the station for gas. A bunch of motorbikes was parked in back, a bunch of cops and messenger boys was gathered round a guy who was answering questions about this clutch and that wheel. The guy was Clark, and his friend sneaked away like a thief in the night.

gable and son . . .

His father came in every morning for breakfast. There wasn't much chatter between them. Gable senior's another tough guy. Meeting him, you spot the

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GUTBUCKET GABRIEL!

(Continued from page 59)

But, let's go back to the contortions at the age of six. No, I ain't jivin'. He used to knock himself out with the best of them.

Harry was born in a circus, you see. His mother was a trapeze artist. His father led the Number One band of the Christy Brothers' outfit. Their son's debut occurred during a one-night stand in Albany, March 15, 1916. For Mrs. James, having a baby must have been a cinch after floating through the air with the g.'est of e., for she re-joined the troupe thirteen days later and went back to work reaching for the swinging bar. (Could it be, Jackson, that her off-spring inherited some of her ability in this direction? It could be.)

sawdust castles . . .

Young Harry grew up in a story-book world. He traveled about the country with clowns and elephants. He rode the circus ponies. He watched the Big Top being put up and was a featured part of the parade. He built castles out of the sawdust. Kids in town used to go green with envy of him.

"Isn't it fun?" they'd ask. "Isn't your life wonderful?"

"I suppose it was," Harry says now. "But to me, it was just part of the routine. I was living it. I didn't know anything else."

As he grew, of course, the question came up as to what part of the outfit he was going into. The arguments were long and bitter, everyone taking a side. Father James naturally wanted his son to be a musician. But the contortionist could yell louder or something. It ended with his teaching the sprout all the tricks of his trade. Harry became a Human Eel, a part of the show with billing to prove it.

That was swell until he developed a mastoid at the end of his sixth year. The illness necessitated an operation which nearly killed him and forced him to retire. There he was, a has-been, a star on the down-grade. His career was over. What to do?

James, Sr., came to the rescue. Sympathetically thrusting a pair of drumsticks into his hand, he introduced his son to the intricacies of keeping time to the Sousa Marches and assorted oompahs which accompany The Big Show. Young Harry learned fast and soon was whacking away at a great rate. (He still is quite a drummer. Jimmy Saunders, his vocalist, says that on his occasional trumpet holidays he "bangs out solid!")

At nine, Harry got a trumpet. For the future j'bugs of America, that was a day to remember. Not that he did any jivin' then. The stuff he played was strictly corn, just the pieces the elephant swung to and the background music for Bessie, The Beautiful High Wire Queen. Harry was still with the circus, remember.

His father saw to it, however, that he learned as much about his profession as possible. When the outfit went into winter quarters in Houston. Mr. James looked up a teacher. The boy went to work studying theory and harmony and actual musicianship. The result was that, by the time he was in his early 'teens, he was a band leader himself. He took over the Number *Two* group of Christy Brothers, donned a coat with enough braid on it to sink a battleship, and

Betty Lou says:

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filled in when his father's bunch got tired.

The circus—as you may have heard—was on its way out by that time, unfortunately. The people seemed to like the moom pitchers better. After a lengthy family conference, therefore, the James aggregation decided to retire to Beaumont, Texas, and see what the stay-at-home world was like. Young Harry was fifteen then, a tall, skinny, dark-haired kid whose aquiline face looked older than his age. The plan suited him fine.

By then, his contortionist aspirations were really dead. He wanted to be a musician. So he started playing around town with some of the boys. And, they didn't give with oom-pahs! They were discovering jazz, hot music that *no* elephant could have performed to. Harry discovered it, too. He joined a couple of local bands, blew his brains out and was finally heard of by one Ben Pollack, a gent who had a penchant for digging people out of the sticks.

That began his wanderings again. (The guy probably never will settle down, though he talks a good game of it. He says now that he'd like to be a musical director in Hollywood in five years or so, but the boys just touch their heads when they hear him.)

Christmas Day, 1937, while doing a stint with Pollack at the Blue Room in Los Angeles, he got a wire from Benny Goodman. COME ON, BOY, it said. MEET US AT THE PENNSYLVANIA. The rest, to coin a phrase, is history. James walked up to the stand, wrapped his long, thin fingers around his horn, grabbed a chorus or two and was told by the Clarinet King to draw up a chair and sit in permanently.

His own band evolved two years later. Borrowing $4500 from his boss (for which Benny got a third of the band), Harry summoned all the kids he'd worked with in his first Texas days, guys who were good but still buried on the prairies. Their initial date was a prom at the University of New Hampshire. Due to a violent snow-storm and a mud-trapped bus, they arrived three hours late, terrified that they had no audience.

"But those students waited for us," Harry says, happily. "We could have given every one of them the Congressional Medal!"

Six weeks at the Ben Franklin Hotel in Boston, followed by two at the Pennsylvania, landed Harry in band-leader's Heaven: The New York Paramount Theater. That was all he needed. From then on in, it was a success story for the books. Two months ago, in fact, he had the delightful task of buying Goodman's third back from him—to the tune of $20,000! Not a bad three-year return on $4500!

The stint in Boston was noteworthy for another reason besides a successful run at the Ben Franklin. Harry and the boys remember it now because it was there that they played a historic baseball game with the "Black Yankees," the top colored professional team in the country.

no hits, no errors . . .

This group featured a gent known as "Home-Run" Baker, whose batting average looked like a Treasurer's Report. The James crew are blissful to inform you that said "Home-Run" didn't get a hit off of them, and that they beat his gang eleven to nothing.

Baseball is a religion to James. Outside of music, it is his outstanding passion. It is also the passion of the band. They bat a ball around at the slightest provocation. When they're traveling in the bus and have a flat tire, they leap out into a field and set up a game, garnering enough men by ringing in the manager, the band secretary and anyone else within shouting distance. Helen Forrest, the dark-haired, ex-Goodman-Shaw vocalist, acts as umpire. Though a slim half-pint, she calls the boys out with a vigor that brooks no argument.

Harry has even hired men because they were good on the diamond. When blond "Corky" Corcoran, his seventeen-year-old featured tenor sax, was first considered for a regular chair, the problems were many. "Corky" was under age, for one thing. In order to play, his parents had to sign papers which made Harry his legal guardian. This they were glad to do. Harry, however, though he wanted the boy badly, wondered how good a guardian he was going to be—until he learned that "Corky" was a terrific short-stop. That was enough. Any kid of seventeen who could blow fine tenor sax *and* play baseball was for James. The objections were swept aside. "Corky's" been holding down the first desk ever since.

hairbreadth harry . . .

His idols are the Brooklyn Dodgers. It was a gloomy day for him when they lost the series. He couldn't understand it. He salved his sorrow somewhat, though, by getting the entire team to sign their names on the bell of an old trumpet he had around the house and making a lamp out of the instrument.

The lure of the game-of-nine nearly caused him to lose a picture contract recently. While in Hollywood, the music publishers challenged the James bunch to a battle. In the second inning, Harry caught a ball from the outfield at second base, threw it home and was then amazed to find his hand drenched with blood and gore.

He put the meat-hook under a faucet but the red stuff still poured out. There was nothing to do but get one of the boys to drive him to a doctor. Knowing nary a medical man for miles, they asked a policeman for information. The result was a motorcycle escort to a hospital and three stitches in the James paw. Harry was due on the set the next day but managed to hide the war wound from the camera until it was healed. (P. S. James: 10; Music Publishers: 8.)

Outside of baseball, Harry loves "burnt" steaks, fried chicken and good spare ribs. He sports a mustache because it affects his playing lip to shave.

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(The highest note he ever blew was High B above High C!) He adores Westerns. He's sentimental, claims that he can never tear up or throw away a picture, and continues to wear his wedding band, though his wife wants a divorce. This goes on the fourth finger of his right hand, together with a diamond solitaire which is a family heirloom.

He likes to listen to other bands. "It's a 'must' in my business," he says. He thinks that Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington and Jimmy Lunceford are just about tops, but has never allowed them to influence him. On the contrary, he has probably influenced them: Tommy recently added a string section to his group, just as Harry augmented his by four violins and a 'cello a year ago February. In his odd moments, he likes to go over scores instead of curling up with a weighty tome. "I can learn a lot that way," is his reason for doing it.

Another passion of The Great James is clothes. I asked the boys in the band how many suits he has. They rolled their eyes.

"No one knows!" they answered in awed tones.

They do know that he carries twelve suits with him on the road, three of which are sets of tails. (These are midnight blue, cost between $125 and $150, and are very sharp.) He also totes numerous pairs of shoes, ties, shirts and other gadgets. He designs some of his things and has a tailor in New York who puts the stuff together. He also designs the uniforms which the boys wear and doesn't seem to know when to stop. To date, the band has *nine* outfits to play in, including black pants, cummerbunds and red mess jackets, two sets of blue dinner clothes, blue business suits, tweed jackets and slacks. To carry all this, Harry presented each man with a large, white wardrobe trunk last Christmas. Baggage-masters faint when the band arrives at a station.

"He looks like the suave, Mandrake type," one of the boys told me, "But, he's really a little boy. He loves to let his hair get mussed up and lie on the floor and read the funny papers. He's delighted with the house he has in Hollywood and sits by the window in the living room for hours looking out over the town. He gets a kick out of making movies and meeting people and, above all, blowing his horn!"

I asked Jimmy Saunders and Helen Forrest what they thought of Harry.

"He's a great guy!" Helen said, while Jimmy nodded affirmation. "In the first place, he's considerate. He doesn't believe in sweating music out of his men or me. If he wants something, he asks for it in a quiet tone or takes you aside and shows it to you. His criticism is constructive, mostly on the phrasing of tunes. He's a phrasing fool, you know; you can tell that from his playing. He doesn't yell. He doesn't bulldoze people like some of the other leaders, but he gets what he goes after!

"And, believe it or not, but I have never heard him swear. In fact, he won't let the boys cut loose when they're around me. And, in this business, that's something! . . . Like working for Harry? Sure, I like working for him. I'm a 'night person,' I guess. I like this kind of life—and I like that horn!"

Jimmy couldn't wait 'till Helen finished. "You know, she's right about that consideration stuff," he said. "The first time I sang with the band he did something that I'll never forget.

"I had come from radio, from WCAU in Philadelphia, and a 'live' audience was just a rumor to me. When I realized I was going to have to sing where the people could see me, I was—well, let's just say I was *nervous!*" Jimmy grinned.

"Harry seemed to know all about it," he went on. "And every time I'd go into a tune, he'd smile and half wink at me, as if to say, 'Don't worry. You're doin' fine!' He was completely relaxed himself, and somehow I began feeling that way, too. After a couple of tunes, I was singing for dear life!"

Boyer stuff . . .

It was Jimmy, too, who told me of Harry's love of routines, of the serious way the two of them discuss subjects in phony English accents, of Harry's delight in imitating Charles Boyer. (He isn't bad, either. I heard him.) They both explained—partly—why he can play as fast a tune as "Flight of the Bumblebee" on a trumpet: because the valves on his instrument are set four inches farther out than on the ordinary one. It was Helen who told me of his love of his work.

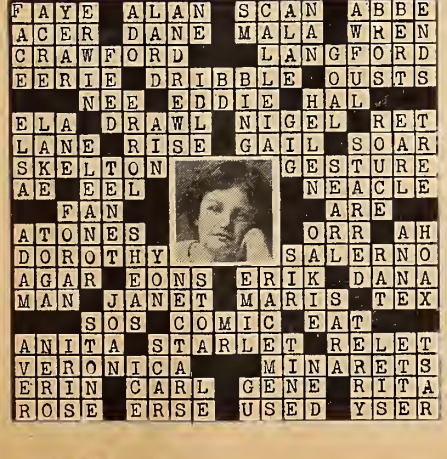
"He isn't only serious about it," she said, thoughtfully. "It's that he doesn't really *need* anything else. Music and blowing that horn completely satisfy him."

We were sitting in the Hollywood Palladium during an afternoon rehearsal at the time. The tables and chairs around us were empty, the lights off. The band was on the stage in civvies. Helen was wearing a green wool jersey suit and mad shoes that I was coveting. Harry, comfortable in slacks and a sweat shirt, was running through "Body and Soul," the sweet music from that golden trumpet floating across the deserted floor towards us. Suddenly, his manager, PeeWee Monti, rushed in.

"Harry! Harry!" he yelled, doing adagio leaps in the direction of the stage. "I just heard! We're the 'Band-Of-The-Week' on the Coca-Cola show for the seventh time! And, this Saturday, they're going to give us a *gold* plaque instead of a silver one!"

He leaped onto the stand. The band broke into cheers. Mickey Serima did a long, ecstatic roll on his drums. Harry turned and grinned over at Helen. (She did the vocal on "I Don't Want to Walk Without You," you know.) Then he went back to blowing that horn. He was a happy guy. For the seventh time, a Harry James disc had sold more copies in seven days than any other record in America. And that's not bad for The Youngest Contortionist In The Business!

Solution to Puzzle on Page 10



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WHAT MOVIE STAR DO YOU RESEMBLE?

(*Continued from page 84*)

Madeleine Carroll, Par. player, is ideal Oval Type (forehead slightly wider than chin). Keep lips and brows natural.

"Jane!" cried Mrs. Withers.

Mr. Fairchild smiled behind his tactful hand.

"Well, what's wrong?" demanded Jane.

"Your hair, darling! Don't you realize that the extreme pompadour is just a fad? In three or four years you'll be doing your hair in an entirely different way—we don't want to date the portrait that way."

"I look my best this way," said Jane with belligerence. "I want to be painted just like this."

Any girl who has ever tried an exotic hair-do on her family knows what happened next. Jane gave sixty good reasons why the pompadour was wonderful for her type of face. Mrs. Withers held out for a simple center part, a soft updrape at the sides, and a few girlish tendrils showing upon Jane's shoulders.

P.S. Mrs. Withers won—another maternal triumph over Jane's budding tendency to kick the glamour gong around.

Several nights later Mrs. Withers surprised Jane before her mirror. Her cloud of black hair was parted in the middle and cascaded on either side of her face. "Offhand, would you say I look quite a bit like Hedy Lamarr when my hair is done this way?"

glammah lips . . .

Away back, two years earlier, Jane had done her first experimenting with lipstick. She had saved her allowance for several weeks. Then she and one of her girl friends slipped off to a dime store one day, and Jane bought one each of every kind and color of lipstick. Thereafter, in the privacy of her room when she was supposed to have gone to sleep, she painted on different mouths. She tried the sulky lower lip of Garbo and the straight upper of Crawford.

She is still experimenting with shapes, although she mostly stays within her own personal and private contours for public view. First, she brushes on the lipstick very thickly, then she powders—with a puff reserved for this purpose alone—over the lipstick. Then she closes down on a folded tissue.

Having temporarily licked the lip problem, Jane turned eager attention to her complexion. Of course, regulation movie make-up is too dark for social wear, so Jane tried a base two shades lighter. The trouble was that, though it gave her a nice suntan, the paint didn't quite meet her hair line. A neat border of white skin showed between powder-base and pompadour. So she tried a slightly lighter shade, then a very much lighter shade until finally she was walking around with the opalescent countenance of Elaine the fair.

"All you need to look like Lady Macbeth," observed one of the Terrific Teens, "is a pair of jade green earrings."

"Earrings!" shrieked Jane in the voice of a cat with its tail caught in a door. "You're off the beat. You've gone ickey." Unscrambled, this mean that the topic of earrings was a tender one.

Jane started to collect lobe gadgets when she was about 14, but she was never allowed to wear even her most precious ornaments outside of the house. For this reason, when between pictures, she has been known to change her earrings five or six times a day.

A fatal blow fell the night Jane came downstairs ready to go to a party. Her powder base was on like Goodman in the groove; her lipstick was a smooth match for her dress and nail polish; her pompadour was strictly from Versailles; her perfume deep from the heart of the *never-never* land.

Mr. Withers peered over his paper and sniffed. "What," he demanded, "has died?"

So nowadays Jane is forbidden to open the gift bottles in her enormous collection of perfumes.

"About all I can do for scent is to walk rapidly through a bed of petunias in bloom," she told June Carlson. How can you be a femme fatale without fragrance, I ask you."

June shot her a sympathetic glance. "I tell you! Let's go ask the Westmores!"

transformation . . .

They fairly flew crosstown to the Westmores' sleek salon on Sunset Blvd. But once on the doorstep, Jane had cold feet. "I'll bet you ten to one, Bud and I have a knock-down, drag-out battle over every item from hair-do to perfume."

And right she was! One look at her, and he whisked her into a make-up booth and slapped handfuls of cleansing cream on her face. "Quicker we get this death mask off the better. You look like

Ann Rutherford, 20th-Fox player, is Diamand Type (narraw braw, braad jaw, narraw chin). Keep an eye an adding width at chin.

something out of Inner Sanctum."

Eyeing her critically, he picked up some rouge and delicately dabbed a little on her outer cheek at a point level with her eyes, smoothing it up toward the temples and downward to faintly shade the jaw.

"Aren't you the smart one," cried Jane. "I never realized rouge could make my roly-poly puss look thinner. How come?"

"The rouge absorbs light just as it does on the screen and cuts off the outer portions of your face. Incidentally, here's how to make your mouth irresistible to AC, Buddy, Freddie and company!" With a lipbrush he drew the outline of her upper and lower lip, following each to its greatest possible width, and filling in the outline with a medium shade of lipstick.

By this time Jane was perking up at the gradually blooming beauty in the mirror before her. But she still hung out for a little glamour. "How's about the hair, Bud? Doncha think this is kind of kiddish?" eagerly.

"Nope. Your mother was exactly right. Your hair is perfect for you—soft and full above the ears to give length to your face."

"Bud Westmore, don't you dare tell me earrings will make my face look moonier!" "I won't go quite that far," Bud laughed, "Earrings can do wonders for you as long as they're small and chicly simple. Large, round ones will raise havoc with your facial proportion. And, as for dangling ones—well, let me know when you take up fortune-telling!

"People don't like acting off-screen, and if in your get-up, you're trying to be other than yourself, then you are doing off-screen acting. Okay?" "Okay," wailed Janie, yearningly looking forward to a sirenish twenty-one!

* * *

Here's a chart Bud refers to when making up the cinema-gals. It'll work for you, too!

COMPOSITE

Round; Square; Triangle.

Make-Up: Wear your rouge on the outer portion of your cheeks, carrying it up toward the temple and down so that it shades the jaw very faintly. Use the darkest tone of rouge that will blend with your complexion, because while light rouge accentuates fullness, dark rouge creates shadow and reduces the width of the face. Use a foundation cream darker than your complexion.

Retain natural eyebrow line, starting the brows directly above the inner corner of the eye. Arch slightly.

Make up your mouth as wide (this does not mean lip contour) as possible and create a graceful curve to the lip line, upward at the corners.

Hairstyle: Round—(Round hair line—round chin line.)

Bring your hair in soft waves up from the forehead and dress it full and soft above the ears.

Square—(Straight hair line—square jaw line.)

Dress your hair softly and loosely, with fullness at the sides to minimize the sharp angle of the jaw.

Triangle—(Narrow forehead, wide jaw and chin line.)

Brush the hair back and up from the temples to create the illusion of width in the forehead and length in the face.

OBLONG

Make-Up: (Long, narrow face with hollow cheeks.)

Apply your rouge in a carefully blended circle in the center of your cheeks. Use the lightest tone of rouge possible.

Use your natural eyebrow line, starting on a line directly above the inside corner of your eye. The distance of the eyebrow from the eyes should be equal to the height of the eye itself when it is opened normally.

Make your lower lip full at the corners with your lipstick.

Hairstyle: In getting width into the type of face, hair-styling is even more important than make-up. Fluff the hair at the sides of the face so it is on a horizontal line with the chin or have it full behind the ears. Wear it flat on the top of your head.

OVAL

(Ideal Type.)

Make-up: (Forehead slightly wider than the chin.)

Rouge in the center of the cheek, blending it up over the cheekbone toward the temple in a tri-circular field. Carry rouge lightly up under the eye.

Retain your natural eyebrow line.

In making up the mouth, follow its natural line and make a full curve.

Hairstyle: Retain the oval outline in your hair-style. Keep it simple, with a center part, if you like. Draw the hair back from the forehead.

INVERTED TRIANGLE

Make-Up: (Wide forehead, narrow chin line.)

Place your rouge on the highest point of the cheekbone, carrying it well up toward the temple and shading it down very delicately.

Let your eyebrows remain natural.

Arch your mouth slightly, but do not widen the corners. Keep the indentation in the upper lip softly curved.

Hairstyle: Dress the hair in an easy effect on top and begin the fullness at a point above the ears and back of them. The greatest fullness should be on a line with the mouth to create width in the lower face. A soft dip will help decrease the width of the forehead.

DIAMOND

Make-Up: (Narrow forehead, broad jawline, narrow chin.)

Apply your rouge on the highest point of the broad cheekbone, blending it carefully in a circular field. Avoid carrying the rouge into the hollows of the temple and lower part of the cheek.

Keep the eyebrows natural.

To aid in creating an illusion of width across the lower part of the face, use a natural lip make-up—the mouth not too wide, and gently curved.

Hairstyle: Keep the fullness of the hair above and below the ears and dress the hair snugly at the cheek line.

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LOVE ON A FURLOUGH

(*Continued from page 57*)

too. Good lord, she thought, there are thousands and thousands of them. If they can take it, Mrs. Holden, so can you.

It's six months since that night, and Mrs. Holden has been taking it without a squawk. Oh, there's been a tear or two, but squawks? That gal's not having any, thanks.

Her work has helped. It's filled all the corners of her days so completely that there hasn't been time to brood—very much. And people have been wonderful. There was Bill's best friend, a non-pro, who used to come over and let her talk "Bill" by the hour. He's in the army himself, now, and the new listening post is Mona Carlson, Richard's cute little wife.

"'Member the weird way his hair grows in the back, Mone?"

"Sure, honey. And the way he keeps clearing his throat when he's embarrassed."

"Yeah," dreamily. "And his imaginary indigestion."

"And the way he looks at you."

"Does he?" Silly talk, but it helps. Having Bill's family so near has helped, too. There are Sunday night suppers with quantities of elegant cold chicken and much talk of Bill, aged three.

"Everyone has been so darling," says Brenda, making big spaniel eyes at you. "Take Florence and Mac, for instance." Florence and Mac are the white-haired Scotch-Irish couple that cook and garden for the Holdens. They took over the day after Bill left—succeeding a hysterical Chinese pair who thought every plane that flew over the house was a Jap Zero. The Chinese couple incidentally were responsible for making Brenda's little daughter Ginger much, much too war-conscious. Mama Holden discovered that one day when she had her out walking.

They passed a house that had a big clothesline out in back. Ginger jumped up and down. "Oh mommy," she squealed. "Let's go see the innerceppers." Innerceppers, mused Brenda. New word for clothespins, no doubt.

"Let's not look at them right now, Ginger. Mommy's in a hurry."

"Oh, but Mommy. The innerceppers, the innerceppers."

"Well," Mommy tells it, "it was just one of those things. Nothing would do. We pussyfooted around to the back and looked."

"Where are they?" wailed Ginger. Eventually it came out that the Chinese cook spoke often and incoherently of the interceptors that guard the coastline. Ginger had gotten the whole thing a trifle balled up, but her mother was plenty furious at the cook for telling a four-year-old such tales.

helping hands . . .

But to get back to Florence and Mac. They're pearls. Brenda loves them, and they adore her. Mac's real name is Bill MacNamara, but Mrs. H. is sort of sentimental about you-know-who's name, so she's rechristened him. Brenda drives the car herself, but Mac keeps it shined within an inch of its life and has it purring at the door every morning at the exact instant she needs it. She's never asked any cook to fix her breakfast on the days she has a very early studio call, but Florence is psychic or something. No matter what hour Brenda gets up, Florence is already buzzing around the kitchen doing things with percolators and toasters. "Just take a wee bite of something, Mrs. Holden," she wheedles at 5 A.M., luring Brenda into the den where she's fixed a superb tray.

The den, by the way, has become the dining room for the duration. When Bill first went away, Brenda made up her mind that she'd keep on having her meals at their lovely big table. She did it for about a week, but it didn't work out. Every time she'd look over at the empty chair, her heart would drop a notch or two. The whole place was tied up with memories of their last couple of weeks together. Memories of wine every night, and his blue eyes laughing across the table at her, "because, sweet, if I don't laugh I'll bawl." Memories of Bill's beloved steaks and chocolate cakes and his deep voice saying, "Gosh, this is swell," and, "Gosh, you're beautiful." Nope, the dining room was no go.

Florence seems to understand about things, and she makes a point of having a beautiful tray arranged every evening, with lots of cigarettes and magazines around and "Miss Ginger" out of the way at least till Mommy gets her breath.

long distancing . . .

"Miss Ginger" is a terrific comfort really. She knocks herself out diverting Brenda. Has a repertoire of jokes, stories and impromptu dances which she pulls on a moment's notice. A couple of times she's caught Brenda crying. "Mommy honey, it's naughty to cry," she'll say, making with a big white hanky and a couple of jokes. "Smile now," she insists, pinching Brenda's cheeks and pulling her mouth into a grotesque grin. One time she saw her mother looking at a picture of a soldier on the cover of Newsweek. She put her small hand over the picture. "Don't look at that, Mommy. It'll make you lonesome." She misses Daddy terribly but is unbearably proud of the fact that he's a soldier. Tells everybody. He writes her letters and sent her one of those tiny live turtles. It's bright green and has "Ginger's Turtle" written on it. "Frankly," says Brenda, "I could never get attached to the thing, but she's mad for it." She invariably speaks to Bill whenever he phones, tells him much news — often fictitious — and winds up with several loud, smacking kisses.

The telephone and U. S. Post Office are what have really saved Brenda's life. She and Bill write each other at least once a day, sometimes more. Brenda keeps a fountain pen and stationery in her night table, and she writes him a long letter just before she goes to sleep. He writes her any old time—during part of his lunch hour, during a free second up in the film lab, on the edge of his bunk at night. They had kind of a gentlemen's agreement at first to write super-cheerful, matter-of-facty letters. You know, everything's swell; I had apple pie for lunch. No stuff whatsoever. Finally Brenda broke down. "Darling, darling Bill," she wrote. "I miss you so terribly." Everything that had been pent up for days rushed out. He phoned her the night he got it. "God, honey, I needed that." Since then, their letters have been straight from the heart.

On the telephone, they're very joshy. They tell each other anything funny. They postpone the good-bys with a lot of ridiculous small talk; then there's the

inevitable silence when there's simply not one more straw to clutch at. Eventually, "I love you, Ardis." "I love you, Bill." "'night, darling." "'night."

The longest call to date was a three-quarter of an hour item which involved plans for their first anniversary celebration. Brenda had finished all her assignments and was going to fly East for a two-week visit, beginning on July 13th, which was their anniversary. To their frightful disappointment, the studio needed Brenda for some retakes. Bill sent two dozen red roses with a card, "All my love on our first year of separation." (Between locations and appendicitis and the Army, the Holdens have literally been apart more than they've been together this year.)

A couple of days later, Brenda was on a plane headed for New York. It was a 17-hour trip, but she swears she never closed an eye from Los Angeles to La Guardia. "Would *you* if you were going to see *him*?" From about Chicago on she was preening. Getting herself to look the way he loves her best. She had on his favorite yellow gabardine suit and no hat. Her hair was "his way"—parted in the middle and long and drooly—and she had on flame red lipstick, and plenty of Tabu perfume. "Glammah," she says giving the giddyap sound. Finally, the plane began its gradual descent, and Brenda's heart really started giving her the business. She kept thinking, "Oh when I see that baby! Boy, when I see him."

Then the plane landed, and he was standing there looking at her. There were so many words to say. So many. And no tongue to say them with and only a great ache for a throat. He walked toward her, and she could hardly see him for misty-eyedness. "Hello, honey," he whispered and kissed her.

One of the boys had driven Bill over from Astoria, where he's working in the film laboratories, so conversation was pretty general all the way into New York.

heaven on wheels . . .

That night they went to the Stork Club and drank champagne and went on like a couple of moonstruck sophomores. "We couldn't stop smiling," Brenda says. "Hour after hour we sat there with these terrific grins. Just perfectly happy."

Back at the Delmonico, she sat Bill down in a chair. "I've got something for you, darling. An anniversary present. Close your eyes." She whipped a little box out of her bag and slipped something on his finger. "Okay, open." It was a gold wedding band which Bill had been hinting at for months.

"Oh, say, that's perfect, angel. How'd you know I've been crazy for one?"

"That's to keep the snakes away." He gave her a long look, and she knew there was no competition.

"I've got something for you, too." It was a stunning gold cigarette case set and lighter. Inside the case was engraved: "To Ardis on our first, with forever to go. Bill."

Bill had a three-day pass, and then he managed to wangle a week. And for ten days those kids lived in a dream. They walked up Fifth Avenue holding hands, they wined and dined at the Stork and the Colony and Twenty One and didn't give one press interview.

"Willie, you're the thinnest soldier in New York, but I love you anyway," Brenda told him. He's gone down from 175 to 156, how no one knows, as he eats more than he ever did before. His nervous stomach is a thing of the past. "The Army done it," he claims. "It's a wonderful institution—if it were only co-ed."

There's no end to the things they have to tell each other. "Ronnie Reagan's back home, and Jane's beside herself. Rhodes misses you so awfully." Rhodes is their dog.

small talk . . .

"I miss old Rhodes. . . . Say, honey, I can sew now. Honest. And I see that all my stuff gets to the cleaners when it should. And I shine my shoes. I'll most likely fire you when I get out of here." Bill's told her lots of swell things that have happened to him. About the hat check girl who'll never take a tip, because she doesn't know he's Holden, but she does know privates are poor. And the cabbies who'll drive you anywhere—on the house. A couple of times he's told her that he's not completely satisfied with what he's doing to win the war. His current job is narrating in the movie shorts that teach other soldiers how to fight. "Hell of a thing for a big bruiser like myself to be doing," he says.

Whenever there's an especially awful news flash, she can see his mouth get white around the edges and his bright blue eyes get dark and troubled. Then she'll feel like dragging him off to the movies or the beach — anywhere away from the war. "It's so damn hard," she says, "being an American and a wife. There are so many loyalties and loves fighting each other." She pounds her little fists together a couple of times, then with a kind of starry look she goes on. "It's so ghastly and somehow so glorious to be in love right now. I mean, our time together is so pitifully brief, but that makes each individual second so perfect. There's no time to argue or heckle or nag. You just hang on to every blessed minute and pray for one more day."

The Holdens don't think about afterwards very much. They just scheme to be together as much as possible now, and the minute the July visit was over they were planning the next one. Occasionally, though, they'd talk about "later on." One night they were looking at some pictures of their house, and Bill said, "Sure hope I'll get to live there some day."

"You will, darling. We'll have a whole long beautiful life together there—with the horses and dogs and Ginger and—

"And a couple of other kids?"

"Of course."

Brenda wants a baby so badly. She'd love it this year if it were possible. But just now, she's the breadwinner. There's their home to keep up, and Ginger to look out for and war bonds to buy. You can't have a baby and a movie job simultaneously. "But when this is all over, I want a little Bill. It'll have his eyes and disposition and shoulders. Ever notice Bill's shoulders? Like this." She exaggerates grossly with her hands. "It can even smoke a pipe if it wants. Bill does." She looks at you dreamy-eyed. "Bill, Bill, Bill—that's every word out of me. Could be I'm in love with the guy."

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(Continued from page 88)

for romance. He used all the words he knew, and all that got to Vicky was the sniffles from the cold night air. "That does it," Dan said, pulling the canoe up to the dock. "Maybe Victor is the guy for you."

"I'm sorry, Dan."

"There's nothing to be sorry about. I'm leaving in the morning."

"Maybe that will be best."

"Sure," Dan said.

up in Vicky's room . . .

But Dan didn't leave in the morning. And he didn't leave at the express request of Victor Prince. Victor, it seemed, wanted Dan to stay for the wedding. It would add tone, Victor said, to have a big shot like Dan Christy at the wedding, make a better publicity break; and a fellow needs publicity in show business, after all, didn't he, Vicky? Vicky nodded shortly. Dan agreed, thoughtfully. And then, still thoughtfully, went down to the florist and ordered a dozen long-stemmed roses sent to Miss Vicky Lane. When a fellow is worried about publicity at his wedding——. Well, one more try anyway, Dan thought; one more chance for Vicky. He knocked on her door that night and then walked in without waiting, rolling a huge dinner service wagon before him. Vicky was dressed like a dream. She stood staring at him, and Dan bowed gallantly to her and rolled the wagon into the center of the room.

"This is our anniversary," Dan said.

"Don't joke, Dan."

"I'm not. It's the anniversary of our first kiss. Remember it? Just after the speckled trout we had and the wine?" He lifted the cover off one of the trays. "Well, here's the trout again. And the wine. And here we are."

Vicky was white. "Take it away, Dan."

"But—"

"And you go with it."

"It's good fish," Dan said.

"I don't want you here, Dan," Vicky said harshly. "Do you want me to call Victor?"

"There isn't enough for him," Dan said.

Vicky turned without a word to the phone. She dialed the number, and Dan heard her speaking to Victor, heard her asking him to come to her room. Dan shrugged and stood silently in the room until they heard Victor's footsteps.

"You've got to go now," Vicky said urgently. "He's here."

"Where?" Dan said. "Out the door? He'll see me."

"The window," Vicky said.

Victor was handsome in his tails as he came into the room. He crossed swiftly to Vicky and kissed her. "I'm glad you called me," he said.

"Why shouldn't I call you?" Vicky said.

"No reason why. Except Dan Christy. You never did before, you know. But you've called me now, Vicky, and that means it's all over with Christy, doesn't it?"

All over. Dan was somewhere out along the shore now or back in his room, packing to leave. Forget Dan. Forget Dan Christy. Dan was out of her life for good. She'd sent him away. Dan may have been out of her life; but he wasn't out of her room. Looking up, she saw his face peering out from behind the drape at the window. He hadn't left at all. He was grinning at her, shrugging his shoulders and pointing to the window.

"My love," Victor said.

"Please—"

"My sweet."

"Victor!"

"My darling."

"Victor, someone might—"

"What do I care?" Victor said. "Let the whole world know how I feel. Now that you've forgotten that cheap tenor—"

"Hey!" Dan said from the drapes. "Stick to my personality. Keep my voice out of it."

Victor whirled as if he'd been shot. "What is this?" he cried. "A joke? What's he doing here?"

"I don't know," Vicky said. "I told him—"

"You told him! Then you knew he was here. And you let me make myself ridiculous in front of him?"

"I tell you I didn't know," Vicky said.

"What a cheap trick," Victor shouted. "Of all the—"

"Get out," Vicky yelled at Victor. "Get out. And take this with you." She ripped the ring off her finger and threw it at him. "You dare to talk. You asked him to stay for publicity!"

"I won't answer that," Victor said with dignity and stalked out.

"Nice work, Vicky," Dan said softly. "He's not your type anyway." He walked toward her and then said gently: "I've got a ring to replace that one. It's the ring I bought in New York, Vicky. I really did."

He took it out of his pocket and handed it to her.

And in one wild swing, Vicky sent it flying through the window.

"Get out!" she yelled.

It was four o'clock in the morning, and the Terrace was a dark sea ending over Lake Louise. It was empty. Or nearly so. For Vicky Lane was out on that terrace with a flashlight, hunting over the stones. She wasn't surprised when a voice said quietly to her: "I've been waiting for you, Vicky."

"I came looking for the ring, Dan," she said simply.

"We're crazy, Vicky," Dan said.

"Aren't we?"

"So crazy in love we can only hurt each other."

"I didn't want to, Dan."

"I didn't either, Vicky. And I never will again. Believe that."

"I do, Dan."

"I've been a heel and a louse. But it's all over now. I want you, Vicky."

"Dan," Vicky said. "Dan."

There were stars over Lake Louise bright as the lights that would once again spell out the name of "Christy and Lane" over Broadway. There was a moon over the glacier brilliant as a spotlight moving across the stage. But, at the moment, the team of Chrisy and Lane wasn't interested in lights of any kind. What's the name for that, anyway? Love?

THE CAST

Dan Christy.....*John Payne*
Vicky Lane.....*Betty Grable*
Victor Prince.....*Cesar Romero*
Rosita Murphy...*Carmen Miranda*
McTavish..*Edward Everett Horton*
Phoebe Gray.*Charlotte Greenwood*
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SERGEANT AUTRY

(*Continued from page 51*)

officer shook Gene's hand in welcome. "From Texas, aren't you?" he said.

"Yes, sir, Tioga, Texas."

"Tioga's my home town, too."

"You don't say!—uh—Sir—"

Gene walked over for his GI uniforms. The supply sergeant grinned. "Want some army clothes for that Sears Roebuck rig?" he cracked. "Well, I'll trade you even up."

"'Even up'—why that sounds like Oklahoma," said Gene.

"I'll say—right from The Panhandle."

"Guess this is just old home week!" And Gene Autry's smile came back to full power. These men were his kind.

Hollywood's Number One Buckaroo is in the army now—for the duration. Gene likes the army, and the army likes Gene. But what's a rodeo rough-rider and movie cowboy king doing in the Air Corps? Well, as Gene is discovering, half of Uncle Sam's sky herders with wings seem to come from cow country. But the real reason Gene's signed up with a sky riding outfit is because that's where Uncle Sam figures he'll do most good.

It's no military secret that Gene Autry's job in the armed forces is specialized. It boils down to being mostly a recruiter, air corps radio salesman and morale builder. That doesn't mean he isn't going right through the same foot and back-busting basic training as every other rookie. He is. But on the side Gene is using all the Hollywood fame he has built up in the last seven years to get young America more air conscious.

It was way last March that Gene strolled into his local draft board. He asked them a simple question. He said he aimed to enlist in the army and did they think he'd be doing the right thing if he did? The answer then was "No."

"Keep on with what you're doing, Gene, until things straighten out," they said. Gene took their official advice, but he got fretful. In June he went back again. "How about me joining up, now?"

flying buckaroo . . .

Well, they said, things were straightening out now. They could use good men.

Gene was set to go out on an Eastern tour with his Flying-A Rodeo. He went down to Washington. He wasn't after a commission. In fact, Gene wanted to go in as a buck private. The army officials thought a technical sergeant would be better, because technical sergeants can do special jobs in the army.

After all, Gene Autry has something to offer. He has the devotion of millions of young kids who've grown up now.

The army brass-hats are not so dumb. They figured Gene's appeal was to men from 17 to 20. Those are the young eagles with the sharpest aviation claws.

"I want to be wherever I can serve my country best," said Gene simply. They told him where. While he was in Washington he took his physical. On his next rodeo engagement in Chicago, Colonel Edward Shaifer swore him in—right on Gene's own radio show.

His radio show's still going on—you can hear it every Sunday. The Gene Autry Flying-A Rodeo is still touring the land. You can still see Gene Autry's crooning cow-waddy pictures in your local theater. How come? Is Gene in the army—or ain't he? Wal, it's like this.

airing the air corps . . .

Under his present orders, Gene is detailed to carry on "Melody Ranch" on the air, as usual. Only it isn't "Melody Ranch" any more. It's "Sergeant Gene Autry." The army runs and supervises it. Commercials have been snipped down to practically nothing. Gene has been snatched off his horse and put in an airplane. Each week he dramatizes actual Army Air Corps epics, right from the records. He plays real heroes in real action in the real and recent past. He sings, of course, but you'll notice he tags off now—always—with a patriotic song—even if he has to dig back fifty years to find a new one each week.

That's all the mystery there is to Gene Autry's job in the army. It means, of course, he has to have different duties than other sergeants at Santa Ana. But a lot of lieutenants, captains, even generals have other jobs than flying P-40's.

At present Gene has a split-week schedule like this: He reports to the post each Monday at seven A.M. sharp. There he drills, exercises, does everything all the other rookies do.

But when Friday rolls around Gene's wife, Ina, picks him up at the post. Gene stays in his sergeant's uniform, of course—army war regulations. But from the minute he leaves the camp, he's back in his old business. He's Gene Autry—showman. Maybe the show is a bond rally, a recruiting stunt, a speech, a p.a. for this or that—but it's always for the war effort. That's how his radio program is classified now—it's an army recruiting effort. Gene rehearses all day Friday. He sleeps at the ranch, ten miles or so from Hollywood, and when he's home he gets up even earlier than at camp—so he can give his horse, Champion, a personal workout. As for bedtime—Gene's in the hay before taps time.

Sunday, after his radio show, Gene's at liberty. So far, he has gone right out to the ranch after dinner. He's due back in the barracks at 7 A.M. sharp Monday.

Naturally Gene can't run such things as his barnstorming rodeo on a part-time basis. But he may be able to make a furlough movie later on. Gene left Hollywood with three of his musical horse operas all finished and ready to release. "Stardust on the Sage," "Bells of Capistrano" and "Call of the Canyon" will come at you at intervals all through next year. The plans at his old alma mater, Republic, are to make another, to be called "Sergeant Gene Autry" and do the same thing on film as Gene is doing on the radio—make it army promotional, detailing the experiences of a cowboy who does just what Gene has done—traded in his Stetson on a service cap.

As a civilian, Gene Autry dragged in about $225,000 a year. From his movie contracts, radio shows and rodeos Gene gathered more than hay for his horses. Now he collects $87.50 in a government check once a month—and that's all.

Gene doesn't get paid for his radio show—not a dime. If he makes a movie, he'll do it for free—and for Uncle Sam. Anything he already has out gathering in cocoanuts—such as his record royalties tie-ups or songs—that, naturally, goes into his bank account. But the boy who has made himself over a million of the best since he came to Hollywood will turn down the filthy stuff for the dura-

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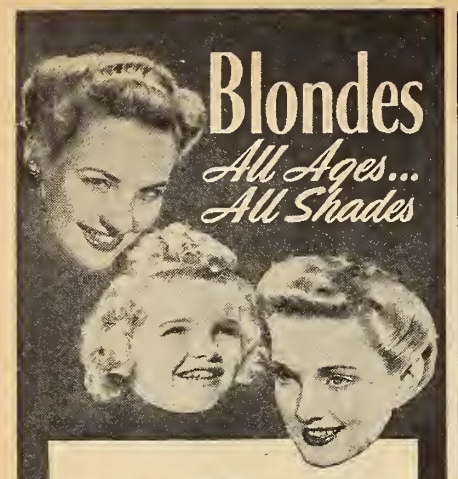

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tion. So what happens you say?

Gene's salary from any of his entertaining now goes into a special fund. That fund is available to the army for any relief purpose it cares to divert it to.

back home . . .

But what will happen to the widespread Autry interests while Gene's off to the wars? A contract with Mister Whiskers at war, of course, knocks any other contract Galleywest, and pronto. But Gene had some pretty extensive investments here and there. For one, the Flying-A Ranch in Gene Autry, Oklahoma, has set Gene back about a quarter of a million cartwheels for stock and improvements. The Flying-A has 2,000 acres, 278 head of bucking horses and one of the largest herds of longhorn steers under the Western sky.

Well, the cowhand staff at the Flying-A has mostly gone to war anyway; so a skeleton crew is running the place, and the rodeo stock has gone over to the Lightning-C ranch in Texas, where Gene's old ranch boss, Everett Colburn, has taken over his rodeo shows for the duration. Maybe there'll be a little expense in keeping the Flying-A from going to pot, what with upkeep and taxes, but Gene figures he can pay.

As for his Hollywood home, Melody Ranch, his wife, Ina, will keep the home fires burning there. Ina is a typical Oklahoma girl, a former schoolteacher, reliant, capable, and she's really been running things at Melody Ranch since their North Hollywood house burned down a year or so ago.

Gene and Ina were planning moving into North Hollywood again to rebuild the burned-down house and save tires going back and forth to Melody Ranch. But that's out for the war. Ina will stay right where she is, and when she gets lonesome, her mother, Mrs. Spivey, can come out from Oklahoma and stay.

Probably the lonesomest individual left behind by Gene is his movie star horse, Champion. Gene has always been right fond of that particular pony (he bought him as a colt, raised and trained him himself). Champ has shared Gene's movie fame and success, and Gene looks on him as a real partner. For the duration, Champ gets a well-earned rest. He'll roam the grazing land at Melody Ranch without an equine care. No personal appearances, no travels in horse carts or trains, no movie lots. "I'm not worrying about Champ," Gene grins. "He's got ten good acres of alfalfa and Johnny Agee to take care of him." Johnny is Tom Mix's old horse trainer and Gene's corral major-domo.

On his first trip home from camp, Gene was almost at the ranch gate when he remembered something. He whirled his car around and headed back for a roadside stand. Champ got greeted, as always, with a tidbit. But this time it was carrots. Used to be sugar. "Champ ain't got a ration card," Gene cracks.

Smiley Burnette, another partner in Gene Autry's movie rise, might be out of a job as Gene's jovial foil, but Smiley has always worked in other movie jobs around Republic, so he'll do all right.

Gene isn't glued either to Santa Ana or to his major league recruiting job. Already he has buzzed around to the air fields at Marsh Field, Bakersfield and recently even back to Washington at the request of Mrs. Roosevelt to help out on a special show she and Secretary Morgenthau staged. Gene is booked for plenty more travel. He doesn't mind keeping on the lam. He traveled about 75,000 miles a year as a showman.

There's no particular reason why one of these days Gene won't trade his show business spurs in on some kind of real fighting wings. That's what he wants to do. Gene has had a couple of hundred hours of flying. He's too old for army piloting, but doesn't get airsick and he's a mighty dead shot. Maybe he'll end up an instructor or a bombardier. He says wistfully, "I'd sure like to rope and hogtie one of those little yeller fellers."

There are 17,000 other guys at the Santa Ana base that feel the same way. Gene blends with them now so perfectly you'd never know he'd ever faced cheering audiences. Gene makes a well-set-up looking soldier. 5 ft. 11 inches, 160 stripped, and he doesn't look his 34 years. The nature of his work has kept him in swell physical trim, which he has seconded by swimming, riding and hiking around his ranch.

So far the only casualty Gene has suffered in army life is to—that's right—his feet. Not because of the walking—Gene's used to that. But in the past eight or ten years he's never walked farther than from his house to the tennis court in anything but high-heeled Texas boots. When he dropped down to earth in army kicks, "I felt," said Gene, "like I had my feet on backwards!"

By now Gene has melted into army life and army looks—so much so that the other day when his best pal came down to see him, he hunted around for a half hour before he spotted Gene, although the guy was mixed up in a bunch of soldiers not a hundred feet away all the time! But the first day, Gene pulled himself a boner. He put on all the uniform, but he forgot the shoes. Stopping in Santa Ana at the Army and Navy store to buy a dress cap (even privates have to put it on the line for the hard-billed skimmers), Gene saw the clerk staring from his aviation insignia to his feet.

"Why, General Doolittle," he said, "where's your horse?"

When he signed for the cap, "Gene Autry," the clerk almost fainted. "Gosh," he cried. "Hold everything—wait till I call up my kids!"

Ordinarily, though, Gene has made a practice of putting as much of his movie star past behind him as possible. His secretary wanted to go along to his March Field broadcast. "Nope!" declared Gene. "Imagine a sergeant with a secretary!" Even Ina got turned down on the same trip. She wanted to drive him to Riverside in the car. "Uh-uh," vetoed Gene. "I'll go in the army bus with the boys."

But Gene isn't striving self-consciously to be a jolly good fellow with his buddies. He's just the kind of a fellow who gets along with people anyway.

exit Hollywood . . .

First day at camp, Gene invited the mob of soldier ex-Sooners and ex-Texans who gathered around him over to the post-exchange for a coke, a beer or what they'd have. When the drinks had been polished off, Gene felt that sinking sensation. He knew before he reached in his jeans. He'd left all his dough in his cowboy pants. He didn't have a bean! Would he get the guard house for this or just a general going over?

He whispered to his new bunk mate anxiously. "Got ten bucks? I'm busted."

The sergeant almost swooned. But he produced with, however, one cautious question, born of army experience. "For how long, soldier?"

"Until—" gasped Gene dismally. "Until payday." That little episode got around the camp—you can be sure of that. And it promptly whittled Gene Autry, ex-Hollywood star, right down to army size—where he sure wants to be!

MEET MRS. JOHN DOE

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